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VANITY FAIR



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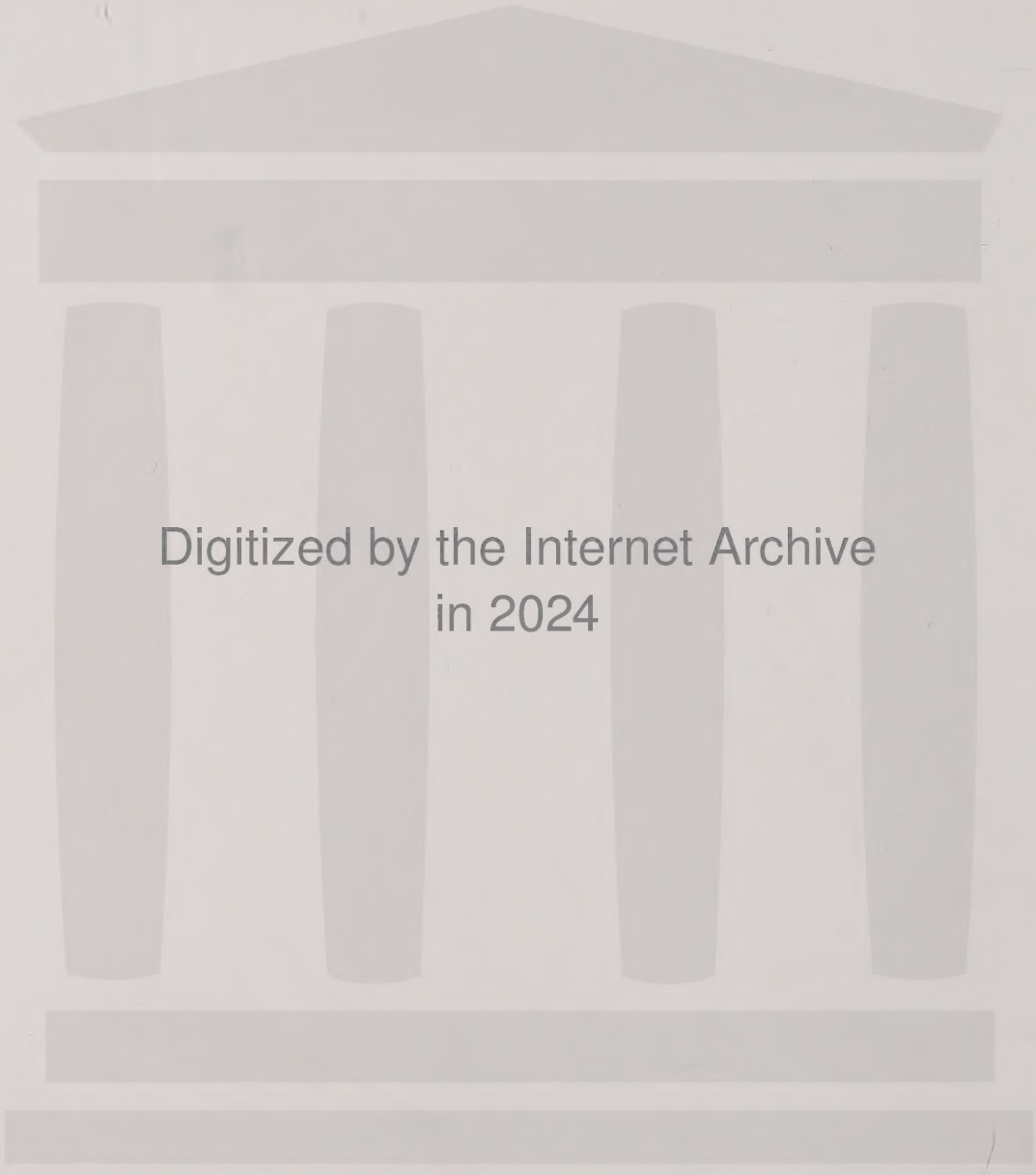
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— Presented —

Vanity Fair

1914-1936

A FACSIMILE EDITION


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VANITY FAIR

a record of current achievements in all the arts and
a mirror of the progress and promise of American life

as originally published by the condé nast publications, inc. 1914-1936

45959

July-December 1926

Vol. 26 No. 5—Vol. 27 No. 4

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VANITY FAIR



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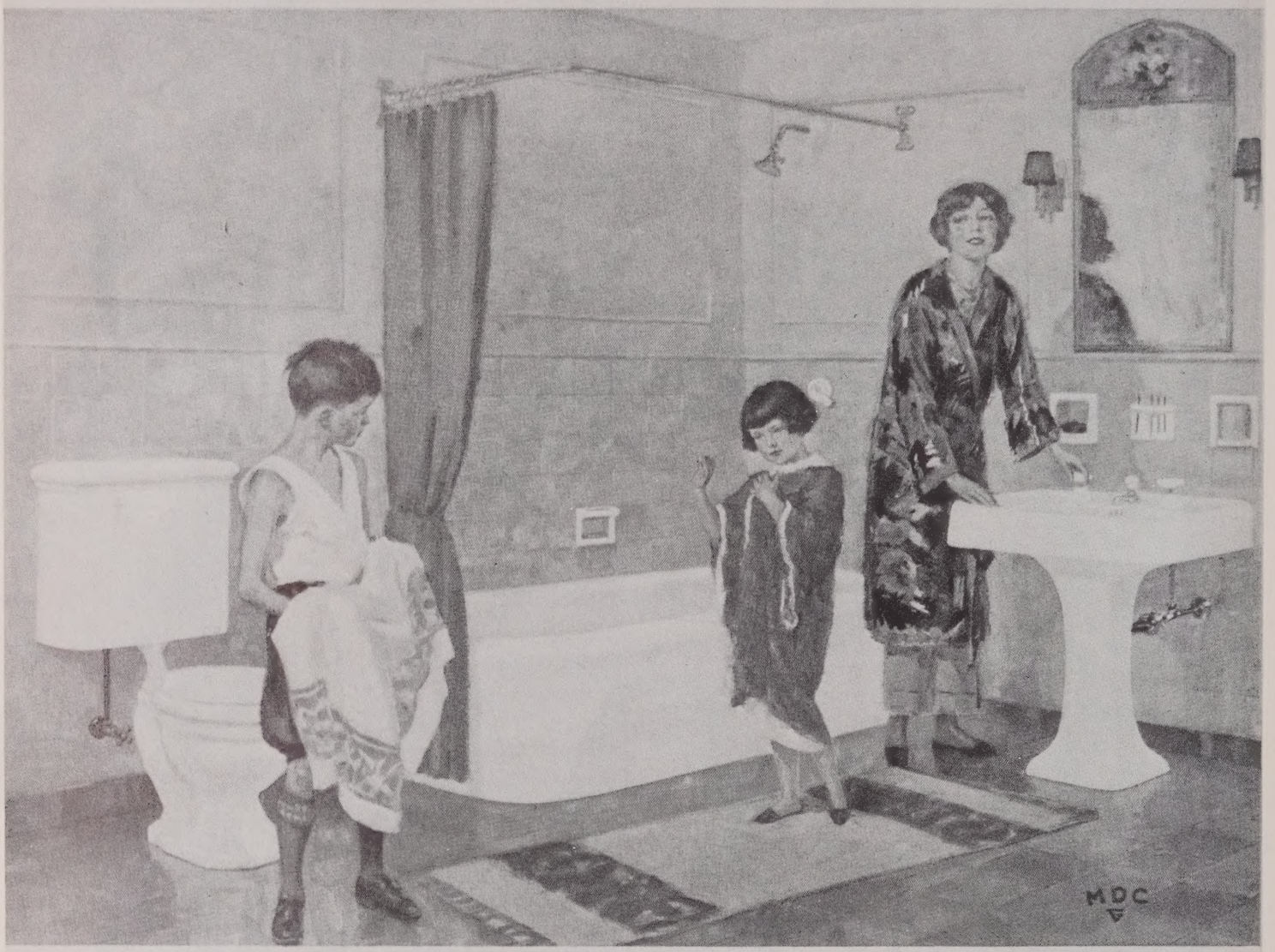
Sherwood Anderson · Robert C. Benchley · Heywood Broun · Miguel Covarrubias
Theodore Dreiser · Walter Prichard Eaton · Corey Ford · Milt Gross
George Jean Nathan · Jim Tully · A. B. Walkley · Alexander Woollcott

JULY 1926

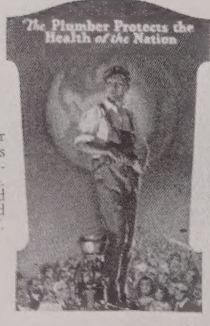
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Where "*Hurry*" is a harmful word



"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES



FAUCETS and other Fittings—much depends upon them for satisfactory bathroom service. This is doubly assured when both Fittings and Fixtures are "Standard".

"HOME BOOK"—"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home," helps you plan your bath facilities wisely. Gives prices for your guidance. Write for copy.

Health habits tend naturally to be hurried by children in the morning. A new day calls. Playmates wait. Mother has a hard time preventing neglect of important bodily attentions. And how much harder it is when bathroom facilities are limited.

Father must shave; Sister must go downtown; then there's the rest of the family.

"Take plenty of time" is an important rule of health.

To prevent bathroom congestion is not expensive. In many homes the attractive bathroom shown above would be fully adequate. Others require an added lavatory, shower, toilet; still others want one, two, or three extra bathrooms.

Your Plumber can supply "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures and Fittings for the best arrangement for your home.

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FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
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VANITY FAIR
July 1926

Vanity Fair is published every month by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands $3.50

Vol. No. 26, No. 3

WHAT 80 MILES AN HOUR MEANS AT YOUR OWN FAVORITE SPEED

The Chrysler Imperial "80" unfailingly does its 80 miles an hour whenever and wherever the road permits—but not alone for these rare and thrilling bursts of speed is the Imperial "80" built to do 80 miles an hour.

This speed is there, rather, to enable you to enjoy, at your own favorite pace, the kind of relaxed and easeful riding which, up to now, you have sought in vain.

Drive the Imperial "80" yourself, or merely sit and ride, at whatever speed you may favor; and note its eager readiness and restful smoothness.

First, there will be a delightful new absence of tense nerves and taut muscles, for the car holds the road seemingly of its own accord.

Eighty miles is extraordinary speed for a stock car, and in the Chrysler Imperial "80" it means unusual provisions for comfort, safety and ease of handling at all speeds.

You'll possibly note the hum of vigorous power from the engine—but you won't *feel* it as a disturbing tremor; because the engine is insulated from the frame by live rubber mountings and all of its power impulses are neutralized.

Holes and bumps in the road that would ordinarily jounce you unpleasantly pass unnoticed—a new sensation attributable to the rubber cushion-blocks which anchor the springs—and which, at the same time provide a chassis that cannot squeak and, therefore, needs no lubrication.

Naturally, these engineering and structural superiorities produce riding and driving results which are literally the utmost of luxury.

Hour after hour you can drive the Imperial "80"—as fast or as slowly as you like—and step to the ground at the end of the trip as fresh as when you started.

Won't you drive the Imperial "80" yourself?—at any speed and all speeds you care to try, up to and including 80 miles per hour.

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional), $2885; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.*

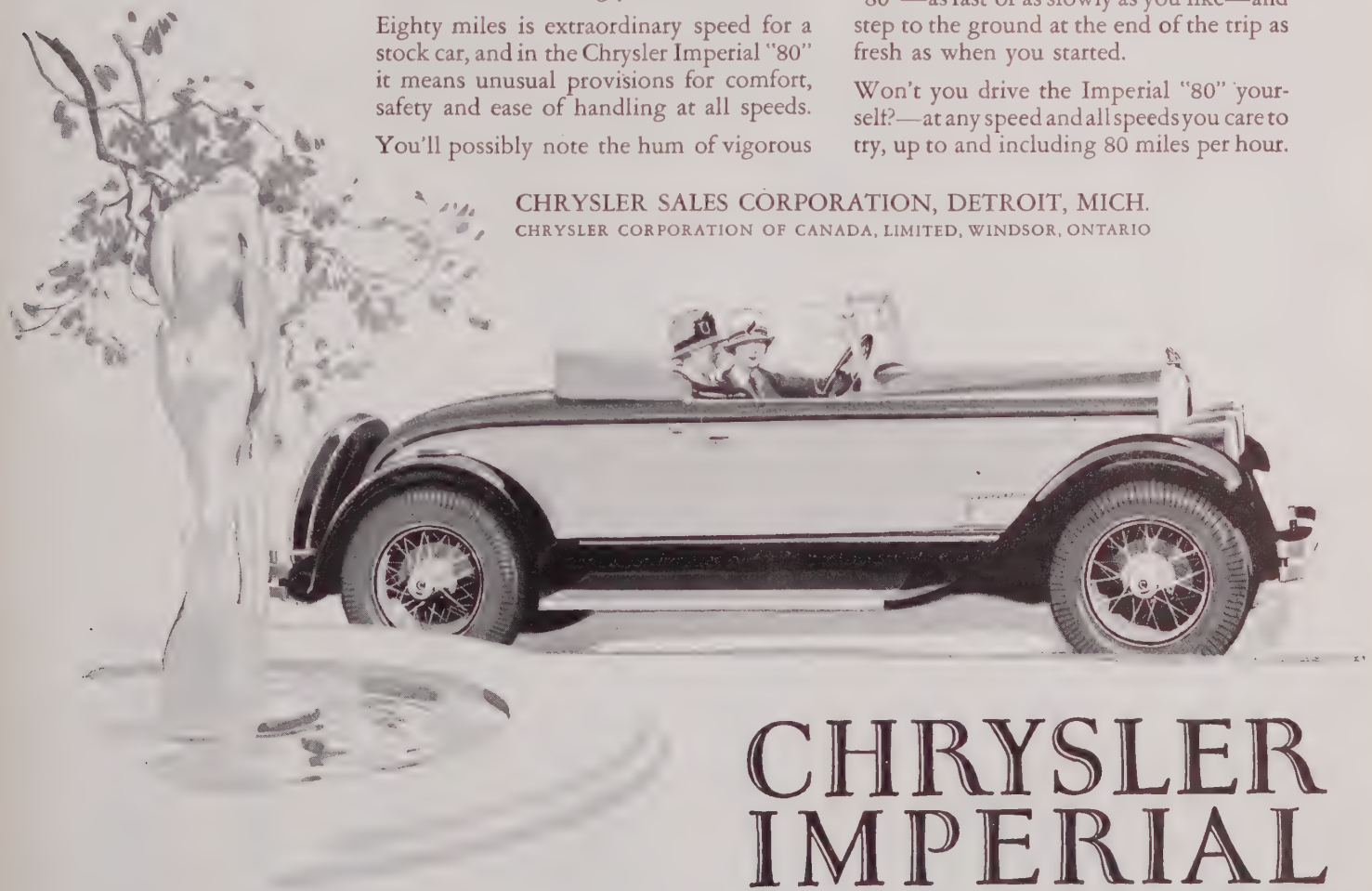
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4300 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, pioneered by and exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



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AS FINE AS MONEY CAN BUILD
80 MILES PER HOUR
92 HORSE-POWER
UTMOST LUXURY FOR 2 TO 7 PASSENGERS

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER

MEN'S SHOES



Priced at $14

Cut from finest quality White Buck

Style 635 Tan Trim
Style 630 Black Trim

Quality

—*that has withstood the test of time*

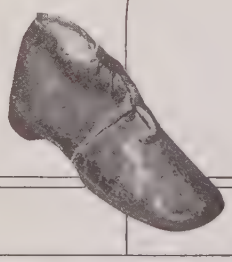
THE GALLANTS of an earlier day—wearing boots of hand worked leather—were never finer shod than the well dressed man of to-day who wears French, Shriner & Urner shoes of 'built-in' style and quality.

For over half a century, French, Shriner & Urner fine shoes have met the exacting requirements of men who are particular in their dress. The finest of leathers—the most expert of workmanship—tailored into shoes that make permanent patrons of trial customers.

In stores specially appointed for your comfort and convenience—served by courteous attendants—you will find the newest styles of these famous shoes—for every occasion.

Uncomfortable and without style—these men's shoes were worn in the days of the stage coach. Comparing them with French, Shriner & Urner shoes of to-day, depicts clearly the progress of the last century.

Of fine, soft leather, these boots of an olden time dandy appear crude and rough in comparison with the finely tailored shoes of French, Shriner & Urner.





Manufacturers of Men's Fine Shoes for Nearly Half A Century

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NEW YORK	BROOKLYN	PHILADELPHIA	ST. PAUL
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B'OBri



BUT WHEN THE DANCE BEGINS

ELAINE'S dive, as usual, was a thing of breath-taking beauty. Sally turned to Dan. "Isn't she a wonder?" she asked, "I should think she'd be the most popular girl up here but she really receives very little attention. How do you account for it?"

"Well, she's like a lot of other athletic girls—she's attractive only in a swimming suit or riding breeches. She's dowdy on a dance floor."

Sally considered his reply for a moment. Then she uttered a little cry.

"I know what's the matter," she said triumphantly, "and I'm going to fix it."

Dan's gaze was an amused one, but that evening he beheld with wonder a transformed Elaine. A radiant vision, she was dancing every dance, cut in upon with gratifying regularity.

Puzzled, he sought out Sally.

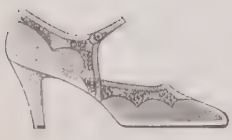
"Well, I'm sufficiently impressed. How did you do it and where did she get that dress?"

Sally longed to be mysterious but her triumph overpowered her.

"Why, that's the same dress she had on last night. She just killed it with those awful shoes she wore—she looked rooted to the ground. I found out her size and tried all the girls who wear Pedemodes. Marion wears the same size and, *voila*—you see Elaine!"

"But why Pedemodes?"

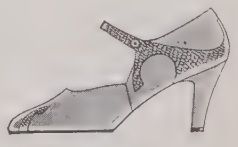
"Because all smart women wear them—they're eons ahead of the style and they give you that light, fleeting look that makes everyone simply *know* you're a wonderful dancer!"



Slender of line and smartly trimmed with snake skin, this pump carries a wealth of chic.

Pedemode
Shoes for Women

Lizard effectively placed makes this strap pump one of the most distinctive models of the season.



The Pedemode Shops

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B. Altman & Co.



Early American Furniture

Fashioned in the workshops of master makers and used by our forefathers

By the hands of such master makers as Duncan Phyfe, Savery, Goddard, and others, this furniture was made. It reflects the character that genius gives to things it fashions, the mellowness and value of historic usage.

Practical as well as decorative, the collection consists of highboys, lowboys, chests of drawers, desks, bookcases, dining tables, chairs, corner cupboards, etc.

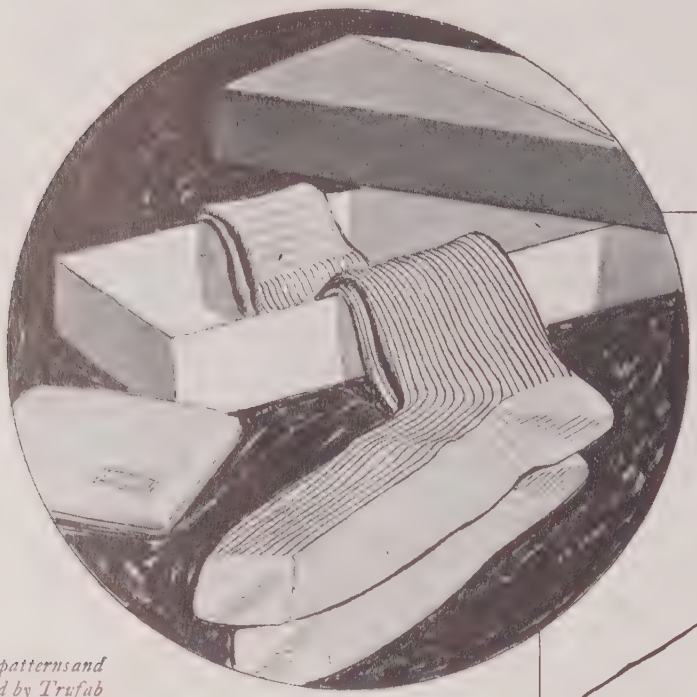
The Salons of Antique Furniture and Works of Art on the
SEVENTH FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO.—*Fifth Avenue*—NEW YORK

The Finale *of the Social Error* in Socks



Bi-Spinning has eliminated the neglected area from Trufab Hosiery



Smartest of patterns and colors, styled by Trufab fashion experts



AFTER all, the most correct hose becomes a rank faux pas the moment a hole appears. Hence all the enthusiasm one hears round and about for the new and secret method by which light, smart Trufab hose are invisibly reinforced all over.

Not by adding bulk and weight is this done. Trufab hosiery is made to wear so long in even the sheerest models, to look so smart through the manifold ministrations of the most vicious laundries, by scientifically strengthening every thread, invisibly reinforcing the whole sock.

Thus we have the unique combination of utmost smartness, with longevity—guaranteed to outlast your fondest expectations—at prices, amazing when you've seen the hose, of 35c to $1.00 the pair.

Bi-Spun
Tru-fab
HOSIERY FOR MEN

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS
Founded 1902 ATHENS, GEORGIA
New York Office: 366 Broadway

Shoes that go traveling smartly



NOTHING'S so nice to travel in as Vici kid. It looks so trim. It's cool. It needs so little freshening. An extra pair slipped into your suitcase makes you feel dressed for dinner on the train . . . Your Bois de Rose? Sudan? Your Crystal Grey? Or that slim little black highcut pump? . . . It all depends on your costume — each is perfect for its own uses.

Nothing's so nice for the long country afternoons as Vici kid. It's so immaculate. So palely, lustrously colourful in the subdued modern fashion . . . Your Parchemin? — lovelier, subtler than white? Your Cream? Your Apricot with its hint of pinky-rose under the beige? . . . Flowers, jewels — nothing could be more decorative than these delicately-moulded glove-like little shoes that summer brings to those who know the mode.



And if you find the heavier sports shoes hard to wear — why not a pair of Vici shoes in Cochin Brown? It takes broguish lines smartly — but it's just a feather's weight on flying feet!



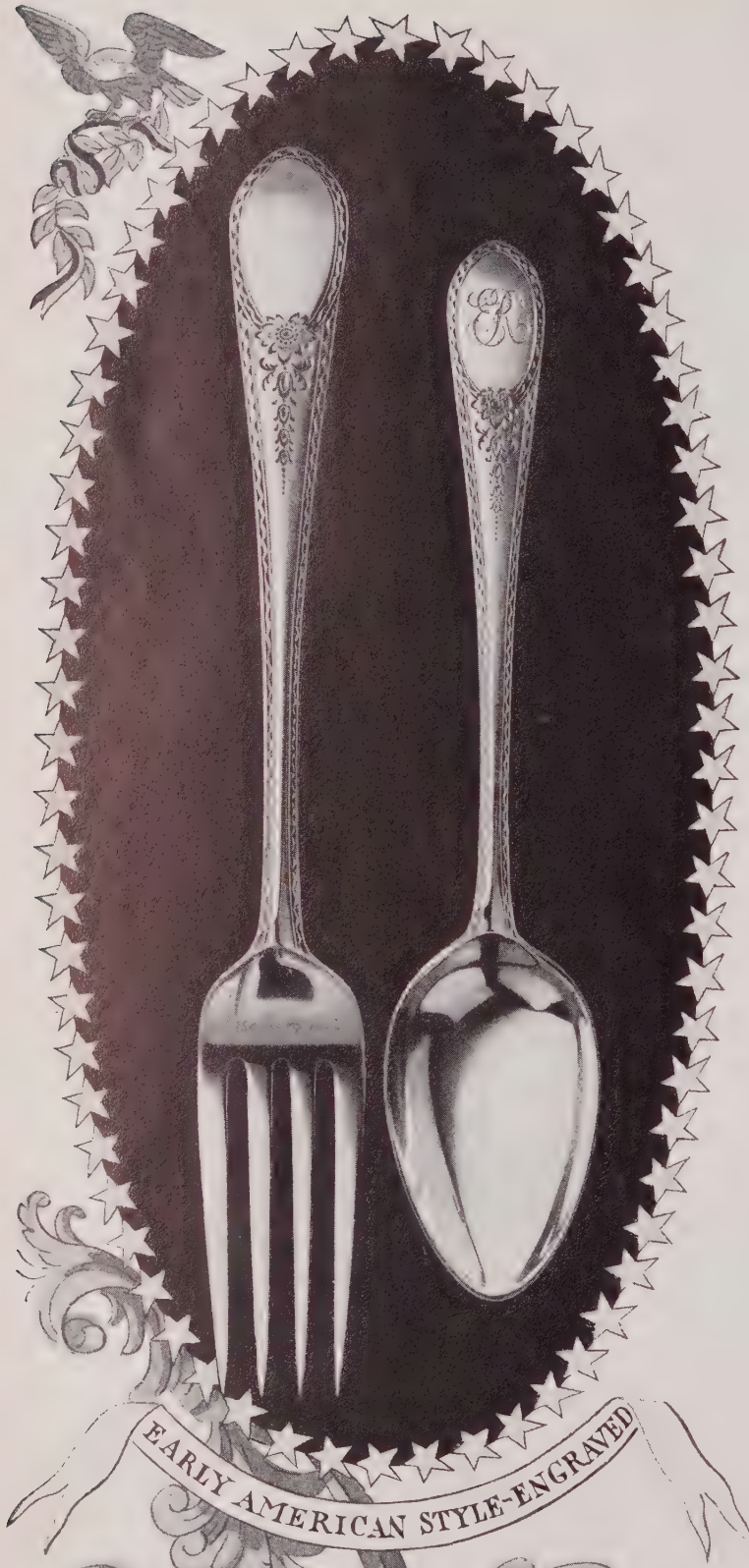
Inside of each of all these shoes—the Vici Lucky Horseshoe . . . This means that shades are right—and stay that way . . . This means the leather lasts — as well as looks . . . This means the small, smart foot at its most perfect best.



ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Inc.
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VICI kid

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The Early American Style

WE Americans are making a discovery—that in the works of our early American craftsmen we have a rich and lovely inheritance of truly American beauty. We have discovered that back before the 1800's our forefathers built homes, designed furniture and wrought their silver in a style that is very much our own. In beauty of line, sense of decoration, sincerity of materials, the Early American Style is one that expresses cultured good taste and intelligent interest in home decorations that we Americans are again evidencing, as never before.

Of all the fine old things that have come down to us from our early American homes, the rarest is silver. Outside the priceless collections in our museums little remains. But how exquisitely wrought these old pieces are, quaintly individual, beautifully proportioned! Their appeal is strong, not alone because they are so distinctly American, but also, because of their downright beauty.

It is to just such pieces in the collections of old silver shown in the Early American wing of the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the Boston Museum of Art, that we have gone for



the inspiration of our new pattern, shown on these pages. Because it so closely re-expresses the spirit of the early American artist-silversmiths we have named it as we have—"Early American"—a tribute to their craftsmanship. Could you imagine a more appropriate pattern of table silver for our modern homes which go back, as does this new design in "Treasure" solid silver, to the inspiration of early American days and ways?

The old silversmiths made only spoons and a few incidental pieces in flatware, but in the "Early American Style" every requirement of the most exacting hostess will have its individual piece, in the same charming, authentic design—the same precious metal through and through—and plain or engraved, to suit the individual taste. The finish of every piece would cause even Paul Revere—himself a famous silversmith—to be generous in his praise.

Do you love the charm of "Early American" then you will want to see this new silver spread before you at your jeweler's. Please write us for complete illustrated brochures.

ROGERS, LUNT & BOWLEN
SILVERSMITHS
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(in) TREASURE
SOLID SILVER
The Early American Style

It is Sterling—
more can not be said





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The hotter the day — the harder the game, the more you'll appreciate the head enjoyment of Merton-Air, the air cooled cap. Made of pure water-shrunk Irish linen, or in a variety of other suitable materials. You will find Merton-Air meets your most exacting style and comfort requirements.

The exclusive ventilating visor allows fresh air to circulate under the cap. This keeps your head cool and your hair healthy. Merton-Air shown above in Irish linen $2.50. Knickers to match $7.50. This is one of a fine assortment of Merton Sport Caps with knickers to match. Featured wherever particular men buy.

The New Merton Style Booklet fully illustrates the authentic spring and summer styles of caps and knickers. Gladly mailed upon request.

CHARLES S. MERTON & CO · 210 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK CITY

The JOHNSTON & MURPHY *Shoe for Men*

Men of discrimination have learned to turn expectantly to Johnston & Murphy Shoes for those rare refinements in design, craftsmanship and materials that unmistakably express Style. Truly a gentleman's footwear for every select occasion. Years of specialized study of men's requirements in footdress, have ultimated in a shoe aptly designated "The Nation's Best."

Johnston & Murphy
Newark, N. J.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY TRADE MARK SHOE



Newport Country Club

White Buckskin Oxfords, trimmed in black or tan. A sports shoe of restrained smartness that invites your critical, satisfying scrutiny.

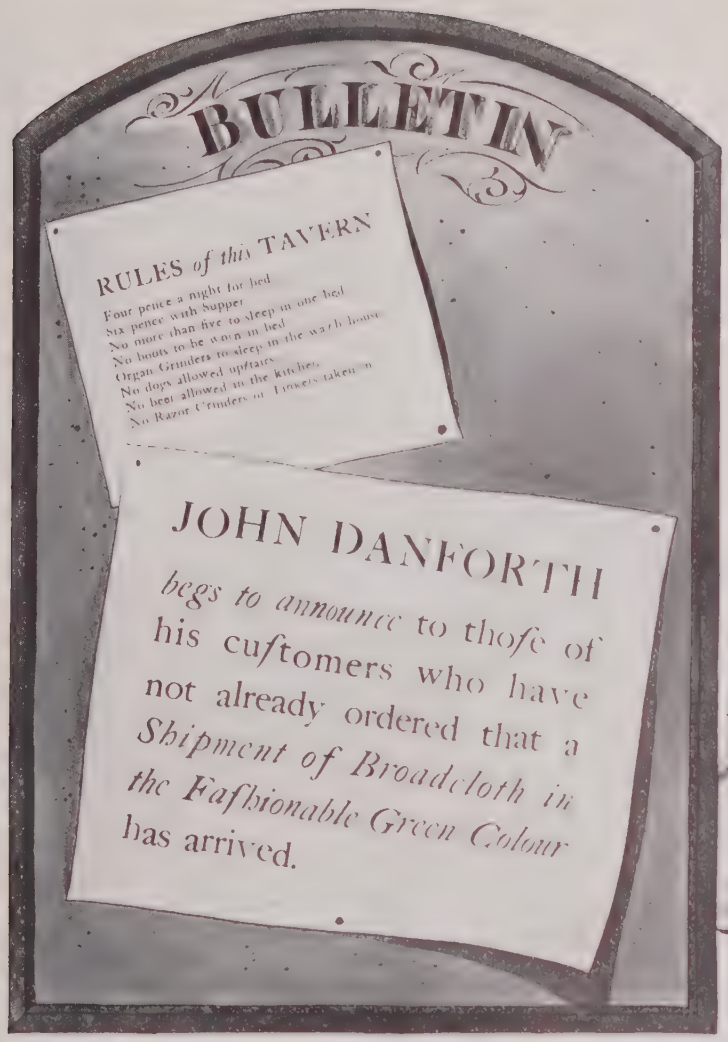


THIS dinner jacket is a Roberts-Wicks model favored and worn by eastern university men. In the light of such endorsement, no comment upon its merits is necessary.

With the university man, as with any man in the habit of dressing well, the Roberts-Wicks Label is a symbol of correct cut and good taste. Roberts-Wicks Co., Utica, N. Y.

ROBERTS-WICKS

EVENING CLOTHES *and* FORMAL DAY WEAR



At the BUCKHORN INN

(At Broadway and 22nd St., New York)

From Earle's "Stage Coach and Tavern Days"



GREEN was popular in those days

When Indian trails were highways and men wore silk breeches, flowered with silver and gold, the sword knot received as much attention as the sword.

Light blue coats with silver buttons, beau-drat or broadcloth coats of red with plush breeches, and breeches of silver gauze, black velvet on occasion—this was the wardrobe of the Colonial gentleman.

The range of colors was confined, we are told, to blue, sky blue, buff, scarlet, white, green and crimson. Clothes were ordered months—sometimes years—in advance. The minutest details of cut, fit and tailoring were supervised by the gentleman patron. Available stocks of beautiful fabrics were woefully inadequate to supply the wanted varieties.

It is one more tribute to the resourceful courage of those great gentlemen that, withal, they were well dressed. While silver gauze breeches would be out of place today, there is, notwithstanding, a renaissance of color in its many uses in men's dress. In the Strong-Hewat line, for example, there are more than a thousand different patterns. Every Strong-Hewat fabric is *Virgin Wool*. These colorful cloths are found in the lines of the most representative manufacturers.

Despite tremendous obstacles, the early Americans have handed down to us the tradition of dress. We Americans of today are fortunate in that every facility is provided to make it easy for us to be the best dressed nation in the world.

Alex Hewat

STRONG-HEWAT VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS

PRESIDENT

STRONG-HEWAT
Virgin Wool FABRICS

STRONG, HEWAT & COMPANY, *Inc.* . . . . *25 Madison Avenue* . . . . NEW YORK



"We'll save twenty miles by going this way."
"I know, but if the road is all like this—"
"My dear, with these Kelly-Springfield Flexible tires you'll never know you're on a rough road."



THE familiar phrase *"as good as Buick"* suggests that you see and drive the car that others use as the Standard of Comparison before you spend your money.

"WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM"

The Better Buick

Buick
MOTOR CARS

DANDRUFF?





Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp.

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

Unless checked and properly treated it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

It's a danger signal

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose—women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



NEW YORK—Boys

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For Boys In the Adirondacks. Under Lake Placid Club Education Foundation. College preparation in 6 forms. For discriminating parents who desire the best in Education, Environment and Health.

Ira A. Flinner, Director *Lake Placid Club, N. Y.*

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A Boarding School for Boys from 10 years to College Age. College Preparatory. Technical and Business Courses. Outdoor Life and Health stressed. *For Catalog address* Jerome F. Kidder, Box F, Mohonk Lake, New York

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The STORM KING School

formerly The STONE SCHOOL – Established 1867

A Progressive College Preparatory School. 50 miles from New York. Attractive Outdoor Life. Catalog ALVAN E. DUERR, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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TOME



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Preparation for ALL colleges. State age of boy. Edward R. Robbins, B.A. F. H. Somerville, B.S. *Write for Catalog.* Box 30, Swarthmore, Pa.

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SENIOR SCHOOL: Thorough and successful preparation for College Examinations.
NEW JUNIOR SCHOOL for boys 10 to 16 years old.
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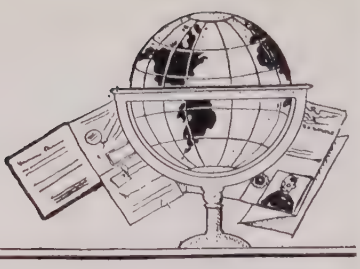
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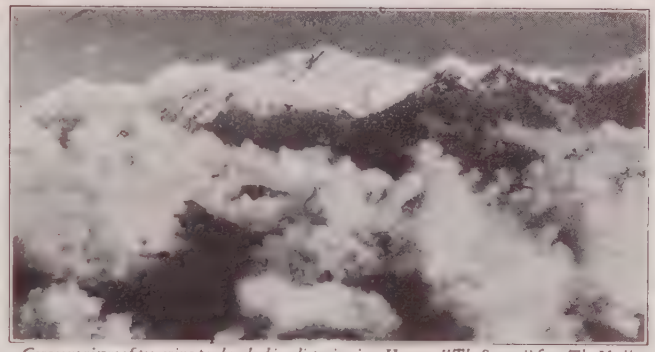
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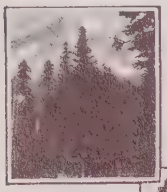
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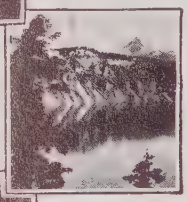
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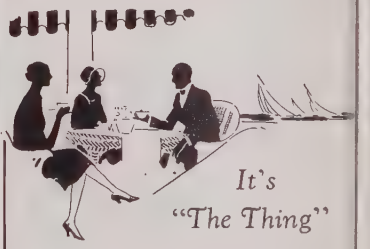
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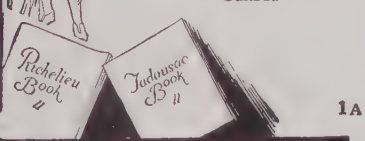
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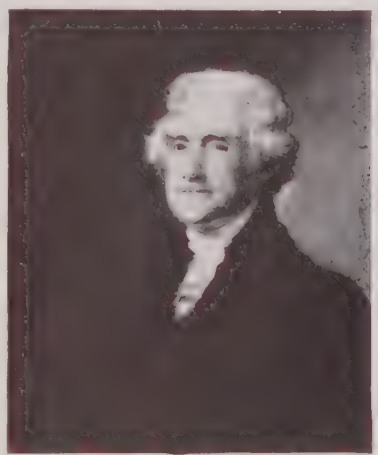
Whitman's Chocolates

In Vanity Fair

An Editorial Concerning this Issue

VANITY FAIR has always been interested in novels and poetry and painting and drama: in all the arts which express our age and our people. It is more interested in our age, of course, than in any other. Nobody can live in the past. Some people think they can, but such people are dead without knowing it. But that doesn't preclude our being *interested* in the past, especially our own past; in looking back whence we have come, possibly for some hint of where we are going.

Being genuinely and consistently interested in all the arts and customs that make American life rich and expressive, *Vanity Fair* has tried to pause and make a retrospective review of what these arts and customs of ours were 150 years ago. We all know that the Minute Men stood on Lexington Common and that Washington took command of the American army under a Cambridge elm tree which is now marked by a billy-cop reading "Keep to the Right." But is that all that there is to know about the Fathers? How did they dress? What did they do in the evening? What books did they read? What expression did they find for their artistic impulses—if any? What relation has our art to theirs of 150 years ago? Have the motor car, the radio, the tabloid newspaper, short skirts, comic strips and prohibition, made us a different people, or have our methods of expression, our customs and our arts, evolved in a natural and orderly fashion through all those years?



THOMAS JEFFERSON

It is usually as the author of the Declaration of Independence and the third President of the United States that Thomas Jefferson is remembered. Few realize the cultural importance to the budding nation of his example, for he was also the founder and architect of the University of Virginia, a student of the classics, and an accomplished musician. The portrait reproduced here is in the collection of Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, President of the Boston Museum of Art, and is by Gilbert Stuart

When John Hancock, merchant, of Boston, who lived in the finest house on Beacon Hill, sprawled his famous signature below the Declaration of Independence, he made himself a candidate for the hangman's noose, and so did all the rest who signed after him. It took a respectable amount of courage to do that. In our blithe and incandescent twentieth century, in our vast and comfortable America, with coal in our cellars (sometimes) and Coolidge in the White House; with the opportunity to purchase gasoline and sandwiches at every cross road and to see Harold Lloyd in every hamlet; with the charwoman coming to work in her sedan, and Raquel Meller charging twenty-five dollars a seat—and getting it; with our old folks dancing the Charleston and our young folks telling us how to run the colleges; with seventy-five theatres in New York imparting knowledge of the gentle art of adultery or soothing us with musical comedy tunes; with Rotary, Kiwanis, and Elks clubs injecting the ethic urge into business; with Sinclair Lewis to tell us how dull we are, and Harold Bell Wright how virtuous; with Mr. Volstead's little law to make us sober and the laws of Tennessee and Texas to make us orthodox; with plus fours and knobby shoes upon our men, and, upon our women—well, a little something; with money in our pockets and a smile on our lips and just a bit of maybe too bumptious pride in our hearts—we are a happy and contented and prosperous people and almighty up-to-date, and it is very easy to dismiss the Fathers with a grin.

The chief desire of the Fathers in 1776 seems to have been for liberty. They expressed it in a triumphant blast of words (put together by one Thomas Jefferson in a back room in Philadelphia) as well as by various rifle cracks, the first of which was heard, so we have been told, from Concord Bridge clear around the globe. After this exhibition of self-expression, England, the mother country, endeavoured to apply discipline in the good old-fashioned way, for self-expression was not so much appreciated by parents in those days as it is in America in the present day.

The mother country endeavoured to apply discipline for eight long years, and, if she had succeeded who knows but that John Hancock, merchant, of Boston, and Thomas Jefferson, planter, of Virginia, and Charles Carroll, Catholic gentleman, of Baltimore, might have swung as a warning to other rebellious offspring? The Colonies were poor in purse, scant in numbers, lacking in the resources which today enable you and me to live and journey about in a luxury that Kings once could not command. In the eight years of the Revolution, New York lost more than fifty per cent of its population; whole communities were impoverished; the blockaded people of Nantucket almost starved to death; Washington's army marched barefoot in the snow; while some of our best families lived elegantly in Halifax.

But the rebellious child was never caught except by the coat-tails; was never laid across Britannia's knee and thoroughly subdued. *Rule, Britannia*, became obsolete, and *God Save the King* was presently converted into *My Country 'Tis of Thee*—and by a theological professor, too. The child succeeded in expressing itself. Maybe not in novels and poetry and painting and drama, like the young folks now, but in a way thoroughly satisfactory to the child at the time, and considerably to our advantage today. After all, even if the Declaration of Independence was not written in free verse, it accomplished something for freedom.

However, the purpose of this issue is to trace back, as best we may, the cultural currents of art and taste in America, the beginnings of our social graces, and to consider the state of our national culture in 1776. The task is not an easy one and the record may not be complete, but it is none the less inspiring to look back on the works of Gilbert Stuart, Charles Bulfinch, John Singleton Copley, Thomas Jefferson, Abigail Adams, Jean Houdon, Philip Freneau, and Paul Revere, as well as the numerous Colonial craftsmen. How much have we advanced aesthetically—or retrograded, in a century and a half? The difficulty in our quest has been, of course, to find critics competent to say what achievements, in the progress of our arts, have marked our advances, and what our retrogressions. Some of our early men were first-rate artists, to be sure, but there are critics on all sides to assure us that infinitely better artists are living among us today. In the old days, art was sometimes a hooked rug or a brass warming-pan or a painting by Stuart or a Declaration of Independence; while today it may be a canvas by Arthur B. Davies, a sky-scraping office building, a novel by Theodore Dreiser or a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Does it matter greatly, in the long run, whether men and women dance the *gavotte* to an air by Handel or the Charleston to a tune by Gershwin?

So, if the eagle screams on our cover, it is because we are proud of Copley and Bulfinch and Jefferson and our other aesthetic pioneers, and equally proud of the Americans who are now setting high standards of taste and creating vigorous works of art.



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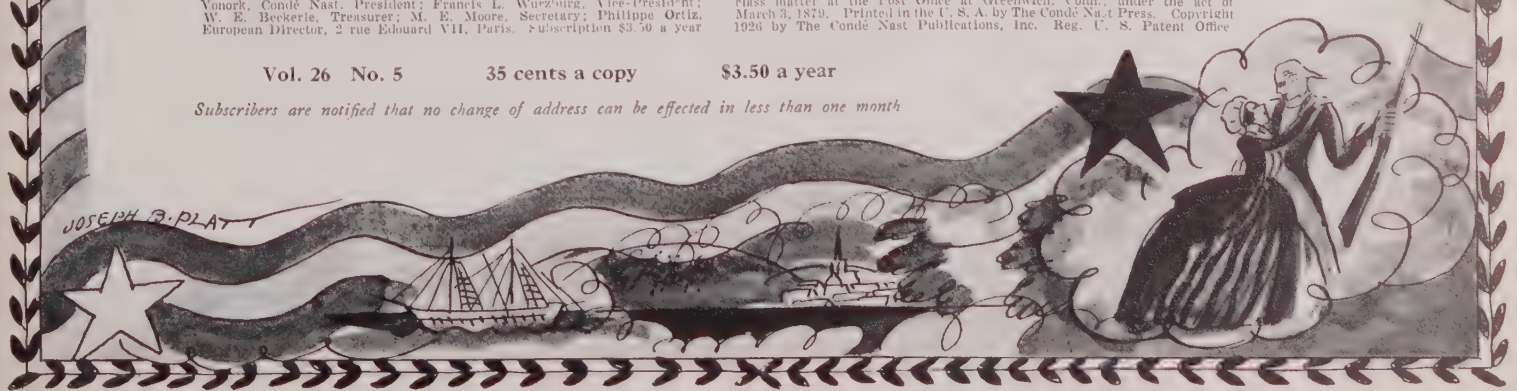
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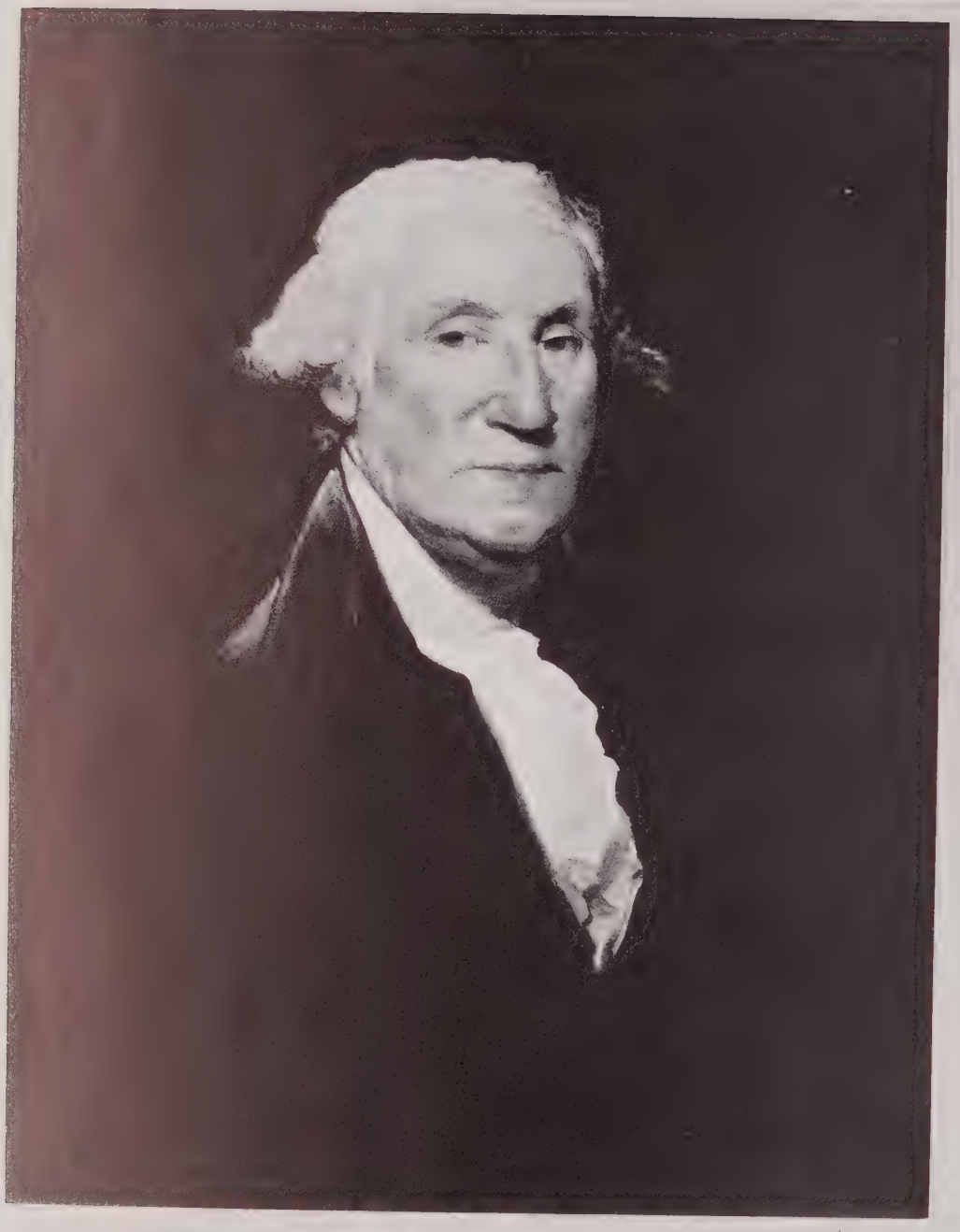
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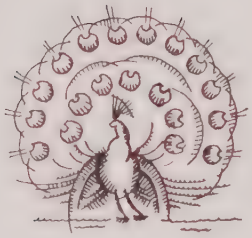




The Early Stuart Portrait of Washington

GILBERT STUART'S fine portrait of Washington, painted from life in 1795, for Samuel Vaughan of London and now owned by Thomas B. Clarke, New York. This realistic portrait is probably the earliest likeness of Washington by Stuart. The scarring years, the dignity, the kindly justice of our first president are there. Stuart was born in Old South County, Rhode Island, in 1755, the son of a Scotch snuff grinder. He was later encouraged by Benjamin West and won fame as a portrait painter. He made twelve copies of the Vaughan-Clarke Washington. In 1796 he painted (also from life) a left-side view of the President's face, now in the Brook Club, New York. This served for eighteen replicas, many of them with a theatrically posed full-length body added. For a third time, Stuart painted Washington from life, this time the famous Boston Athenæum idealized head (left face). From this he made about ninety copies, good and bad, but all similarly idealizing the subject. It is this over-sweet, over-mellow portrait which most of us think of as Washington. It is, of course, not Washington. Stuart disposed of twelve replicas of the realistic Vaughan portrait—and ninety of the Athenæum. He specialized in a pretty Father of his Country, as some modern artists specialize in a pretty daughter. Even then it paid to give the public what it wanted

Vanity Fair



Hello, Big Boy

An Inquiry into America's Progress During One Hundred and Fifty Years

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

NATIONS are like people. It takes a long, long time for one of them to grow up. Most people, I am sure, never get beyond about twelve years of age. No one gets very old or very wise. The great problem is to get intellectually and emotionally beyond twelve, well, just a bit beyond twelve.

Thank Heavens we in America have begun to hear less and less of the good old days, and of the spotless virtue and wisdom of the makers of America. In Abraham Lincoln's day you had to breathe softly when you spoke of "The Fathers". Certain men, being ambitious, managed to get up a row between the American colonies and Mother England. For a long time our historians had to be very careful in speaking of all that period. Such a sacred lot of men, doing such a sacred thing. Everyone noble and grand—doing noble, grand things—out-nobling all the rest of mankind. It makes your bones ache to think of it. Nowadays anyway we can be a bit more careless and human when we speak of the early days of the Big Boy, America. It is being done. First-rate histories are now being written about the whole affair.

WE are finding out something of truth about the Adamses, the Jeffersons, the Madisons and the rest. I think we respect them none the less but they get a bit nearer our own level. That's a help. We are what we are and we aren't so bad. No need to twist the British Lion's tail any more. The Irish vote doesn't cut the figure it did. When you quit being afraid you can be more gentle, more human. America is far and away the strongest and richest nation in the world now. If we can learn to be gentle without being too patronizing we'll be O. K. A hundred and fifty years since we pulled that little party on King George—well, well. How the time passes. If we hadn't pulled it how many grand titles we might have had over here by now. Think of it—Sir Charles of Kalamazoo, Count Albany, Duke Schenectady, Viscount Reno, Lord Pittsburgh and Wheeling. It makes your mouth water to think of it. Thinking of it almost makes a royalist of a man. Do you know I have several friends who think there should be a royalist party in America. And it isn't a bad idea. I like a parade myself. If we only had a Pretender I believe I'd get in line. Well, we got started, running our own house and, of course, we had to go on. There was another little scrap with Mama England later but we were lucky to get out of that as well as we did. She came near slapping us good—that time. What we got out of it was the beginning of the reign of the people.

There was one Andrew Jackson who fought a battle in New Orleans after the war was all over and no battle needed—and won it too. It was about the only thing we did win, that time.

It made Jackson, made the common man politically conscious. When Jackson went in, the old Eastern and Southern crowd, who had been running things, were in a bad way.

It's rather dangerous business this talking all the time about what a wonderful fellow the common man is. He may believe it.

After the second war with England we got a trial of the common man in power. That ended in Lincoln. A lucky ending. No nation ever gets a poet in power more than once.

BUT I am not trying to write, even briefly, of the political history of America during these hundred and fifty years. I am trying to think where we have got in another way. After all being politically-minded may be but a sign of immaturity.

Such faith in politics and in politicians all during that long middle period of our history, after we had fought our way through to recognition as a nation. For a long time the State was to the average American, what God was to the man of the Middle Ages.

Pass laws and make men happy. Solve the problems of life by passing more laws. Ten thousand new laws by 1928. Onward and upward.

For a long time Americans thought the power of the state would work down into individual lives—remake individual lives—but that faith is being lost now. No one hangs on to it now but the Anti-Saloon League, the Watch and Ward Society and the K. K. K.

A big, fat, rich country, the land stretching away westward, on and on. Great rivers, forests, mines to be opened, railroads to be built, immigrants pouring in. Had England managed to hold on, this might have been an English country now. We do speak that language, after our own fashion. That is a confusing fact.

What a conglomeration of peoples from all over the old world, coming here, raising their sons and daughters here, speaking our American language, making songs in it, writing stories in it.

It must be confusing to the English mind. You still hear an occasional Englishman referring to us as one of the Lion's cubs. We aren't, of course, anything of the sort. In any American town or city nowadays, there are more descendants of any one of a dozen European nations than of England. After we kicked loose the young bloods of England began going out to their own colonies. Why not?

We got out of our row with England the chance for a trial at the making of something new in the world. Who wants another England this side of the water? That's been done once.

YOU see I'm only trying to sum things up after these hundred and fifty years in my own fashion, as a present day American man, a man glad he is an American.

Surely we don't deserve so much credit, being so rich and grand and all. We do deserve some credit for being so amusing and we are amusing. We have made of America a lively, amusing place in which to live. At least, they must give us credit for that.

It must have been a long time to wait here for something to begin, but it did begin—in my time too. I'm glad of that.

Sophistication began, civilization began.

From the point of view of the arts, and I am speaking here somewhat from that point of view, being one of that sort and being very American; from the point of view of the arts I say, we are beginning to get on a bit. There is evidence of it on all sides, in the buildings in our cities, in the cities themselves, in the rapidity and boldness of our development in all forms of expression.

As a nation we are still young. It has only been a hundred and fifty years. What's that? Well, we may still be wearing short pants, but we are walking down past the clothing stores on Main Street and looking at the spring styles in long pants almost every day now.

Such a job we tackled—whew!

The only reason we ever hung together as one nation was because the mechanical age came along at the same time we did. The machine is the only thing that made it possible

for us to be one nation, spreading ourselves out over an entire continent. The very thing that made us, stands in the way of our development as a civilized people.

The machine itself isn't a civilizer. As a people, for a time it looked as though we were going to be a nation of machine-worshippers, but I've a hunch we are going to escape that.

Civilization, sophistication, depends, I should say, upon the opportunity offered in a country for the development of individual expression of life, through work. The machine and the natural wealth of the country did away with much drudgery, but it tended also to destroy individuality. We had a lot of that at the beginning. In the early days, when the towns and cities were widely scattered, when it was a difficult slow job to get from one place to another, when the forests spread away on all sides, men lived in comparative isolation and were thrown back upon themselves. Those who were able to bear such a life at all became strong individuals. They were bold, half mystics, believing divinely in themselves and their own dogmas, thought out in lonely places, who infected other men with their dogmas because they were strong men.

THEN the machine, the herding of men into towns and cities, the age of the factory. Men all began to dress alike, eat the same foods, read the same kind of newspapers and books. Minds began to be standardized as were the clothes men wore, the chairs they sat on, the houses they lived in, the streets they walked in.

For a long time here the only individualistic expression of life in the arts or in architecture were European fragments, accidentally overlooked in the swift march of the standardizing machine. There was the *Vieux Carré* in New Orleans, fragments of Spain on the West Coast, English and German fragments in New York City and in New England—leaking over into the Middle West.

The machines had promised America much and had delivered. All of American life is unbelievably more comfortable, more liveable, than it was in the days of our more rampant early Individualism.

And individual life here, being more comfortable, has also aesthetic values it did not have before the machine came. The crass, tobacco-chewing, cock-fighting, quarreling life led by the men of the middle period of American history is unknown now, except in a few isolated regions of the South, where the railroads, the automobiles, the radios and the aeroplanes have not yet done their work.

You get all of this standardization of the trappings of life—cheap comforts—and you pay for it. We are paying for it.

Democracy is itself, I am quite sure, but an expression of the notion of the standardization of life. The majority is right. It is the duty of the minority to conform. What an absurdity—really. We see the absurdity very clearly in the effect upon us all of the passing of our prohibition amendment—the State more and more losing its grip on men's imaginations, the State, as a controlling factor in lives, becoming constantly more and more ineffective.

Is this loosening of the grip of the State necessarily a destructive sign? I think not. To the men of the middle period of our hundred and fifty years it would have seemed terrible. It may be only a way of putting the State in its proper position in our scheme of living. Putting it somewhere near where the French put it after their debauch of state worship. Surely, for citizen Anderson, the State should be a servant, not a master. It should clean and police the street in front of his house, arrest violent men who disturb or annoy him. The State should never be permitted to say what he shall eat and drink, what he shall think, what he shall say to his fellows.

My own central interest is in human life, getting all I can out of my own life and the lives about me—not in the growth of the power of the State. I believe that with the coming of civilization, comes also the international mind. I want more sophistication myself. I need it. I admire some primitive arts but I do not want to be a primitive. I believe also that I am a pretty typical American.

However, I am talking in the dark now, being pretty heavy and serious. You would never guess I was in *Vanity Fair*. Excuse me please. This is the first time I ever tried to talk about such a big thing as America. I am confused and a little puffed up. I feel like a President writing a State Paper and really cannot think politically. Besides, if I were a President, I would have a secretary to do all this. There was a man I met once. His name was Randolph Bourne and he had a perfect scheme of government, had all of the functions of government properly arranged in the scheme of living. I used to sit hearing him talk and his words were like music to me, but he is dead now and I cannot remember the details of his scheme.

I am just a man going about. Since I was a child I have seen that life was unfair to some men, more than fair to others. I'm a lucky man myself. All the Negroes tell me so. I've got the power of making passes. I cure warts. I have no idea that laws will change anything. Life is like that, has always been like that. There is a kind of natural compensation always at work.

What I conclude is that in America life is better now for the individual man than in any other place in the world I know about. And that isn't due to any special virtue in us, as Americans, but to the fact that our country is so big and so rich.

WE present day American men live in flush times and I'm glad we do. I consider myself lucky, being born when I was. In another three or four hundred years we may be as crowded and hard up here as men are in older lands.

By that time, I dare say, our tone as a nation will have become fixed. The French, the Germans, Italians, English, Spaniards, all of the older peoples of Europe, were once a mixed people as we are now, but none of them ever had such a grand garden to play in.

They became fixed as a type, as a people, because new peoples from the outside quit pouring in and because, gradually coming to know each other, living a long time together in one place, accepting themselves for what they were, they developed artists who gave expression to their lives.

As I have already gone so far as to suggest, a nation is at the beginning like a newborn child. If England was the mother of the Big Boy, America, she was, I fear, a woman of questionable virtue. No one knows for certain who the father was. It is what a woman gets for trying to live in so many houses.

The child got out of the mother's arms and tried to walk and talk for itself. For a long time it talked the mother's tongue, rather unchanged, thought the mother's thoughts.

The child had been left alone in a big place and was afraid. It is the frightened child who brags, blusters. That was the tone of American thought and of American art for a long time. Boasting of our own inferior efforts at national expression and secretly imitating the very people we pretended to scorn.

All of our early literary efforts, our painting, architecture, music was imitative. When I was a boy there used to hang, in almost every Middle Western house, framed pictures of Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes and Emerson. None of these men expressed anything distinctly American. They were not motivated by the life in which they lived.

Whitman came, a windy gusty sweet singer but his voice was not heard.

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EDITOR'S NOTE:—Philip Freneau was born in New York of French Huguenot parentage, in 1752, and was graduated from the college at Princeton in 1771. He was one of our first poets and certainly our most prolific. One collection contains 1200 pages. He was called "The Poet of the Revolution" because of his stirring, satiric and peppery verses opposing British rule. But he was more than that. Buried in the vast bulk of his product are scattered lines of pure beauty, some even presaging the Romantic Movement. Cowper and Walter Scott did not scorn to steal from him. The bit of light verse printed below is a complete lyric. The satiric stanzas are from a poem of defiance struck off in 1775, when to write such stuff as this was treason

SONG OF THYRSIS

By Philip Freneau

The turtle on yon withered bough,
That lately mourned her murdered mate,
Has found another comrade now—
Such changes all await!
Again her drooping plume is drest,
Again she's willing to be blest
And takes her lover to her nest.

If nature has decreed it so
With all above, and all below,
Let us like them forget our woe,
And not be killed with sorrow.
If I should quit your arms to-night
And chance to die before 'twas light,
I would advise you—and you might—
Love again to-morrow.

PATRIOTIC VERSES

From the caitiff Lord North, who would bind us in chains,
From our noble King Log, with his toothfull of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain (when taking his nap)
He has conquered our lands, as they lay on his map;
From a kingdom that bullies and hectors and swears,
I send up to heaven my wishes and prayers
That we, disunited, may freemen be still,
And Britain go on—to be damned if she will.

Our Colonial Ancestors

Life in America When Antiques Were New and Our Passions Tempered

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



IN 1776 the American colonists were a lively, comfortable, intelligent, and almighty independent people. In the New England end of the Colonies they were already lanker than their British cousins, talked through their noses, couldn't spell, and combined a shrewd sense of humour with considerable serious-mindedness. In the middle of the Colonies, in Philadelphia, there were prosperous and "worldly" folk who lived in beautiful houses, there were sober Quakers, and there was the usual artisan class. In the southern end were the Carolina and Virginia planters, hospitable English squires who had developed independence and ability in the new world, and the Roman Catholics of Baltimore, intellectually the most tolerant and broadminded of all the colonists. There was money in America even in 1776. Boston, probably the richest city, had about 25,000 people, and many splendid houses, of which the most beautiful was John Hancock's on Beacon Hill. But there were fine houses in the country, too, such as the Royall house in Medford.

FOR years colonial merchants and planters —the Faneuils, the Bromfields, and so on, in Boston; the Cadwalladers and Powels and Morrises in Philadelphia; the Washingtons and Byrds in Virginia—had been importing silk-and-wool damask curtains, Chinese wall paper, Chelsea and Bow china, and all manner of lovely things, which in combination with the beautifully designed and built Georgian houses and the fine mahogany furniture and the silverware, too, converted their homes into places of extreme beauty, elegance, and even luxury. The Robinson house near Narragansett, R. I., was 110 feet long, with extensive slave quarters, and its proud, domineering owner, long before 1776, had become a rich man trading in horses, in cheese, in grain, and engaging in shipping, too. There was, of course, a distinct social cleavage in those days, between the clergy, merchants and squires on the one hand, and the artisans and common folk on the other. But even then British caste was fading, though in matters of taste aristocracy still ruled; for almost anybody might become a squire, or marry a squire's daughter, and because land was cheap and plentiful the humblest man was tremendously conscious of his worth and independence, looked forward to getting luxuries like those the aristocrats had, spoke his mind in town meeting, threw the tea into Boston harbour though it was consigned to a Bromfield, and blithely started the American Revolution though every aristocrat in the Hub was a Tory except John Hancock.

Carl Percy, heir to the dukedom of Northumberland, was the field commander of the British troops quartered in Boston in 1775-76. He rented (or took) a house on Winter Street to entertain in, paid £350 for a horse, and rode about the country, writing back to his father that New England was a lovely land, and the Charles much fairer than the Thames. All he objected to was the cantankerous and utterly unrespectful attitude of the inhabitants!

IT *was* a lovely land. So was the valley of the Potomac, and the James, and the Delaware, and the Hudson. Superb virgin pine was everywhere abundant with which to build houses; the carpenters were well trained in the splendid Georgian style, which was accepted by everybody, and could make even a simple farm house beautiful. Maple, oak and hickory were equally abundant for fuel, and while bed chambers must often have been bitterly cold, the great fireplaces of the kitchens and living rooms, supplied with wood as good as any anthracite, were genial and warm. The virgin meadows were rich with hay, the cattle were fat, the farms and plantations were all supplied with sheep and with looms, and clothes were all wool and a yard wide. Skins, too, were abundant. Even our humblest ancestors, except during the stress of the Revolution, lived quite literally on the fat of the land. I have ancestral recipes which call for such items in cake or pudding as "18 eggs, 2 quarts yellow cream," etc. They ate well, and they drank well, too. Dear old Parson West, who followed Jonathan Edwards as minister in Stockbridge, Massachusetts—then a frontier town—and who blessed the soldiers when they marched to the siege of Boston, left behind him some account books which I have seen. In one of them is a record of his purchases of rum, for two years. He got one pint at the store every day except Saturday and Sunday. Sunday, of course, he bought none; but every Saturday he bought a quart! Yet he was a goodly and God fearing man. In the squire houses and the towns they drank *Madeira* and Port. When Washington stopped for dinner at Gatsby's Tavern in Alexandria he ordered canvas backs, "a chafing dish, some hominy, a bottle of good *Madeira*," and added, "we shall not complain."

Well, I should hope not!

And they hadn't expected him, either. This was on the regular menu.

Our ancestors had no bathrooms. Some of their personal habits would shock us now. And they knew nothing of sanitation. They got their water from wells, even in the cities, and paid little attention to the proximity of sink drains and privies. The result was epidemics of what we now know as typhoid, but which they called "summer fever". Infant mortality was high, too, and the survival of the fittest (or the luckiest) was in full operation. But, on the other hand, in spite of diseases and the mortality among wives from too much child bearing and lack of proper knowledge, a large number of our ancestors lived to an extreme old age, and neurasthenia was an unknown affliction. I had a great-grandmother who lived to be 102 years and 11 months. The truth is that our ancestors worked hard, were much out of doors, ate good food, and kept their minds alert. When they weren't debating the Stamp Act or planning a Revolution, they were debating religion and salvation. They were tremendously energetic, ambitious and intellectually alive.

IT is as ridiculous an error to suppose, too, that our Colonial ancestors were a dour and glum and long faced and dull people, as it is to suppose that they lived in barren houses, without comforts and without beauty. The latter idea, of course, we are fast getting rid of, as we discover more and more the exquisite charm of Colonial architecture and furniture in the fine houses, and the simply dignity and warm comfort of the pine and maple and hooked rug and patchwork quilt interiors of the humbler homes. It takes longer to get rid of the other error.

In 1774, just before the Revolution, and just before John Singleton Copley transferred his studio from Boston to London (thus presaging the career of John Singer Sargent a century later), the Reverend Mather Byles, Tory, scion of the great ecclesiastical houses of Mather and Cotton, and pastor of the Hollis Street Church, (now a theatre), met a friend with a toothache.

"Where can I get this tooth drawn?" said the friend. So Byles gave him an address on Beacon Street. He went to the house, in its 11-acre garden, and knocked. It was the studio of Copley! This same Dr. Byles, who lived on Tremont Street, complained in vain about the mud before his dwelling. One day he saw two of the Selectmen stuck in it, and trying to pry their chaise loose. Going out on his steps, he shouted, "Gentlemen, I'm glad to see you moving in this matter at last!" Their reply is not recorded. After the evacuation of

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TRENTON AT PHILADELPHIA

New Jersey's building at the Sesqui-Centennial—a reproduction of the Revolutionary barracks built for the British at Trenton, here reprinted by permission of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*



DRAWING BY LOUIS ROYL



IN VANITY FAIR'S INDEPENDENCE DAY PAGEANT

CHARLES SHEELER

Lenore Ulric, as Dolly Madison

A Celebrated Revolutionary Beauty, and Wife of the Fourth President of the United States

A Nation in Search of a Drama

The Evolution of a Native American Theatre Since the Early Days in the Colonies

By DONALD FREEMAN



THE American theatre established itself as an independent institution in 1787 when a play by an American, born and bred in the colonies, was put on the stage of the John Street Theatre in New York. This, the first native comedy ever put professionally before the footlights of the new world, was *The Contrast*. The author, Royall C. Tyler, found his inspiration, so the historians of drama tell us,—and it is pretty obvious anyway—in a view of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, given at this same John Street Theatre. He was apparently much impressed. One needs only to take *The Contrast* down from the bookshelf to be completely reassured on this point—the play is, in fact, at times almost an American edition. But, however much *The Contrast* aped Sheridan's graceful comedy of manners, it must be conceded that Tyler did not do a bad job. Whereas all plays presented for fifty years previously in the colonies were of English or Continental origin, Tyler started the fashion for the native author. And, the important point is that Tyler made a place for an authentic American type—a type later to be associated almost as intimately with native dramaturgy as *Arlecchino* with the Italian *commedia dell'Arte*. I refer, of course, to Jonathan, the apple-knocking Down Easter and true prophet of the school of tarnation and b'gosh. Among the *belles* and *beaux*, grumpy parents and wards in chancery, of the Tyler opus, all of them, by the way, thoroughly in the English tradition, Jonathan stood out as prominently as a silo in Mayfair.

JONATHAN was father to a long line. I saw him not three seasons ago, on the New York stage in one of the immaculately conceived plays by John Golden. He has grown younger but in other ways he remains loyal to the tradition of alfalfa and denim. He still chews tobacco and he still says b'gosh, but as yet no native playwright has come along with craft enough and genius enough to immortalize him as a central figure of a truly great native drama. Yet Jonathan is only one of a number of authentic types which the American drama has yielded up in its course—one of sixty characters in search of an author to perpetuate them. Such additions as have been made to the national dramatic gallery during the past one hundred and fifty years have sprung directly from a life and environment the American audience knew and knew well. The other authors, who dealt exclusively in characters alien to the American scene, have long since faded beyond hope of resurrection. It is particularly interesting that native *characters* have survived rather than specific dramas.

There is another fact to be noted: from the very first, American plays have always been written in battalions. One paltry theme has been done to death after another—fortunately for latter-day lovers of the theatrical art. I, for one, am exceedingly glad to have escaped attendance upon certain phases in the development of our native dramas. The long succession of patriotic plays, for instance, must have been a most painful experience to the playgoer forced to view them. The list of military plays is appalling also, but they have dropped into oblivion because no central figure was delineated with accuracy or verisimilitude sufficient to sustain a single one of the plays of the kind, beyond its own epoch. The frontier dramas constituted another playwrighting era. They have disappeared off the dramatic horizon for the most part, but the motion picture audiences of the nation still find the surviving threads of their tradition in the Wild West screen dramas. I am happy also to have escaped the plays with native Indian chiefs as heroes and also the multitude of plays for which one may only hold the Civil War responsible.

It was not so easy for native playwrights generally to get down to type. That is why plays in which a recognizable character—like *Solon Shingle* (in *The Peoples' Lawyer*) mark the history of the American drama like so many milestones. Only a few plays actually did revolve about a character and actually represent the familiar life or the recognizable environment of the then contemporary America. Mrs. Mowatt did this quite effectively in 1845, in *Fashion; or Life in New York*. But that was, of course, a purely social satire.

FOR the most part, during its span of one hundred and fifty years, American drama has been comedy. Its highest points invariably came about in those instances when the relation between the created character or set of characters and the attending audience was closest. That is to say, it has been closest when the audiences recognized the depicted types immediately and without effort. Strangely enough a similar intimacy accounted for much of the success of Shakespeare in England and Molière in France. It was especially so of Congreve and the Restoration. In our own country the glamour which still surrounds the names of Harrigan and Hart, and Weber and Fields, is directly due to the same bond between audience and character. What will in the long run have the most permanent effect on our own drama will unquestionably be an outgrowth of American life and the American idiom.

Looking backward we find numerous stage characters in plays of our theatrical history of which American audiences were strangely enamoured. This was true certainly of *Rip van Winkle* and *Davy Crockett* and *Josh Whitcomb*, and true about James A. Herne's *Shore Acres*, to take a few random examples. The native drama took great strides forward with Herne toward a definite and independent form, for Herne was the first to superimpose realism on the accepted native comedy which, up to his time, was mostly of the burlesque and slapstick variety. The effectiveness of *Shore Acres* of which we hear so much, is unquestionably due to the accurate way in which Herne drew his contemporary portraits. Clyde Fitch was another who mirrored his time with accuracy. I know very little about him except by rote, but the eminent Walter Prichard Eaton has defined him satisfactorily as the Noel Coward of Amherst. Moreover, Fitch in his day was regarded as a sophisticated dramatist, one looked on a trifle askance by the moralists. At any rate he created some amazing likenesses as to character—and his dialogue was uncanny in the way it reflected the talk of his time. His work was faithful in this respect to the native drama, but it belied it in another, for Fitch strove to fit his American notions into the form of the French well-made play. He was Dumas, *fils*, in a New York background. And Fitch was like Dumas in another respect. He was the most prolific playwright of his generation, as Dumas was of his, as Eugene O'Neill is the most prolific among the worth-while playwrights of ours. Much as I respect O'Neill's capabilities as a dramatist, I do not consider that he has contributed half as much to the native drama as Frank Craven did with *The First Year*. O'Neill, while he deals frequently with American material, follows a European model closely. His model is, of course, Strindberg, while Craven, in *The First Year*, created, out of American cloth, an admirable and quickly recognizable American small town type of play. *The First Year* did not measure up to the mark of a lasting drama because it was a realistic farce, at best an insecure medium.

BUT the playwrights of America have made commendable progress throughout the one hundred and fifty years of which I write. They have written a first rate comedy or two and are today experimenting with fantasy and drama of a more serious and important nature. The great danger, of course, lies in the fact that New York is the theatrical centre of the United States. Playwrights as ever are purveying to the trade—but to the New York market instead of to the nation at large. In the selection of their dramatic characters they are putting the New York types ahead of the strictly American types. Amusing as was George Kaufman's *Butter and Egg Man*, the central figure was a character unfamiliar to the national countryside. We must have a native drama comprehensible to our villagers as well as to our cosmopolites.

The great American play remains to be written. When it is written—and by some genius, probably unknown today—you will find it composed of elements familiar to the American audience at large. It will be, I think, a tragedy—a tragedy that springs naturally from our own environment and mirrors American life realistically. But its realism will be filtered through the imagination of an artist. It will be such a play as might be the work of an American Hauptmann, or it may be a conglomerate cycle of a vast scope. It may centre around the American industrial king, the American banker, artist, labourer, gangster,

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THE TOWER OF LIGHT

The most striking feature of the Sesqui-Centennial exposition in Philadelphia is The Tower of Light. Although prepossessing in the day, the real effect of the tower is not obtained until it is placed under full illumination, as shown in the night view above. The main entrance of the Tower of Light faces the Forum of Founders. The reception rotunda for the President of the exhibition is housed in the lower part of the Tower. The height of the Tower of Light is 170 feet, and the two upper stages are occupied by the search light tower and an elaborately equipped chime room

The Sesqui-Centennial At Philadelphia

An Artist's Impressions of the Exposition Buildings

Drawings by HUGH FERRISS

THE Sesqui-Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, an undertaking by which its City Fathers have intended properly to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, is one of the most important events of recent years. The City of Philadelphia is, of course, a particularly appropriate site for a celebration of this nature, for the city is closely linked with the beginnings of American history. Philadelphia was prominent in resisting British agression throughout the Revolution. The first Continental Congress met there—in Carpenter's Hall—on Sept. 5th, 1774. In 1787, the delegates from the various states met at Philadelphia and adopted a constitution for the United States. The grounds for the present Sesqui-Centennial exposition cover an area of 450 acres and are located at the southerly end of the City of Philadelphia, just north of the United States Naval Station at League Island, and three miles from the City Hall. Various foreign nations, the Federal Government, and several State and Municipality governments, are lending their aid to the exposition and will be represented by special buildings and exhibits. The plans for the buildings are the work of John C. Molitor, the supervising city architect of Philadelphia. He has gained his effects by the use of a new and comparatively simple type of architectural style based on the relation and contrast of unbroken wall space. The exteriors are, for the most part, in colour, and sculptured groups have been set before the various entrances and on the corner pavilions. An unusual feature of the exposition is the stress placed on electric lighting, which is sensational in its scope. This phase of the exposition plans is best exemplified in the Tower of Light. The Sesqui will be continued in Philadelphia until the 1st of December.



THE COLONNADE (Right)

Another imposing feature of the exhibition is the Colonnade of Original States. This consists of 13 columns, each representative of one of the 13 original states of the Union, so arranged as to flank one side of the Forum of Founders,—at the same time to face the two main buildings of the exposition. Each column has a height of 37 feet and is of cast plaster and coloured stucco, octagonal in form and mounted upon a five-foot-high square base, bearing bronze tablets with appropriate inscriptions. These columns are particularly impressive at night





ENTRANCE COURT

A view of one of the three entrance vestibules which are located in each of the two main exposition buildings. These vestibules are semi-circular in form, 20 feet in diameter and roofed with a half-conical coffered vault, 19 feet high, bearing a sculptured symbolic figure. The architect has gained a striking effect by treating the corridors in strong colours—employed for the most part in panels. These colours are further intensified by the indirect lighting which illuminates them



A GROUP OF SCULPTURES

A view of the sculpture group which stands before the Forum of Founders at the Sesqui. It is the work of Charles E. Tefft, an American sculptor, and is entitled "Philadelphia the Progressive". The chief figures in the group are two enormous river-horses which typify the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. In the foreground may be seen a great Victory. On each river-horse is a rider bearing a standard. This constitutes the main group, around which are placed smaller figures

LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

A view of the main vestibule of the Liberal Arts and Manufacturers Building at the Sesqui-Centennial. This vestibule is an exact duplicate of the vestibule of the Agricultural and Food Products Building. It is 80 feet long, 20 feet deep and 36 feet high. The vestibule has been made from a design by the supervising architect, Mr. John C. Molitor. It is finished in ornamental plaster in colour, with a coffered ceiling. There are fountains at the ends and side torches

EDUCATIONAL BUILDING

(Below) A feature of the Sesqui, the large Educational Building will house exhibits which have a direct bearing on general education and welfare interests. This building is 524 feet long by 208 feet wide,—one of the most impressive in the entire exhibition—and it is located on the northerly side of Pattison Avenue, which also crosses the southerly side of the Court of Founders. The Educational Building contains a chapel for ecclesiastical exercises with an auditorium for lectures



Independence and Insularity

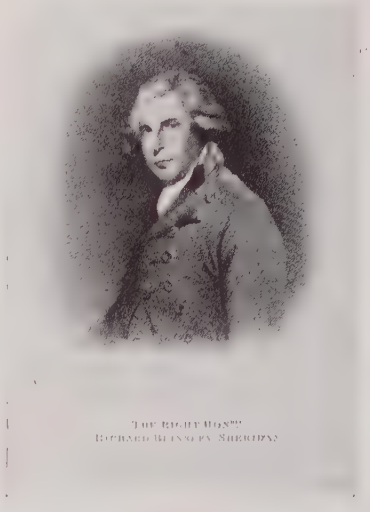
Being Some Program Notes for the London Theatrical Season of 1776-77

By A. B. WALKLEY

AFTER all, this world of ours is not so small as we sometimes pretend. It still takes the inside of a week, not to mention—as seasick sufferers would—the inside of the traveller, to reach New York from London. The thought of what the voyage must have meant a century and a half ago leaves the mind reeling. Naturally people shrank from imagining what was happening at the further end of it, and probably conceded with reluctance that anything *could* happen so far away. Besides, our celebrated British "insularity", still one of our cherished foibles, was then at its prime and must have been a great help. What did Squire Weston and Tom Jones and Lady Bellaston, what did all the portly, red-faced gentlemen and elegant high coiffeured ladies who "sat" for Reynolds think, if they thought at all, of the Americans? How else could they have regarded them but as "colonials"? The remaining British Colonials of today know what that means, and often express themselves very emphatically about it. American emphasis took the definite and documentary form of the Declaration of Independence. I venture however to doubt whether the average Londoner realized at the time that anything remarkable had happened. You see, the great events of history have to wait for history before they can be perceived as great. Besides, the average Londoner is so slow in the up-take, bless him! Ten years ago, if you chanced to demand of a tradesman more than his diminished stock could supply, he was apt to ask you, sarcastically, "if you knew there was a war on?" Apparently incredibly, the London playgoer did not in 1776. I have looked up the contemporary record of the three London theatres then open, Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Haymarket, and they contained not a single reference to the American Revolution or, indeed, to America at all. So far as the theatres were concerned General Washington might have been a born liar and Columbus have stayed at home.

THE explanation, of course, is simple. The theatres took no notice of politics, except of dead-and-gone politics. There was plenty about the Wars of the Roses, and the Spanish Armada, but about the American War not a word. History and legend as much as you like but current facts—well, the Devil had not yet invented "war plays". As for the theatre, so with the novel. Jane Austen (who was born the year before the Revolution) published in the thick of the Napoleonic wars; yet she never once mentions either Trafalgar or Waterloo, which I am heartily glad she didn't.

If 1776 was *annus mirabilis* for the United States of America, it was equally wonderful, by a mere coincidence, for the London stage. It was the year of Sarah Siddons' first metropolitan appearance and of Garrick's last. To speak by the card, on the 29th of December, 1775, they put on the *Merchant of Venice* at Drury Lane, with a "Young Lady" billed for *Portia*. The young lady was Mrs. Siddons from the Bath and Cheltenham Theatres. A fortnight later she played the eponymous part in a revival of Ben Jonson's *Epicene*, and, in June, the *Lady Anne* to Garrick's *Richard*, five nights before Garrick's farewell performance as *Don Felix* in *The Wonder*, and the end of the season—which thus coincided with the end of the American colonies, for it was at this moment that Franklin and John Adams were revising the draft Declaration of Independence which had been drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.



SHERIDAN

The season 1776–1777 marked the first production of *The School for Scandal* by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It had its *première* May 8, 1776 at the Drury Lane Theatre



MRS. ABINGTON

The first *Lady Teazle* in Sheridan's *School for Scandal* was the "delicious" Mrs. Abington who was personable enough to induce the old and infirm Dr. Johnson out of his retirement to a benefit in her honour

As Mrs. Siddons was not engaged for the next season, but had to return to the provinces, some of the lady's injudicious friends intimated, that Garrick was jealous of her. That he would have been furiously jealous had he lived to see her in her glory, is highly probable, but to suppose him jealous of a mere *débutante* is absurd. The fact is, the difference between the actress of 1776 and what she afterwards became was as great as the difference between the Philadelphia of the same date and the Philadelphia of today. But what she afterwards became belongs to history and not to my present topic. To tell the truth, I am not sorry to have been born long after Mrs. Siddons and her times. I am glad to have a substantial fragment of the almanac between us. For her period was the period of the Sublime, and she was its High Priestess. The rhetorical, the bombastic, the perfervid, the piercing eye, the heaving bosom and the resounding voice, held the stage, and indeed the world outside. Burke flourished his dagger in the House of Commons, while in the other House the rolling thunder of Chatham had hardly yet died down. The younger Pitt (fortified by two bottles of Port) used to awe the House by the mere majesty of his demeanour—the great Parliamentary embodiment of the Sublime. For such men, Sarah was the very woman. When she bade the banqueteers in Macbeth "a kind Good Night to all" she fairly frightened them to their beds. It is a pity she never visited the United States where she would have found herself at home. For I cannot resist the suspicion that the taste for the Sublime survived longer there than in the Old Country, and lingered on, say, as late as Orator Webster. Even today American oratory (judging from the samples of it heard in England) occasionally allows itself a rhetorical exuberance which sounds to our native ears distinctly *rococo*. With us the Sublime is as dead as mutton.

WITH Garrick you have a different story. If he failed in anything, it was in dignity. He was as restless ("he could never stand still on the stage", said his best friend) as restless as as a monkey—and as imitative. Kitty Clive said he could act a gridiron. He was all over the place and all over everybody—all over Dr. Johnson, for instance, at the Club when he wished to coax the bear into a good humour. He escaped the reproach of playing himself—as Henry Irving played himself, as Ada Rehan played herself, as the Duse played herself—for he had no self to play. Vivacious, volatile, versatile, he excelled in the "Proteus" style of acting. He entered into the skin, as they say, of his part.

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting."

We all know the type: rather like Diderot's *Neveu de Rameau*—less vicious, of course, and pleasanter.

"Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man."

This was the idolized actor for a polished society, a world of wits and *beaux* and powder

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DRAWING BY FISH

Breaking the News to George III

THIS, as far as we know, is the first authentic print showing one of the most tense moments in English history, when the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence was rudely broken to George III, of whom the historian, Greene, says, "He had the smallest brain in captivity," or words to that effect. The scene is Vauxhall, celebrated rendezvous of nobles and commoners. But it must not be inferred that King G. was an inveterate stepper-out. On the contrary, he was a homebody, a garden addict and a lover of bedtime stories; at heart a country boy, known to his subjects as "Farmer George". Once in a while, however, this first of butter-and-egg men broke loose and cheated on Queen Charlotte. Our artist's pen has caught him—in the act of doing so. That genial letter-writer, George Selwyn, describes many of the notables who were present when the King first heard about the Boston Tea Party. "I do not know any such party," said the royal gentleman, which got a big laugh from dashing Sarah Lennox, who is seen fastened on the King's right arm. She is being appraisingly ogled by Topham Beauclerc, who had the effrontery to say, with a smirk, "What price, Beauty?" Lord North is there, the Finance Minister who so successfully mismanaged his sovereign's sovereigns; David Garrick, too, and Dick Sheridan, with a bevy of charmers from *Covent Garden*, Lord Bute, Beau Tibbs, Milords Chatham and Phoenix, in fact all the *Who's Who* of '76 in London. In the foreground, the Duke of Queensberry whispers to Arabella Lightfoot, "The old gentleman doesn't know what it is all about, but Pitt will tell him in the morning."



IN VANITY FAIR'S INDEPENDENCE DAY PAGEANT

CHARLES SHEELER

Ina Claire, as Betsy Ross

The Wife of a Philadelphia Upholsterer. In 1777, She Made the First American Flag

Way Up Town

The Significance of the Nineties in the Panorama of America's History

By HEYWOOD BROUN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—No one, surveying in panorama the American scene, for the last 150 years, can omit a long look at the 1890's. There was much to see in the 1890's—and not the least interesting object was the Gibson Girl. Yet the Gibson Girl was not a "sport"; she was a logical development. George Washington was over six feet tall. The minuet was a stately dance. The rangy pioneer mothers hoed the corn. And the Gibson Girl could waltz with Pudge Heffelfinger without appearing silly. In the mauve and six-foot Nineties our century-old hickory sapling ideal of the American figure reached its culmination, for women as well as men. What has suddenly become of the Gibson Girl? How have our women, by taking thought, subtracted one cubit from their stature—not to mention other things? Why? Even Mr. Broun falters for an explanation.



MIRACULOUSLY the heresy of Lot's wife has seized upon the writers of America. She looked back and was changed to salt. Our own young men have turned to satire and they, too, have not been sparing of the brine in dealing with those events which lie behind them.

In the beginning it was only the novelists of this country who took the pains to recreate atmospheres out of our national past. There was a day when America sped along too rapidly for anyone to observe much except the passing scene. But now the historical tide is full upon us. And most attention centers upon the eighteen nineties.

It's well, I think, that there should be such a period of taking stock. After all, most of the historians who went before botched the job. They thought that chronicles should deal chiefly with the name and fame of presidents and people in their cabinets. The newer school holds that Harrison was less important than the song writers of his day and that Henry Ford by all means transcends any contemporary who did more than win an election to office.

WITH this view I thoroughly agree. Lawmakers do no more than jot down findings and opinions arrived at elsewhere and long before the Congress swings into action. The same rule should apply to our own day. I think it not to be denied that Ring Lardner has influenced the thought of his own day in ways more important than those affected by Calvin Coolidge. I would rather have Sinclair Lewis's hope of permanence than that of Charlie Dawes. And naturally I should much prefer to write the songs of Irving Berlin than draw up the state papers attributed to Mr. Kellogg.

Accordingly, the native historians and biographers who peer back at the trail behind us are searching now for men and women unlisted in the *Congressional Record*. John L. Sullivan has been done full-length and there's a book to be done about Carrie Nation and another, so I understand, concerning Comstock.

Although he devotes only a page or so to the theme, Mark Sullivan tosses out the suggestion that American life and manners owe much to Dana Gibson. And Dooley, too, he lists among those who swayed in high degree the thought of the day. Both gentlemen here mentioned are still very much alive, but, by some subtle process, kingship has passed out of their hands. In the case of F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley) the guess might be hazarded that it would be difficult to hang upon his words, now that he speaks so seldom. But Gibson does his stint and with no diminution in technical facility.

And yet, with all his ink, he cannot bring to life again the Gibson girl, who was among the most notable and influential of the leaders of American womanhood. She merits a biography—for her rôle was notable. A book to be called *The Life and Death of the Gibson Girl* might well converge many diverse currents in the American stream.

First of all the author would have to determine whether Mr. Gibson found her or whether it was a genuine act of creation. It is demonstrable that she did take on the habiliments of life and live and breathe and have a being. That is not proof. It is only another pebble dropped into the waters which range 'round the problem concerning the priority of Art or Life. Many have the theory that when the mirror is held up to Nature she promptly strikes a pose and becomes self-conscious. She hates to disappoint the gentleman with the looking glass.

NATURE is, among other things, a mimic, fond of impersonations. I am among those who believe that it is the artist who sets the tune and that life thereupon joins in. This is not my own idea. The view was impressed upon us in college when a learned professor lectured upon Goethe and *The Sorrows of Werther*. He told us that in the full flood tide of popularity of that novel, suicide became all the rage in Germany and that young men went about habitually killing themselves all over the place. However, I did undertake some independent researches of my own and found that things came to such a pass after the dramatization of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that not a bloodhound in all the land could look full at a cake of ice without promptly leaping upon it and beginning to bay.

And certainly I am not sure if there would ever have been such a person as the flapper if Scott Fitzgerald had not chanced to put her in a book. But the paternity of the Gibson girl was still more palpable, for she was invariably known by her family name. The Fitzgerald flapper is, perhaps, only one of a type. The Gibson girl was solitary.

"Gibson's characters," hazards Mark Sullivan, "always clean and fine, composed the models for the manners of a whole generation of Americans, their dress, their pose, their attitude toward life." And an editorial writer in the *New York World* once expressed the opinion that most Americans were clean shaven because Gibson drew them so.

This seems to me a large order. The face of the American man is still something after the manner in which Gibson made it, but the Gibson girl has vanished utterly from off the earth. The tragic limitation of Charles Dana Gibson as an artist may have been the fact that he never could do much with bobbed hair. Walk along any American thoroughfare today and you will see hundreds of girls fashioned along the lines laid down by Held, by Fish and Wallace Morgan, but never a Gibson in all the crowd. At least not according to the old specifications. Mr. Gibson, in recent years, has put out some bodies of new aspect but they have not fired the public as did the old ones.

YET no younger man can claim any such monopoly as once belonged to Gibson. If he had not begun some little while before the Sherman anti-trust law, he might well have been sued as a combination in restraint of trade. The folk who draw the flapper types have pictures which win their ways to frames but nobody today burns them upon leather as in the era of the Gibson rage. If I may diagnose the malady which took her off I would call it suffocation from overcrowding. No wall or sofa of the nineties was without that cold and haughty countenance. And when one fled away from Art to mix with Life one saw her once again.

How did she go? Was it a lingering illness, or upon some set day did every woman put off the Gibson look and walk—as men agree upon a date to set aside straw hats? And what, pray, has become of the sofa pillows and of the books with the pictures showing the education of Mr. Pipp? Gone with the snows of yesteryear. She seemed in her day a permanent possession. There was a song current not so many ages ago which undertook to twit another master who created women after a fashion. One portion of it, as nearly as I can remember, ran:

Why do they call me a Gibson girl?
Gibson girl? Gibson girl?
What is the matter with Mr. Ibsen?
Why Dana Gibson . . .

AT that time there seemed to be a belief that neurotic *Nora* and the rest of the morbid crew from Scandinavia had been put completely out of business by the fine young saplings drawn by our Mr. Gibson. And it was true that you could visit every fraternity house in America and not find in any parlour *Hedda* burnt on wood or leather.

Still, quite obviously, there's a tide in types. Stand today in the market place and ask that old mocking query, "What is the matter with Mr. Ibsen?" and the young intellectuals 'round about will answer in full throated chorus—"He's all right!" If you happened to speak of the Gibson girl they would be puzzled until some old gentleman like myself happened along to elucidate. Possibly I read too much philosophic content into the old musical comedy ballad. It may be that no sneer against the Norseman was intended. Maybe Ibsen came in merely because he happened to be a convenient rhyme for Gibson.

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A Governmental Contrast: The Continental Congress

The History-Making Assembly as It Convened in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia

WHO does not recall the thrilling scene pictured above when the immortal Father of his Country addressed the delegates of the thirteen Colonies and a few reporters on the then new topic of national liberty? What dignity there was in this audience, what fire in the orator! Note the rapt attention of the enthralled listeners, noble minded patriots, democratic aristocrats: such men as Hancock, Carroll, Jefferson, Randolph, payless patriots, statesmen and gentlemen, all, serving their fledgling Republic without fear, favour or free seeds. Can we doubt that it was this spirit of self-sacrifice that built the foundations of our government? This was no senatorial junket. These gentlemen had no railroad passes—nor railroads. They travelled by coach and bought their own oats. They rendered no vouchers for hotel bills, taxi fares or theatre tickets. And, during their session they conducted themselves decorously, as illustrated, throwing no interruptions or insults at the speaker. When in session, such vital matters as the choice between Liberty and Death were discussed



DRAWINGS BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

A Governmental Contrast: The Hon. Senate of Today

An Impression of a Lively Session in the Present Legislative Halls in Washington

TURNING History's page, we next gaze at a session of the Senate of 1926—and thereabouts. What a change from that opposite. Where now are the courtesy and dignity of Colonial times? Gone, all gone. The fire of the speaker is there, yes! It is Senator Holzinger who is addressing the Senate, on a point of order, speaking for the admission of raw ostrich feathers in bulk, with an *ad valorem* duty of 20% per 100 wgt., F. O. B. Australia. As if anybody cared, or wanted a raw ostrich anyway! Note the changed attitude of the audience; their inattention and levity. Senator Snodgrass, (R), at upper left, is reading a copy of *Film Fun*, while the two portly gentlemen (D) near him go over the new holes at Chevy Chase, not missing a stroke of their round together. In the North East corner two members are agreeing that the prevailing rate for Scotch is as great a crime as the Scotch itself. In the front row Sen. Petty, (D) who has a date at the New Willard, is cleaning his nails. The Presiding Officer has gone bye-bye. Only the stenographers are paying heed, and, Gosh, how they hate it!

Paul Revere's Ride

How a Modest Go-Getter Did His Bit for the Juno Acid Bath Corporation

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY



FOLLOWING are the salesman's report sheets sent into the home office in New York by Thaddeus Olin, agent for the Juno Acid Bath Corporation. Mr. Olin had the New England territory during the spring of 1775 and these report sheets [illegible] April 16, 17, 18, and 19, of that year.

April 16, 1775.
Boston.

Called on the following engravers this A. M.: Boston Engraving Co., E. H. Hosstetter, Theodore Platney, Paul Revere, Benjamin B. Ashley and Roger Durgin.

Boston Engraving Co. are all taken care of for their acid.

E. H. Hosstetter took three tins of acid No. 4 on trial and renewed his old order of 7 Queen-Biters.

Theodore Platney has gone out of business since my last trip.

Paul Revere was not in. The man in his shop said that he was busy with some sort of local shin-dig. Said I might catch him in tomorrow morning.

The Benjamin Ashley people said they were satisfied with their present product and contemplated no change.

Roger Durgin died last March.

Things are pretty quiet in Boston right now.

April 17.

CALLED on Boston Engraving people again to see if they might not want to try some Daisy No. 3. Mr. Lithgo was interested and said to come in tomorrow when Mr. Lithgo, Senior, would be there.

Paul Revere was not in. He had been in for a few minutes before the shop opened and had left word that he would be up at Sam Adams' in case anyone wanted him. Went up to the Adams place but the girl there said that Mr. Revere and Mr. Adams had gone over to Mr. Dawes' place on Milk Street. Went to Dawes' place but the man there said Dawes and Adams and Revere were in conference. There seems to be some sort of parade or something they are getting up, something to do with the opening of the new foot-bridge to Cambridge, I believe.

Things are pretty quiet here in Boston, except for the trade from the British fleet which is out in the harbour.

Spent the evening looking around in the coffee houses. Everyone here is cribbage-crazy. All they seem to think of is cribbage, cribbage, cribbage.

April 18.

To the Boston Engraving Company and saw Mr. Lithgo, Senior. He seemed interested in the Daisy No. 3 acid and said to drop in again later in the week.

Paul Revere was out. His assistant said that he knew that Mr. Revere was in need of a new batch of acid and had spoken to him about our Vulcan No. 2 and said he might try some. I would have to see Mr. Revere personally, he said, as Mr. Revere makes all purchases himself. He said that he thought I could catch him over at the Dawes place.

Tried the Dawes place but they said that he and Mr. Revere had gone over to the livery stable on State Street.

Went to the livery stable but Revere had gone. They said he had engaged a horse for tonight for some sort of entertainment he was taking part in. The hostler said he heard Mr. Revere say to Mr. Dawes that they might as well go up to the North Church and see if everything was all set; so I gather it is a church entertainment.

Followed them up to the North Church but there was nobody there except the caretaker who said that he thought I could catch Mr. Revere over at Charlestown late that night. He described him to me so that I would know him and said that he probably would be on horseback. As it seemed to me to be pretty important that we land the Revere order for Vulcan No. 2, I figured out that whatever inconvenience it might cause me to go over to Charlestown or whatever added expense to the firm, would be justified.

Spent the afternoon visiting several printing establishments, but none of them do any engraving.

Things are pretty quiet here in Boston.

Went over to Charlestown after supper and hung around "The Bell in Hand" tavern looking for Mr. Revere. Met a man there who used to live in Peapack, N. J., and we got to talking about what a funny name for a town that was. Another man said that in Massachusetts there was actually a place called Podunk, up near Worcester. We had some very good cheese and talked over names of towns for a while. Then the second man, the one who knew about Podunk, said he had to go as he had a date with a man. After he had left I happened to bring the conversation around to the fact that I was waiting for a Mr. Paul Revere, and the first man told me that I had been talking to him for half an hour and that he had just gone.

I rushed out to the corner, but the man who keeps the watering-trough there said that someone answering Mr. Revere's description had just galloped off on a horse in the direction of Medford. Well, this just made me determined to land that order for Juno Acid Bath Corporation or die in the attempt. So I hired a horse at the Tavern stable and started off toward Medford.



Just before I hit Medford I saw a man standing out in his night-shirt in front of his house looking up the road. I asked him if he had seen anybody who looked like Mr. Revere. He seemed pretty sore and said that some crazy coot had just ridden by and knocked at his door and yelled something that he couldn't understand and that if he caught him he'd break his back. From his description of the horse I gathered that Mr. Revere was the man; so I galloped on.

A lot of people in Medford Town were up and standing in front of their houses, cursing like the one I had just seen. It seems that Mr. Revere had gone along the road-side, knocking on doors and yelling something which nobody understood, and then galloping on again.

"Some god-dam drunk," said one of the Medfordites, and they all went back to bed.

I wasn't going to be cheated out of my order now, no matter what happened, and I don't think that Mr. Revere could have been drunk, because while he was with us at "The Bell in Hand," he had only four short ales. He had a lot of cheese, though.

Something seemed to have been the matter with him, however, because in every town that I rode through I found people just going back to bed after having been roused up out of their sleep by a mysterious rider. I didn't tell them that it was Mr. Revere, or that it was probably some stunt to do with the shin-dig that he and Mr. Dawes were putting on for the North Church. I figured out that it was a little publicity stunt.

Finally, just as I got into Lexington, I saw my man getting off his horse at a house right alongside the Green. I rushed up and caught him just as he was going in. I introduced myself and told him that I represented the Juno Acid Bath Corporation of New York and asked him if he could give me a few minutes, as I had been following him all the way from Charlestown and had been to his office three days in succession. He said that he was busy right at that minute, but that if I wanted to come along with him upstairs he would talk business on the way. He asked me if I wasn't the man he had been talking to at "The Bell in Hand" and I said yes, and asked him how Podunk was. This got him in good humour and he said that we might as well sit right down then and that he would get someone else to do what he had to do. So he called a man-servant and told him to go right upstairs, wake up Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams and tell them to get up, and no fooling. "Keep after them, Sambo," he said, "and don't let them roll over and go to sleep again. It's very important."

So we sat down in the living room and I got out our statement of sales for 1774 and showed him that, in face of increased competition, Juno had practically doubled its output. "There must be some reason for an acid outselling its competitors three to one," I said,

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IN VANITY FAIR'S INDEPENDENCE DAY PAGEANT

CHARLES SHEELER

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, as the Washingtons

The First President of the United States and the First "First Lady of the Land", as They Were in 1776

No Peace Unto The Wicket

An Old-Fashioned Game Revived with Some Dirty Methods

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



A FAIR ATHLETE
An 1896 addict in the days when the game was considered a good pastime for governesses



THE CROQUET QUEEN OF 1865
A dashing portrait of just a real, good out-door girl, drawn for a Croquet Manual when the game was first introduced at Newport after the excitement of the Civil War was over



CROQUET IN 1899
With a swish of these skirts an unobserved crook could get her ball into much better position

WHENEVER I am so careless as to explain that I cannot possibly go to the matinée of the Cubbyhole Players or speak at the Weekly Luncheon of the Art-Loving Débutantes and give as the reason the fact that I am already booked for a game of croquet, the near-by eyebrows mount, as if to say:

"And after that, probably, you will have a cup of lukewarm camomile tea, play a stiff game of tiddledy-winks, read a bracing chapter in *Elsie Dinsmore* and take forty-winks in the patent rocker with the *Brooklyn Eagle* over your face."

For even in and around New York, where the gospel of the new croquet has been spreading steadily for the past six years, the masses still think of it as merely a sedate and soothing pastime for the senescent. There is, however, a seasoned minority of players only too well aware of its recent corruption, who know from their own corroding experiences that, as it is now in increasing measure being played up and down Long Island, it is no game for the soft of sinew and the gentle of spirit. The higher and dirtier croquet can use the guile of a cobra and the inhumanity of a boa-constrictor. Then the general physique of a stevedore comes in handy, too.

For, since the days when the young folk romped across the croquet lawn in *Little Women* and even since the days when Captain Mayne Reid sponsored the game for grown-ups shortly after the Civil War, it has undergone considerable pollution. Physically the change is this: the new players pass cheerfully by the exact billiard-like game still effected on a smooth, grassless table-land where it is played with pounce, precision and punctilio by grey-beards who call the game croakee and can be seen tottering from wicket to wicket any mild afternoon in New York's Central Park or, for that matter, in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris. The new players also pass cheerfully (even scornfully) by the conventional sets of rules as issued from time to time by Spalding's.

These ruffians prefer, instead, as big a field as they can get and not necessarily a smooth one. They then set their wickets up (slightly cock-eyed, as a rule) at such distances as make the shooting of two wickets in one stroke reasonable ground for suspicion that the player has sold his shopworn soul to the devil. For balls, they long since discarded as hopeless the brightly-coloured wooden ones because these skitter so roguishly on rough ground and because anyway they usually split in two half way through the first game. Instead heavy composition roque balls do pretty well, though these begin to chip in time and even, in crises, fall apart.

For mallet, a short-handled sledge-hammer is employed—with a rough, angular handle and a head made of snakewood, the latter strengthened with bands of metal and, in some cases, tipped with a rubber heel for long shots. With such a mallet and such a ball, you can drive your enemy so far that there is time for light refreshment while the poor wretch is running after his ball and, since, on reaching it, he is well beyond reach of the human voice, a system of frantic signals must be devised to notify him when it is his turn to shoot. But the most important change was the historic one arrived at one afternoon in Englewood, New Jersey, about six years ago. It occurred during a discussion as to the proper bounds to be decreed for an impending tournament. "Let's play," said one pathfinding spirit, "without any bounds at all." So that now the range of a game is limited only by the intrusive provisions of the Mann Act.

This rough outline of the new game is enough to suggest that it is really a blend of the old croquet with golf. Practitioners of it are further aware that it curiously satisfies certain ancient impulses (long frowned upon by civilization) towards skull-cracking and mayhem. For there is one deep distinction between croquet and golf—akin to the difference between outrunning a man and busting him one in the

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Kathleen Norris's Advice To Young Girls



KATHLEEN NORRIS

DEAR GIRLS:

You ask me why I play croquet, and I hardly know how to answer you.

Might it be that, as one grows older, one comes to love the dear old-fashioned game that seems to bring everything that is sweet and good to the surface of human nature, to make hearts kindlier, and voices gentler?

The irrepressible laughter that bubbles up to one's eyes and lips when one's dead ball just misses a wicket, the hearty, generous "Hurray!" that comes from one's opponents, surely this is as sweet a moment as life can know. And the merry romp far, far down the field after a flying ball, past the rose-bushes, past the gate—what a race that is! And then if the funny ball *won't* go back into the court, but just jumps a foot or two like a stubborn bunny, how one laughs at *that!*

There is a dignity about croquet that I don't believe Parcheesi and Pussy-wants-a-corner have. Whenever my partner says to me, frankly, "I'm glad you didn't get to me", this is character building of a real, vital sort! I feel an inner joy. And to lose a game through one of his dumb-bell shots, and tell him gently, honestly, all about it—that is to *live*, in the truest sense.

And then, if one plays hard, plays for all the integrity and courage that is in one, one *may* get—yes, even to Matteawan! And of what other game may one hope that?

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Master Minds of Censorship

Some Reflections on the Inconsistency of the Guardians of Our National Soul

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—When that unfortunate monarch, George III, was suffering from mental aberration, it is recorded that he used to shout "Amen!" after each of the commandments was read at the chapel services. One Sabbath he astounded the congregation by leaping to his feet after the Seventh, and crying, "That's a pity, that's a pity!" It might be inferred from Mr. Nathan's catalogue which is contained in this article, that King George would have enjoyed himself in the New York theatre in 1926, howevermuch he had cause to dislike us in 1776. In his day the theatre was considered a work of the Devil in New England, where performances were forbidden until after the Revolution. In Philadelphia and New York they were not given without serious opposition from many worthy people. The plays of Shakespeare himself were Satan's product, to the Puritans, and the only method of censorship they approved was to close the theatre altogether. There is something, perhaps, to be said for the efficacy of that method, if not for its permanence.



THE raid of the New York constabulary, some weeks back, on the Chelsea Theatre a well known burlesque house in Eighth Avenue, offers itself to connoisseurs of moral endeavour as a characteristic and sublime instance of the prevailing mushheadedness of the professional guardians of our national soul.

The Chelsea Theatre, like many another such burlesque emporium in our principal cities, caters almost exclusively to audiences so hardened to the subtler sensibilities that it would take nothing short of Petronius at his best to get a rise out of them. The minor naughtinesses of the American burlesque shows can have no more demoralizing effect upon their audiences than so many seidels of near-beer. These music show peccadilloes concern themselves, in the main, with such innocent and harmless delicatessen as cooch dances, auctionings off of chorus girls' garters, episodes in which Hebrew comedians belabour the rears of cow-hide peroxide prima donnas with large salamis, and jokes about the policeman's wife and the ice-man.

IT is twenty years now that the burlesque houses of America have been offering this same fare; it never changes in the slightest. And in all that time there is no record of any yegg-man or sailor or taxicab driver having had his pure mind unduly polluted by it. Yet the New York constabulary has suddenly taken it into its head that these venerable pranks are obscene and are conducive to the lowering of lower Eighth Avenue morals, and has declared that they must be promptly deleted if the manager doesn't wish to spend the rest of his life in the hoosegow. Meanwhile, the dirtiest lot of shows that have ever been put on view in the New York legitimate theatres—which cater to young boys and girls as well as to adults—are permitted freely to go on their way.

Since the beginning of the last theatrical season, and up to the first of May, there have been presented on Broadway, and without interference, the following dramatic spectacles:

1. A play in which an act of adultery was implied to be in exciting progress in a room adjoining the one before the audience's eyes. *(It All Depends.)*

2. A play in which an apparently willing and eager young married woman went to a hotel with a man not her husband for purposes of adultery. *(Oh! Mama!)*

3. A play in which a man openly tried to seduce a young girl. *(The Mud Turtle.)*

4. A play in which a married man brought his mistress into his home that he might have her handy. *(The Kiss in a Taxi.)*

5. A play in which a young girl realistically showed symptoms of being with illegitimate child. *(The Fall of Eve.)*

6. A play in which a flapper was seduced by her own father. *(Outside Looking In.)*

7. A play in which three married women took on three young boys as gigolos. *(Cradle Snatchers.)*

8. A play in which a rape was realistically attempted before the audience. *(All Dressed Up.)*

9. A play in which a male went after a female breathing like an incalescent bull. *(Love's Call.)*

10. A play in which a young woman who defended her excessive sexual promiscuity was offered as a sympathetic heroine. *(The Green Hat.)*

11. A play in which a boy's lascivious and degenerate mother carried on under his and her husband's nose with her young paramour. *(The Vortex.)*

12. A play in which a married woman with a son enjoyed an affair with a man younger than her husband. *(The Pelican.)*

13. A play in which a young woman, longing for a sexual experience, took on a tramp who casually happened by her house. *(The New Gallantry.)*

14. A play in which a young girl married to an old man deliberately had a child by a younger man. *(Human Nature.)*

15. A play in which a white woman had an affair with a Chinaman. *(The Bridge of Distances.)*

16. A play in which a respected lawyer entered into a liaison with his most personable client. *(Accused.)*

17. A play in which a man invaded a house and immediately seduced one of the willing lady guests. *(The Buccaneer.)*

18. A play in which the heroine very agreeably had an illegitimate baby. *(Stolen Fruit.)*

19. A play in which the hero defended himself as a *maquereau* and lived openly in sin with his woman. *(The Crooked Friday.)*

20. A play in which a sex-starved young woman deliberately went out and had an affair. *(The Call of Life.)*

21. A play in which a young wife committed adultery in order to get a job in the movies. *(A Man's Man.)*

22. A play in which a man carried on sexually with the madam of a bordello, to the delight of the half dozen fancy-women residents. *(Weak Sisters.)*

23. A play in which a middle-aged woman tried to seduce a young boy. *(Lovely Lady.)*

24. A play in which a girl-child urged a man of forty-five to deflower her. *(The Glass Slipper.)*

25. A play in which a scene of seduction was elaborately acted out in full view of the customers. *(Arabesque.)*

26. A play in which an old woman had a protracted affair with a young man. *(Lucky Sam McCarver.)*

27. A play in which a young woman had an affair with her old suitor's young valet. *(The Man with a Load of Mischief.)*

28. A play in which young boys openly discussed their affairs with women. *(Young [illegible])*

29. A play in which a woman and man were in a locked room apparently for purposes of illicit intercourse. *(Naughty Cinderella.)*

30. A play in which a married woman deliberately went to a bachelor's apartment for sex purposes. *(A Lady's Virtue.)*

31. A play in which a man attempted the virtue of a woman. *(Twelve Miles Out.)*

32. A play in which a man repeated the above. *(Me.)*

33. A play in which a boy seduced the house-maid. *(Young Blood.)*

34. A play in which several old men carried on with the girls in a fast-house. *(Morals.)*

35. A play in which a young boy and girl indulged in sexual intercourse and in which the girl became with child and was defended by her parents. *(The Devil to Pay.)*

36. A play in which a woman championed illicit love. *(Easy Virtue.)*

37. A play in which a woman lasciviously teased a man and drove him crazy with passion in order to subjugate him. *(Lysistrata.)*

38. A play in which illicit amour was handled sympathetically. *(Stronger Than Love.)*

39. A play in which the heroine had innumerable affairs and was openly coveted by an octogenarian lecher. *(The Makropoulos Secret.)*

40. A play in which a man pawed a young woman with animal intent. *(Down Stream.)*

41. A play in which a young woman had sexual intercourse with a monstrosity. *(Goat Song.)*

42. A play in which a young Englishman coveted the mistress of a Chinaman. *(The Love City.)*

43. A play in which a woman smilingly surrendered her person to a loose bachelor. *(A Weak Woman.)*

44. A play in which a young woman ran away from home, had an affair that ended with child and came back home and boasted about it. *(Magda.)*

45. A play in which a nymphomaniac went to a bordello and took on a Japanese. *(The Shanghai Gesture.)*

46. A play in which a married man seduced his chauffeur's wife. *(The Great Gatsby.)*

47. A play in which a lustful man tortured a sentimental man with accounts of his amours

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The Day We Celebrate; And How

Some National Pastimes and Diversions for Glorifying the Glorious Fourth

By COREY FORD



THE first Fourth of July occurred on July 4th, 1776. Up to that time it had been known as the *fifth* of July, and occurred one day later than the present Fourth; and consequently on the night of the third, people would pull down their shades, crawl between the sheets and go to sleep for twenty-four hours until the Fifth of July had arrived.

And today, one hundred and fifty years later, with science advancing by leaps and bounds and horse-cars and yellow button shoes already a thing of the past, people have as yet devised no better way of spending the Fourth of July than that. Our grandfathers, so it appears, knew their eggs.

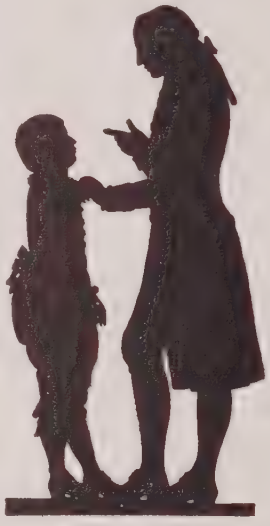
When John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence, declaring that hereafter July 4th would be known as the Fourth of July, the anniversary of this event was set aside immediately as a national holiday; and ever since then people have been looking for a good way to spend it. These methods have varied from setting off an elaborate display of fireworks in your front yard, to wandering next-door and watching the neighbour set off an elaborate display of fireworks in *his* front yard. Some people celebrate the Fourth of July by going to the beaches; while others celebrate it by staying away from the beaches. Others read the Declaration of Independence; and still others devote their holidays to a simple but impressive ceremony entitled: "Putting Up That Towel Rack in the Bathroom". This is sometimes varied as: "Getting Out the Awnings" or "Washing the Car" or "Writing that Bread-and-Butter Letter to Aunt Harriet"; but in all of these exercises the same Spirit of Independence is involved.

INEXTRICABLY woven with the Fourth of July is the Baseball Game; and consequently not a few of the patriotic citizens will celebrate Independence Day attending the national sport in the bleachers. Although the rules governing this ceremony have never been defined precisely, it is understood that the straw hat will be worn well back on the head, a dead cigar-butt clamped between the teeth, and the vest unbuttoned to both suspenders; and the participants will engage from time to time in offering technical advice to the players, such as: "O, what a bum!" The added feature of taking along a lady-friend who has never seen a baseball game in her life and who insists upon having every move explained to her, will practically make your Independence Day complete.

And then there is the Fourth of July Parade; for without the Fourth of July Parade Independence Day would not be Independence Day at all, and no one more pleased than I.

Hours before the parade is due, the crowds along the curb have swollen to truly gigantic proportions, lining the street on both sides for blocks, milling and shoving and indulging freely in fist-fights in the gutter. People are beside themselves with excitement, waving small American flags and blowing horns, while women are trampled in the mad rush to secure a view of the approaching spectacle, and men fight to lift their children to their shoulders so that the little ones can see the great sight, a sight that they will never forget. One man yells: "Here they come!" and when the rest of the spectators crane their necks eagerly he adds: "Nit!" and laughs hoarsely; and so the mob strings him to the nearest lamp post, so that next time he can really see whether they are coming or not.

At this moment there are borne on the wind several stray notes of a distant band, and the hoarse sound of cheering far down the line; and the mob presses forward as with a common



GEORGE WASHINGTON

A contemporary portrait of our first President, hearing, perhaps, a short dissertation from his father on the general subject of chopped cherry trees and hatchets

impulse. Up the centre of the street advance two policemen on motorcycles, chugging past slowly and calling: "Keep back, everybody, clear the way, keep on the curb, everybody, give them room!", followed by two more policemen who repeat: "Come on, come on, get back, get back!" Behind them come two very large Police Sergeants in a two-seater Ford, looking sternly ahead as they roll by with as much dignity as possible—under the circumstances.

Close behind them, some five minutes later, marches a long line of serious policemen, comparatively in step; and in their rear walks the Mayor with his Committee, in tall silk hats, hurrying a little to keep up with their police escort and bowing and smiling to the crowd as they pass.

And then all at once there is a blast and a roar, and a huge band approaches up the avenue, rendering *The Stars and Stripes March* in front, *Old King Cotton* in the centre, and *Sidewalks of New York* toward the rear. They walk very tall and straight, playing for all they are worth as they draw nearer, peering down their noses at the sheets of music fastened to their horns. Next to the curb a man with a huge bassoon skirts the crowd, blowing whole notes directly into the faces of the spectators, and occasionally spitting out buttons and pennies which the little boys toss from time to time into the mouth of his horn. Then just as they draw opposite, the leader twirls his baton, the music abruptly stops, and the drummer beats time monotonously: "Boom! Boom! Boom, boom, boom!" as the band shuffles past in silence and scornful solemnity.

Only one incident mars the otherwise dignified calm of the spectacle. As the American flag is borne by, floating gallantly in the breeze, an old Civil War veteran on crutches removes his hat one sixteenth of a second too late; and he is instantly shot dead by three patriotic bystanders.

BEHIND the band comes a huge float called "Post-War Conditions in the Linoleum Business", followed by another float representing "The Sister Spirits of Osmosis and Capillary Attraction", and several more floats representing either "The Political and Social Aspects of Modern Europe: The New Imperialism" or plain "Fish". These are followed by other floats, including one entitled "Miss Broadway", which appears four times.

Next come four thousand men marching for the Post Office and Civil Service Department, three thousand more for the Marshall Stillman movement, and also the Camp Fire Girls of America, the Department of Street Cleaning, the Italian Civic Association, the Lucy Stone League, the American Legion, and a long file of men who take two hours to pass a given point, but who have unfortunately forgotten to bring along a banner. By this time the ranks of cheering spectators have begun to dwindle more or less, anyway, most of them having seen their relatives go by; and people are moving up and down the sidewalks, congratulating each other on the event and exclaiming: "What a parade." By the time the file of automobiles rolls past at five miles an hour, containing the wives and families of members of the committees, waving little flags listlessly or leaning back on the cushions with their hats over their eyes and their mouths open, the sidewalks are practically empty of bystanders.

The final automobile is followed by a line of little boys on roller-skates, straggling after it and banging tin dishpans; and then a jam of taxicabs and trolley-cars stretching for blocks, honking and clanging and cursing, craning their heads to peer at the cause of the delay, as they bring to a fitting close the glorious Fourth of July Parade.

Lately there has been a very noticeable tendency on the part of the country at large to surge away from these hide-bound ceremonies, and seize the opportunity to celebrate our national holiday by getting back to Nature Herself. This popular ceremony is called a

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DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BOLIN

1776—Courtship, Then and Now—1926

How Young Love and Architecture Have Changed in Manhattan Since Revolutionary Days

IN this pretty pair of pictures Artist Bolin suggests a very sweet slant on the Sesqui-Centennial, for he shows us how Romeo and Juliet have fared through the years intervening between 1776 and 1926. In the charming scene on the left we see the New York lover of 1776 courting his lady love who wigwags her own sentiments from the window of her uptown mansion on the corner of Wall and Broad Streets. The persons in the picture are actual individuals, he a Van Kortwright, she a Brinkerhoff. How delightfully intimate are the low red brick buildings! By standing on the fence rail, young Van could almost reach the tips of his lady's fingers. "Adieu," she cries, and waves her lily hand. Would you believe that this is the same identical corner as the one portrayed in the first picture? But how changed, how elongated, how deepened. Stranger still, the young people involved are lineal descendants of the ardent pair who, one hundred and fifty years ago, made love in this now seething environment. The Adelaide Brinkerhoff of today is typist for the cloak and suit firm of Kovaleski & Morowitz. From the window of her office on the thirtieth floor she cries, "S'long, kid," to young Floyd Van Kortwright, Yale, '25, now one of Wall Street's fleetest runners. The land is now owned by a Mr. Solomon Minsky who is absolutely no relation to the Brinkerhoffs of old



The Wayside Inn, Sudbury

The Celebrated Tavern as It Is Today, Unmarred by 240 Years of Active Use



FRONT VIEW
A charming example of Colonial architecture, the Wayside Inn stands surrounded by giant elms almost as old as itself

THE PANTRY
Some of the old bottles and glasses remain behind the bar. Note the hole in the panel—made by centuries of ice picks

A BEDROOM
George Washington is authentically reputed to have slept in this room, with its pleasing woodwork and great hearth



THE Wayside Inn has drowsed beside the Boston-Worcester Post Road near Sudbury, Massachusetts, for 240 years, an ample and comfortable frame building of charming proportions. It has always been a tavern, and for two centuries of its existence it remained in the family which built it. Even in Colonial days, the Wayside Inn was a popular objective for coaching parties and week-enders, as well as for travellers, and its fame was finally made nation-wide by Longfellow, whose *Tales of a Wayside Inn* were read by all our parents, if not by us. The proprietors accumulated a vast quantity of furniture and fixings through the generations, which are now enviously examined by motor parties. There have been additions and changes, inside and out, since the original house was built, but the Inn still remains of great interest to all architects and students, as a genuine specimen of Colonial structure and design

The Wayside Inn and Its Modern Restorer



HENRY FORD

THE WAYSIDE INN, near Sudbury, Massachusetts, was built in 1686, so that it was a respectable antique when Washington stopped there on his way to take command of the American army. It is now owned by Henry Ford, who on acquiring it raised everybody's wages to six dollars a day, and began at once to add to its already large collection of Colonial relics. He is also constantly adding to the real estate holdings, already controlling a vast acreage, and every Sudbury farmer looks forward to "sellin' out to Ford" and retiring. He is going to move the state highway farther from the Inn, at a cost of $100,000, and build a lake. He has already purchased and set up an ancient blacksmith shop and rebuilt a little stone grist mill by the brook. Evidently, it is his idea in time to create around the Inn a replica of the self-sufficient life of Eighteenth Century rural New England. There is a certain whimsical irony in the thought of the man who has done so much to change the aspect of the world spending his income to restore a portion of it, and of the man who has created the modern ideal of large scale production, coming to the quiet fields of Middlesex and playing with a toy blacksmith shop and grist mill. But he hasn't yet made the trip from Detroit in a "one hoss shay".

New York a Century and a Half Ago

The Largest City in America, When It Ranked Third in Population

By ROBERT FINSTER

IN 1776 New York was less noisy than now, and not quite so influential. It had only 22,000 people, while Philadelphia had almost 30,000. It nearly beat Boston, which was something. The city stretched from the Battery to Grand Street on the east, and to Reade Street on the west. Its pleasant mingling of Dutch and English colonial buildings, mostly of brick and rarely more than three stories high, gave no hint of its future mortared mountains. It had the quiet charm of Georgian architecture and a lovely natural setting not then concealed by skyscrapers and docks. But even then the tone of the town was less Puritanical than in some other parts of the Colonies, and the New Yorkers liked comfort and a show of luxury. John Adams, on his way to the first Continental Congress in 1774, passed through Manhattan, and confided to his journal his wonder at "the opulence and splendour of the city", and "the elegance of the mode of living". He writes with admiration of "the elegant country-seats on the island", "the Broad Way, a fine street, very wide, and in a right line from one end to the other of the City", "the magnificent new church then building, which was to cost £20,000". He notes that "the streets of the town are vastly more regular and elegant than those of Boston, and the houses are more grand, as well as neat".

IN the general topography of lower Manhattan Island, much remains unchanged from the eighteenth century. Hills have been levelled; ponds, streams and marshes have long since been drained and their beds covered by tall office buildings, but most of the old streets run the same courses, usually without change of name. The word Battery describes with precision the old function of that region. Fort George, at the water's edge, dominated the bay. In the precincts of the fort were the house of the colonial governor (William Tryon in 1776) and quarters for soldiers. Subsequently the area of the Battery was nearly doubled, by the addition of "made land". The Southwest Battery (later known as Castle Clinton, still later as the famous Castle Garden, and now as the Aquarium), when built, between 1807 and 1811, was a hundred yards out from the shore. Nearby, and directly opposite No. 1 Broadway (the old Kennedy house), lay Bowling Green, the city's oldest park. The source of its name is shown by an advertisement in the *Weekly Post-Boy*, during 1745, soliciting bids for the laying of turf in time for the bowling matches of the coming summer. Here stood the ponderous equestrian statue of George the Third, which was pulled down in 1776 and melted into bullets for the Continental Army and the satisfaction of all American small boys ever since the event.

Broadway, a natural thoroughfare and also a former Indian trail, was called "The Broad Way". It extended as far as the gardens of Andrew Elliot's country-seat—about at Tenth Street—but beyond Reade Street were mainly gardens, fields, orchards, and swamps. Behind the houses on lower Broadway, well-kept gardens ran back to the shore of the North River. Some of us would like to own an acre or two there now. On the site of the present Trinity Church, its predecessor, "a temple more purely Gothic in its architecture, and decorated with sculptured angels within its walls, reared its tall spire". St. Paul's Chapel, completed in 1768, except for the steeple, escaped the great fire of 1776, and is still preserved to us, one of the few Colonial buildings left standing in the whole city. Beyond St. Paul's, on Broadway, there were a few buildings, and then the open country. City Hall Park, second in age to Bowling Green, had always been "Common Lands". It was first used as a cow pasture, later for public meetings. Known as the "Fields" or "Commons", it was the scene of much irregular fighting between the citizens and the British soldiery, and of many public indignation meetings between 1766 and 1776.



SKETCH BY CHARLES BULFINCH

FEDERAL HALL

When New York was chosen as the first national Capital, the old City Hall was remodelled by the French architect, L'Enfant and called the Federal Hall. A replica of this building is the New York State exhibit at the Sesqui

The Collect, an expanse of mud and water, reached from Pearl Street to the present intersection of Canal Street and Broadway. Its waters communicated under a bridge with those of the low grounds called Lispenard's Meadows, and there was often a continuous skating route, over the flooded meadows and up Minetta Creek, to a point beyond what is now Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

"The Bowery, that noble street", was then the Bowery Road, and the only avenue from the city to the country. On each side were meadows and orchards, after the tea-water pump at Chatham Road had been passed.

Immediately to the north of the settled portion of the city, were the estates of the great families—the DeLanceys, Stuyvesants, Murrays, Morrises, Duanes, Dyckmans, Lispenards, Van Cortlandts, and many others. (James Duane was the first mayor under American government.) The journey to New Harlem, a neighbouring but not overly friendly town, was hardly the casual affair of today, and, to some of us, it isn't today. Greenwich Village was still unborn, that region being a part of the extensive estate of Lady Warren. The present Broadway theatrical district was pleasantly rolling country; Murray Hill was actually a hill, and a part of the estate of Robert Murray. In 1811, though the settled part of the city had not pushed many blocks further to the north, the Commissioners of Streets and Roads in the City of New York filed a report and maps, establishing the plan on which the city was to grow for the next hundred years. Practical considerations defeated the claims of beauty and the natural lay of the land. Thus the city from 1st Street to 155th Street was doomed henceforth to be a gridiron.

THE great families who owned country-seats in upper Manhattan and in Brooklyn Heights, as well as in Westchester County and New Jersey, felt that their social standing demanded town-houses for the winter season. Various branches of the numerous and influential Livingston family lived part of each year on Broad Street, Duke Street, or Broadway. In 1773, William Livingston moved to his new house in New Jersey, "Liberty Hall" (a hearty appellation still familiar to week-enders). His four lively daughters on bidding farewell to city delights lamented that they would thereafter be "buried from society in that sequestered part of the globe". We are pleased to learn that their fears were not well founded.

Near the fort and in full view of Bowling Green, were the handsome mansions of the Crugers, Van Dams, Bayards, Morrises, and other families of consequence. However, Wall Street was fast becoming the fashionable quarter, and a gradual movement of prominent families was under way. The Verplancks, Winthrops, Marstons, Buchanans, and Roosevelts were already there. At numbers nine and eleven Broadway, lived the Van Cortlandts. Nearby were Elias Desbrosses and James Duane, as also the Brevoort family, a name honoured in its chief present-day association by most New Yorkers, if not by the callous purveyors of padlocks.

The business centre was Hanover Square, where the Bank of New York was established in 1784. Though mainly given over to stores and warehouses, a few dwellings of good class remained. In fact, there was apparently no insistence on a sharp demarcation between business and residence sections anywhere. Great sugar warehouses, owned by the Livingstons, Cuylers, Roosevelts, Bayards, and Van Cortlandts, were situated on Crown (Liberty) Street, on Wall Street, and at a corner of Trinity Churchyard.

The merchant class was unquestionably in the ascendency. Son usually followed father in the great business houses; large fortunes (for that time) were accumulated, and further increased through marriage alliances between the great merchant families. Fortunes were not made quickly. There were no stock market "killings", and few *nouveaux riches*. Social position was sharply defined and practically unchangeable,

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IN VANITY FAIR'S INDEPENDENCE DAY PAGEANT

CHARLES SHEELER

Madge Kennedy, as Mary Lindley Murray

The New York Hostess of 1776 Who Detained the British While Washington Fled to Safety

This Florida Scene

The Future of the Everglades State and Its Great Development Possibilities

Part 3—By THEODORE DREISER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Long before the planters came to Virginia or the Pilgrims hopped out on Plymouth Rock, the Spaniards were in Florida and Ponce de Leon hunted there for the Fountain of Youth. Yet to our forefathers it was a mystery of Seminoles and cypress. Now it produces citrus fruit and building sites, and thither have been going the pilgrims once more, this time in their Fords, a sudden wave of migration exceeding any other colonization in our history. The first becomes the last again, and Mr. Dreiser sees and ponders on the American scene. This is the final article in the series on Florida, especially written for *Vanity Fair* by the author of *An American Tragedy*

WHEN the rush of 1925—which was due to some ten years of pioneer work—began, Florida still had but two one-track railroads leading south from Jacksonville to Miami and Tampa; no harbour facilities worthy of the name; no automobile roads suited to the weight and crush of the traffic that was about to descend upon it. In truth it could be said to have had no adequate equipment of any kind, and *to this* hour has not—at least, equipment not suited to the hordes of sightseers and prospective settlers and job-seekers whom it proceeded to bawl into this "paradise of the tropics". In fact, only when they were present in shoals and hundreds of thousands more of them en route, was it discovered that there were practically no hotels (apart from the expensive Flagler system), no stores or shops beyond those that had served the pioneer population; no stocks or crops of any kind; and far, far away from any adequate railroad, express, telegraph, telephone or post office facilities.

Result: inextricable confusion and discomfort for everybody—those resident and those entering. Hungry mouths and sleepy heads and no suitable accommodations for them. (The wretched, wretched rooms and cots rented for two, three, four, five, six—up to eight—or ten dollars a night!) And the overcharges for gas, automobile repairs, food, clothing! For by then the local supplies were beginning to be depleted. (And the oncomers not too well supplied with money in many instances, yet believing in this as the Promised Land). (The merry advertiser and land shark!) And then, in the face of this great crisis, the railroads themselves—the one true resource of the state—breaking down under the strain. They lacked men, rolling stock, yards, side tracks. Even the road beds themselves began to give way, under freight loads and freight lengths that tested the rail ties to the spreading point.

AGAIN, *result:* embargoes declared on in- and outbound freight—express—perishable as well as durable materials—and even passengers,—so that the residents as well as the tourists found themselves on the verge of restriction in regard to even the necessaries of an endurable existence. Fifty carloads of unsorted and undistributed mail stalled at Jacksonville at one time and no men to sort it. Long waiting lines, for instance, before every post office, telegraph office, ticket office, barber shop, lunch counter, grocery, bank, drug counter or soda fountain. And with hotels and rooming houses over-crowded and exhausted—tents being put in yards and along the two main highways.

And to top all this, the fantastic nature of the realty values! For—although at this very time—and for the next year or five or ten—there were, are and will be—20,000,000 acres of farming land and town sites yet to be charted and roads of any kind driven into them. Still the hotels and homes and roadside tent cities were crowded to capacity, and it was really not at all surprising that under those circumstances those whose shouts concerning the wonder and prospects of the state had brought this throng here, should say to themselves: "Are we going to let this golden harvest go by without reaping fortunes for ourselves?" "We are not". *Result:* Overnight almost—but more particularly in the vicinity of Palm Beach and Miami than elsewhere—land values beginning to soar beyond the wildest dreams of the wildest speculators. For here, according to the boomers, was the true center of that semi-tropic perfection which the northerner was or would be seeking—all-the-year-round sea bathing, the cocoanut and the Royal palm, the hibiscus and water hyacinth, pineapples, bananas, figs, the pomegranate, to say nothing of fewer days of frost and cold than elsewhere in the state. Besides, had not Henry M. Flagler and after him the silver-tongued Bryan been emphasizing the qualities of this region for years?

IN consequence, lots 50 x 120 that had been selling for as low as $100 but a few months before—no more—suddenly rising to little less than $1200 for the cheaper lots, $30,000 to $50,000 for some of the choice beach lots, and $300,000 to $3,000,000 for "hotel sites", as they are called, in some of the favoured regions on the sea and bay adjacent to and north and south of Miami. And with the remainder of the state taking its cue from this and assuming that all property in Florida in any prepared residential section must be worth not less than a thousand dollars a lot, and lots with bay frontage, from five to fifteen thousand dollars each.

Then it was that the realtors, deciding that all the world was most certainly deciding to move to Florida, conceived the most astounding dreams in regard to the problematic future value of this land. Indeed, one must believe them to have become self-hypnotized by their own Munchausenesque yarns into an orgy of speculation, for in September 1925, tract as well as lot prices suddenly disappeared into the blue. And even among the realtors and speculators themselves there ensued a mad, wild, stock exchange scramble in the parlours of the leading hotels in Miami for tracts—not lots. Millions bellowed about and written down upon slips of paper, as might be twenty-dollar checks at other times. A thousand tracts gobbled in a night—and each and every one laid out in imagination, as well as soon thereafter in the papers, as *Boca del Paradisos, Oranganicos, Vista del Porpoises,* or what not, until it looked, on paper, as though all the state was to be sold in 50 x 120 foot lots, at from three to twenty thousand dollars apiece.

But what now of those thousands and thousands of the none too "slick" or "sharky" who came with visions of securing a delectable bit of paradise for a reasonable sum which they could later re-sell at a good round profit? Naturally, finding land and house values risen almost over-night to the prohibitive stage, men, women and children, in their Fords, Buicks, etc., etc., having gone as far south as Palm Beach and horrified at the cost of land and living, turned their cars northward, many of them tagged with signs reading: "Don't go to Florida!" "Don't be robbed!" etc., etc.

AND then, of course in a month, or two or three, a slump—even while I was there in December and January of 1925-6. Workingmen employed in the construction of new buildings leaving the state by the thousands, the embargo on materials making it impossible for them to continue with their work—and they could not starve. And others, back home, scared off by what the returning hordes wrote or telegraphed or told.

And then—and not until then—the realtor and the boomer and the grafter and the gouger beginning to scratch his head and look dubiously about him. Was it possible that this glorious, glorious Florida—in every fantastic imagining concerning which he himself had come or was coming to believe—was not going to sell as wildly or as pricelessly as he had imagined? Could there have been anything wrong with his pipe dream? A cerebro-spinal chill passing over the state. Yells for new railroad lines, new ship lines, new motor trucks and aeroplane lines. Where was Henry Ford? Page him! Why didn't the government step in and manage and develop the railroads? Why didn't the merchants and tract-developers organize to get ploughs, horses, steam shovels, lumber, lime, cement, stone, coal, from up north by boat and try and catch up with the demand? Wasn't Florida entirely surrounded by the tropic seas? And didn't it have harbours? Weren't the realtors of Miami insisting that its harbour was as great and good as that of New York itself? Why not use it?

Result: an inquiry commission from Washington. And later a test of Miami harbour. Some fifty-one shiploads of lumber ordered and all the ships arriving at once, and laden to the bulwarks, in a harbour, by the way, suitable, possibly, for some twenty or thirty ten-thousand ton ships. And this suddenly clogged and bottled up with the lumber ships lying outside. And then—worse luck—a ten-thousand ton freighter turns on its side in the inside harbour channel and, behold you, the harbour is blocked and the fifty ships lying outside unable to get in! And with carrying and holding charges at as little as $500 per day per ship.

Once more gloom! Once more a kind of terror—and this time well-founded indeed. For ships laden and not able to unload constitute no small financial problem for a state holding only 1,300,000 people—all, for the most part, engaged in the honest pursuit of a

(*Continued on page* 94)



LOVE MAKING IN 1776

A century and a half ago, lov was an art and something of a affectation. The suitor gallant made his compliments: "Ho beautiful are my lady's ey this day; how keen her wi how gracefully she moves! And his beloved would blu prettily and reply: "Prithe sir, you flatter me!" Cupid wo ruffles then, and probably h some little difficulty, what wi his lace cuffs and powdered wi in shooting his golden arro



A Century and a Half of Progress in

How, Since 1776, We Have Somewhat Altered

Drawings by BENITO

MUSIC IN 1776

Imagine, if you will, a festive evening in a great Colonial mansion: a profusion of candles, the hum of voices, the tinkle of well-bred laughter, and soft music filtering through the white-walled rooms. On a slightly raised dais sit three dignified musicians, sedately rendering an *aria* by Rossini with violin, flute and clarinet. It is possible that, beneath their serene outer aspects, the musicians are secretly yearning for one more glass of Jamaica Rum



THE DANCE IN 1776

There was something of grace and dignity in the light fantastic as it was tripped in Revolutionary days. To the tinkling notes of Mozart, silk-garbed gentlemen stepped the stately, lilting measures of the minuet. There was no Charleston then. Indeed, had there been, the hoop-skirts would have somewhat obscured its gymnastics. Moreover, the gentlemen kept their distance from the ladies—perhaps partly on account of the hoop-skirts



LOVE MAKING IN 1926

But does the modern youth waste time on pretty speeches and amorous couplets? He most assuredly does not. While his bobbed, cigarette-smoking "hotsy-totsy mama" shakes up the cocktails, he reclines at his ease in the most comfortable chair in the room, and makes caustic comments on her appearance. This is his method of wooing. "Banana Oil!" is the lady's brilliantly witty response to his uncouth advances

Three Diverting Phases of American Life

Our Methods in Love, Music and the Dance



MUSIC IN 1926

Where once ruled Papa Strauss and Mozart, there reign today such musical *magnificos* as Irving Berlin and George Gershwin. The gentle strains—of violin and *viola d'amore*—have given place to the slightly more emphatic noises of banjo, drum and saxophone. Dignified musicians have been replaced by African medicine-men. Strut yo' stuff! Minuet? No, suh! Nothing slow, sweet and low. Tom-tom rhythms and the wail of an anguished trombone,—that is music today. What would our forebears have had to say of the rhythmic cacophony of a modern jazz band?



THE DANCE IN 1926

The benefits of progress are nowhere more apparent than in the dance. Gone—among other things—are the cumbersome wigs and hoop-skirts of those far-off days. And there is a reason. Once a cool, refined pastime, dancing has become a violent exercise. Gaze, for a moment, on the modern couple at the left. What endurance! What foot-work! What in-fighting! There's nothing insipid about the Charleston. Why pay money for prize-fight seats, when you can see it all on any dance floor? Hotsy-totsy! Just think of what may happen to the art of dear old Terpsichore in the *next* hundred and fifty years

The Boston Massacre

An Account of the Trial of the British Soldiers Who Participated in It

By EDMUND PEARSON



PARLIAMENT, in 1761, looked upon the American colonists as men largely engaged in smuggling and other evasions of the revenue laws. Special treatment was needed to enable the King's officers to enforce the King's decrees. Out of this supposed need came the "writs of assistance", a species of general search warrant to empower revenue officers to enter any building at any time in search of smuggled goods.

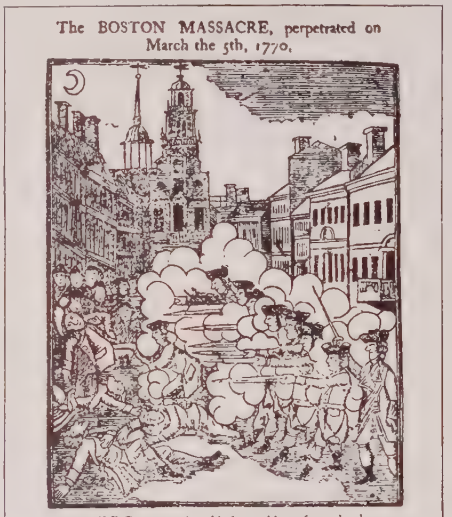
A few of the extremists, among the prohibitionists, would like to exercise power of legal prying and meddling today. One of its difficulties was that it gave government agents the opportunity to wreak private vengeance. And from the quarrels beginning in that year, came the seven musket shots, nine years later, in 1770, that we call the Boston Massacre.

In Massachusetts, as elsewhere, the writs of assistance caused frequent conflicts between the people and the officers. Next, in 1765, came the Stamp Act,—a form of minor taxation, which annoyed the Americans because it was imposed by men whom they had never authorized to tax them: the British Parliament. There were riots in New York, Boston and other places, and in one of these riots the people of Boston were put very badly in the wrong by a drunken mob which sacked the house of an innocent official, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson. This action was promptly condemned by the decent citizens and reparation was made to the injured man, but that night's work gave British writers the excuse for years to come, for using the word Bostonian as if it were synonymous with what we now call gunman, desperado, and outlaw.

A YEAR or two later there were passed some more tactless revenue laws—one of which, the tax on tea, led finally to the celebrated tea-party. Before that, however, came the fifty-gun frigate *Romney*, to mount guard in Boston, to overawe the citizens, and incidentally to impress a few of them, and to seize John Hancock's sloop *Liberty* for an alleged violation of law. Relations between the King's officers and the people of Boston were certainly not cordial. There were constant bickerings and quarrels, reported to London as grave disorders engineered by a town full of cut-throats. Although there had been no bloodshed whatever, the King and his friends grew purple with rage at thought of the rebellious town of Boston. It was possible for Dr. Johnson to storm out:

"Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow them short of hanging."

The unfortunate plan of London was to put down these pestilent rogues by a display of force, and in October, 1768, the Fourteenth and Twenty-ninth Regiments arrived. By act of Parliament these troops should have been quartered in the regular barracks at Castle William in the harbour, before the town could be required to provide quarters for them. As the night was cool they were allowed to sleep in Faneuil Hall, and afterwards they went into tents on the Common. Finally, their Colonel hired some buildings for barracks, and when the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Regiments arrived,



THE BOSTON MASSACRE

A reproduction from the *Massachusetts Calendar* for 1772. This is one of the few engravings of the massacre which was not made by Paul Revere—an excellent engraver, horseback rider and silversmith

they were quartered in some storehouses on a wharf. Detachments were posted here and there about the town, and two cannon were trained on the Town House. It was in opposition to such actions as these, on the part of a legislature overseas, that the Revolutionary War was fought: there is no Englishman of today who would not fight against such a policy.

In the spring, the King was petitioned to remove the troops, and early in the summer two of the regiments were ordered away. The others remained, however, and there was no love between them and the civil population. To the English regulars, the New Englanders were a set of pious, canting rascals, who set themselves up as superior to the King's religion, and the King's law. To the Massachusetts men, in addition to the insult of their presence, the soldiers seemed a godless crew, who had brought with them scores of women as scarlet as their own coats. They raced horses on Sunday on the Common, and took pains to play *Yankee Doodle* outside church doors during service. There were constant fights between soldiers and citizens.

In February, 1770, it came to a small battle between men of the Twenty-ninth Regiment and workmen in a rope-walk, clubs and cutlasses were used and some blood was drawn, although nobody was killed. Individually, the soldiers had, without doubt, many a grievance. Ordered there by stupid law-makers, they had to endure insults and threats from the town hoodlums. The favourite term of abuse was to call them "Lobsters", in allusion to the colour of their coats, although this was varied with "Bloody-back", referring to the brutal floggings which were a means of discipline in the Army. Some of the soldiers announced openly that they intended to give their bayonets a bath in the blood of these accursed New England people. Everything was leading up to the fracas, trifling in its casualties, but important in its result, which took place early in the evening of March 5.

AT about eight o'clock a small crowd had collected near the barracks in Brattle Street. A tall Negro, or Indian, seemed to be acting as leader. After the pleasantries about "Lobsters" and "Bloody-backs" had been emphasized by pelting the soldiers with snow-balls and oyster-shells, and after the soldiers had defended themselves with the butts of their guns, a Captain Goldfinch came by, and ordered his men into the barracks. This might have stopped all trouble had not some idiot gone into a meeting house and rung the bell, which, taken as an alarm of fire, brought more citizens into the streets. There were soon small groups of soldiers and townsfolk hurrying here and there; one part of them crying: "Townborn, turn out! The red-coats are going to kill us!" while the soldiers replied: "Damn you, we will walk a lane through you all!" The crowd moved from one street to another, some of them led by the tall Negro (or half-breed Indian) whose name was Crispus Attucks. A sentry in front of the Custom House was pelted with snow-balls, and finally surrounded by such a crowd that he called for help. Then the cry came: "They are killing the sentinel; turn out the guard!" Captain Preston and seven or eight privates of the Twenty-ninth came up the street at double-time, prodding people out of the way with their bayonets. The soldiers surrounded the sentry box, for the reasonable purpose of defending their comrade. The Captain ordered them to prime and load. The scene of this was only a few yards from the old State House. A stout Boston bookseller—stout in both senses—seized the officer by the coat, and warned him not to fire. The book dealer was a remarkable person: Henry Knox, afterwards Washington's chief of artillery. Captain Preston assured him, and others, that he had no intention of ordering his men to fire. But the crowd pressed up to the muzzles of the muskets, threw snow in the soldiers' faces, and dared them to fire. In the noise and confusion, with the frequent repetition of the word "Fire", the soldiers may well have believed that they heard the orders. At all events, seven of the muskets were discharged, one after the other. There were two bullets in each gun. A soldier named Montgomery killed Crispus Attucks, who at the moment was merely standing by,

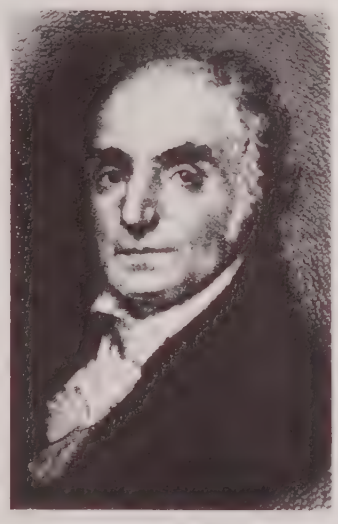
(Continued on page 110)

We Nominate for the HALL OF FAME



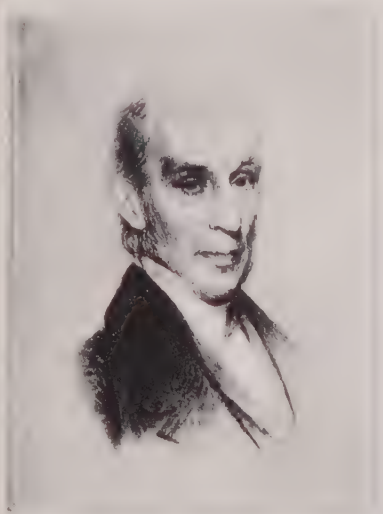
JOHN S. COPLEY

Because he was one of the first and finest American artists; because he was self-taught; because he married a rich Bostonian, lived in style on Beacon Hill—and kept on working; because he painted the famous or fashionable men and women of his day, and left us an imperishable record of the times; because in London he painted the King and Queen; and, finally, because his son, Lord Lyndhurst, became Lord Chancellor of England



JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON

Because he was one of the foremost sculptors of the 18th Century in France; because Benjamin Franklin brought him to America in 1785 to do Washington from life; because he made many portrait busts of famous early Americans; because he made that marvellous bust of Voltaire as a wise old fox, now in the *Théâtre Français*, and, finally, because although he was the son of a domestic servant, he became a master of fine portraiture



CHARLES BULFINCH

Because he was one of the first Harvard graduates to make the European tour as a post-graduate course; because he designed the State House in Boston, the first theatre in New England, the church in Lancaster, and completed the Capitol at Washington; because he headed the selectmen of Boston, and tried to get the city to straighten and widen its streets; and, finally, because Boston now wishes it had taken his good advice

COURTESY N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY



COURTESY SOC. PRESERVATION N. E. ANTIQUITIES, BOSTON



PIERRE L'ENFANT

Because he came to America with Lafayette in 1777 to help the cause of Independence; because he was made a Captain of Engineers in our Army and was wounded at Savannah; because he remained here and designed many public buildings; because he laid out the new City of Washington; and, finally, because he was the Father of Town Planning in this country

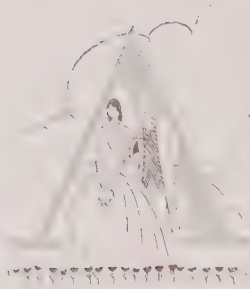
ABIGAIL SMITH ADAMS

Because she was the wife of one President, and the mother of another; because she wrote with an original style remarkable even in a man of her generation; because she went to England as wife of our First Minister to St. James; and, finally, because she passed on her pungent style for three generations, till her great-grandson Henry perpetuated it in his *Education*

Loud Speaker

Voices from a Forgotten Century Enliven, Momentarily, a Summer Home

By MARGARET CASE MORGAN



LIVING ROOM—one of those extravagantly simple living rooms which only the wealthy can afford in a summer home on the south shore of Long Island. A warm dark odour from the garden and ceiling to the low ceiling, softening the [illegible] Chippendale and Adam grouped, like visitors, [illegible] among a few rare cameos of colour that, in the sunlight, are yellow roses and larkspur in a silver bowl.

GEOFFREY WINGATE *is mixing cocktails at the Duncan Phyfe table. Softly, he dusts the lovely amber and pours it into little crystal goblets [illegible]. He is intent upon this, and does not look at* BARBARA, *his wife, who is at the piano, playing Debussy with a kind of soft [illegible].*

It is a lazy evening [illegible].

GEOFFREY: Your cocktail, my Barbara, is weeping little honey-coloured tears of neglect—and so am I, because you are a rigorous woman. *(He sighs.)*

BARBARA: I'm not a rigorous woman, or any of the other things you find it so pleasant to call me, but I hate to see you getting yourself tight at six o'clock on a lovely evening, when you know perfectly well that dinner won't be announced for an hour and a half. *(She assumes a look of affability.)* However, don't mind me! You have plenty of time to drink your customary eight or ten. Only you'd better not sit down, because you'll never be able to get up.

GEOFFREY *(emptying his glass, and refilling it):* The wonder is, my darling, that I am so frugal. You pick on me so continually, and nag at me with such increasing fervour, that I find my only escape in liquor—and a very agreeable one it is, too. *(He nods brightly, and pours his third drink.)*

BARBARA: You're getting that red look in the back of your neck already. And soon you'll have veins in your nose.

GEOFFREY: You should disguise your enthusiasm, dear, when you make such personal remarks. Let me have my red neck and my veins. You have your silver fox.

BARBARA *(rising desperately from the piano):* Geoffrey, if you drag up that silver fox again I'll scream! Every time you know you're in the wrong you remind me of the time I bought the silver fox when we were hard up—

GEOFFREY: We still *are* hard up . . .

BARBARA *(with spirit):* Not so poor but what you can pay five thousand dollars a year to bootleggers . . .

GEOFFREY: For liquor which is consumed with incredible rapidity by that flock of putty-pushers and defective actors I find drooling around here every afternoon when you give one of your justly famous "cocktail parties". Basil Swope, for example . . .

BARBARA *(with a glance at the cocktail-shaker):* You'd better have fresh cocktails made presently. Basil Swope is coming here for dinner tonight. *(She twists a rose in the silver bowl and looks at it critically.)*

GEOFFREY *(goaded):* What, again! My God, have I got to watch that bus-boy shovel duck and potatoes into himself again at my table, besides drinking everything in the place? Barbara, I won't stand for it—I'll make a scene! I'm pretty apt to make a scene right here and now!

BARBARA *(calmly):* Oh, do it alone in your room first, Geoffrey dear. It's so much more likely to be convincing.

GEOFFREY: What's that goofer hang around here so much for, anyhow? You haven't *fallen* for him or something, have you? *(Over the rim of his fifth cocktail his eyes, [illegible] suspicion, [illegible] her.)*



MARTHA WASHINGTON, WAITING PATIENTLY

Mrs. Washington, expecting the approach of her lord and master. This picture was made in the actual room where Washington danced with Benjamin Franklin's daughter. The room is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BARBARA *(turning):* Geoffrey, your entire conversation to me is made up of two remarks, used alternately, one in rapid succession upon the other; "How much did it cost?" is one, and "Why isn't dinner ready?" is the other. Any man who has anything else to say is such an entrancing novelty that I am very apt, Geoffrey, to be clay in his hands. *(A lovely, perilous pool of tears is welling within her: she is pleasantly forlorn.)* And anyway, how you have the face to begrudge my friends food in your house, when you pay thousands to bootleggers . . .

GEOFFREY: Never mind the bootleggers! I guess I had to go without two cases of Bacardi so that you could have your silver fox . . .

BARBARA: And it's all I've had for a year! I go around in rags . . .

GEOFFREY: Yes, a rag from Chanel and a couple of dozen tatters from Bendel's.

BARBARA: Didn't I go out and cancel two dresses I had ordered, when you told me we were hard up, and about all the money you'd lost?

GEOFFREY: You did: which meant that you bought exactly six new dresses instead of eight. And you didn't *have* to have a silver fox. Lots of women . . .

BARBARA: Oh, my GOODNESS! I'm sick of hearing about that silver fox! Anybody with any *sense* ought to know that you can't wear a tailored suit without a fur, and I only had a brown fox and my new spring suit was grey. And anybody with any *sense* ought to know that you can't wear a brown fox with a grey . . . .

GEOFFREY: It isn't the silver *fox* that I mind—it's the principle! We can't go on spending fifty thousand dollars a year when I'm only making twenty-five, and the sooner you get that through your head the better. *(Unnerved, he picks up the cocktail shaker and finds it empty. He looks around for a decanter, and seeing none, holds his head in his hands.* BARBARA *watches him through narrowed eyes.)*

BARBARA: Well, I'm sorry you feel that way about it, because I bought something this afternoon as a surprise for you . . .

GEOFFREY *(violently):* A surprise! A surprise! *(His voice cracks.)* How much did it cost?

BARBARA *(dreamily):* I don't think I've ever heard Basil Swope use that phrase in all the time I've known him. *(There is a pause.)*

GEOFFREY *(perilously):* How much *did* it cost?

BARBARA *(waking from a delicious revery):* Oh, about five hundred dollars or something. But don't get so cross about it—it's worth it. In twenty years it will be worth five thousand. The man said so. *(He rises, pacing the floor.)*

GEOFFREY: Cross! In twenty years I'll be lying in a pauper's grave and you'll be melting down my gold watches to make teething rings for Airedales, and I won't care. But now I do,

(Continued on page 108)



John Paul Jones—From the Bust by Houdon

A Recent Loan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by the Pierpont Morgan Library

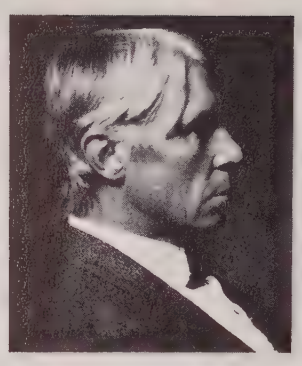
THIS bust by Houdon, the great French sculptor, was executed some years after his visit to America in 1785, whither he had come in company with Benjamin Franklin, in order to create a statue of George Washington which had been ordered by the University of Virginia, and which is now the glory of the Capitol in Richmond. Houdon's bust of Franklin, and other of the American Fathers, added greatly to his renown abroad. The sculptor conceived a very great admiration for John Paul Jones, the most romantic figure in our naval history and the first man to hoist the Stars and Stripes on any vessel—on his ship the *Ranger*. Houdon created this impressive terra cotta portrait while the American admiral was at the height of his fame. The head was photographed, for the first time in America, for inclusion in this issue of *Vanity Fair*



WHITE

RING LARDNER

American literature has always been most individual in humour. Lardner, as humourist, belongs in the Artemas Ward-George Ade tradition. But he is more. He has made literature out of our vernacular



STEICHEN

CARL SANDBURG

Inheritor of Whitman's "Barbaric yawp", Sandburg is poet of Chicago—"hog butcher to the universe"—author of a beautiful book about Lincoln; the Prairie wheat at last really articulate



EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Masters told the truth on tombstones and freed us from the sentimental elegiac tradition of English poetry; he developed, too, the art of packing a whole drama into a single epigram



STEICHEN

EUGENE O'NEILL

Not of the soil, O'Neill writes from inner sources, but most eloquently of the humble or outcast. Our first cosmopolitan dramatist whose work has made Europe suspect we may have a national soul after all



MAN RAY

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Sherwood Anderson had to fight the dull incomprehension of an Ohio town to become an artist. He represents the revolt of New America from crude materialism and the great cult of bovine contentment



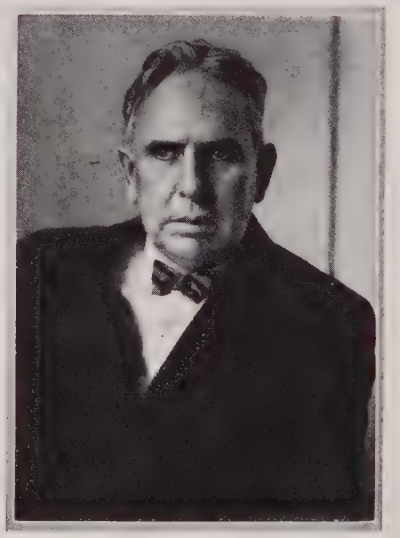
ARNOLD GENTHE

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Another writer in revolt against smugness, Lewis is an uncannily accurate reporter of the American scene and language; an unsparing satirist; born in the Midlands, educated at Yale, a newspaper man in the east and west, he knows Main Street from end to end

EDITOR'S NOTE

ON this page are seven signers of our modern Declaration of Literary Independence from the backgrounds, the peculiarly English culture, even the language, of our parent country. As England evolved from Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman, into something of sharp individuality, so we have been evolving away from English cultural dependence also into something of sharp individuality. The authors pictured on this page are characteristic products of this evolution, or have consciously worked to hasten it. What they write could have been written nowhere else than in America, and by nobody except Americans. And one of them, in origin, is Celt, one Scandinavian, one Germanic! That, too, is important



SHEELER

THEODORE DREISER

Dreiser lumbered out of the Midlands with *Sister Carrie* and with a peasant persistence championed the ordinary, commonplace man in fiction, with all his faults, vices and virtues, against the aristocratic tradition of "nice people", correct form and half truths

Signers of Our Literary Declaration of Independence

Some Important American Authors Who Have Founded a Tradition of Their Own in Native Letters

What Price Independence?

The Future of the American Theatre as Viewed by a Theatrical Manager

By BROCK PEMBERTON

EDITOR'S NOTE:—From its beginnings before the Revolution nearly to the end of the nineteenth century, or for 150 years, the theatre in America followed an orderly course of evolution, and remained in each community the home both of popular spoken drama and classic tradition. In the nineties the formation of the Theatrical Syndicate tended rapidly to rob all theatres of their local dignity and reduced their proprietors to the status of janitors. Hard on this came the revolutionary invention of the motion picture, which so suddenly and completely altered the whole scheme of theatrical entertainment that as yet neither the spoken drama nor the movies knows quite where it is at. *Vanity Fair* has been trying, in a series of articles, to present significant facts and opinions. This article by Brock Pemberton, producer of *Enter Madame, Miss Lulu Bett*, and other interesting plays, sets forth the trials of the independent producer, and discusses the possible effects of the motion picture control of the stage. In succeeding issues of *Vanity Fair* further views will be advanced on the subject by the following authorities: RALPH BLOCK, a supervising editor of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, will defend the motion picture producers. WALTER PRICHARD EATON, in a concluding article, will weigh the views of the other contributors to this symposium, and JOHN EMERSON, President of the Actors' Equity Association, will discuss the effect of motion picture control of the American theatre on actors and public

IF the rewards of producing any play have become meagre, and the half-hundred producers who inhabit New York will tell you they have, those of the "artistic" production have become microscopic. Three dangerous pitfalls have appeared in the past ten years in the path of the "artistic" production—the vanishing road; the increasingly avaricious real estate goblin; and the uneconomic system of ticket merchandising introduced by the ticket broker.

When the road was still the road the real profits were made there. New York was the factory where plays were conceived, created and sent forth in breathless anticipation of provincial consumption. And once equipped with a New York run a play was a pretty sure road property. So receptive were the provinces that even a false claim to metropolitan success was often sufficient. Now all that is reversed. The road is now the factory for New York, and all it means to most of the younger generation of producers is a costly place in which to fashion their wares for New York *premières*. Vast sections of the country are closed to the spoken drama because of their remoteness from New York, the apathy of their inhabitants, or the absorption of their playhouses by the movies. The country is open as far west as Kansas City, but the rest, until you reach the coast, is silence, except for stock and an occasional touring company more courageous than the others because of the nature of its offering. Thus *Abie's Irish Rose, The Bat, The Cat and the Canary, White Cargo* and plays of like pattern will still tackle any section and stand a chance of emerging triumphant. The West Coast has taken matters into its own hands and does most of its own producing, in some cases creating plays to send to us but more generally buying territorial rights of our own successes. Very rarely now does a complete New York organization make the grand tour there and back. Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit still see most of the plays that achieve any degree of success in New York, and Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and cities of like size on the beaten track, are plentifully supplied. But even they are getting choosey and a New York run is no longer a guarantee of provincial profits.

The motor, the movie, the radio, and managerial stupidity have all contributed to bringing about the *débâcle* of the road. And the last shall be first inasmuch as the stupidity of managers who palmed off shoddy goods on the road was the antecedent and underlying cause. By providing inferior entertainment in the form of poor plays wretchedly staged and acted for the provincial public, when there was no other form of amusement to which they could turn, the managers sowed the seed of dissatisfaction and discontent that blossomed into disdain for the spoken drama when "limousine", "location", and "loud speaker" were added to our vocabularies. Now only attractions bearing such hallmarks as the name of a popular star, the legend of an unprecedented, *bona fide* run, or the stamp of a nationally advertised revue fare forth with any feeling of certainty.

Some of the older producers who lived in those "rare old, fair old, golden days that have passed beyond (at least immediate) recall", when the road was the rainbow's end, do not yet admit its demise, but certainly we younger ones who have received nothing but travail for travel, put no faith in it. My first experience with the road cured me. Five years ago I sent *Enter Madame* forth after a season of forty-three weeks in New York to double its profits in the provinces. Instead it lost money.

FOR us, at least, New York is the theatre and the theatre is New York, and our problems are defined by conditions inherent here. These are enough to give us pause. The controlling factor is the status of the playhouse. In fifteen years the number of theatres devoted to the production of plays has more than doubled till now there are approximately seventy. At least ten more will be completed next season. The majority of these add their radiance to the incandescent mile of Broadway that nocturnally gilds the heavens between Thirty-ninth and Fifty-ninth Streets. Today it costs about a million dollars to build the average theatre in this district, probably twice as much as it did ten years ago because of the increase in realty values and the added expense of construction. A playhouse, then, to make a profit must play to much larger receipts than formerly.

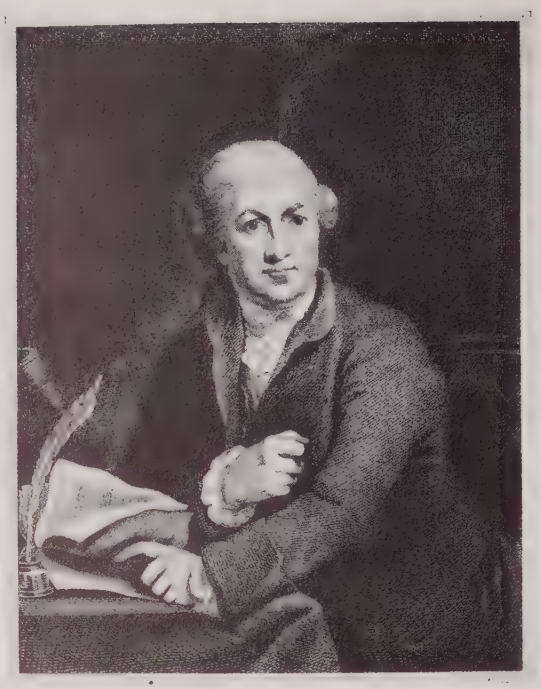
The application of the same business principles that in mercantile lines produced the chain store brought about this great expansion. Capital saw an opportunity for large dividends and so invested not in single playhouses but in chains of them. The resultant change in the complexion of the theatre is the important fact of this phenomenon. From the personal institution of a quarter of a century ago when nearly every New York playhouse was the resident home of a producing manager, the theatre has become a Big Business proposition with Capital in control. There are only two or three playhouses left in New York which the proprietors attempt to reserve for their exclusive uses, and the exigencies of the business are now such that these are frequently given over to competitors' productions.

Increased costs and the substitution of the corporate for the personal aspect have conspired to bring about a new regime in the theatre. When individuals controlled stages for their own uses they divided the risk between the playhouse and the show, sharing the receipts. As they had a financial interest in each end of the business this was the natural thing to do. The past decade has seen the birth of a complete new crop of showmen. So many former newspaper men (myself included), stage managers, office boys and others equipped with some working knowledge of the theatre have turned producer that if one of the departed Old Guard should do a Rip Van Winkle he would recognize few of the current names.

I REMEMBER reading at the time of my advent as a producer an interview with one of the deans who complained that the trouble with show business was the presence of so many interlopers who didn't know anything about it. I took it as a personal affront, though the oldster probably didn't know I was alive, and yet now I, a grey-beard of six years in the theatre, find myself bemoaning in the same way the constant influx of new producers. For really they are the ones responsible for the prevalent regime of real estate. There are enough of them flitting about throughout most of the season with sufficient Butter and Egg money for a single production to maintain a premium on all theatres. Under the old regime, if the proprietor of a house didn't have a play of his own ready he booked an outsider's attraction, giving the latter the benefit of the sharing terms he enjoyed. Now the proprietor is generally a syndicate too smart to try to provide enough plays to keep its stages filled. In full season from ten to fifty producers are tugging at the syndicate's elbow begging for the next chance. The proprietor, be he syndicate or individual, would be scarcely human and certainly not a good business man if he didn't take advantage of the market.

HE does, with the result that from the beginning of the season until the demand eases up in the spring he asks that the producer guarantee him against loss. No more the divided risk with both sides sharing the loss if the receipts are low or the profit if the show is a hit. The current contract specifies that whatever the receipts the theatre's share shall not be less than a stipulated amount each week. This amount depends on the resources of the producer, his tactical position, and the conscience of the theatre man. The average is $4,000 a week, that being the rent at which most playhouses can show a profit, but this season the guarantee has been creeping upward and $4,500 and $5,000 are not isolated instances. A slice of the show thrown in with

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DAVID GARRICK

In 1776, David Garrick signed his own Declaration of Independence by selling the Drury Lane and retiring from theatrical management. Thirty-five years before, he had quit the occupations of critic and playwright to make his first stage appearance in *Harlequin Prince; or The Fall of Pantomime with the Restoration of Drama*



FANNY KEMBLE

The history of the United States and of the English Kembles is almost coextensive. The charming Fanny Kemble lived till 1893, while her uncle, John Philip Kemble, and her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, began when Bunker Hill was a cow pasture



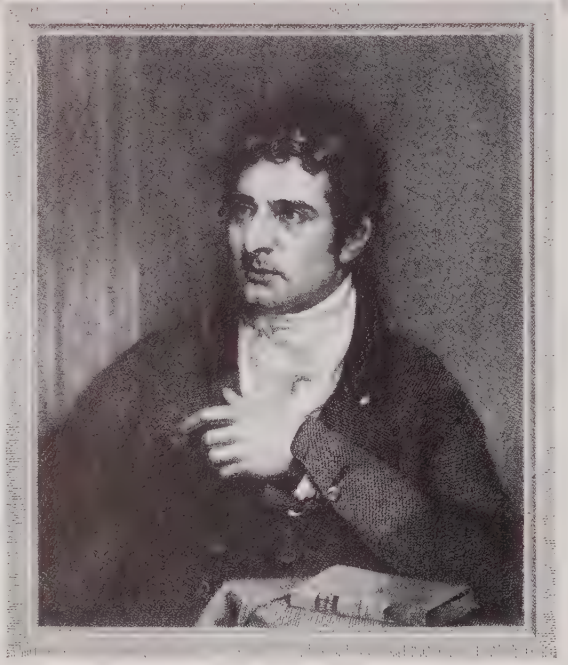
SARAH SIDDONS

The triumph of the American Revolution and of Mrs. Siddons, English star, fell in the same decade. Eldest of the twelve Kembles, she won the admiration of Garrick, Johnson, Reynolds, and the tumultuous audiences of London's Drury Lane



LEWIS HALLAM, JR.

At Williamsburg, Va. in 1752, Lewis Hallam, Jr., aged 12, made his first anpearance on the stage. He burst into tears and made a hasty exit, but he lived to be vastly popular, and played *Romeo* to his mother's *Juliet*



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE

John Philip Kemble's star rose over the London stage as Garrick's passed. Famous not only as an actor, he managed Drury Lane for Sheridan and later took over the direction of Covent Garden. Playing opposite the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons, he presented the most notable production of Shakespeare's tragedy that the English stage had ever seen



ROYALL TYLER

First of the Harvard school of playwrights, Royall Tyler wrote, in *The Contrast*, the earliest American play on an American theme. It was vastly successful, running five consecutive nights in New York—a great record

When Broadway Was Very, Very Young,

A Gallery of the Leading Actors, Actresses, and Playwrights of



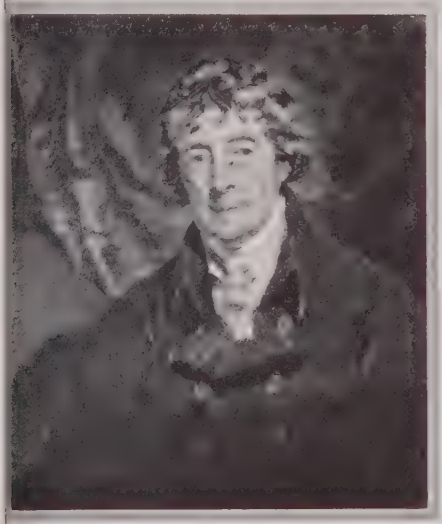
MRS. WIGNELL

This Colonial couple figured not only as the Mr. and Mrs. Shubert of 1776, but also as the Mr. and Mrs. Coburn as well. Ann Merry, English actress, married Thomas Wignell, theatre manager and actor



THOMAS WIGNELL

One of the first notable American theatre managers as well as a famous actor, is the subject of a famous old print of Thomas Wignell shown lighting Washington to his presidential box with candles



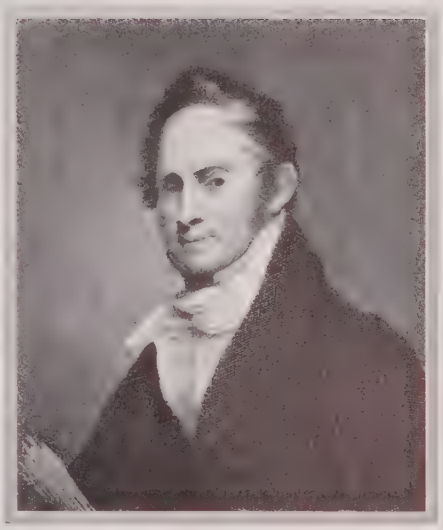
WILLIAM SMITH

Even in 18th century days London boasted players of breeding. "Gentleman" Smith was the son of a rich city merchant; he graduated from Eton, and married the daughter of a Viscount. He played handsome *Charles Surface* and Shakespeare's hideous *Richard III* with equal avidity



Mr HENRY in the character of Ephraim
I say unto thee a Playhouse is a school of the Devil
Dragon, and a Play Book the Primer of Belzebub
N York Published by John Reed

FROM A RARE PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ., NEW YORK



WILLIAM DUNLOP

Our first American playwright-manager, William Dunlop, wrote some sixty plays and directed the Park Theatre (near the spot of the present Woolworth Building) from 1798 to 1805. An ardent reformer, he called for a National Theatre to be endowed by a tax on rum shops

JOHN HENRY

The first matinée idol of the stage of the new Republic, John Henry drove about in a coach with crossed crutches painted on its doors, together with the motto, "This or These". This was intended to indicate that his gout gave him no other choice of conveyance. Henry landed from England in 1766. He was the first actor to play Sir Peter Teazle in the American theatre

EDITOR'S NOTE

Even as far back as 1776 people were complaining that the theatre wasn't what it used to be! It went to the dogs in England when Garrick retired; but Kemble came along. It went to the dogs in New York when Dunlop abandoned the Park Theatre; but somebody else came along. In fact, several. Dunlop would be rather astonished to find 75 theatres on Broadway today. A wise critic once wrote a paper on "why the theatre isn't what it used to be, and why it never was". The Palmy Days were always the day before yesterday

and All American Actors Were English

New York, Philadelphia, and London in the Glorious Days of 1776

Early American Pugilism

A Retrospective Glance at the Beginnings of Prize-Fighting in America

By JIM TULLY

AMERICA is now supreme in the art of pugilism. Save a few rare exceptions, her bruisers dominate the world. But such was not the case in 1776. England was at that time the only country in which boxing was a national sport. Her first great pugilist, Tom Figg, died in 1740. During Figg's early career he was better known as a back-swordsman than as a pugilist. But as the ruling class in England turned its attention more toward pugilism, Figg gave up the sword.

His reputation as a pugilist became so great that by 1719 he opened the first academy of boxing in the world. It was known as "Figg's Amphitheatre in Tottenham Court Road, London". He was the first recognized Champion Heavyweight of England, which meant at that time, the world.

Figg whipped Ned Sutton, a redoubtable adversary, three times. In the first contest the men used cudgels.

Pugilism even at this late day often oversteps the bounds of real sportmanship. In the earlier period of its existence it bordered on the bloodiest brutality. But somehow, the heavier men seemed to survive longer. It was no uncommon occurrence at the beginning of the nineteenth century for a pugilist to fight a long and gruelling contest near the age of fifty. Even as late as the year 1880 Joe Goss, the Englishman, fought the mighty Paddy Ryan eighty-seven rounds, lasting two hours and forty minutes. Goss was at the time far past the meridian of life.

There is no authentic history of boxing in America during the Revolutionary period. However the art was certainly practised.

Bill Richmond, known as The Black Terror, was taken from New York to England during the first year of the American Revolution. He was born at Richmond, on Staten Island, in 1763 and died sixty-six years later. He fought many important contests in England, where he was a great favourite and a friend of Lord Byron. He was taken to that country by the British Revolutionary War general, Earl Percy, early in 1777.



MOLINEAUX

A son of American slaves, Tom Molineaux fought many great fights in England in the period after the Revolution

Tom Molineaux, another great American Negro pugilist, was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia and became a pugilist after the early Revolutionary period. His name was taken from the Molineaux plantation, upon which he was born as a slave.

As many lesser pugilists were also developed at that time, it may be concluded that the ruling class in America gave some attention to boxing as a diversion. It is interesting to note that the two first great American pugilists were sons of slaves, and obtained their freedom because of their prowess with their fists.

Molineaux was the first to claim the Heavyweight Championship of America.

William Fuller is credited with formally introducing the art of self-defense in America in 1818—forty-two years after the birth of the Republic. Fuller was probably not a bruiser of the first grade, though this is a moot question. His record includes only four fights. He fought Molineaux twice, getting a draw once and suffering defeat once. He was beaten by a second-rater named Joy, but later won from the same man.

A traveller in America nearly one hundred and twenty years ago writes:

"From the rascality and quarrelsome behavior of a few of the Kentucky men, the whole people have got a very bad character amongst the sister states. . . . The question is generally asked, 'Will you fight fair or take it rough and tumble? I can whip you either way, by damn.' The English reader knows what fair fighting is but can have little idea of rough and tumble . . . in the latter case the combatants take advantage, pull, bite, and kick, and with hellish ferocity try to gouge each other's eyes out of their sockets . . . I saw but two men who had been injured by this method of fighting—one had almost lost an eye, the other . . . a free Negro, was nearly sightless. They both lived on the banks of the Ohio, where this dreadful art is more practiced. It was introduced from the southern states. There certainly ought to be a strong law enacted to prevent a resort to so brutal a practice; surely it is a disgrace and stigma to the legislature . . . We hope Mr. Fuller, will be able to remove in a great degree, these barbarous practices."

Mr. Fuller did little to relieve this practice. It was still used during my own Ohio boyhood less than twenty years ago.

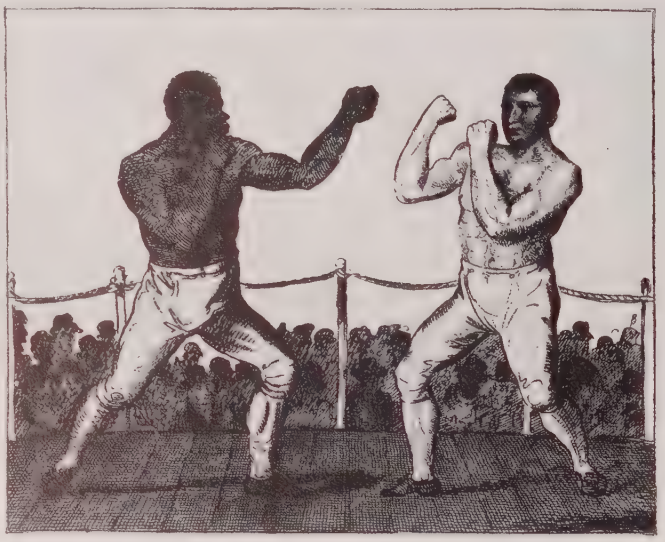
Until the advent in the eighteen-forties of Tom Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion, all the good bruisers in America were of foreign birth . . . Coburn, Dunn, Elliott, McCoole, and Baldwin were Irish. Jones and Davis were English. Jem Mace was a gypsy.

Hyer was born in New York in 1819. His first great battle was with "Country" McClosky at Caldwell's Landing, New York, in 1841. He defeated McClosky in one hundred and one rounds—London Prize Ring rules. The battle lasted two hours and fifty-five minutes.

Hyer next defeated Yankee Sullivan at Rock Point, Maryland, in 1849. Sullivan had to be taken to a hospital at the end of the fifteen terrific rounds. The men fought for a side bet of ten thousand dollars. Hyer weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds . . . Sullivan, only one hundred and fifty.

Later, Hyer was matched to meet John Morrisey. The latter forfeited the match. The men agreed to meet again in 1854. Hyer's crowd was so outnumbered that he produced revolvers with which to fight. Morrisey declined

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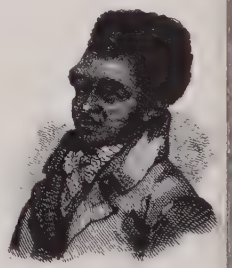
MOLINEAUX VS. CRIB

In a bloody battle of eleven rounds, Tom Crib, English Champion, beat Molineaux, the American Negro, on September 28, 1811 near London. He had previously beaten Molineaux in thirty-nine rounds, after the latter's victory over Tom Blake



WILLIAM FULLER

With some reputation in England as a scientific boxer, William Fuller came to America in 1818, to introduce the art of self-defense to the young gentry of the United States



RICHMOND

Born on Staten Island i 1763, Bill Richmond wo pugilistic fame in En gland. He was a frien of the poet, Lord Byron



DE TIPPOTTY
"So it drassed opp hall de tseetizens dey should be like Hindians (honly of cuss dey didn't rilly was rill Hindians honly drassed opp)"

An Antidote From de Bustun Tippotty

An Adventure in American History Retold for the Benefit of the Present Generation

By MILT GROSS

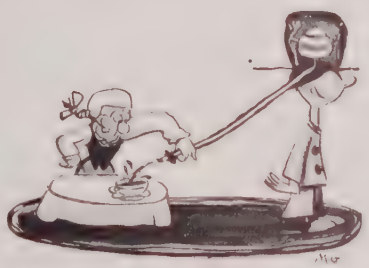
FOURTH Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, zipp opp all de binnzoop so momma'll gonna tell you a antidote from de Bustun Tippotty. Wance oppon witt a time, yirrs witt yirrs ago, so was jost stotting opp America,—honly of cuss in dem days it deedn't was alrady a fool-flatched contry, America—was jost a brench from Hingland.

So de pipple wot dey was leeving dere, dey was sobjects wot dey was antitled Columnists. Aha!!! Rilly!! (Nize baby, take annoder zipp binn zoop.) So it was averyting smoot witt HO.K. accept wot it was raining by Hingland a Keeng Judge de Toid, wot he was a werry griddy witt a apparitious critchure, wot a whole time he was skimming opp how he could take by de columnists edwentich. So he dewiced a skim wot it should be on hall kinds from imputts wot de pipple imputted, odder hexputts wot dey hexputted, so on itch hotticle it should be texizz!!—So dees was entitled de Stemp Hect!!—

So de pipple was werry motch insensed witt dees sutt from trittment wot dey hed it gradually a messmitting wot it was wooted razzeloution wot dey sant to de Keeng for a caplegram wot it sad so:

"KEENG JUDGE, ESQ.
BOCKINGHEM PELECE,
LONDON, HINGLAND

YOUR DEAR MEJESTY: STOP—IS DISS A SYSTEM STOP DEED IT MADE YOU GRENFODDER BY OSS TEXIZZ STOP DEED IT MADE YOU FODDER BY OSS TEXIZZ, HA? STOP SO WOT FOR YOU GOT TO MAKE BY OSS TEXIZZ HA STOP SO STOP-STOP DELICATES WE AINT GOT WOT IT SHOULD BE BY YOU RAPRIZZANTAIFFST STOP SO IF YOU WANT WOT IT SHOULD BE BY OSS TEXIZZ SO YOU'LL HISSUE GRADUALLY A HEDICT WOT WE SHOULD SAND TO HINGLAND DELICATES DEY SHOULD SEET ODDER IN DE HOUZE FROM POLLAMENT ODDER DE HOUZE FROM LUDDS ODDER DE HOUZE FROM COMMONS.
WERRY TROOLY BY YOU,
DE PIPPLE"



STRUNG TEA
"So dey sad so: 'We dreenking werry strung tea-De Pipple' So de Keeng sad: 'Aha!!! Rilly!! Is dees a fect?? Is dees a fect???'"

So it arrifed gradually a henswer from de caplegram wot it sad so:

"SOBJECTS FROM AMERICA
RIGRATT EXTRIMMINGLY WOT IS HALL FEELED OPP WITT STENDING ROOM HONLY DE HOUZE FROM POLLAMENT WITT DE HOUZE FROM DE LUDDS WITT DE HOUZE FROM COMMONS — — BOT IN DE HOUZE FROM DETENTION IS PLANTY ROOM WOT IT COULD SEET DERE YOU DELICATES IN DE BAST FROM HELT

GRADUALLY BY YOU
JUDGE III (HEEMSALF)"

So it aruzz by de pipple de rache witt de henger witt de hire wot dey sant so a rispownce:

"HM JUKKS WITT SMOT-CRECKS YOU MAKING HA?? SO TAKE HIDD BATTER A WARNING!! WAS BY SIZZER A BRUTUS. WAS BY CHOLLES A CROMWAL. WAS BY—HM YOU GATTING PALE, HA??? STEMPS YOU GEEVING OSS, HA? TEXIZZ WE GOT, HA?? SO TOMORROW YOU'LL MAKE MAYBE IT SHOULD BE ON BRIDDING ULSO A TEX SO ITCH TIME WOT'LL BRIDD IN A POISON A BRATT FROM HAIR SO HE'LL PUT ON DE NOZE A STEMP WOT IT SHOULD GRADUALLY RIZZAMBLE BY HEEM DE NOZE LIKE FROM COOK'S TOURZ A TRAVELLING BAG, HA?
AWAITING BY YOU DE RIPPLY
DE PIPPLE"

So it came de naxt day a henswer so:

"DIRR PIPPLE
GO FLY A KITE
DE KEENG!!"

So it made a rispownce so:

"I DEED!!!
BANJAMIN FRENKLIN"

So it bicame werry sourkestic de Keeng wot he sant a caplegram so:

"DIRR PIPPLE:
WHERE DO YOU DEEGING OPP HALL DEES NEEFTIZZ, HA?
JUDGE"

So dey gave a henswer:

"WE SEETING OPP NIGHTS, KIRRO!!
DE SOBJECTS"

So De Keeng sad:

"HM—INSOMNIBUS ETTECKS YOU GOT, HA? SO WOT'S DE RIZZON YOU COULDN'T SLIPP??
JUDGE"

So dey sad so:
"WE DREENKING WERRY STRUNG TEA
DE PIPPLE"

So de Keeng sad:
"AHA!!!! RILLY!! IS DEES A FECT??? SO IS HEREBY HISSUED A HEDICT WOT'LL GONNA BE FROM HANCEFUTT HON A TEX ON TEA"

Yi yi yi yi yi—So dun't esk!!! So des was alrady de lest straw wot it made by de cemel a homp in de beck. So it came over from Hingland a sheep witt a coggo so it drassed opp hall de tseetizens dey should be like Hindians (honly of cuss dey didn't rilly was rill Hindians) wot it domped in de Bustun Hobber de

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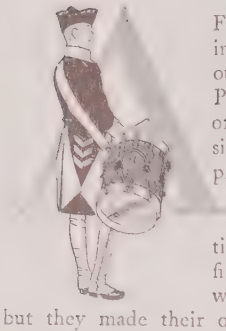


SOBJECTS FROM AMERICA
"Take hidd batter a warning!! Stemps you geeving oss, Ha? Texizz we got, Ha?? So tomorrow you'll make maybe it should be on bridding ulso a tex maybe perhaps???"

The Great and Glorious Fourth

A Slightly Sorrowful Meditation on Our National Holiday, As it Was and Is

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL



A FEW days ago I paused in the streets of one of our most historic cities, Philadelphia, the Land of the Mid-day Nap. My sight was attracted by the pretty picture of a group of small boys who were parading in martial array. They had no fife and drum, for they were but ragged urchins, but they made their own music, chanting a refrain which sounded familiar. Imagine my surprise, my pain, as I caught the words:

O, the Fourth of July,
She ain't what she used to be,
[illegible] what she used to be,
Aren't what she used to be,
The Fourth of July,
She ain't what she used to be,
Twenty years ago!

How true, and yet how discouraging, to hear it proclaimed here, in the very shadow of Independence Hall. I turned and rested my forehead against the side of a passing trolley-car. It was a peaceful spot, the corner of Slippery Elm and Lignum Vitae Streets, an ideal place to muse in.

"The boys are right," I thought, "the old Fourth is no more. Time was when it came first, then it was just the Fourth, now it is the last of our festivals, so completely has it become denatured and de-odorized. Truly, it ain't what it used to be."

PONDERING thus, my mind went back to the early days of our Republic, the stirring times which led to the first Fourth in '76 when the charter of our liberties was signed with so many fine flourishes.

Great as was this event, we must not forget that it was but the culmination of a series of dramatic happenings that preceded it. The Boston Tea-party was one of them. This famous occurrence is interesting in its indication of the fact that the Colonists were faced by an issue very much like our own Eighteenth Amendment. King George's government sought to impose tea upon the people. Englishmen had always drunk it and what was good enough for them should be good enough for their younger brothers. But the budding nation said "No." It was not the taxes they objected to, but the tea. So, they mixed it with salt water. A parallel action today would be the dumping of millions of gallons of near-beer and ginger pop into Back Bay or the Hudson River. It would be a good place for them.

Few realize that, back in Revolutionary times, New York, too, had its Tea-party, when the Hudson ran yellow with orange-pekoe and the fish got so nervous that they leaped out of the water all along the Battery. It's a fact. But Boston, then militant and peppy, sent a sharp note to Gov. Clinton. "Copy-cat," was the terse word carried by Paul Revere on his furious (mounted) Marathon from Beacon Hill to the Bronx. The New York affair was suppressed in later histories, written by Eggleston and other Cambridge authorities, who did not consider Manhattan truly American.

AN important factor prior to our first Fourth, too, was the sturdy defense of Bunker Hill, where Israel Putnam, referring to the uniforms of the Hessian mercenaries, gave his ringing order, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their spats!" The Colonial Army was formed forthwith and Washington took command of it under the cherry tree which stood on the corner of Brattle and Mt. Auburn Streets, Cambridge, and was burned in the furnaces of Harvard College during last Winter's coal strike. Under this tree the General entered his barouche to go to Philadelphia, an embarkation which gave rise to Parson Weems's story that "Washington took a hack at the cherry tree." Rupert Hughes, the well-known historian, has tried to present the facts in their true light, —but our people will cling to their legends.

Then came the memorable meeting in Independence Hall. Philadelphia was chosen for the Continental Congress because it was found impossible to stir the lethargic Pennsylvanians out of their own bailiwick. There was nothing for it but to go to them, which the representatives of the other twelve Colonies gracefully did. There, in that splendid old hall where soon there will tramp millions of visitors to the Sesqui-Centennial, our forefathers convened under the Liberty Bell and drew up their immortal document.



IT was a stirring scene. The hall was draped with the flag of the new Union, a juniper tree on a red field. Outside stood the Philadelphia "City Troop" in their red, white and blue union-suits. General Washington presided. At a side table Thomas Jefferson ran over his script, changing a word here, adding a nifty there, until Washington rapped for order and called for the minutes of the last meeting which were then read by one of the minute men.

"New business," said Chairman Washington.

"I move we form a new nation," said Patrick Henry

"I said 'new business', not 'funny business'," said Washington sternly, for he was in the difficult position of having a flock of rich relatives in England.

"I was never more serious in my life," said the fiery Henry. How he went on to his famous peroration, "Give me Liberty or give me breath," is known by every schoolboy. The meeting was stampeded and the motion was moved and carried triumphantly around the room while the delegates sang, "O say can you see, by the tra la la la . . . etc."

"Sign along the dotted line," shouted the stentorian voice of John Hancock, as he whipped out his fountain pen.

"One moment, gentlemen," said a calm voice that stilled the enthusiasm. It was Button Gwinnett of South Carolina. He was deathly pale but determined.

"Wouldn't you know that a man with a name like 'Button' would spill the beans?" rasped John Adams to his brother, Quincy.

"Gentlemen," said Gwinnett coldly, "I hate to wreck the party, but do you realize that we are thirteen at table?"

Consternation reigned. Thirteen! No good could come of it. Patrick Henry rose. "I beg to withdraw . . ." he began. But a clatter of hoofs distracted him. An instant later a breathless youth burst into the hall.

"I represent the District of Columbia!" he cried.

Cheers rang out. He made fourteen. The day was saved! As fast as signatures could be affixed the delegates rushed out into Maple Avenue and joined the snake dance. The Liberty Bell rang until it was riven. On the morrow a curious thing was observed. There were still only thirteen names on the Declaration. The mysterious young man's name was missing. Whither had he come? whence fled? who was? History is silent.

IT was a gradual transition which evolved the Fourth of July celebration into the gay, noisy fête which lingers in the minds of many of us, days when parents turned their little-ones loose with an armful of high explosives and let Nature take its course. How joyfully we celebrated then. How bravely we wore our scars during the ensuing weeks.

Activities began not at dawn but long before. On the stroke of midnight, bells rang clamorously, whistles blew and, in my own home town, the local fort boomed a welcome to the national holiday. From then on until the first sleepy twitter of the sparrows, were wakeful hours for the young. We lay abed, thrilling to the far-off pops and bangs set off by lads who knew no parental mandate as to a rising hour. Ours was six A. M. but we managed to beat the clock by a half-hour or so and crept stealthily into the elm-shaded street, our arms laden with fragrant firecrackers, giant torpedoes, nigger-chasers, dynamite bombs and other pretty toys.

How jealously we had hoarded our allowances to purchase these destructive materials. Soon the street was littered with chinese wrappers and bits of smouldering paper. And oh, the exquisite odours of an old-fashioned Fourth: the pungent punk, swung in violent circles to keep it alight, the smell of powder,

(*Continued on page 122*)



IN VANITY FAIR'S INDEPENDENCE DAY PAGEANT

CHARLES RHEELER

Alice Brady, as Molly Pitcher

The Heroine of Monmouth, Who Took Her Husband's Place When He Fell in Battle

The Well Dressed Man in 1776

With Actual Letters Concerning His Clothes by George Washington

IN the days of '76 the importance of being well dressed was a subject of keen interest to the men of America. In fact, during the latter half of the eighteenth century this was true because it was at this period, and undoubtedly brought on by the exigency of war times, that men's attire began to change from the picturesque costume of perukes, ruffles and laces, short breeches and silk stockings, to the more democratic and certainly more practical garments which were the forerunners of our present day styles in men's fashions.

This interest in clothes extended to all classes and the extreme importance attached to the most minute details of dress is clearly shown in the correspondence of our first well dressed man, George Washington, who from the days of his early manhood showed a fondness for dress. Even at the tender age of fifteen this characteristic had already developed, for in 1747 he wrote the following explicit instructions to his tailor in London:

"Memorandum. To have my coat made by the following Directions, to be made a Frock with Lapel Breast. The Lapel to contain on each side six Button Holes to be about five or six inches wide all the way equal, and to turn as the Breast on the coat does, to have it made very long waisted and in Length to come down to or below the bend of the knee, the Waist from armpit to the Fold to be exactly as long or Longer than from thence to the Bottom, not to have more than one fold in the Skirt and the top to be made just to turn in and three Button Holes, the Lapel at the top to turn as the Cape of the Coat and Button to come parallel with the Button Holes and the Last Button Hole on the Breast to be right opposite the Button on the Hip."

Indeed, throughout his life, his love of fitting and rich attire was never dimmed by affairs of war or



THE WELL DRESSED MAN OF 1776

At his second Inauguration, General George Washington was attired in a suit of black velvet, the breeches being caught at the knee with diamond knee buckles. His patent leather shoes had silver buckles and his hair was powdered in a bag. His light sword was carried in a grey scabbard for dress occasions



BANYAN DRESSING GOWN

In Virginia and the Southern Colonies the hot wigs and stiff, cumbersome garments prescribed by fashion were uncomfortable for daily wear in the summer season; so much so that men wore banyans and caps made of calico or damask in the street and at home

Drawings by
LAWRENCE FELLOWS



BOOTS

Two types of boots were favoured by the citizens of the New Republic in 1776—one boot being cut higher in front so as to afford greater protection which was worn largely by the troops, the other being more like our modern riding boot but with a deep cuff at the top



POUR LE SPORT

The huntsman, in 1776, wore a long full skirted jacket buttoned right up to the neck, with cuffs that could be rolled back. His jockey-like cap fitted close to the head and had a long vizor which turned up. Gauntlets and long leather leggings completed the costume

state. In his orders to England, Washington always laid great stress upon the necessity of having his clothes made in the latest modes of the reigning fashion. Nor was Washington alone in this respect because even the signers of the Declaration of Independence showed no republican simplicity in their attire, but, along with other Revolutionary heroes, were equally vain and vied with judges, doctors, and merchants in rich and carefully studied attire.

During the eighteenth century periwigs and cocked hats were the characteristic features of the dress of the men, and the following advertisement which appeared in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1773, gives an amusing picture of the importance of hair at that time. "William Lang, Wigmaker and Hair dresser, hereby informs the public that he has hired a Person from Europe by whose assistance he is now enabled, in the several Branches of his Business, to serve his good customers, and all others, in the most genteel and polite tastes that are at present in Fashion in England and America. In particular, Wigs made in any mode whatever, such as may grace and become the most important Heads, whether those of Judges, Divines, Lawyers or Physicians, together with all those of an inferior kind, so as to exactly suit their Respective Occupations and Inclinations. Hair-dressing, for Ladies and Gentlemen, performed in the most elegant and Newest Taste—Ladies in a particular Manner, shall be attended to, in the nice, easy, genteel and polite Construction of Rolls, such as may tend to raise their Heads to any Pitch they may



CLUBMEN OF OLD NEW YORK

The beaux of old New York wore suits of silk, velvet, or fine cloth, the long coat ending just below the breeches; silk stockings, buckled shoes and waistcoats of fine embroidered brocade were in favour

desire, also French Curls, made in the neatest Manner. He gives Cash for Hair."

From an authority we learn that, "Under Queen Anne the hats worn by men were smaller and were regularly cocked on three sides, and the cuffs of the coat were very wide and long, reaching almost to the wrist. The broad sword belt had vanished and the sword belt could be seen beneath the stiffened skirt of the square cut coat. Blue or scarlet stockings, with gold or silver clocks, were much worn, as were also shoes with red heels and small buckles; velvet gaiters were worn over the stockings below the knee, fastened on one side by small buckles. Campaign wigs imported from France now became popular. They were made very full with long curls hanging towards the front. When human hair was scarce, a little horsehair supplied the place, in the part least in sight."

In 1706 a peculiar cock of the hat came into fashion called the Ramilie, and a long plaited tail to the wig with a great bow at the top and a small one at the bottom known as the Ramilie Wig.

Those who did not wear powder and who objected to the enormous expense or weight of the fashionable wigs, wore their own hair in long curls to resemble them, but the long popularity of the uncomfortable fashion of the periwig is indeed astonishing.

Dr. Granger, in his life of Charles II, speaking of the fashion when it first came into vogue, says: "It was observed that a periwig procured many persons a respect and even veneration which they were strangers to before and to which they had not the least claims from their personal merit," and he quotes the amusing anecdote of a country gentleman who employed a painter to place periwigs upon the heads of several of Vandyke's portraits. Large wigs were worn until the middle of the 18th century. A plain peruke imitation of a natural head of hair was called a short bob.

A beau of this time is spoken of as "appearing in a different style of wig every day, and thus perplexing the lady to whom he was paying his addresses, by a new face every time they met during the first months of their courtship." Hats could be moulded in so many different cocks as to change the whole appearance of the wearer.

In 1760, when wigs were powdered, they were frequently sent for that purpose in a wooden box to the barber to be dressed on his block-head. "Brown wigs", for which a brown powder was used, were worn, but were less fashionable than the

(Continued on page 114)



LACES AND RUFFLES

Despite the fighting times of the 18th Century, men paid great attention to dress and fashion and the sword knot received as much attention as the sword. Waistcoats were left unbuttoned at the top in order to display beautiful lace, in ruffles and neckties, which were pet extravagances



MUFFS FOR MEN

Muffs for the protection of masculine wrists, bobbed wigs and large three cornered hats were among the accessories of men's wear



TRANSITION STYLES

After the revolution, men's dress became a little more simplified. Wide lapels made their first appearance along with the upstanding roll collars on the coats which fell away in much the same manner as our modern single-button cutaway. Stocks of fine linen became much less elaborate



COSTUMES FOR THE HUNT—1776-1926

Women of the World Then and Now

New Fashions in Sportswear For the Years 1776 and 1926

IS there a definite connection between dress and deportment, lingerie and language, ruffs and repartee? When men wore powdered queues and silk knee-breeches and rapiers at their sides, and the reigning belle swept into the ball room with swish of silk, and hair piled sixteen inches high above her head, like a clipper ship with all stuns'ls and top gallants set, it was the style for gentlemen and ladies to talk like their clothes. The English language wore ribbons and ruffles, and the delicate lift of an adjective hinted saucily of forbidden things. A lady used her adverbs as cleverly as her fan, and one stock slang phrase didn't do duty as repartee. She, no less than her brother in the Coffee House, had to meet every fresh emergency with a fresh epigram. Life wasn't so easy then! When somebody told her, "My dear, you really *should* diet, you're getting positively *stout*," she couldn't reply, "So's your anchovies," and call it a draw. She couldn't even answer, "It's the extra petticoat." She had to come back with something snappy, like "Chew to the line, let the hips



GLOVES AND JABOT—1776

CROQUET—OLD AND NEW



fall where they will." The language of Congreve and Sheridan, of the beaux and belles of the eighteenth century, has gone the way of hoop and *panier*, rapier and ruff. And if we should suggest to one of our fair readers that the clothes of Lady Teazle were wonderful for daily wear, we can hear her answer—"Applesauce."

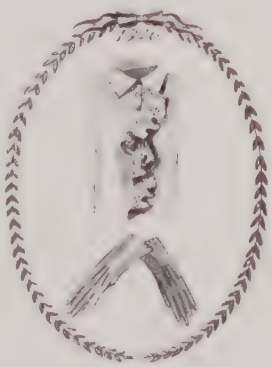
When *Lydia Languish* put "the Innocent Adultery" into "the Whole Duty of Man" and *Mrs. Malaprop* was putrified, or, for that matter, when *Millamant* decided she might some day "dwindle into a wife", ladies set their caps for men and got what they were after. Nowadays they set their knee caps—and get what they are after. Styles change, manners change with them—but before or after, who can say? "Her feet beneath her petticoat, like little mice crept in and out"—so sang the enamoured elegant of his lady long ago. Now she wears no petticoat, and little mice make a poor brace for a back-hand Lawford. Once she moved to the stately measure of a minuet; but, after all, the music was by Mozart, and her partner was *Don Juan*. Nor is it recorded that she ran away. Besides, without those brocaded billows, how could Herrick have written:—

Whenas in silks my Julia goes
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

It is worth a few generations of petticoats to produce a Herrick. But it is worth the sacrifice of a few Herricks to produce the modern young female. So there you are, and we'd say to our gentlemen readers, "Take your choice," if a man ever had any choice in the matter.

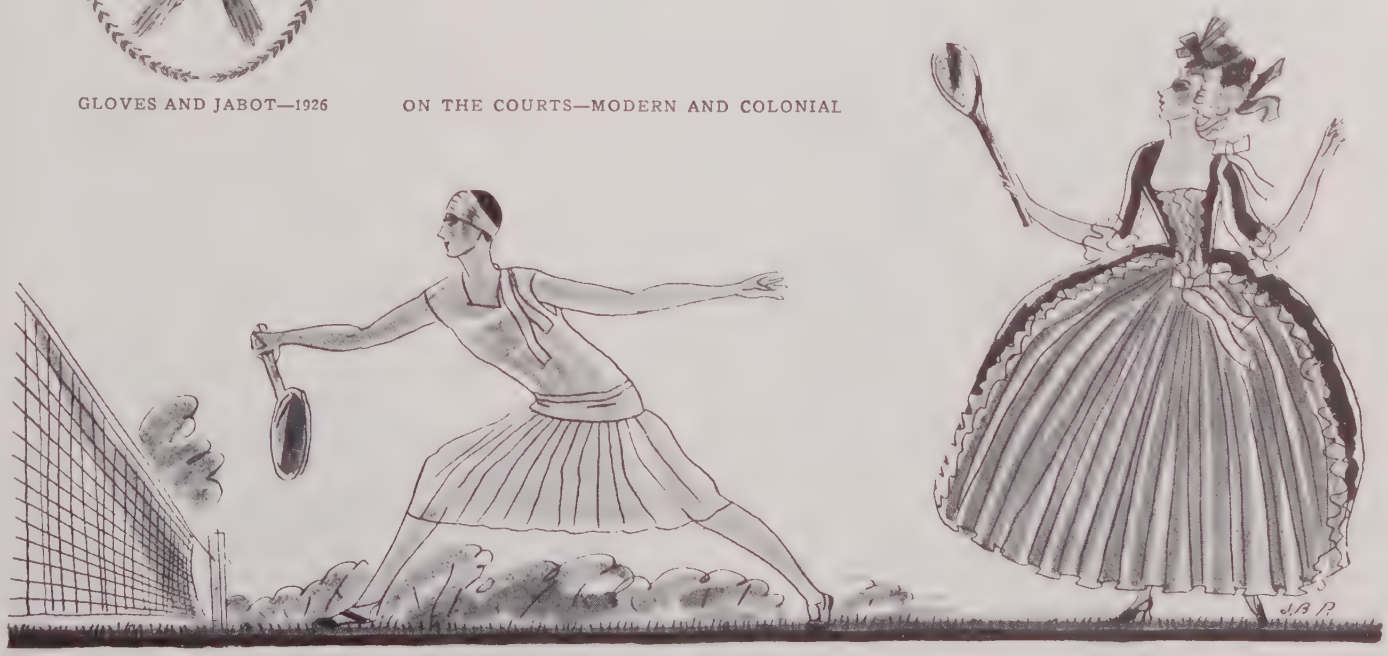


150 YEARS PROGRESS IN ARCHERY



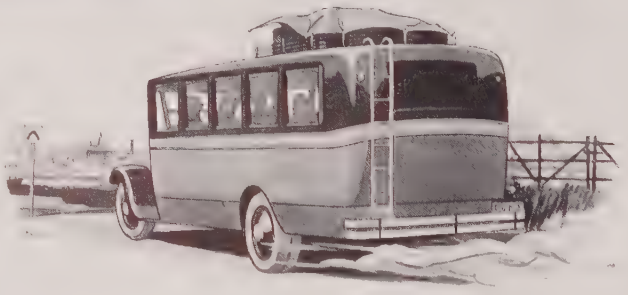
GLOVES AND JABOT—1926

ON THE COURTS—MODERN AND COLONIAL





THE STAGE COACH (Above)
"The Flying Machine", which was a crude wagon without springs, but which in '76 was a luxury and a great improvement over the former stage coach or covered wagon, took two days to go from New York to Philadelphia



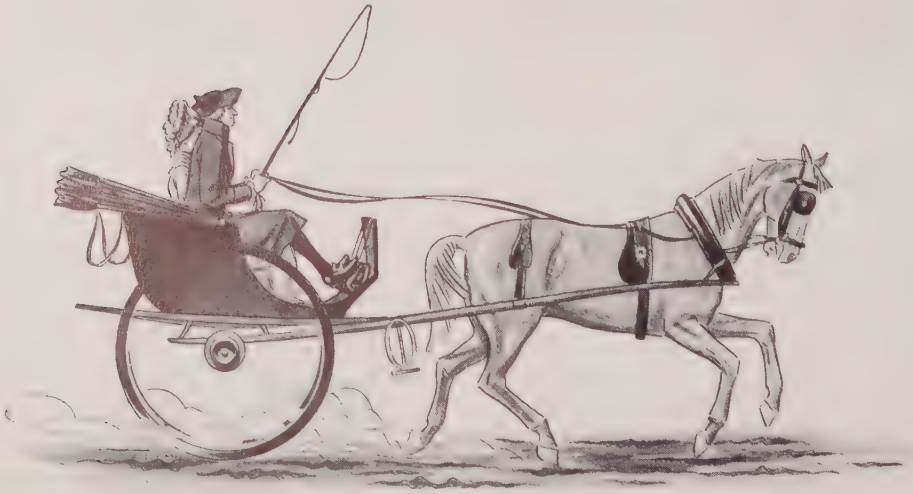
THE MOTOR BUS (Right)
The modern pullman motor bus which takes only 4½ hours instead of two days as the old stage coach did, in the time of George Washington, between New York and Philadelphia, was a luxury undreamed of in Revolutionary Days

The Age of Invention Revolutionizes Travel

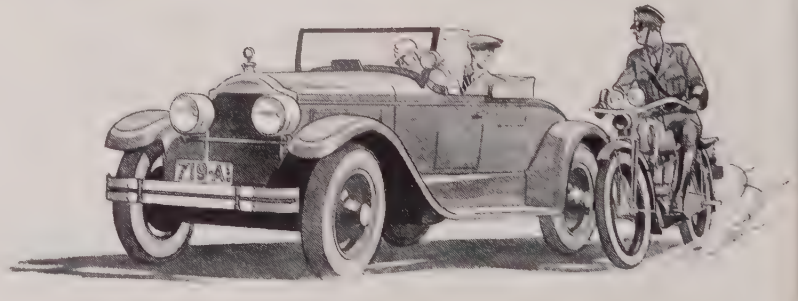
Vehicles of 1776 Replaced by Others That Would Have Terrified Our Ancestors

MODERN civilization is based on transportation. Probably nothing in history has had such a revolutionary effect on our ways of life as the invention of the motor car. There has been more change in the first quarter of the 20th Century than there was in the entire 17th and 18th together. Queen Elizabeth and George Washington got about in much the same way, and both would be as bewildered today as we would be slowed down and worn out by the pace and inconvenience of their existence, for it was not an age of luxury on the road.

The public vehicles of '76 were uncomfortable affairs, a sort of covered wagon with no springs and entrance was effected by crawling over the driver's seat to one's place on benches that had no backs. There was very little space for luggage except what could be stored under the feet of the occupants of the benches. The only luxury enjoyed by the travellers of that day was in the family coach of the well-to-do, and these coaches were few and far between. The Colonial population went about for the most part on horseback. In 150 years since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the age of inventions has brought us the luxurious motor bus, to take the place of the "flying machine" of '76, which took two days to make the journey between Philadelphia and New York, now made by motor bus in 4½ hours. In place of the family coach, which was then the height of luxury, the carriage house, (some-



THE CHAISE (Above)
It is nothing short of a miracle that the one-horse chaise which was the rare luxury afforded only by the young bloods of '76 has been replaced by the silent fast runabout in only 150 years time, and the discomfort of rattling over rough cobble stone roads is unthinkable after our fine concrete paved highways

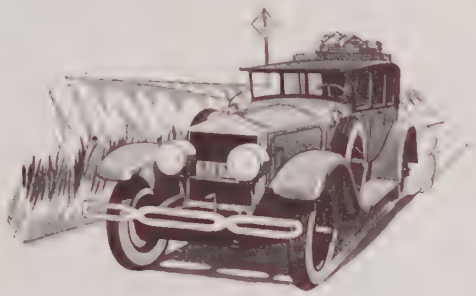


OUR ROADSTER (Right)
Even the fast trotting horse and the rubber-tired buggy of the late Victorian era, which was the luxurious edition of the one-horse chaise of the Revolution, seem crude compared with the fast runabout chased by the motor cop today. And what a surprise it would have been to our great-great-grandfathers



THE FAMILY COACH (Above)

The family coach such as the one illustrated which belonged to George Washington was the luxurious vehicle of the well-to-do classes in the Revolutionary period and in such a coach (hung on leather springs) the important personages of the day made their journeys through the country, though, compared with the present, under uncomfortable conditions

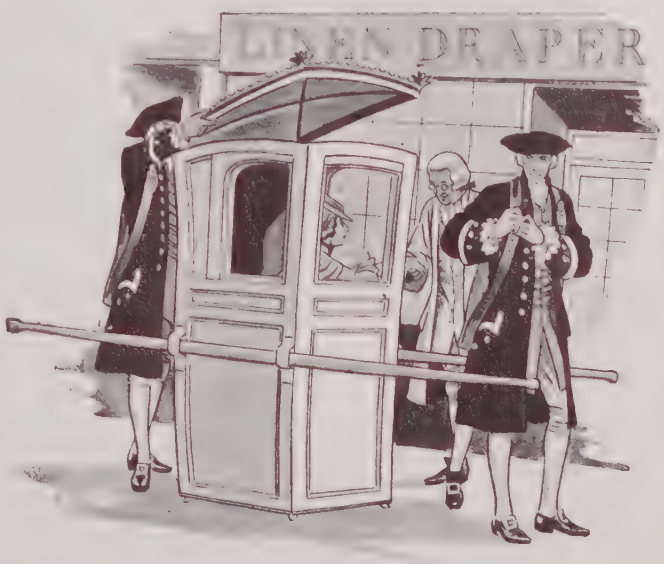


MODERN LIMOUSINE (Left)

This family touring car, which has taken the place of the family coach of Washington's time, seating seven, carrying luggage and occupants with great speed and comfort, offers a laughable comparison to the days when the ladies of '76 travelled over dusty country roads with masks exposing only their eyes to protect them from the dust of travelling

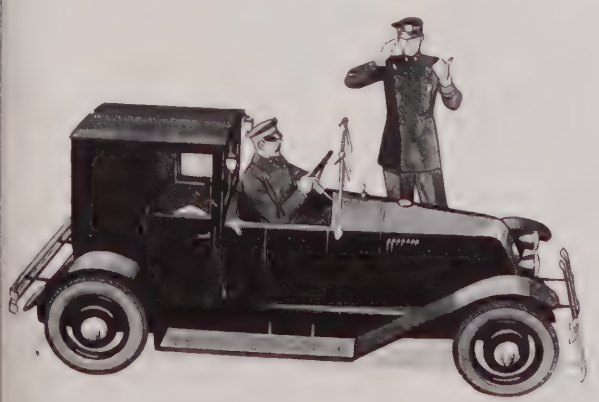
times the same building that sheltered the old coach) is now occupied by a powerful limousine capable of moving the family and all necessary luggage back and forth between town and country in a manner never dreamt of in 1776. The young blood of the pre-Revolutionary period, instead of dashing about in a gaily painted roadster, rode a horse or was the proud possessor of a one-horse chaise, which, however, had a very limited use due to the poor roads and rough cobblestones. There is less change between the lady in the sedan chair and her modern sister in the natty little town car of today, for the sedan chair was carried with a gentle, swaying motion not unlike that of a well sprung motor brougham and a glimpse of her ladyship seen through the glass windows of a town car tells the same story today that such a glimpse did in '76, for she is apt to be found just as busy with her powder puff, patches and lipstick in the administration of President Coolidge as in that of the Father of our Country. In all ages and in all countries the great ladies of fashion have somehow contrived to be carried from place to place in a manner befitting their station. Her poorer sisters in '76 travelled in great discomfort, for in those days the rich were few and the luxuries monopolized by them, whereas today Judy O'Grady in the motor bus can enjoy as great comfort as the Colonel's lady in the sedan. In fact, Judy is probably in a sedan, also!

Drawings by
J. W. WILLIAMSON



HER LADYSHIP'S CHAIR (Above)

The sedan chair, prior to the Revolution, was used by the great ladies of fashion as the town car is now, and history depicts Benjamin Franklin carried about in a sedan chair, as late as 1790 after which they went out of fashion; but actually in those days they were the only comfortable mode of travel in the streets of the city



OUR LADY'S CAR (Left)

The tiny town car of today carries the fashionable lady about in much the same manner as the sedan chair of old. One often catches a glimpse of her applying lipstick and powder in much the same manner as the great ladies of '76, but instead of two chair bearers and an escort our lady today has only a liveried chauffeur

Golf a Hundred and Fifty Years Ago

How the Sport of Two Million Americans Began at Leith and Blackheath

By BERNARD DARWIN

THE year 1776 is rather a tantalizing one for the man bidden to paint a picture of golf as it was then played by our predecessors. The latter part of the eighteenth century must be set down as belonging to the still gray days of golf. It may be called a transition period: the darkness was ending, the light beginning to shine; but that light in the shape of old records and minute books had not quite yet come. Golf had indeed been played in Scotland for more than three hundred years.

And we have some records. It was in 1457, for instance, that the Scottish parliament had passed that often quoted ordinance that "the futeball and golf be utterly cryit doune" because it interfered with the due practice of archery. It was nearly a hundred and fifty years later that the first golfing martyrs, Robert Robertson and his fellow sufferers for conscience' sake, had been accused of "playing at the gowf on the North Inch, Perth, in time of preaching" and been sentenced to "compear the next Sabbath into the place of public repentance, in presence of the whole congregation". Thus we know that in 1776 golf had long been a popular game but the time of golf clubs and of societies of "noblemen and gentlemen" had only recently arrived. We do know indeed that kings and nobles played the game, and the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, the oldest club in the world, proudly dates its existence from the traditional playing on the heath by King James I and his Scottish courtiers. But that is but a tradition, though likely enough a true one.

One of the first hard and fast dates is 1766 (that is a long gap truly from 1603) when one Henry Foot gave a silver club to be played for; and the first Blackheath minute is dated 1787. The dates of other first minutes are the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, 1744, the Royal and Ancient, 1754, the Edinburgh Burgess, 1773.

BEFORE I go on with Scotland and England, let me clear the ground by glancing at two other countries, Holland and France. I will not say much of Holland lest I be involved in a tangle of controversy. Was the game of *Het Kolven* our golf or was it not? I do not know, but, given a crooked stick and a ball, surely two nations might light independently on the same notion. The charming Dutch pictures which we all know, of a golf-like game on the ice, belong to the seventeenth rather than the eighteenth century. By 1776 it seems that *Het Kolven's* palmiest days were over, and we may fancy it played, if at all, in narrow alleys or covered courts, wherein men struck a ball at some sort of stake or mark.

In France we have something more to the point in the *Jeu de Mail*, though here too we find no trace of a hole and the players played along the country roads at a distant mark or goal, striking a wooden ball with a mallet-headed club. The game was in its heyday, we may suppose, in 1776, for as early as 1717 one Lauthier, a professional player, had published a manual on the game. I have read a translation of it and the advice as to the best methods of swinging the club is still good, sound advice for the golfer of today. It was apparently a well bred, a genteel game, for Lauthier told his pupils to play in gloves, and the illustrations show an elegant gentleman in a three-cornered hat, knee breeches and a full-skirted coat—clearly a gentleman who thought something of himself. Montpellier, in the South of France, was the St. Andrews of the *Jeu de Mail*; and here comes a pleasant little point—we may fairly imagine that many a Scottish gentleman played it then, for Montpellier was at that time the fashionable wintering place in that part of France. There were many Scotsmen who were driven to France by their adherence to the cause of the Stuarts and they would go where the other smart folk went. So I like to fancy them playing this Frenchified form of golf in default of the real thing and smiling with good-humoured contempt at these silly French mallets. Perhaps the French gentlemen beat them, but what of that? If they could only take these poor ignorant foreigners to the links of Leith, they would show them what proper golf was. "This," they perhaps whispered to one another, "is no gowf at a', jist monkey's tricks."



COUNTRY LIFE, LONDON

AN EARLY GOLFING GIRL

This interesting portrait, now in Holdenby House, England, is supposedly of Dutch origin. The picture is dated 1595



COUNTRY LIFE, LONDON

HENRY CALLENDER

A distinguished golfer of 150 years ago, Henry Callender, the subject of this fine portrait by Lemuel Abbott, was captain, in 1790, 1801 and 1807, of the ancient golf club at Blackheath, near London, the earliest home of English golf

And now let us flit to the real home of golf, to Scotland, and so to Blackheath. We have one or two definite clues. Many years before our date, in 1721, a poet had sung:

The vig'rous youth commence their sportive war,
And, armed with lead, their jointed clubs prepare;
The timber curve to leathern orbs apply.
Compact elastic to pervade the sky:
These to the distant hole divert their drive;
They claim the stakes who thither first arrive.

Those lines are from a poem called *The Clyde*, by one Arbuckle of Glasgow, but it is rather to Edinburgh we must look and the famous links of Leith, the original home of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, whose course is now at Muirfield, the scene of this year's championship. It was on these links that, in 1724, was played what a newspaper of the day called "a solemn match at golf" between two personages with a historic flavour. One was Alexander Elphinstone, brother of that Lord Balmerino who in 1746 was to make a gallant appearance on the scaffold, taking off his wig, and donning a plaid cap, to show that he died a Scotsman. The other was the notorious Captain Porteous of the Edinburgh City Guard, the scene of whose death is familiar to all who know *Heart of Midlothian*. Elphinstone won the match, which was played for twenty guineas and was "attended

(Continued on page 100)

Clear, refreshing soups to tempt the summer appetite!

Light, yet invigorating. Delicate and piquant in flavor, yet delightfully stimulating and beneficial. Clear as finest amber, yet rich in that wholesome broth of choice beef which is so reviving to a drooping appetite. How often these two soups, served either hot or cold, are exactly responsive to your tastes—especially now!

To make such exacting soups successfully is evidence of the true chef's art. Notice how instantly you detect the perfect blending of the fine vegetable flavors, the appetizing herbs and clear beef broth in Campbell's Consommé. Even more pronounced in flavor is Campbell's Bouillon—a challenge to the most capricious mood!

21 kinds

12 cents a can



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Games of Our Forefathers

How America Played Poker, Whist, Billiards and Craps 150 Years Ago

By R. F. FOSTER

WHAT were the games that were the favourite amusements of men like George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton and the others whose names are famous in connection with the Revolutionary days of 1776?

Well, we know that while Washington's tastes ran more to exercise than to sedentary games he was particularly fond of Billiards, and a billiard table that was once his property, together with another that belonged to Alexander Hamilton, were recently put on exhibition in New York.

We also know that Benjamin Franklin added greatly to his popularity in Paris in 1767 by introducing the American card game, Boston, which had a great run in its day, but is now never heard of; probably because of the complications of scoring.

It is difficult for us to imagine the conditions under which indoor games were played 150 years ago. In the first place, the lighting was very poor, the only illumination being from tallow candles, that required constant snuffing. The billiard tables had no elastic cushions and the cues had no tips. What we call pockets were simply holes at the edge of the table.

The playing cards manufactured in America, in those days, were the same size as those of today, and of good linen stock. The court cards were all single heads and all the marking was stenciled by hand. The backs were always plain white. I have in my possession a pack of these cards, manufactured by Thomas Crehore, the backs of which particular pack were used to print the invitations for a dance at Yale University. One of these reads: "Examination Ball, at the State House, Wednesday, 7 p. m., July 20th, 1785. Managers: J. Henshaw, S. Huntington, R. J. Meigs." A pack of these cards was about twice as thick as those we use now.

IF we go back to the card games that were played 150 years ago, we find some of them that were then played (in their elementary form) in the servants' hall that are now the favourites in the world of fashion; while games which were then the only correct thing in polite society, such as Quadrille and Ombre, are now not considered worth even a paragraph of description worthy of inclusion in any of our modern Hoyles.

Among the card games, some member of the Whist family, played with fifty-two cards, has been a reigning favourite in society for 180 years. But when the game which we now call Whist was first played, before 1740, only forty-eight cards were dealt, one of the remaining four being turned up for the trump. Whoever held the ace of trumps could take these four cards and discard four in their place, just as the highest bidder now does in Auction Pinochle. This game was variously called Triumph, or Ruff and Honours. In 1680, Swabbers came into vogue; four cards that entitled the holders to share in the stakes.

These various forms of the game of Whist were apparently played only by the lower classes and card sharpers, as they were simply gambling devices, the "science" that lay hidden in the game, and its possibilities for intellectual recreation, being then undreamed of. Rabelais mentions Triumph in his long list of the games played by *Gargantua*. Berin tells us that the game was played only by peasants, and Eliot calls it a common ale-house game. Shakespeare makes



EDMUND HOYLE

The familiar phrase "according to Hoyle" derives from Edmund Hoyle (1672-1769), a London expert on games, who drew up the standard codifications of Whist, Backgammon, Piquet, Chess and other pastimes—all still in force

no mention of Whist, but that he was familiar with its forerunner, Triumph, is evident from *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV, Scene 12.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century they began to deal out the whole fifty-two cards. In that form attention was soon attracted to the intellectual possibilities of the game and it soon climbed upstairs from the servants' hall to the drawing room. Some gentlemen that were in the habit of meeting at the Crown Coffee House in Bedford Row, London, guided by the genius and enthusiasm of Viscount Folkestone, soon reduced the game to something like scientific principles of play and called it Whist.

Among that set was one man whose name is still synonymous for everything that is correct in games of cards, Edmund Hoyle, who gave to the world in 1742 his *Short Treatise on the Game of Whist*, of which the only known copy of the first edition is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Only one authentic portrait of the author is known, which was found on a medal in an antique shop in Brighton by Mr. Frederic Jessel, the author of *Playing Cards and Gaming*. A copy of this medal is reproduced with this article.

Hoyle was apparently the first person who ever gave lessons in Whist, and in the *Rambler*, for May, 1750, one of his pupils mentions having taken forty lessons from him at a guinea each. He made the same charge "for explaining any of the points in his book", and for imparting a system of artificial memory he had designed for card players. It is interesting to note that "the father of Whist", as he is generally called, lived to be ninety-seven.

Besides Hoyle and Folkestone, there were two other men whose fame will probably last as long as the game they loved. One of these was Lord Yarborough, who used to cut short anyone who complained about being a poor card-holder by offering to bet him a thousand to one that he would hold at least one card above a nine; the real odds being 1827 to 1.

Another famous character was Lord Henry Bentinck, who used to play at Graham's Coffee House, 87 St. James Street, London. It was in 1834 that he invented the trump signal, which was humorously referred to in those days as the "blue peter", from which we derive the expression, "to peter out". The same signal is still used in Auction Bridge to show that the player can trump or win the third round of a suit. "Pembridge", famous as the author of *Whist; or Bumblepuppy*, prophesied that this convention would prove to be the forerunner of a mass of signals between partners that would finally kill the game.

Before Hoyle's time, Quadrille was the fashionable game, but Whist gradually superseded it among "ladies of quality" and became so much the rage that in 1790 we find card tables were placed in the boxes at the opera. At first, the game was ten points up, counting honours, and a code of laws for the game was drawn up in 1760, which remained until one eventful evening in 1864 when a certain Lord Peterborough, who was a heavy loser, asked that the game points be cut in half, so as to give him a chance to recoup.

THIS game soon became known, and was tried in many of the leading clubs under the name of "Short Whist", five points up instead of ten, with the result that it soon entirely replaced the older form. When America took up Whist the honours were eliminated, but the game was advanced to seven points, as it seemed absurd to be able to win more tricks in play than could be scored.

In 1890 Duplicate Whist was introduced, and the first Congress of the American Whist League was held at Milwaukee in 1891. The invention of suitable apparatus for carrying the cards and keeping the four hands separate gave this game a great impetus, and it was all the rage until in 1897 Bridge (not Auction) gradually took its place.

In 1903, Auction Bridge was invented in one of the hill stations of the British Civil Service in India, as a game for three players who could not get a fourth for Bridge. Then the Bath Club in London tried it out for four players and liked it. The game was first introduced to America in 1906 in the supplement to *Foster's Complete Bridge*, but it did not become popular anywhere until the Portland Club in London took it up in 1908, and by 1910 the game had supplanted Bridge as completely as Bridge had superseded Duplicate Whist. Since 1910 the only changes in the game have been in the values of the suits, the scoring of honours, and

(Continued on page 104)



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GILBERT STUART
A self-portrait of the painter, consummated in his earlier period and recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

Hello, Big Boy

(Continued from page 42)

Followed Poe, such men as Bret Harte and Howells.

To the modern man there seems in all of these men a kind of death, they were like men living and working in a vacuum. O. Henry was in the same mood.

Twain broke away. He wrote *Huckleberry Finn*, but they caught him and suppressed him. Boston and Respectability put him to sleep.

What went on in writing went on in all of the arts. One might have thought that life in our own towns and cities meant nothing. It did not mean much.

The fear was on us still. We had the inferiority complex.

Fear of what England would think, of what Germany and France would think. The arts are for older peoples. Younger peoples should be seen and not heard. Not so very long ago that the most second-rate of English novelists, coming to our shores, was met down the bay by representatives of all the big metropolitan newspapers. "What do you think of us? What do you think of America?"

People everywhere reading what such men had to say as though it mattered. If we have been brutally patronized it is our own fault. We sure laid ourselves open.

We have begun getting a somewhat different feeling in America now. Of course we still bend the knee some but not as abjectly as we did. We are beginning to build our own cities, love our own towns, respect ourselves as artists and as a people. When I was a boy there used to be a saying, "when he dies every good American goes to Paris". Now he goes to New York and I don't blame him. It's a better town, more majestic, terrible and wonderful.

San Francisco is something, too, and New Orleans and Boston and Chicago.

What has helped more than anything else is the dying out of the old belief, held so strenuously by the so-called Fathers, and carrying on through all the middle period and until well after the Civil War, the belief that in America all the problems of mankind were to be solved, because this was a special, God-made country, inhabited only by men up to the special mission of showing mankind how to solve its problems.

You can't get over that belief until you have artists who spring up naturally in a country, who get their inspiration as story-tellers, painters, singers and builders, out of the life of their own country and out of the people directly about them.

Artists who look upon themselves as men with missions, are pests, but all real artists do serve some such purpose indirectly.

Believing in the life directly about them, these men begin to give it forth so that all may a little love and understand.

My notion is that things do not begin at the top and work down. Things work the other way. My own life begins in the house in which I live. It goes from that out into the street, begins a little to comprehend the life of the street, of many streets, of a town, of a city.

What nonsense for me to say I love my country, if I do not love my own house, my own street, my own town. If I am not interested in the life of the neighbour across the fence I am not interested in life at all. Living, emotionally and imaginatively in another place, in Europe or in some place far away, living in books or pictures primarily, I am nothing. When I want to reform or change the life about me, because of some fancied superiority in myself, I am a pest and a bad citizen.

Personally I think that America is getting somewhere and has been getting somewhere in my time. I like it here. The Puritans, the reformers, are still with us, but they are on the defensive now.

We get on. Today, in America, no man does good work in the arts without it being recognized. The artist here may not be widely acclaimed but good work never was very quickly or widely acclaimed anywhere.

We get enough. Being Americans we are lucky dogs. It may not be any special merit in ourselves that we live in the most prosperous country in the world, in what is, perhaps, its most prosperous period, but I am not one who dislikes the good things of life because I do not deserve them. I rather like things better for not deserving them.

I may not deserve to be an American, in America, in 1926, after a hundred and fifty years, but I'm sure glad I am one.

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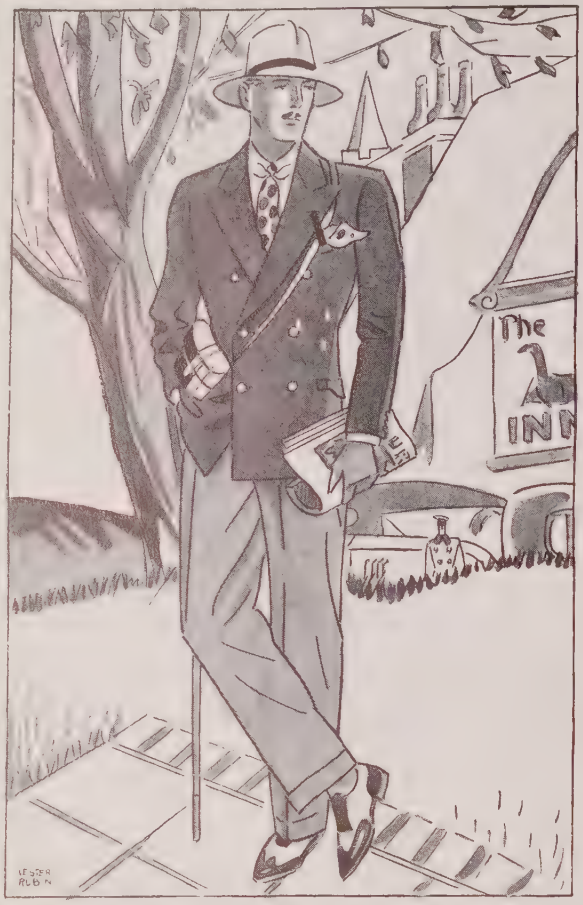
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Early American Pugilism

(Continued from page 74)

the issue. Hyer then challenged William Perry, champion of England, known as The Tipton Slasher. Perry did not accept, and Hyer retired. Yankee Sullivan, at this time, again claimed the title.

Yankee Sullivan, born James Ambrose, April 12, 1813, was one of the greatest bruisers and most picturesque characters that ever lived. He was said to have been reared in the East End of London. Others claim that his correct name was Frank Amor.

There was something mysterious about Sullivan. He was of the stuff of which legends are made. But there was no question about his magnificent qualities as a pugilist. Outweighed thirty-five pounds in his contest with Hyer, he kept up a savage onslaught against him until he sank exhausted in the snow, a blood-covered adventurer who was yet to rise from defeat to greater heights of pugilism by conquering Ben Caunt, the mightiest man in England and the world. This feat alone places Yankee Sullivan in a class with Bob Fitzsimmons, whose famous motto was: "The bigger they are—the 'arder they fall."

Morrisey, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, defeated Sullivan in thirty-seven rounds, and became the second heavyweight champion of America. Born in Ireland, Morrisey was elected a member of the New York House of Representatives.

It is claimed that Sullivan had Morrisey beaten when a row was started outside the ring. Sullivan was "pocketed"—held in a wedge—by the Morrisey supporters, and could not reenter the roped square in time to "toe the scratch". Morrisey was declared the winner.

Sullivan, always the adventurer, was assassinated by a vigilance committee in the Far West.

Morrisey next defeated John C. Heenan in eleven rounds. The former declined another meeting, and surrendered the belt to Heenan, who became a great champion, having an intuitive sense of drama and an intelligence the equal of many men in better callings. His battle with Tom Sayers of England has become a classic.

Sullivan defeated Ben Caunt, Champion of England, who outweighed him sixty pounds. The match lasted seven rounds. Caunt had won the English Championship from William Thompson, better known as Bendigo. The contest was of seventy-five rounds duration, and Caunt won on a foul. Bendigo was said to have slipped to the ground without having been hit. He was at the time in much better condition than Caunt, who was terribly punished. A riot followed the referee's decision.

He later lost to Bendigo in ninety-three rounds on a foul.

Bendigo is famous in the annals of pugilism as the first of the illiterate evangelists.

He was a man of abnormal muscular development and small mentality. He violated nearly every rule of boxing and became great. He would stand with right hand and foot extended, when the first requisite of boxing is the reverse. His fame as a bruiser rests on his terrible battles with Caunt, a man whom he could not defeat in less than ninety-three rounds, after Sullivan, lighter than Bendigo, had turned the trick in seven.

Caunt stood six feet, two and a half inches, and writers of the period declared him to have been the strongest man that ever entered an English prize ring.

Many of the old time bruisers were continually in prison for violating the peace after an important contest. While Bendigo was in gaol for the twenty-eighth time he heard a sermon delivered by the prison chaplain, and upon his release he became the Billy Sunday of his day. He preached salvation in the language of the prize ring and drove home his points regarding the life everlasting with a mighty slapping of broken-knuckled hands. He drew multitudes of people in London and elsewhere. He died in 1880.

Eleven years later a memorial was erected to the old bruiser, brothel-keeper and evangelist, at Nottingham, England. It was unveiled in splendid ceremony.

The memorial shows a life-size lion sleeping peacefully on a pedestal. Carved in the stone are the words:

> In Memory of William Thompson (Bendigo)
>
> Who Died
> August 23, 1880, Aged 69.
>
> In Life Always Brave, Fighting Like a Lion,
>
> In Death Like a Lamb, Tranquil in Zion.

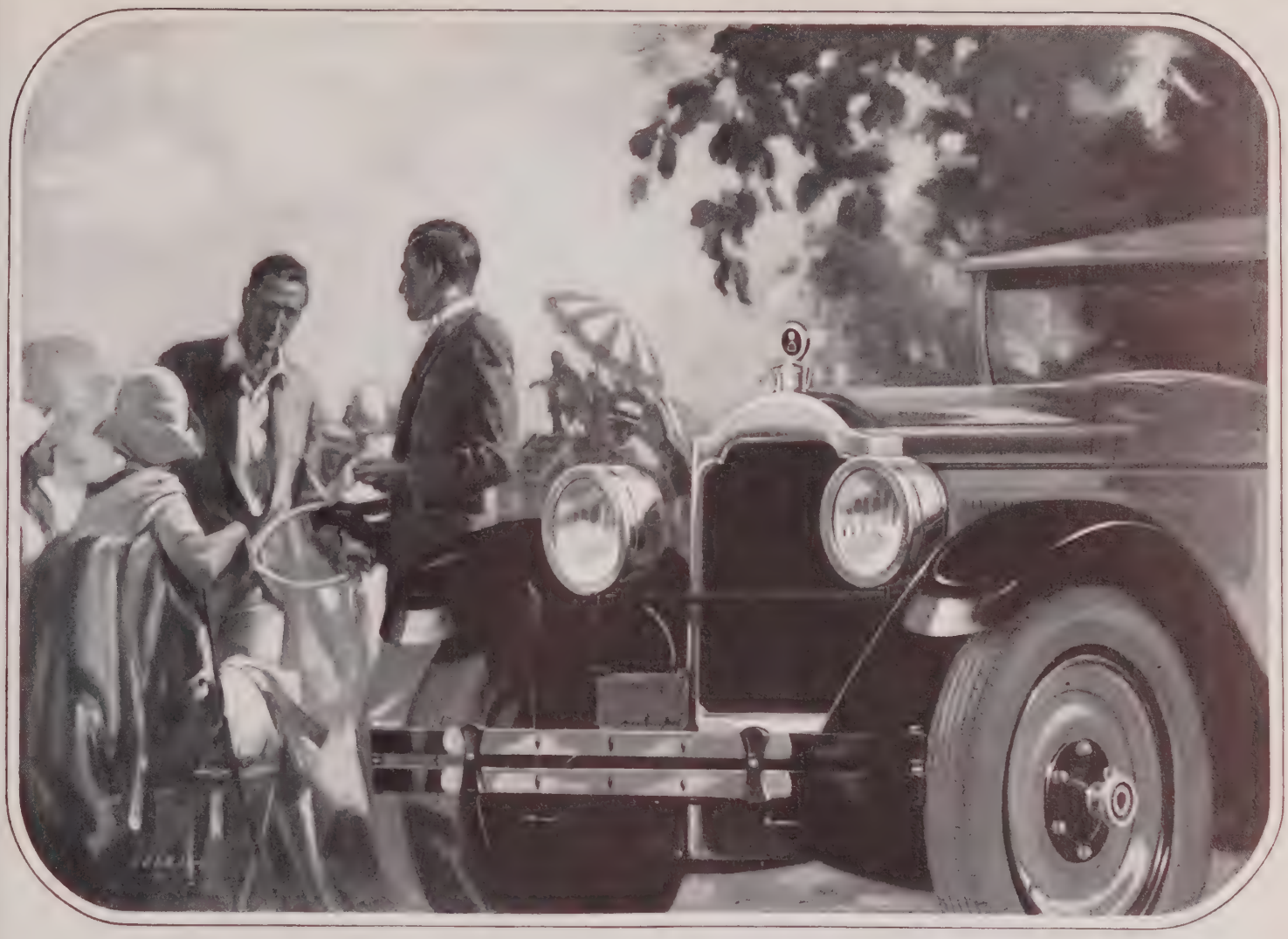
One million dollars is said to have changed hands as a result of one of Bendigo's contests.

It can perhaps safely be written that two-thirds or more of the great heavyweight pugilists have been English, or American of Irish extraction. If we exclude Molineaux, Richmond, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson, Daniel Mendoza, the Spanish Jew, and Jem Mace, the English gypsy, we have a long record of great Irish bruisers. After Figg, there were Cribb, Broughton, John Jackson, Cannon, Bendigo, Caunt, Dan Donnelly, Jack Langan, Tom Sayers, and others who were mostly English-Irish.

Directly before John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Jake Kilrain, and Frank Slavin were heavyweight contenders, with Charlie Mitchell of England. Sullivan was followed by James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons, who had defeated the original Jack Dempsey. All these men were Gaelic.

When Jeffries appeared, a pure American, two of his chief contenders were Tom Sharkey, an Irishman, and Gus Ruhlin, a German. Jeffries lost to Johnson, a Negro, who in turn lost to Willard, an American.

The Heavyweight title is now in the hands of Jack Dempsey, an Irish-Indian, who will undoubtedly defend it against Gene Tunney, an American marine.



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Our Colonial Ancestors

(Continued from page 43)

Boston in 1776, Byles was put out of his church, as a Tory, and a sentry set on guard in front of his house. The sentry was removed after a few weeks, then put back, then finally called off altogether. "I have," said the divine, "been guarded, reguarded, and disregarded." Neither Byles' famous grandfather, Increase Mather, nor his famous uncle, Cotton Mather, could have said just this, to be sure. But until Tory proclivities turned the town against him, Byles' wit was a constant source of joy in Boston. He was the Holmes of his day. His friend, Ben Franklin, was not exactly a glum creature, either, and the England which in 1775 could produce Sheridan and "The Rivals" could, and did, produce colonists quite capable of seeing a joke, or making one.

Moreover, it is entirely erroneous to suppose that the grim theology of Calvin and the Pilgrim Fathers persisted in force till 1776. It is safe to say that the average American in 1776 didn't feel himself a worm at all. He *wasn't* a worm—and by heck he could prove it! He could prove it by philosophy, the Bible—and a rifle! So Whitefield, coming to America to save our souls, complained that Harvard College was a hotbed of infidelity and radicalism, Jonathan Edwards bemoaned the degeneracy of the times, and the rich Tories, comfortable in their beautiful houses, like Tories everywhere and always, didn't approve of "new ideas" and tall talk of defiance; but the rank and file of Americans in 1776 were mentally, morally and physically self reliant, on their toes, with faces toward the future. There was probably more intelligent thinking and ardent feeling among our people at that time than there has ever been since. There could even be a dash of the high romance. When "Crazy" Harry Babcock went to England (before the war, of course) and met the Queen, he rose from his knee as she extended her hand, exclaimed, "May it please your Majesty, in my country, when we salute a beautiful woman we kiss her lips"—and seizing the astonished monarch by the shoulders gave her a hearty smack. Upon his return to America, he went to Narragansett to see the famous beauty, Hannah Robinson. Before her he kneeled, took her fingers, and said, "Pray permit one who has kissed unrebuked the lips of the proudest Queen on earth to press for a moment the hand of an angel from Heaven!" After all, *Charles Surface* couldn't have done so well—because he would never have dared to kiss the Queen!

Except for the arts of the craftsman, of course, Colonial America had done little to develop aesthetic resources. A few portrait painters, like Copley, had risen to meet a demand, but that was about all. Men who in a later day would have been literary artists became ministers, and the writing and oral delivery of sermons was undoubtedly a source of artistic satisfaction both to ministers and congregations. The pulpit was dramatized, though quite unconsciously. That still happens in many parts of America, remote from other sources of entertainment. There was little journalism, though Franklin was blazing a trail. Political and philosophic pamphleteering, however, played a large part in national life, and men like Tom Payne and Jefferson developed very considerable powers. Puritan New England was without a theatre, thanks to the traditions the Colonists had brought from England. But there were theatrical performances in Charleston, S. C., as early as 1739, and in the middle of the century Hallam brought a company of English professionals to the new world, and acted in Virginia, Philadelphia and New York. Later his successor, David Douglass, acted up and down the seaboard, in crude improvised theatres no doubt, and even made one attempt to storm New England. He got away with a season in Newport, R. I., but in Providence he was stopped by act of the Legislature. The sheriff who came to stop the performance arrived on time, saw the play through, and then delivered his closing notice!

In 1775 all places of amusement in the Colonies were closed by order of the Continental Congress, thus preventing Douglass from playing a season, as planned, at the John Street Theatre, New York. His last season in America—the winter of 1773-74, was spent at Charleston, S. C., in a new theatre erected for him. The repertoire would quite stagger any American company today. Fifty-six performances were given, each bill consisting of a long play and a farce, and a total of nearly eighty different plays, short and long, were acted. These plays included *Hamlet, The*

(Continued on page 105)

Button Gwinnett

A CELEBRATED SIGNATURE

This signature of Button Gwinnett, Georgia representative in the Continental Congress, was affixed to a legal document in 1774. It recently sold for $22,500, the highest price ever paid for a single autograph



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MADISON AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET

New York

This Florida Scene

(Continued from page 63)

living. And no hope from the railroads, the freight and express embargo holding to this hour. And rumours—rumours—that a bad day was setting in. "We have been going too fast. Land prices are too high. Accommodations are too few. We must pause and take stock. Write off some of these high prices. Write off some of our paper profits and losses. Florida is all right, but it can't be sold all at once. Suppose we slow up and catch up—if we can—give the public a little more for its money."

And so now—once more tracts—inland, it is true—but still tracts—with lots priced at from $100 up. And the two railroads toiling to double-track and extend their lines. And the state and counties agreeing on enlarged road improvement plans. And long and earnest editorials on every hand explaining and insisting that Florida is to be all right yet—and why. Hasn't it the climate? Won't it always have it? And I agree. For, if it could have been killed, it would most certainly be dead by now. What between the Jesse James real estaters and the patio and *thé dansant* boys, they have had the thing about all in. And yet I, for one, still think it will go, and go big, eventually. And I will tell you why.

The state is actually within thirty to thirty-six hours of sixty million people, most of whom would enjoy a few days of sunshine and flowers between January and April first. Better yet, despite the lies concerning no frost or cold days, completed luxury which does not exist, etc., etc., it actually has a sub-tropic, if not exactly tropic, quality which may yet be turned to pleasing, if not actually sybaritic, account by millions and millions who are yet to go there. Those beautiful skies. Those perfect days—truly perfect at times—shell-like, dream-like. You will be riding along through an absolute dank marsh land (where, none-the-less, are signs posted every few yards reading: *Moro del Gold Fish*), and you will turn a corner and lo! over in a quiet patch of woods, at the edge of a shallow pool, under a cloudless sky, you may see a beautiful crested blue heron, standing there upon his long reed-like legs, his head high, his powerful telescopic eye quietly contemplating you—or life. And you will say: "Oh, that bird! Oh, the tropics! How beautiful! Where else in America will I see a bird like this?" And you begin to speculate nervously as to how soon all this program of luxury and land selling and building is to spell his doom. For, after all, he is better than all that—to me at least.

Or, again, you may be riding along the Indian River between Daytona and St. Lucie, let us say. That is a stretch some two hundred miles in length. The Indian River is a wide inland water way—not fresh but salt—no true river at all but an estuary which parallels the eastern ocean beach on the land side for all of that distance and more. (To get to an ocean beach in Florida you will always have to cross an estuary on what they call a causeway or long bridge—always toll, by the way.) This Indian River is so very wide and so very tropic—sluggish and warm looking. Over it fly constantly flocks and flocks of gulls, wild ducks, mud hens, pelicans, with their short bodies and long bills, white and blue cranes. And in the water will be schools of porpoises rolling and playing along in procession, and thousands of flying fish that leap out of the water. And there will be sunlight—precious sunlight—on many days. And again, palms. And on the roadside, hibiscus.

Or you may be canoeing on the beautiful and quaint little New River at Fort Lauderdale. (New River got its name from the Seminole Indians who claimed that it appeared in the night. When they went to sleep, no river was there, but when they awoke in the morning it was flowing peacefully along. And so they called it New River.) Or it may be the St. Lucie River at Stewart, where you will be surrounded by floating hyacinths in bloom while you gaze at what appears to be age-old fastnesses of live oak with their mosses, or dank and cluttered palms and thick vines of which you know not the name and in which lurk what? Alligators? I told you I saw one. The blue heron. Deer? Bear? They assert that they exist. I saw none.

But is there not enough here from which a semi-tropic, if not a tropic, paradise might be made if enough—not millionaires exactly but merely substantial citizens of some taste—could be induced to come and do the work necessary to make of this a residence paradise? I'll say!

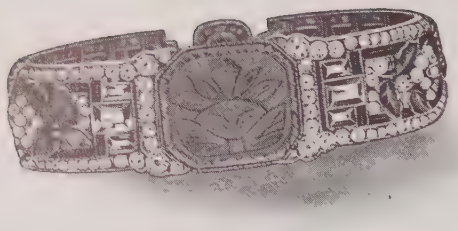
Better yet, even, from the human and practical point of view at least—in practically every county in the extreme or actual north, I saw beans, peas, corn, tomatoes, peppers, egg plant, onions, beets and potatoes, all growing luxuriously in January. In Broward and Dade and Okeechobee counties at the extreme south, I saw the more tropical wonders—bananas, pineapples, figs, in groves. And when you pick up nuggets of the soil anywhere—turned up by the plough or dredge—and note that it is nothing less than crumbled roots and leaves of centuries past, that the sky above is blue, the air light and balmy in January, and that at or near the surface is *always* that precious thing—water—(which in California and Arizona must be led in flumes for hundreds of miles)—and that for from ten to twelve months in the year anything—*anything*—planted will grow—that from two to three crops may be easily garnered—and that at this hour literally millions of acres of this land—20,000,000 to be exact—still stand covered with palmetto or beggar weed or live oak and poisonous vines—the strange and mysterious vines and plants of the sub-tropics—well, one need not be a realtor or a speculator to know that such soil as this must one day spell enormous prosperity for millions. Is not the average farmer the world over glad to get one crop—and by no means a highly bountiful one either?

(Continued on page 96)



CERTAIN fortunate women take the world's best automobile for granted, as they do gowns and jewels from the Rue de la Paix . . . the mellow glory of old masters on their walls . . . the friendship of famous people. The Rolls-Royce moves as gracefully through a world of social prominence as they do themselves. They have discovered that motor-car smartness is no quixotic thing to be upset by "new models," to fleet with the season. There would be as little reason to say of one of these women, "Her motor is hardly the thing this year," as to say, "That Georgian mansion her colonial grandfather built down in the country is frightfully out of date!" A Rolls-Royce four years old, or ten years old, is as ready to take its place in the review of luxury on opera nights as when it was purchased. It is as eager to sweep towards the open high road and, if called upon, to crowd two days' normal driving into a few comfortable, secure motoring hours. Rolls-Royce performance and Rolls-Royce appearance more than compensate for high initial cost. . . . Why not ride in one? A trial trip of one hundred miles over any roads you may select will be arranged at your convenience. Rolls-Royce, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York. There are branches in principal cities.

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The Day We Celebrate; And How

(Continued from page 58)

"picnic", after old Jim Picnic, a tramp who used to eat his lunch in people's front yards, and leave Lily Cups and empty olive bottles scattered over the lawn; and in recent years the "Fourth of July Picnic" has come to be one of the most accepted methods of spending Independence Day.

All night long they have been wrapping up hard-boiled eggs in paraffin paper and spreading cream-cheese sandwiches; and morning of the Glorious Fourth finds the entire family a little tired and cross and bleary-eyed from want of sleep. The baskets are piled into the rear, the camp chairs are strapped along the running board, the folding table is leaned against Grandma's knees, and the thermos bottle is left standing on the kitchen table where it is discovered that night; and one by one the family is stowed into the tonneau, in and around the lunch. Then with a honk of the horn and a wave of the little American flag which Sister insists on dangling out over the side, the family is off for the Fourth.

Along about noon, in a comparatively amiable frame of mind, Father stops his car by the side of the road and inquires genially if it isn't getting pretty near lunch time, how about it, and wouldn't they better stop here just as well as not? This innocent suggestion is met with such a storm of indignation—"Right in this public place, George?"—"Why, look at all those tin cans and paper bags; and that horrid signboard!"—"I won't budge a step from this car!"—that Father drives on silently for another hour before he ventures an opinion again.

"How about here?" inquires Father sullenly, halting once more by the side of the road.

"No trees," objects Mother, as they whirl on again. "I'm sure we can find a better place, George. How about here?"

"Where?" asks Father, without stopping.

"There," explains Mother, biting her lip. "Never mind, we've passed it now." And they continue with set faces.

"Here?" asks Father, a little later.

"Snakes," says Mother, as they speed by. "Here?"

"Mosquitoes," replies Father without glancing up; and they continue grimly on their way.

And so it goes on and on, mile after weary mile; and by the time the entire family has argued out the problem of where to stop, until they are hotter and crosser and more sullen than ever, Father and Mother are not on speaking terms, Grandma has gone asleep on top of the lunch, it is time to turn around and start home again, and the Fourth of July Picnic is over.

There is one other way to celebrate Independence Day; and this plan is essentially so simple that it is remarkable it has not occurred to more people before. Step into the nearest Steamship Office. Ask the man at the window for a little folded ticket lettered: "Europe". Dash up the gang-plank at midnight on the third of July; and the tall chap in the grey tweed suit and checkered cap, leaning over the rail beside you as you wave a fond farewell to the Statue of Liberty, will be none other than the author of this entertaining article.

This Florida Scene

(Continued from page 94)

What if the summers are hot? I hear that in spite of the alleged cooling breezes of the realtors that there are baking, sweating days from May to November, and that mosquitoes and flies are pests. Even so. Has the husbandman from the Klondike to the Horn, lured by the profits of a truly yielding soil, ever hesitated at either the cold or the heat? Consider the Congo today. Egypt or Mesopotamia in the ancient days; Sweden and Norway; or the farmers of central and northern South America even now. And Florida is not Brazil or the Congo.

It is indeed, after a fashion, a most fortunate state. Not as diversified, and, hence, perhaps not as romantic to the eye at first, as Italy or the Riviera or California. Still it has possibilities and probabilities which by taste and artistic cultivation can be turned into scenes too exquisite for mere prose, I am sure. The gardens one sees—the estates, the sea, the streams. Not as refreshing and invigorating, perhaps, as any of the colder northern states. Yet, still a state of distinction and rare individuality. Unlike anything I have ever sensed upon any of the portions of the earth that I have ever trod—here the days and nights are of a somewhat different texture. I think if I might venture upon a characterization that haunted me at St. Augustine, at Daytona, at Tampa, Okeechobee, Palm Beach and Miami, they were (at their very best) of a warm, sensuous, pearly texture, suggesting in their look, as well as their feel, the pearly, pinky, glossiness and warmth of the interior of an exquisite conch. And one marveled at times, truly, to see against a morning or evening sky (delicate, velvety, pearly, because of the presence of a faint trace of moisture, perhaps), a sail ship, all sails spread, breasting a turquoise sea. Or, through a grove of tall serpentine cocoanut palms, the blue inland waters of a lagoon or a lake across the background of which might wing a white or a blue crane or the giant and to me almost fabulous blue heron.

It is this something of genuine tropic richness and colour in winter—and I presume even more so in summer—coupled with this amazing fertility of the soil—that convinces me that however vulgarly and stupidly and ignorantly it is being handled now, the State of Florida at some time or other will right itself and prove one of the richest and in many respects one of the most intriguing of all of those in our national galaxy.



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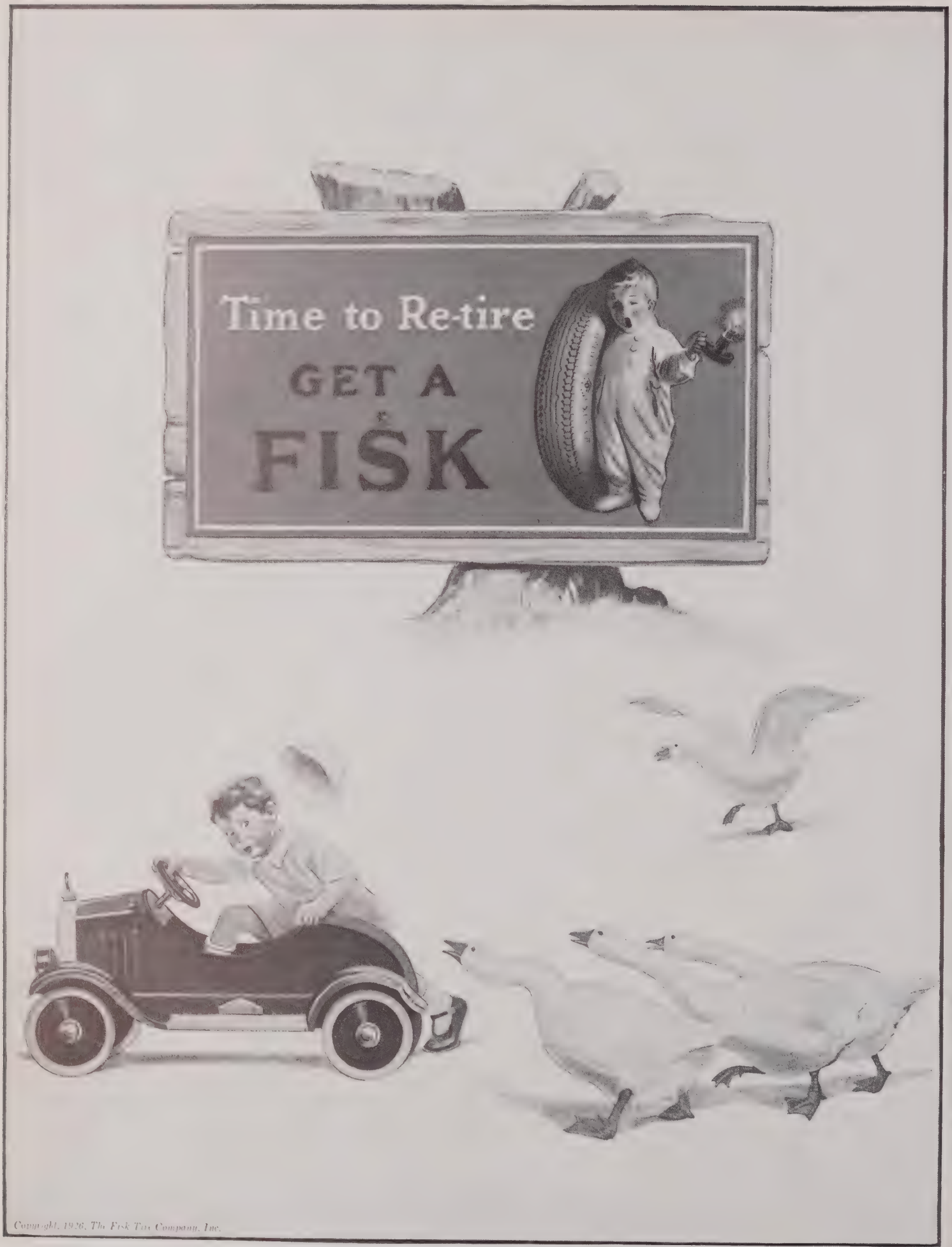
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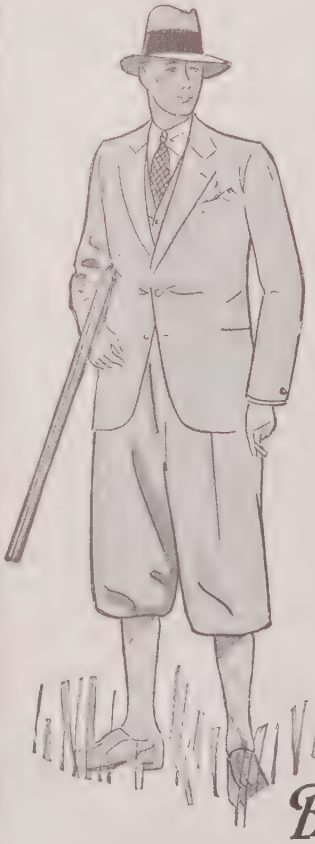
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WITH MALLETS TOWARDS NONE
Kathleen Norris, Harpo Marx, Neysa McMein and Mr. Marx's Latin tutor engaged in a bitter match within a stone's throw of Fifth Avenue—if you're a good shot and can make the grade

No Peace Unto the Wicket

(Continued from page 56)

nose. In golf, you can merely excel your opponent. In croquet you can do him injury. Do him injury? You can knock the living daylights out of him. Wherefore, in the instance of several golf addicts of my acquaintance who have recently turned to croquet, their friends note a new tranquility in their eyes, bespeaking a new, sweet peace in their hearts.

Of still another alloy which has toughened the old game, I speak with some slight hesitation. Indeed, I blushed a little when I read recently the trusting preface Mayne Reid wrote to the book of croquet rules which he put forth in 1869.

"But perhaps the finest argument in favor of croquet," Captain Reid wrote, "and certainly an important plea is its morality. It has no taint attached to it and never will. It is too refined, too intellectual, ever to become a gambler's game."

The pretty flood of colour which warmed these old cheeks on perusing that paragraph was induced by the inner knowledge that, at that very moment, a five-game match on Long Island, now standing two to two, was being played out on a bet of $1,000 a side. This match will, I do not hesitate to predict, be lost by Herbert Bayard Swope, the Executive Editor of the *New York World* and his partner, Charles Schwartz, the New York banker whose horse won the Grand National in England this spring and who will need that prize money (and all he made by swinging the Dodge Motor deal) if he intends to keep on with these reckless croquet challenges. The match will, of course, be won by Neysa McMein, the artist, and her partner, whose name at the moment escapes me. Miss McMein is unquestionably the shrewdest, most powerful and most malignant among the women players, although both Kathleen Norris and Dorothy Parker can sock a ball as a navvy might and Alice Duer Miller brings to the game a certain low cunning. Among the men players, Mr. Schwartz and Harpo Marx run neck and neck for second place. The worst player I know is probably Otto Kahn, although, in his race for last place, he must feel on his neck occasionally, the hot breath of Charles G. MacArthur, the rough boy from Chicago who wrote *Lulu Belle*. If you have ever seen F. P. A. play, you will know that that is no mean disparagement. Mr. MacArthur's game indeed leaves something to be desired—such as a good poke in the eye.

In browsing over the literature of croquet, I come upon evidences of the change at every turn. The mere attendant circumstances have undergone no end of alteration. Except in the summer, when sets preëmpt the lawns all the way from Great Neck to Montauk Point, one plays where one can. The sheep meadow in Central Park, for instance, is a fairish spot, impaired only by the fuss that nursery maids will make when you kill their charges. Thus, whenever the Marx Brothers are playing on Broadway, any bland afternoon will see the silent Marx drive up to the sheep meadow. His partner and his two opponents are with him and, as the set is kept in the luggage rack at the back of the car, it takes only about two minutes to start the game going. Contrast this with the account of the game as played in England when croquet was first introduced from Ireland in the fifties of the last century:

"The assemblage for play called 'croquet parties' were given once a week—sometimes only once a fortnight—throughout the summer season; the 'meets' being at the different mansions, according to regular turn. They were very extensive, as also somewhat expensive affairs, each costing a cold champagne dinner for nearly a hundred guests and compensation to a band of

(Continued on page 120)



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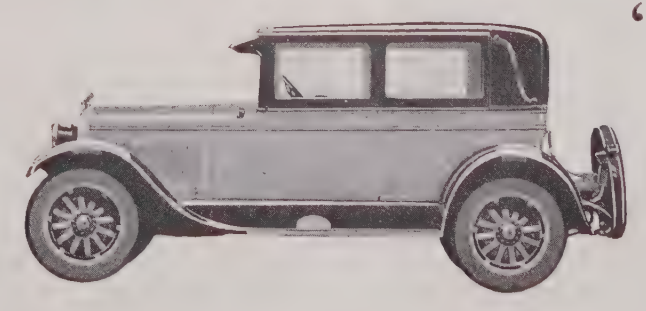
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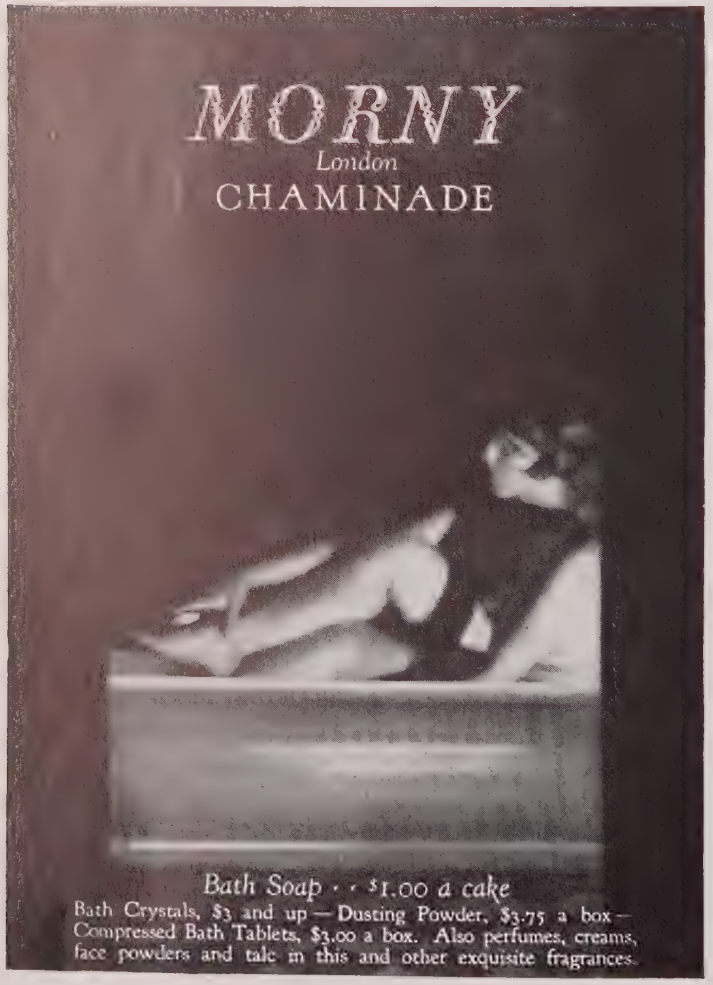
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Golf a Hundred and Fifty Years Ago

(Continued from page 84)

by the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Morton and a vast mob of the great and little besides."

There also played there a famous lawyer, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, some time President of the Court of Session. In 1728 he wrote of a game not at Leith, but at Musselburgh: "This day after a very hard pull I got the better of my son at the gowf. If he was as good at any other thing as he is at that, there might be some hopes of him."

And now what sort of a game did these golfers play and on what sort of a course? It was surely a rough and primitive course. I doubt if the greens were in any way prepared, and the players drove their balls from within a club's length or two of the hole, taking sand out of the hole to make the tee. Only in a sense can putting have been an easy art and that because the hole, from much digging for sand, must have grown pleasantly enlarged. There were few holes, but, by way of compensation, these few were of fearsome length. This was not the day of ingeniously guarded "one-shot" holes. About 1826 there were five holes at Leith, the longest some 490 yards, the shortest 415. And 490 yards was what Mr. Bob Acres would have called "a good distance" for men who played with the flimsy-shafted, long-headed club and feathery balls. How long they were we may roughly guess from a bet recorded in the Blackheath minutes about that time. In June, 1813, "Mr. Laing offers to bet a Gallon, that in the course of the season he will drive a ball 500 feet, giving him the chance of 10 strokes to accomplish it, and the choice of ground. Mr. Hamilton lays he will not do the above." Now Mr. Laing was a medal winner, one of the best players of his day, and it is unlikely that clubs and balls were better sixty years before that day. So we see that those long holes were really long and the man who could do one of them in six strokes had something to be proud of. There were no "par fours" in those days.

We may, I think, imagine our Leith golfers playing nearly all their strokes with wooden clubs. This was long before the days of the great club-maker, Hugh Philp, but the clubs had already become reasonably shapely with tapering shafts, thick, padded grips and long, shallow heads. The iron clubs were still ponderous, clumsy bludgeons and were only used for clumsy work, such as the getting out of bunkers or cart-tracks. It was a rough, Spartan game on the whole, but in one respect not so Spartan perhaps as we are disposed to fancy. That the ball should always be played where it lay or the hole given up was not the old game, though conservatives would have us believe that it was. The early code of rules dispels such a notion, and for my part I believe that when these old Leith golfers lost a ball or found it in a place they did not like, they dropped another and allowed their adversaries a stroke for the privilege. They played, as far as we know, only by match play.

It was in 1744 that the Edinburgh Town Council presented the Silver Club to be competed for by "gentlemen golfers", the date to be announced "by tuck of drum". Moreover this competition was not by medal play as we know it, for the regulations laid down "that the candidates be marked into parties of twos or of threes, if their number be great, by lot; that the player who shall have won the greatest number of holes, be victor". The first winner was John Rattray, surgeon of Edinburgh.

There is just one other thing of which we may feel tolerably certain, namely that when Mr. Rattray got back to Edinburgh he thought no more of his patients for that night . . . If he was called out to see one of them he had first of all to steep his head in a wet towel, for he and his friends celebrated the victory with many bumpers of good claret. Perhaps they did not go back to Edinburgh but repaired straightway to Straiton's Tavern or to Luckie Clephan's at Leith itself. At any rate they made merry somewhere, for we have only to read the minutes of the club gatherings later to see that golf was a truly convivial game.

Much the same things were happening, as far as we can tell, at Blackheath, the one place where golf was played at a very early date in England. Here too it was a Scottish company, a company of exiles who earned their money in London and on Saturday's holiday came down to Blackheath to play the game of their native land. For many years, and certainly around 1776, the names of the members of the society were almost all Scottish. True, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century there was one, a captain of the club, by the name of Christian Gottlieb Ruperti, who certainly was no Scotsman. I can only imagine that he was allowed into that select company because he presented so many "fine turtles" and other delicacies, as set forth in the minutes. In 1787 the Blackheath golfers met and dined at the "Chocolate House" and later at the "Green Man". We must hope that they were doing so in 1776 also.

Blackheath must have been a somewhat lonely spot in 1776. Even now, when London has crept out to it and past it, when crowds of football-playing boys have kicked away the sacred turf—at last driven the golfers away—there is something bleak about it. It is a great wide stretch of turf rising and falling in humps and hollows where once were gravel pits. Hard flinty turf it was—I have played on it often—and the old gravel pits, stonier than all the rest, made the chief hazards. In the eighteenth century those pits were still being worked and the golfers kept away from them, but in compensation they had thick clumps of gorse long since departed, save in one corner where it remains "to witness if I lie". There never were more than seven holes on Blackheath and in earlier days there were but five, modelled perhaps on those of Leith. Golf was probably only a Saturday game.

So the golfers fell to their dinner early, drank their claret and their punch, made their bets and away home. I wonder what they talked and betted about in 1776. Perhaps about some foolish speculator (but he would not have been a Scot) who had lost all his money a few years before in betting at

(Continued on page 102)

From the ADIRONDACKS *she writes of "a marble swimming pool and gorgeous towels"*



CANNON TOWELS

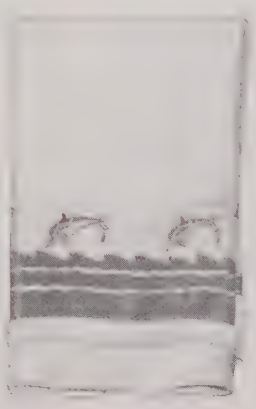
Absorb quickly-Wear well-Cost less

A CANNON

"THEY call it a camp," she wrote, "but a glorified camp it is! A dream of a place a Croesus alone could own—every conceivable luxury. Have just had a swim in a marble pool that might have been built for Cleopatra. And mother o' mine—the towels! Great, gorgeous things. I have no desire to be inordinately rich, but I do covet those Cannon towels."

When she returned to town she found she need not be rich to have Cannon towels as abundantly as her hostess had! She saw them displayed in a Fifth Avenue store, and was amazed towels so lovely could be priced so low.

Women unfamiliar with Cannon values are often incredulous when they first price Cannon towels. Compared quality for quality with other towels, Cannon prices are remarkably low, for the very finest type of towel as well as the most inexpensive in the Cannon line. The largest towel mills in the world, the Cannon mills—make towels of every kind, and through vast production are able to achieve a saving on manufacturing costs.

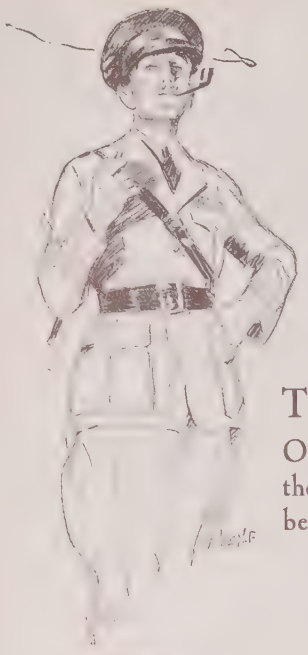


The new flying dolphin towel

The hotels of America appreciate these extraordinary Cannon values; most of them buy Cannon towels. Travel East, West, North or South—the best hotels (such as The Blackstone and The Biltmore) use Cannon towels.

Cannon towels come in unlimited variety—bath towels of a firm, close weave, all white or bordered in colors—medium-sized towels of lighter weight. Small towels, also of turkish weave, which men like so well for shaving. And hosts of splendid huck towels for the hands and face. Buy them singly or by the dozen, at prices ranging from 25 cents to $2.50 each. Sold only in dry goods and department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York.

All Cannon towels patterned or bordered in color are absolutely color-fast, and may be washed and boiled as fearlessly as all white.



LOEWE

Today as in 1856

The World's Finest Pipe

Obtainable in America only at the more exclusive clubs and the better hotels and tobacconists.

Featured at

The Commodore—New York
The McAlpin—New York
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The William Penn—Pittsburgh
—and, of course, at your own club

L&Co

LOEWE
of the Haymarket, London



Guaranteed by FABER, COE AND GREGG, INC.—*New York*

New! AGRIPPA WEB

Boston Garter



How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

and made as a garter should be

1 *Notice the Pad—no metal on face to pull it out of shape, lies flat against the leg —as a garter should.*

2 *Notice the Button—all rubber, oblong, so holds perfectly—as a garter should.*

3 *Notice the Web—new AGRIPPA, an open mesh, ventilated web with non-skid back—prevents it from slipping down even when worn quite loose. Light, soft, cool, comfortable, non-curling.*

Three easily remembered superiorities to insure garter satisfaction

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers, BOSTON

Master Minds of Censorship

(Continued from page 57)

with the woman the latter loved. *(The Jest.)*

48. A play in which a young woman proposed to a man that he seduce her in her own home. *(The Jay Walker.)*

49. A play in which a white man stole a colored mistress from her black lover. *(Lulu Belle.)*

50. A play in which a young girl married to a cripple and needing sexual relief ran off with a lusty sailor. *(Port o' London.)*

51. A play in which a married woman entered a man's bedroom in a night-dress ostensibly with a view to sacrificing her virtue. *(The Night Duel.)*

52. A play in which a married man defended his mistress against his wife. *(The Unchastened Woman.)*

53. A play in which a lumberjack tore the chemise off a young girl and tried forcibly to deflower her. *(The Virgin.)*

54. A play in which an old woman, a guest in the house of a man and his mistress, prayed that a young man would ravish her. *(The Masque of Venice.)*

55. A play in which a young man enjoyed illicit intercourse with a married woman and in which a Lesbian made a play for young girls. *(Nirvana.)*

56. A play in which a young girl was debauched by a young man and had a baby by him. *(Juno and the Paycock.)*

57. A play in which a man exhibited violent symptoms of his lust for a young woman. *(Devils.)*

58. A play in which an old woman betrayed her evil thoughts by leading on an old man. *(The Chief Thing.)*

59. A play in which a woman entered into illegal relations with a man she fancied. *(Ashes of Love.)*

60. A play in which a half-naked yellow girl employed all her sex resources to get a white man into her grip. *(The Half-Caste.)*

61. A play in which a young white girl had numerous sex affairs among South Africans. *(Kongo.)*

62. A play in which a young married woman went sex-crazy and seduced a clergyman. *(Bride of the Lamb.)*

63. A play in which a young woman told the man who coveted her that she would willingly surrender to his importunities. *(Glory Hallelujah.)*

64. A play with a passage of sex *double entente* that made *Jurgen* seem stuff for babes. *(Pomeroy's Past.)*

65. A play whose leading scene was laid in the bedroom of a couple of unmarried lovers. *(At Mrs. Beam's.)*

66. A play that eloquently championed a woman who lived openly in sin with a man. *(Beau-Strings.)*

67. A play that dealt realistically with the pastimes of a harlot. *(Sex.)*

Omitting a record of the many revues, that contained more smut than all these plays rolled together, and omitting, also, a number of the revivals that dealt largely with incest, syphilis, sexual intercourse, murder, degeneracy and concupiscence generally, we find that the above list represents considerably more than a third of all the plays produced during the season.

Not a voice has been lifted against any of them. And yet the moralists go down into a remote corner of the town, where men and women are as tough as stale beefsteaks, and demand that the lid be clapped on the innocent spectacle of a fat girl shaking her middle.

Paul Revere's Ride

(Continued from page 54)

"and that reason, Mr. Revere, is that a Juno product is a guaranteed product." He asked me about the extra sixpence a tin and I asked him if he would rather pay a sixpence less and get an inferior grade of acid and he said, "No." So I finally landed an order of three dozen tins of Vulcan No. 2 and a dozen jars of Acme Silver Polish, as Mr. Revere is a silversmith, also, on the side.

Took a look around Lexington before I went back to Boston, but didn't see any engraving plants. Lexington is pretty quiet right now.

Respectfully submitted,
THADDEUS OLIN

Attached.
Expense Voucher
Juno Acid Bath Corp., New York
Thaddeus Olin, Agent.

Hotel in Boston	15s.
Stage fare	30s.
Meals (4 days)	28s.
Entertaining prospects	£3 4s.
Horse rent. Charlestown to Lexington and return	£2 6s.
Total Expense	£9 3s.
To Profit on three dozen tins of Vulcan No. 2 and	18s.
One dozen jars Acme Silver Polish	4s.
	£1 2s.
Net Loss	£8 1s.

Golf a Hundred and Fifty Years Ago

(Continued from page 100)

golf. I hope they wore red coats with blue facings. A little later red coats were the order of the day; each club had its uniform and there was the fine of a bottle or more on those that did not wear it. So let us, in our picture, assume the red coats, as they were worn by William Innes and Henry Callender, when Lemuel Abbott painted them. When the coach was nearly due let us fancy them drinking as their last toast:

Happy to meet, sorry to part,
Happy to meet again.

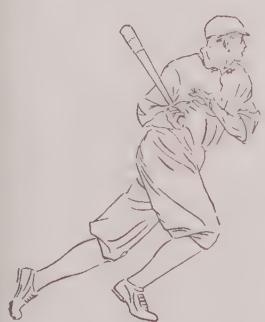
RELAX



GRANTLAND RICE
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

As editor of the American Golfer, a frequent contributor to various periodicals, and through his newspaper column, *The Sportlight*, Mr. Rice is known to millions of readers as America's most authoritative writer on sports.







Relax to Win

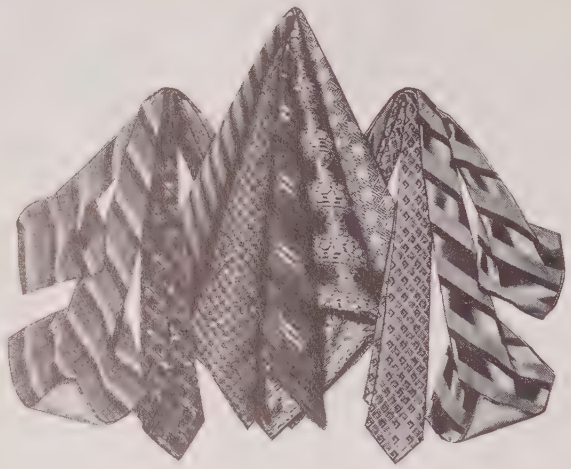
NO human system can catapult its way through competition without breathing spells for relaxation and rest. Brain, nerve and muscle can be used under pressure just so much and then, unless relaxation is brought in, staleness and the slumping period follow in swift and depressing succession. There must be rest or there is sure to be wreckage.

The fatal slump has checked the winning rush of many a team and many an individual star in every branch of sport. And the basis of this slump has always been extended tension without a resting place along the speedway of ambition. Stretch a piece of elastic too long and the snap disappears. Leading coaches and trainers are featuring more and more the importance of rest at the right spot. "Form", the brilliant Hek once wrote, "is the brief interval between getting ready and growing stale."

But why grow stale? Any arrangement which leads to greater relaxation is a vital help in this high pressure age. The right amount of relaxation is one of the foundations of coolness, calmness and enduring form, stamina and skill. There is no substitute for work and in the same fashion there is no substitute for rest that helps to build up a needed nerve reserve.

Grantland Rice

Grantland Rice's strong views on Relaxation are the result of nearly twenty-five years' study and observation. In the face of his findings, who can doubt the value of the Relaxation which Watson Stabilators have brought to Motoring?



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Our Offerings in Summer Cravats reflect a Difference in Character that is instantly recognized. Luxurious French Silk Crepes, $6.00 each; English Foulards, $3.50 each; Bow Ties range in price from $2.00 to $4.00 each.

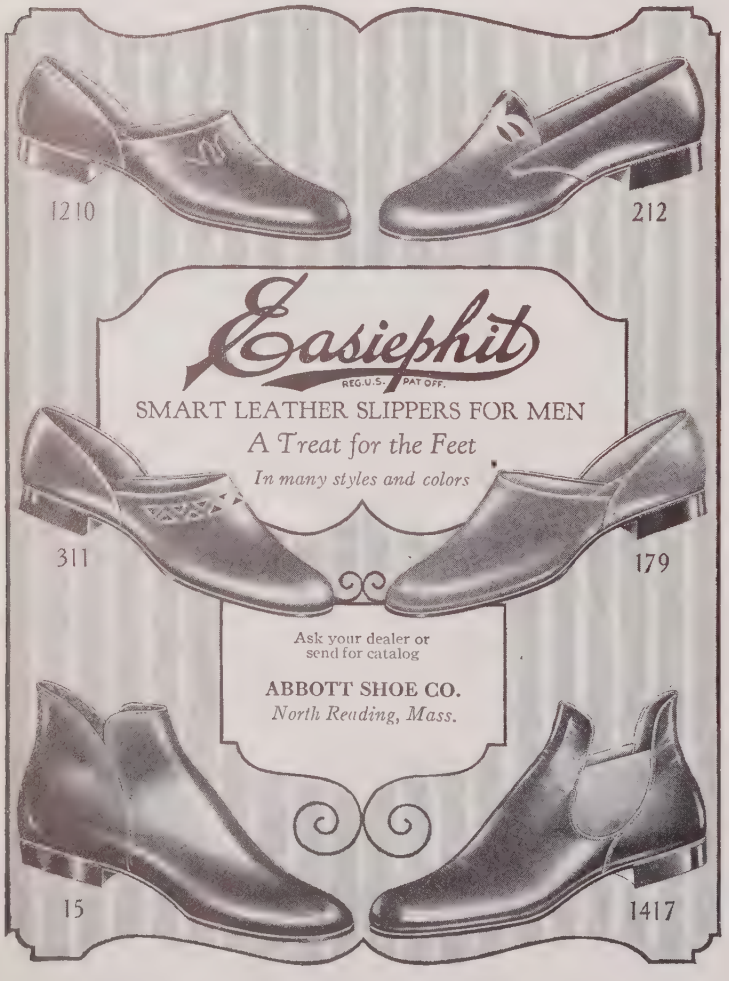
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2 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE



The Games of Our Forefathers

(Continued from page 86)

the rules covering irregularities in the play.

OTHER CARD GAMES

During the last 150 years quite a number of games belonging to the Whist family have come and gone, notably Boston and Solo Whist.

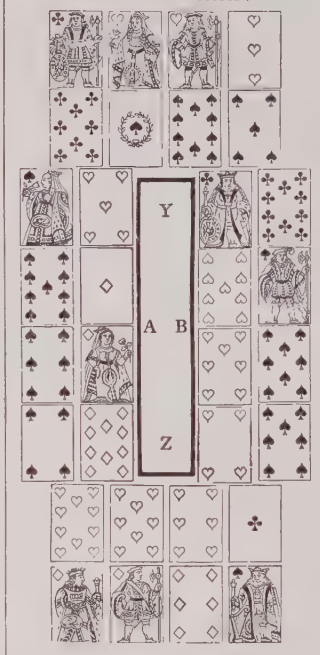
Poker, by some still regarded as the national game of America, came to this country by way of New Orleans toward the end of the 18th century. The only game resembling Poker that was played here 150 years ago was the English game of Brag, and it is interesting to note that the cards which were then indicated as braggers were simply "deuces wild". At first, however, Poker was played with only twenty cards, all of which were dealt out to four players, and it was not until about 1830 that the game was played with the full pack.

This game, like all other favourites, has undergone a number of changes, designed to bring it into line with progressive ideas of what a card game should be. The draw to improve the hand was introduced shortly before the Civil War, and jack-pots were invented about 1870 to put a crimp on the "safety players" who followed the advice of Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, and never bet on a hand unless they had three of a kind or better. Shortly after this straights were introduced, and so little was then known about the comparative value of the hands with regard to the probability of getting them that one always had to ask, when sitting down to play, whether straights or triplets were the better hand.

Close on the heels of the straight came the straight flush, so as to preclude any absolute certainty like four aces. This led to a number of stories about card manipulators dealing each of four men in the game a royal straight flush, and watching them bet everything they had on them. In later years, in order to nullify still further the mathematical knowledge of the experts, the stripped pack and deuces wild were added to the jack-pot, until finally we seem to have forgotten all about the original highly scientific game and are now playing all Jacks, or Stud, with its cousin Peek Poker, both of which are quite recent additions to the poker family. The next step will be for some mathematical genius to reduce Stud Poker to a science.

One of the oldest of all card games is Cribbage, which has the distinction of never having been improved upon or changed in more than 150 years. Piquet is another old game, but has been made over in several details. A game that was very popular, especially in Great Britain, 150 years ago, was Maw, which was fashionable as far back as the time of James I, and a variety of it is still played in Ireland under the name of Spoil Five.

PROBLEM LXXXV



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want all the tricks. How do they get them? Solution in the August issue

It is from this game that many suppose we got the once immensely popular game of Euchre. Although Spoil Five is played with the full pack, in both games the jacks outrank the other high cards in trumps. The deal is the same, five cards to each player, and the object is the same; to prevent any player from winning three tricks; that is, to "euchre" him. All efforts to discover the origin or meaning of the word "euchre" have failed, and there is nothing to show how the transition from the older games of Maw and Spoil Five to the modern game of Euchre came about.

Pinochle, another very popular game in America today, is descended from a game that was played 150 years ago called Marriage, and sometimes Matrimony, Cinq-cents, and Brusquembille, from which latter game we get the term "brisques" for the aces and tens in both Pinochle and Bezique. Bezique suddenly became very popular in England about 1869, but later died out. From being a game for two persons, drawing from the stock after each trick, Pinochle has gradually passed through an intermediate stage, in which it was a partnership game for four players, into its present form, which is a bidding game for three persons, with the surplus cards at the end of the deal left on the table for a "widow", to be taken by the highest bidder, who plays against the two others. This is almost as great a departure from the original game as Auction Bridge is from Whist.

DICE GAMES

A game that was once universally played by the nobility and gentry in England, and by men of wealth and position in America 150 years ago, has now descended to the depths, and is the ruling passion of the coloured race and the chief standby of the blackleg. This game was Hazard, now familiarly known as Craps. Some of the most sensational gambling stories that have come down to us from the eighteenth century are about fortunes won and lost at Hazard. Our Poker stories of

(Continued on page 113)



A full orchestra on a lanterned lawn

Twinkling keys and jazzing saxophones in your garden—as clear and loud and real as if the piano stood out under the elm, with the full thirty-piece orchestra there, ripping out its rhythms. What an invitation to a garden party! Then, a melody from Thais wafted through the trees. *Real!* The full, clear tone, unspoiled by mechanism. And the full, clear *volume*.

All this — with a Radiola 28 and the RCA power loudspeaker. The house wires supply its current without batteries. A loop captures the music —with no antenna! And the loudspeaker can reproduce the full volume of an orchestra! It gives to radio new power— and new sweetness.



This eight tube super-heterodyne tunes with a single control—rolls in station after station with a single finger's beckoning. Indoors or outdoors, in a living room or a spacious hall, it remakes the joys of summer—with music.

Operates on 50 to 60 cycle Hybrid A.C.

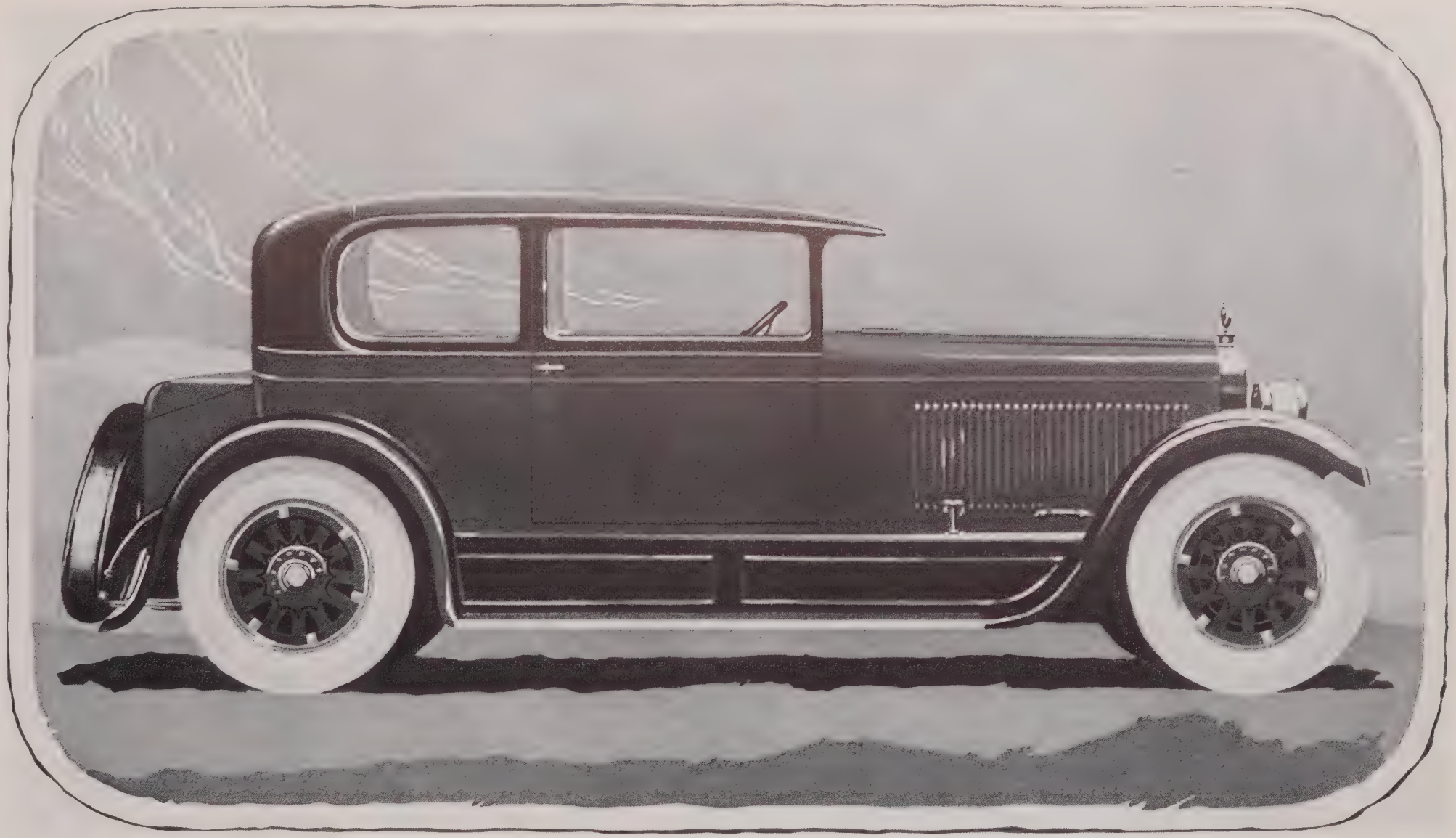
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RCA Radiola



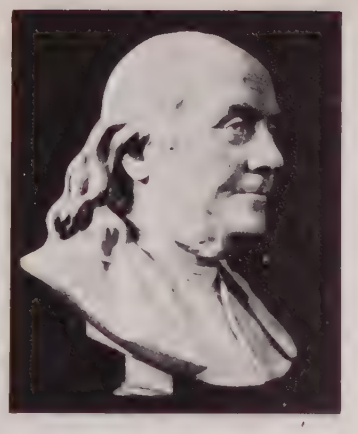
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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
The bust by Houdon, the sculptor whose John Paul Jones appears on another page of this issue, is the property of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia

Our Colonial Ancestors

(Continued from page 92)

Beaux Stratagem, Congreve's *The Mourning Bride*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Jane Shore*, *Cymbeline*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar* and *The Provoked Husband*. The *South Carolina Gazette* at the end of the season declared the theatre had been "warmly countenanced and supported" and praised highly the work of the company. In addition to this varied theatrical fare, Charleston had regular concerts by the Saint Cecilia Society, one of which Josiah Quincy of Boston attended, and was amazed to find 250 ladies present, much superior in dress to his New England acquaintances and greatly excelling the Yankee women, too, "in taciturnity during the performance."

Then, of course, in Charleston and all other Colonial cities there were rather stately balls and parties. Certainly a city the size of Charleston in 1773, which supports a winter repertoire of 56 bills, and concerts in addition, is not exactly pining away for entertainment. And, so far as Charleston is concerned, it is quite safe to say that it had a far better theatre in 1773-74 than it has in this year of grace, 1926! That theatrical repertoire would have been repeated and extended in New York in 1774-75, and in Philadelphia in 1776, had the war not intervened, and Williamsburg, Virginia, Annapolis, and some other cities would have had a taste of it, too.

There were some barbarous customs still left in 1776, such as shift marriages. It was generally a widow who was married in her shift. Clad only in this one garment, she crossed the road to the waiting groom and parson and the necessary and perhaps embarrassed witnesses, thus to signify that her new husband didn't have to pay any of her former husband's debts. There were shift marriages in Rhode Island into the 19th century. It seems to have been a case of thrift as well as shift! There were cruel and excessive punishments still in force, too, for what now look like very minor crimes. Insanity was often regarded in a humorous light, and a woman's worth still was too often reckoned in terms of fertility. But private property was generally considered sacred, and whole communities never locked their doors. (They don't to this day on Nantucket Island.) Men and women had passions then as now, and one didn't grow up without peril.

But the general tone of the communities was still strongly moralistic, in all the Colonies; the lost terrors of Calvinism had not meant the loss of the "ethic ought", all meetings still began with prayer, and even the most worldly men could not escape the surrounding sense of other-worldliness, of religious compulsion. That, with the intellectual alertness of the population, and their swelling sense of independence and potential power and dignity, made for a race of peculiarly active, self-directed, well-intentioned people, whose lives may have lacked many of the comforts, the luxuries, the mental and aesthetic stimulants, we enjoy today, but who were compensated for this lack by a certain deep and earnest zest in existence which seemed to them divinely ordained by the laws of God and Man. When the Liberty Bell pealed in 1776 it struck an emotional chord in American bosoms that can perhaps never be reached again. Their minds were ready, their hearts were ready, and they had talked with God.

On the whole, not a bad time to have lived in!

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Walter Prichard Eaton, the author of the above article, is an authority on the history of early America. Few men are so well informed on the Revolutionary background, whether aesthetic, political or sociologic. Mr. Eaton has rendered invaluable aid in the planning and preparation of this Sesqui-Centennial number.



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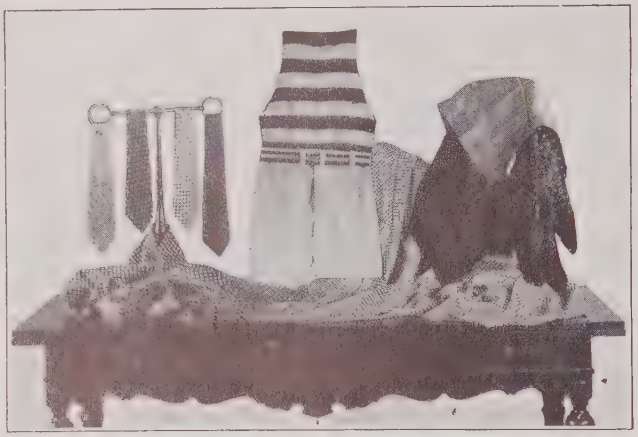
Write us for catalog or call and see demonstration.

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Write name below in margin of page

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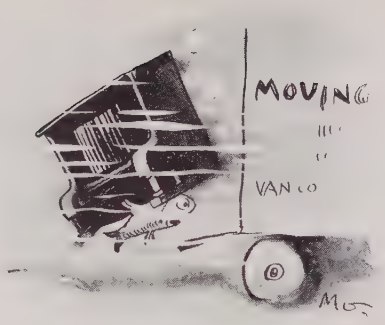
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FLANUL FELTS *introduced by*
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DE BUSTUN HOBBER

"Wot it domped in de Bustun Hobber de whole coggo tea. So from dees it come foist Bonker Heel, den gredually it come efter, Welly Fudge"

An Antidote from de Bustun Tippotty

(Continued from page 75)

whole coggo tea. So from dees it came foist Bonker Heel. Den gredually it come efter, Welly Fudge, witt a sooprice poddy ulso in Tranton wot it made Judge Washington for de Hasshans—und de Sidge from Yukton wot it came out from dees a annoncement so:—

"HOCK YE, HOCK YE HON UDDER HEFTER JULY DE FUTT SAVENTIN HONDRED WITT SAVENTY SEEX SO DEES CONTRY'LL GONNA BE UNDER NEW MENEGEMENT WOT ITS DE UNITED STATES FROM AMERICA ESTEBLISHED 1776 WERRY TROOLY BY YOU

JOHN HENCOCK UND COMPANY"

(Hm!—sotch a dollink baby zipped opp all de binzoop!)

Way Up Town

(Continued from page 51)

However, there is no getting away from the vast power inherent in the group which draw the covers on the magazines. So great is the responsibility of these gentlemen that I should think their hands would shake and the pens or pencils flutter from their fingers. It is within their will to put hips on the female form or take them off. *Pygmalion*, yes I know his line was sculpture, was abashed when he modelled a woman and she came to life. But after all he brought only one into the world and if he botched the job it made no difference. He had no access, in his day, to circulations going over two million.

Now it's different. If the illustrator's hand slips ever so little, his error will be taken up by millions of young women throughout this broad land. Suppose he calls his heroine "Miss America" and by some mishap turns her out cross-eyed. Within the week you will see little but cross-eyes on Broadway and in a year, the fashion will have ruined the rising generation in Wichita.

The Scriptures say that man cannot add a cubit to his stature by taking thought. The rule does not apply to women. They are governed by the laws of creative evolution laid down first by Samuel Butler and later amplified by Shaw. Women look the way they want to look. Speaking with brutal frankness, I ask you is the female chest just as it was some twenty years ago? I know of course that dressmakers can do something and there are lotions and the like, but I am speaking of anatomy. There is something psychic I am sure in the way the Andes, within one generation, have dwindled into the mountains of Nebraska.

The wisdom of providence is borne out by certain factors in this change. Many things have been well arranged. If Marilyn Miller had been born in the year that the world first knew the infant Lillian Russell, would Miss Miller have been a reigning queen of musical comedy? I doubt it. And if Lillian Russell was coming to the stage for the first time now, I have a strong conviction that the best which she could expect from Mr. Ziegfeld's casting man, would be a letter to Billy Watson, the burlesque impresario.

Fish in the Mammoth Cave discard their eyes as useless and where a fish can go, a clean American girl can follow. Mr. Gibson made his heroines prodigiously tall and in twenty years the average stature of Vassar girls increased two and five-tenths inches. John Held's flappers are diminutive and it seems to me that modern woman shrinks almost visibly before the eye.

This time, not all the blame or credit should go to Held, or any other illustrator. The Gibson girl disappeared, among other reasons, because she lacked utility. You could not put her into a chummy roadster with any comfort. She would even dwarf a large New York apartment. And naturally she'd never go there without a chaperone.

The net result of my researches so far, is that I do not want to make my Nation's laws, nor even its songs. I want to feel the thrill of power and be the fellow who draws the pictures.

284 *The Book of Hosiery*

A MAN'S lucky number, with no gamble in it, is this remarkable number 284, one of the most satisfying "he-man's socks" that even Phoenix has ever built.

It has style to marvel at, and a color choice that is one of the season's talked about things. It is long-mileage hosiery, made of tenacious strands of pure Japanese silk, with an extra mileage foot, including the clever *tipt-toe* and *tipt-heel*, supplying important reinforcements where most needed.

Ask your Phoenix retailer for number 284, which sells everywhere for 75 cents a pair, and eliminate all hosiery gamble.



PHOENIX

LSB ©

PHOENIX
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MILWAUKEE

1776  1926

George Washington, the greatest dandy of his period, found time to be a good father to his country. There are no dandies today. But now, as then, a gentleman has his clothes specially tailored.

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Loud Speaker

(Continued from page 68)

by gosh! Barbara, you can't seem to get it through your head that I've had a *bad year!* I've lost a *lot of money!* You've got no right to go and chuck away five hundred dollars on a lot of junk.

BARBARA *(pleading, while reproachful tears tremble beneath her gentle lids):* But Geoffrey, it's so lovely! Wait till you hear it . . .

GEOFFREY: What *is* it? What do you *do* with it?

BARBARA *(in a thrilling voice, with dramatic effect): You hear George Washington speak with it.*

GEOFFREY: You do *what?*

BARBARA: You hear George Washington speak with it. And Martha too. And Cicero, and Cleopatra, and William Shakespeare, just as though they were in the room. *(She produces still another voice, a charming combination of mystery and awe.)* It's a new kind of radio.

GEOFFREY *(falls trembling into a chair):* For God's sake! Can't you spend enough money on whatever you do spend it on, without going and falling for every piece of junk you see besides? As though you didn't fritter away every cent I can make . . .

BARBARA: You're just annoyed when anybody mentions George Washington or any great American like that, because you didn't have any ancestors in the Revolution and I did, and you just can't get *over* it! It's just a low form of jealousy.

GEOFFREY *(simmering):* Don't high-hat *me!* I suppose you've forgotten how you bragged about being descended from Paul Revere until you found out he was a blacksmith and then you denied ever having mentioned him, and said you were descended from the Marquis de Lafayette instead. Of all the . . .

BARBARA *(preferring to ignore this):* Oh, but Geoffrey, please listen! It's the most marvelous scientific thing, this new radio, and after all, everybody always said you were about the only man they knew who really understood the Einstein theory when it was so popular . . .

GEOFFREY: Well?

In the garden, the moon has risen. Through half-open French doors, the poplar trees are blurred in the night wind, the grass is laced with the platinum of a young moon. Its silver light breaks in little crescents upon Barbara, as she begins to speak.

BARBARA: Well, there's a theory, which some radio expert is working on, that since every sound that is made and every word that is spoken goes winging through the ether in a succession of sound waves for eternity, that somewhere at the end of these waves are lingering words that were spoken centuries ago. You understand that, Geoffrey?

GEOFFREY: Certainly. Go on.

BARBARA: And this radio expert has been trying to perfect a radio, very delicately balanced, which can so project itself into the vibrations of the air that it will be able to pick up these words of a century, or two centuries ago; so that we can hear, sitting in this room, Washington's farewell address to his soldiers, or Cicero's orations, or Pocahontas talking to Captain John Smith . . .

GEOFFREY: Sounds like perfect damn nonsense to me. Where is it?

Barbara pushes forward a small table which has been hidden by a screen, and reveals the radio. It is the only clearly defined thing in the room, now filled with a haze of moonlight. She turns the dials.

BARBARA: You can put it back a hundred years, a hundred and fifty, or two hundred . . . sometimes, they say, if the air is very clear, you can go back as far as three hundred years, Geoffrey. What shall I turn it to?

GEOFFREY *(shifting in his chair: the thing with its black, projecting face has made him uneasy):* Oh, put it back a hundred and fifty years. You won't hear anything anyway.

She twists the dials again, puts in the plug. There is utter silence, save for the light whispering of the wind in the tranquil garden.

THE VOICE: I pray you, Martha, instruct the servants to set forth an excellent fine repast tonight. We are dining Kiashuta, the Seneca chief.

Another voice drifts wearily into the room. It is as though a cloud had strangled it a little.

THE SECOND VOICE: Oh fie, George! Another Indian? 'Tis common gossip in the town that General Washington's home is become but a meeting-place for Indians of the most bloodthirsty caliber. For have we not dined four sets of Indians on four several nights in the last week? I weary of your Indians.

GEORGE: It is but our duty, Madam. The Indians in these perilous times have suffered trials grievous beyond the puny comprehension of such favoured mortals as ourselves . . .

MARTHA: It has but increased their gluttony, it seems.

GEORGE: Gluttony! There is a word I would tremble before, Madam, were I in your shoes. For was I not this very morning afflicted—afflicted, Madam!—to behold as much bacon stored in the smokehouse as would fill a fortification? A quantity, forsooth, in excess of husbandry. And I cannot but believe that it was provisioned with your full knowledge and consent, for you are a notorious hand for the fat of hogs, while I—

MARTHA: That bacon, George, is for the poor.

GEORGE: The poor, indeed! Then well may it find its way into our larder, for unless you retrench in your personal habits, Madam, you will not find a more penurious in a day's journey! The Indians, now—

MARTHA: Oh, have done with your Indians, George. I will sup them . . . but it must be in the company of another, for I expect Dr. Franklin to take tea with me, and I have it in my mind to ask him if he will stay and sup.

GEORGE: What, Ben Franklin again! Will you never have done with dining these sparkish and unabstemious gentlemen who consume a greater quantity of my Madeira than I could replace with all the gold in the Treasury?

MARTHA *(coldly):* They are in ex-

(Continued on page 109)

Loud Speaker

(Continued from page 108)

cellent competition, George, with you as host.

GEOFFREY *(in a voice of wonder)*: It's just like a quiet evening at home.

MARTHA WASHINGTON *(continuing)*: . . . And when you speak of retrenching, George, it is well known that a lady of fashion cannot be seen at a levee two evenings in succession wearing the same plume. Why, is not Susan Boudriot a very laughing-stock, having appeared twice at the Embassy wearing the headdress of white ostrich feathers for which she set forth but a guinea three months ago? You bid me set an example, George, to the ladies of our acquaintance, yet you deny me the wherewithal to do it!

GEORGE: 'Tis true I profess myself a votary of economy . . .

MARTHA: Economy, forsooth! Parsimony were a better word. I have this month purchased but one white brocade silk trimmed with silver, a light blue sash with silver cord and tassel, small white hat with ostrich feather confined by a brilliant band and buckle; and for the ball at the French ambassador's—

GEORGE: Oh, Lord!

MARTHA: An egret, sir, pure and simple. For a woman may be a pattern of all the virtues, but she cannot wear a new turban of velours gauze without an egret. . . . Put down that claret, sir! Do you desire your friends, the Indians, to find you in your cups?

GEORGE: I do but fortify myself against a coming blow. The price of an egret, Madam—what is it?

MARTHA: A matter of three guineas. Far less than you have spent upon Burgundy and Madeira, and a sum, I vow, far in advance of that with which you provisioned me when you went off for three days, God knows where, with that ill-conditioned rascal, Mr. Pinckney—

GEORGE: We did but hunt along the lordly Potomac, whereon I catched a duck which, had you practised a wifely economy, would have lasted us well into the week, and more.

MARTHA: 'Tis true, it would—had you not seen fit to bid seven gentlemen come and dine that very evening who, with great fury and violence, set upon the duck until I was put to't to find aught for myself but gristle.

GEORGE *(acidly)*: My balmiest consolations, Madam! But there is always the bacon.

MARTHA: Enough, sir, of the bacon! In the most solemn occasions you find naught but pretext to twit me about the bacon! *(She sighs, an exquisite wisp of sound faltering down the ages.)*

At the same moment, the connection breaks abruptly. Outside the windows, the poplar trees sway in a sudden wind. The sky darkens. A low rumble of thunder echoes among the hills. A storm is coming up.

BARBARA: Oh, I can't bear to have it stop there!

A flash of lightning freezes the room into cold silver, and is gone. But the voice continues.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: . . . Three times this week has the hogshead required replenishing, which fact in itself bespeaks your painful lack of abstinence.

GEORGE *(mildly)*: I do but drink to carry off a cold.

MARTHA: I would liefer you succumbed. Yet you come by it honestly, the Lord knows, for was it not your ancestor, Sir John de Wessyngton, was Prior of the Benedictine Convent where, they tell me, the brewing of spiritous liquors goes on apace!

GEORGE *(sternly)*: Do not attempt in so lordly a fashion, Madam, to twit me with my ancestors. It is in exceeding ill-taste . . . and yet . . . *(his voice melts to a sickening pity)* yet what can I expect, poor lady, from one descended as yourself from—er—Dandridges? A pallid procession of wizened county clerks and village parsons!

MARTHA: Rail away, George! . . . But hush! . . . I hear Mr. Franklin . . .

A second flash of lightning severs the voice, and this time it does not return. At the same moment, the front door opens and closes, and there is the sound of a staccato arrival in the hall. Basil Swope has come for dinner.

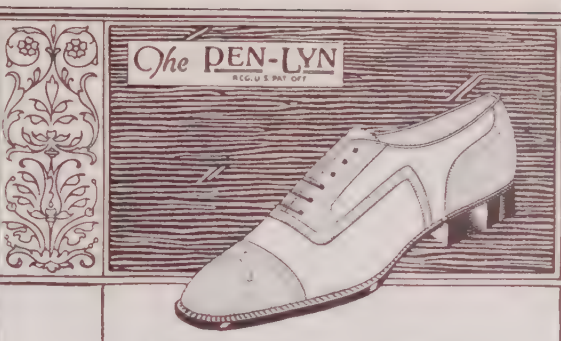
Barbara rises quickly, switches on the lights in the room, and turns to greet him. All of her gestures are bright with welcome: her face alone is, ever so slightly, a mask.

BASIL *(entering the room like a petal blowing downstream, in a series of little curves and rushes)*: Ah, Mrs. Wingate! Do I intrude upon your domestic scene? A radio, I perceive . . . A radio . . . a touch of home! *(His glance bestows an accolade upon the radio)* . . . "Household Hints", I presume?

BARBARA *(looking at Geoffrey as she takes Basil's arm)*: Yes, Mr. Swope; I suppose you could call it . . . household hints.

She smiles charmingly, as they go in to dinner.





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The Boston Massacre

(Continued from page 66)

leaning on a stick. Another shot, fired by Private Kilroy, caused the death of Samuel Gray. The other victims were perfectly innocent bystanders, James Caldwell, a sailor, and two persons who had just come outdoors to see the supposed fire: Samuel Maverick, a youth of seventeen, and one Patrick Carr. The two latter died of their wounds during the following days. Six other men were badly, but not fatally wounded. Thus, five men were killed. This was the Boston "Massacre".

Now the church bells were ringing everywhere; the drums beat to arms, and the Twenty-ninth Regiment was called out and drawn up for platoon firing. Hundreds of citizens poured into the streets, and there was every prospect of a veritable massacre. But the Lieutenant-governor arrived, pacified the crowd, ordered the arrest of Captain Preston and his squad, and, in general, saved the situation. It was on the following day, after a great town-meeting at Faneuil Hall, that its delegate, Samuel Adams, confronted the Royal officers in the council chamber, and standing before the Lieutenant-governor, the Colonel and the Council, demanded the instant removal of both regiments. "Both regiments or none!" was the cry, and both of them went, to be known derisively in Parliament for years afterwards, as the "Sam Adams regiments". It was the subordination of the military to the civil power, and as such is not lightly to be considered in the history of either of the English speaking countries. The dead men were given a great public funeral as they were carried to their graves in the Old Granary burying ground.

Months after the funeral of Attucks and the others, followed a strange event, and one highly creditable to the law-respecting spirit of both English and Americans. After a wait until November, to allow everybody to cool off, Captain Preston and eight soldiers were put on trial in Boston for murder. The prosecution for the Crown was conducted by Robert Treat Paine, afterwards a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Samuel Quincy, who was a loyalist, adhering to the King's party. Quincy subsequently left the country at the time of the Revolution and died at Antigua. But now he prosecuted the King's soldiers for killing the King's subjects. The English captain and soldiers, on the other hand, were defended by John Adams, afterwards second President of the United States, and Josiah Quincy, Jr., younger brother of the Counsel for the Crown.

Captain Preston was tried first. The hearing lasted six days, but as soon as the jury had the case the Captain was immediately acquitted. Then the eight soldiers, headed by one William Wemms, and including both Kilroy and Montgomery, were given a trial lasting more than a week. Fifty witnesses appeared for the soldiers, whose plea was self-defense. The jury acquitted them all of murder, but found Kilroy and Montgomery guilty of manslaughter.

"They prayed the benefit of clergy, which was allowed them." This does not mean, as it seems to be understood to mean, that they asked for a priest to shrive them. Nor does it refer to any ceremony of the church. The title of Mr. Kipling's story, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, has made many of its readers think that the "benefit" was the marriage service,—a ceremony with which the two chief characters of that tale had dispensed. The two soldiers asked for a privilege allowed by an old provision of English law, soon repealed in America, and finally in England. Persons *able to read* (and therefore "clerks" in the archaic sense) were, on their first conviction for certain offenses, entitled to exemption from punishment. What the punishment for manslaughter in Massachusetts in 1770 may have been, I do not know, but it must have been se-

(Continued on page 122)

A Nation in Search of a Drama

(Continued from page 45)

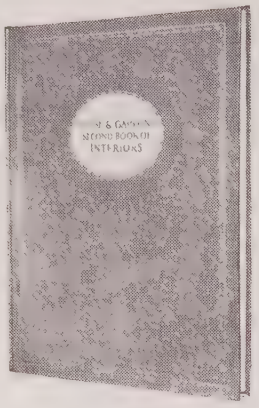
policeman, or it may be the life and death of a Jonathan. Its locale may be the back room of a waterfront saloon, a steel mill, or "a country home on Long Island". Whatever its ingredients, it will be an American play with a native background and a native technique. American playwrights have been, of late, looking far too much to European models for style, method and characters. Our great play will come about irrespective of foreign influences. On its evolutionary path it will unquestionably be guilty of numerous cruditi·s in manner and execution. But perfection in a native and self-sprung art does not suddenly arrive after a mere hundred and fifty years. For the present at least our native plays must remain in the vernacular; the suave, the beautifully concocted phrase will come later, perhaps when it comes to form part of our cultural tradition. If we ever have this great play—and it seems likely enough—you will find it the work of some unpretentious fellow who has no thought of prosperity and no respect for the great traditions of his craft.

Spanning the years that have intervened between the eventful production of the *School for Scandal*, which so beguiled Mr. Royall C. Tyler into writing the play called *The Contrast*, and the theatrical season of 1925-1926, one may find a playwright of this sort in every generation. Although many attempts have been made, so far none of them has been productive of a masterpiece. If one is to judge from the records, the best of the native drama so far has invariably been the work fro·n generation to generation of the American playwright writing on an American theme, who has thought least of making a contribution to American theatrical art.

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New York a Century and a Half Ago

(Continued from page 61)

with the original Dutch stock still pretty much in control, though numerically greatly outnumbered.

The town was physically well kept, for that time. Streets were paved, and as well lighted as could be expected from oil lamps. After unhappy experiments with citizen guards, the corporation was forced to establish a paid force, doubled on certain holidays, since "great Damages are frequently done on the Eve of the last Day of December, and on the first and second Days of January by Persons going from House to House with Guns and other Fire Arms, and being often intoxicated with Liquor". So it seems New Year celebration was early a peculiar custom of New York. Crime waves were not unknown, but were usually chargeable to sailors on leave or English convicts transported to the Colonies. In the punishment of criminals, New York followed the harsh methods prevailing in the eighteenth century. Imprisonment for debt was common. Whippings were publicly administered for small offenses. A newspaper in 1764 states that "a New Pillory, with a large Wooden Cage behind it, was erected between the New Gaol and the Work House. The Cage is said to be designed for disorderly Boys, Negroes, &c., who publickly break the Sabbath". The number of criminals hanged in the city was appalling.

The chief amusements of the time were balls, sleighing-parties, boating and fishing, skating and excursions into the country. "Turtle feasts" at the estates on the East River were held in high esteem. A party of thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies would dine together (presumably on turtle soup), drink tea in the afternoon, fish and otherwise amuse themselves until evening, and then return to the city in Italian chaises—perhaps stopping for further refreshments at some of the genial taverns on the way back. "Pleasure-gardens" were numerous and successful. Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens, near the southern borders of Lispenard's Meadows, were most frequented by persons of fashion. Here were provided music, a hall for dancing, lamplight groves in which to stroll, and "tables spread with various delicacies". Brannan's Garden was a humbler, day-time resort.

There were theatrical performances of a sort in New York as early as 1702, but the first play presented in America by professional actors is believed to have been Farquhar's sprightly and free-spoken comedy, *The Recruiting Officer*. This performance took place in the "New Theatre", in the "building of the Hon. Rip Van Dam, Esq." (probably in Nassau Street), on December 6, 1732. There is no record of the earlier theatre which seems implied in the word "New". One of the chief rôles was played by "the ingenious Mr. Thomas Heady, barber and *Perruque* maker to His Honour". This "doubling" in professions was not uncommon in the theatre of that day.

Early New York theatres were wooden structures, generally painted red. They represented a very moderate investment, were not well adapted to their purpose, and were not considered permanent structures. Seating capacity was about three hundred, and performances were given every second or third night. It was recommended that patrons bring their own charcoal foot warmers, to supplement the efforts of the single stove.

The Beekman Street theatre was partially destroyed by a mob in 1765, after the passage of the Stamp Act. A new theatre was then built on John Street, in 1767, and remained New York's leading playhouse for the next thirty years. Its first season was successful, as shown by a newspaper notice for regulation of theatre traffic:

> "To prevent accidents by carriages meeting it is requested that those coming to the House may enter John Street from the Broad Way, and returning, drive from thence down John Street, into Nassau Street, or forward to that known by the name of Cart and Horse Street, as may be most convenient."

The last New York season for many years, opened at the John Street Theatre, April 14, 1773, and continued until the following August. Congress in 1774 recommended the suspension of all public amusements. Four years later a more stringent decree was issued prohibiting play-acting in any form. During the war the only activity in the theatre resulted from the desire of young British officers to amuse themselves, or from the attempts of writers of political satires to advance either British or American interests by means of the theatre.

After the great fire of 1776, which destroyed about one-fourth of the city, the remaining places of amusement were the ballroom of the City Tavern, the theatre in John Street, and the Mall in front of the ruins of Trinity Church, "which was the resort of beaux and belles during the summer evenings, walking in thoughtless gaiety or with measured steps to the music of the military bands placed by the officers amid the graves of the churchyard".

New York suffered greater hardships during the war than any other American city. It lost more than half its population and all its commerce. It was devastated by fire; occupied by the British army from almost the beginning of hostilities until after the declaration of peace. No American city took up the cause of independence with greater energy and courage. These same qualities enabled it, three years after the departure of the British troops, to regain the population it had lost, and fully to resume its normal life. In 1810 it passed Philadelphia in population, and it has never since been headed.

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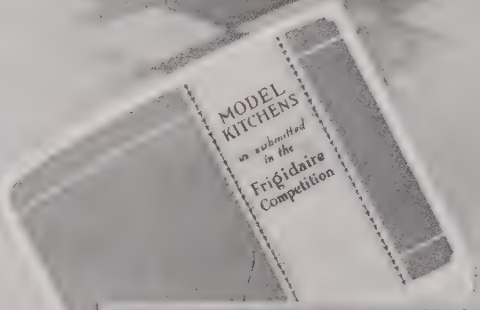
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The Games of Our Forefathers

(Continued from page 112)

games on the Mississippi are as nothing when compared to them.

Such games as Chess, Checkers, and Backgammon are perennials, and have changed in nothing but the skill of the players during the past 150 years, except the conditions for championship play with regard to the openings in Chess and Checkers. The only noticeable changes in the implements are that we now have wooden men, instead of the marvelously carved ivory pieces that were the fashion 150 years ago.

ANSWER TO THE JUNE BRIDGE PROBLEM

This was the distribution in Problem LXXXIV:

	♡ 3 ♣ 2 ◇ Q 8 ♠ A 9 6	
♡ 10 ♣ 5 3 ◇ 10 ♠ 8 4 3	Y A B Z	♡ 8 2 ♣ 4 ◇ A 2 ♠ Q J
	♡ A 4 ♣ A 10 ◇ K 9 7 ♠ none	

There are no trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want six tricks. This is how they get them

Z leads the nine of diamonds, on which Y plays the queen. B ducks. As B refuses to win the first trick, Y leads the spade ace, upon which Z discards a small diamond. Y then leads the club, which Z wins and leads another winning club, Y discarding a red suit. As B cannot afford to discard a red suit, he sheds a spade. Z thereupon leads the smaller heart, which A wins and gives Y two spade tricks.

If B wins the first trick with the ace of diamonds, and leads a club, Z makes two clubs, Y discarding a spade. Z then leads the seven of diamonds, putting Y in. Y makes the ace of spades, Z shedding a small heart. Now Z gets back on the heart to make the diamond. This shows the object of leading the interior diamond at the start.

If B wins the first trick and leads a spade, Y makes the ace and Z makes every other trick. If B returns the diamond, Y wins with the eight, makes the spade, and Z makes the rest. If B returns the heart, Z wins it, leads the small diamond and discards the small heart on Y's spade ace. Then Z makes the rest of the tricks.



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The Well Dressed Man

(Continued from page 79)

"white disguise". On ceremonious occasions, if wigs were not worn, the hair was craped, curled, and powdered by barbers.

About 1770, when wigs went out of favour and the natural hair was preferred, it became the fashion to dress it in a queue, or to wear it in a black silk bag tied with a bow of black ribbon. With the queues belong fizzled sidelocks, and toupees formed of the natural hair, or, in the absence of a long tie, a splice was added to it. Such was the general passion for the longest possible whip of hair, that sailors and boatmen used to tie theirs in eel skins to aid its growth.

An interesting silhouette of Washington by Folwell shows him with what is supposed to be a fine net worn over hair and queue to keep the powder in place. In 1759 he ordered from England for his own use: "A New-Market great coat with a loose hood made of Blew Drat or broadcloth with straps before, according to the present taste—let it be made of such cloth as will turn a good shower."

The first umbrellas to keep off the rain were of oiled linen, very coarse and clumsy, with rattan sticks. Before their time, some physicians and ministers used an oiled linen cape hooked around their shoulders, looking not unlike the big coat-capes now in use. They were only used for severe storms, like modern water-proofs. In about 1771 the first efforts were made in Philadelphia to introduce the use of umbrellas in summer as a protection from the sun. They were then scouted in the public *Gazette* as a ridiculous effeminacy.

In Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, we read: "Coats of red cloth were considerably worn, even by boys, and plush breeches and plush vests of various colors were in common use. Everlasting, or durant, made of worsted, was a fabric of great use for breeches, and sometimes for vests which had great depending pocket flaps, and the breeches were very short over the stude, because the art of suspending them by suspenders was unknown. It was then the test of a well-formed man, that he could by his natural form readily keep his breeches above his hips, and his stockings without gartering, above the calf of the leg."

"In the time of the Revolutionary War, many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great coats. Large silver buttons worn on coats and vests were a mark of wealth. Some people had the initials of their names engraved on each button. Sometimes they were made out of real quarter dollars, with the coinage impression still retained; these were used for the coats, and the eleven-penny-bits for vests and breeches.

Mr. Sidney George Fisher, the historian, despite his Quaker ancestry, exclaims with unwonted enthusiasm: "Those were brave days when the judges on the bench wore scarlet robes faced with black; when the tailor shops, instead of the dull coloured woolens which they now offer, advertised, as in the New York *Gazeteer* of May 13, 1773, scarlet, buff, green, blue, crimson, white, sky-blue, and other coloured superfine cloths; when John Hancock of penmanship fame, is described in his home in Boston with a red velvet skullcap lined with white linen which was turned over the edge of the velvet about three inches deep, a blue damask dressing-gown lined with silk, a white stock, satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin breeches, white silk stockings to his knees, and red morocco slippers."

Mufftees, or little woolen muffs of various colours, were used by men in the colonies. They were "just big enough to admit both hands and long enough to screen the wrists, which were then more exposed than now; for they wore short sleeves to their coats on purpose to display their fine plaited linen shirt sleeves with thin gold cuff buttons and on occasions ruffles of lace."

Watches were worn in fob pockets with seals attached by a ribbon, but they were not in common use until the end of the century.

Although the style of living in colonial New York was comfortable,

(Continued on page 115)

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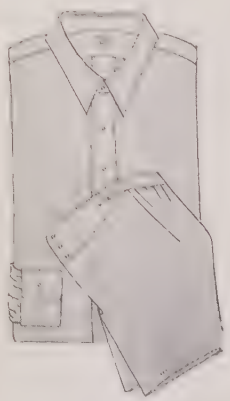


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The Well Dressed Man

(Continued from page 114)

with little display, when we come to the subject of dress we find the case was very different. Early in the 18th century, the streets of New York were gorgeous with elaborate costumes. Gay masculine garments are described in inventories. Green silk breeches, flowered with silver and gold, silver gauze breeches, yellow fringed gloves, lacquered hats, laced shirts and neck cloths.

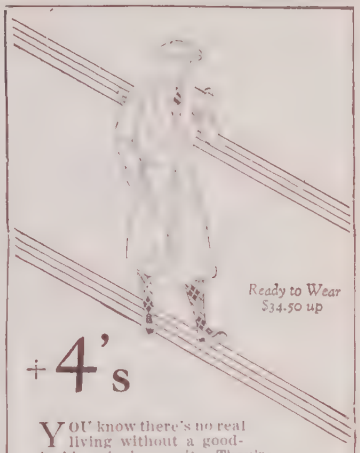
From 1760 to 1770 gentlemen in Massachusetts were wearing "hats with broad brims turned up into three corners with loops at the sides; long coats with large pocket-folds and cuffs, and without collars. The buttons were commonly plated, but sometimes of silver, often as large as a half dollar. Shirts had bosom and wrist ruffles; and all wore gold or silver shirt buttons at the wrist united by a link. The waistcoat was long, with large pockets; and the neck-cloth or scarf was of fine white linen or figured stuff broidered and the ends hanging loosely on the breast. The breeches fitted close with silver buckles at the knees. The legs were covered with gray knitted stockings which on holidays were exchanged for black or white silk. Boots with broad white tips, or shoes with straps and large silver buckles, completed the equipment."

According to Fairholt, the costume of the ordinary classes during the greater part of the 18th century was exceedingly simple, consisting of a plain coat, buttoned up the front, a long waistcoat reaching to the knees, but having capacious pockets with great overlapping flaps, a plain bob-wig, a hat slightly turned up and high quartered shoes.

In a paper of 1771, a reward of ten pounds was offered for the arrest of a man named William Davis who robbed the church of Wilmington of its hangings and had a green coat made of them. Green was very fashionable at this period.

As in all ages and climes, variations

(Continued on page 116)



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The Well Dressed Man

(Continued from page 115)

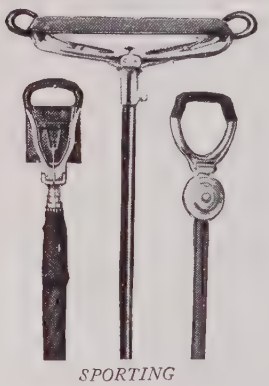
of the prevailing style were indulged in by gay young men about town. The pet extravagance at this period was beautiful lace in ruffles and neckties.

Fairholt, in his *History of English Dress*, says: "By the cock of the hat, the man who wore it was known; and they varied from the modest broad brim of the clergy and the countryman to the slightly up-turned hat of the country gentleman or citizen, or the more decidedly fashionable cock worn by merchantmen, and would befashionable Londoners; while a very pronounced *á la militaire* cock was affected by the gallant about the Court." All of these styles may be seen in the pictures of Hogarth. These hats were usually made of soft felt with a large brim caught up by three loops of cord to a button on the top. Being soft, they could be crushed under the arm and each flap could be let down at pleasure in case of wind, rain, or sun. Mr. Wingfield speaks of a hat "unlooped although it doth not rain", and observes that in one of Cibber's comedies we find a footman "unlooping his hat to protect his powdered head from the wet". To use the snuffbox gracefully was an accomplishment considered necessary to the young man of fashion on his entrance into the gay world of the 18th century. Made of every sort of metal, adorned with precious stones or costly miniature paintings, the snuffbox was in great demand, and considered as indispensable on occasions of full dress as the fan.

It is strange perhaps to find Washington dwelling so much on these superficial things during the solemn days of his vast responsibility and great apprehension, in the early days of the Revolution, and even in the first working years of the Republic, but great things and petty jostle each other. On the 4th of July, 1776, the day Thomas Jefferson signed the Declaration of Independence; on that eventful day Jefferson's sole entry in his day book and in his own "Signer's" hand is this item, "For seven pairs of women's gloves, 20 shillings."

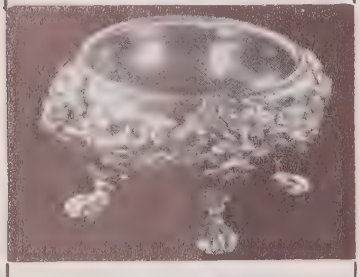
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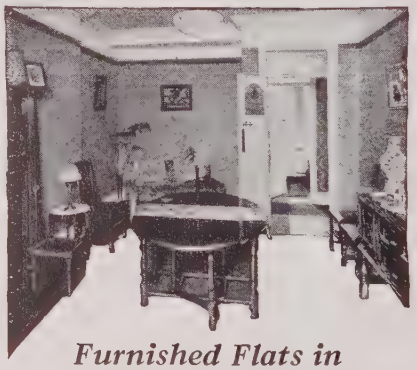
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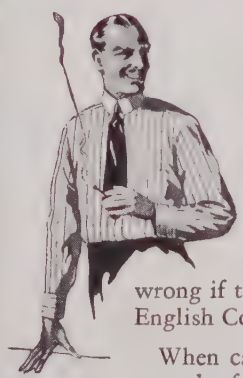
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What Price Independence?

(Continued from page 71)

no capital investment and no share of the possible losses has been known to make the theatre lord's fountain pen flow more freely when he seemed to be having trouble affixing his signature. Of course this parlour game, which is known as "Declaring In", is frowned upon and its practice not admitted by those who originated it, but just the same it is played, as every small producer knows.

The contract contains what is technically called a "stop clause", which gives either party the right to tender two weeks' notice of closing in the event business falls below a stipulated figure for two successive weeks. This figure averages $10,000. In other words, the usual contract calls for four weeks' occupancy at a guaranteed rental of $4,000 a week or more. If a play is a cataclysmic failure and the receipts are nil it must continue for four weeks unless the theatre proprietor finds another attraction and is willing to release it. On the other hand, a play may gross $9,000 during each of its first two weeks and then receive notice from the proprietor of closing after two more weeks, although this figure may represent satisfactory business to the attraction. For the theatre owner is not interested in $4,500 a week as his share when the next attraction might be a capacity hit that would increase his share to $8,000. And every production is a potential hit before it reaches Manhattan.

Since the jury of the public now brings in a more speedy verdict the voice of the critic has again become authoritative. It is the judge's instructions to the jury. In the days when a play was given time to seek out its public, newspaper reviews didn't matter much. A broadside of favourable criticisms accelerated success and blasting ones set up another hurdle, but the public was apt to reverse either critical decision. My first year as a producer provided two examples. The critics didn't think much of *Miss Lulu Bett* in its original version. Nevertheless we went to work on it after the opening and within six weeks had turned it into a success that eventually ran six months and won the Pulitzer Prize of that year. About the same time Mr. George M. Cohan produced *The Tavern*, and because I had brought to his notice the play which inspired him to write that grand bit of fooling he declared me in as a partner. Most of the critics turned thumbs down, but within a fortnight the play was selling out.

These reversals are still possible but they occur less frequently. Criticisms in the daily press extend their influence over perhaps a week. When a critic dislikes a play he is quite apt to reiterate his dislike in his week-end review. This carries the negation into the second week, and as the first two weeks determine the fate of a play under the guarantee-stop-clause contract, the word of mouth advertising, which is most potent of all, doesn't get much chance to help the play.

These, then, are some of the conditions every New York production must face. The artistic production has a still stiffer battle in that its potential audience is smaller and hence more difficult to assemble. There is a public for every play of any merit whatsoever, probably large enough to insure it against loss, but the problem is to rally that public in time to save the play. Only the Theatre Guild with its six weeks of subscription audiences has solved the problem.

Latterly the movie *entrepreneurs* have stirred up a flurry by investing in play production rather than picture rights. This activity roused the authors to the point of demanding and getting a new contract designed better to protect them. They complained that some managers were withholding a part of their share of movie money through fake sales. This may have happened since there are wolves in this, as well as in every other business. The authors feared the film makers would restrict production to those plays suitable to conversion to the screen, that competitive bidding would be destroyed, and that runs would be curtailed in the interest of film releases.

The man who stirred things up was Mr. William Fox, one of the most successful of the movie barons. Mr. Fox, who is reputed to have cleared as much as $10,000,000 in a single year, spent $1,500,000 last year for movie rights to plays. He did this, I am told, because the source of his wealth is the lesser films which mop up the smaller houses of the country and he is ambitious to produce also pictures for the larger houses. So he gave $100,000 for *What Price Glory?* and the same amount for *Is Zat So?*

There is a divergence of opinion among movie makers as to the value of Broadway successes for screen material. An executive of one of the larger companies told me recently he would pay any amount for a play that filled a specific purpose but otherwise a Broadway run meant nothing, as his films were sold before they were made, largely on the personnel of their casts. I tested his sincerity by selling him an unproduced play, with no promise of production and no right to use the play's title if produced, for the sum of $15,000!

The spoken drama and the screen are competitors and I have no doubt if left to the tender mercies of the gentlemen who control the screen, the drama would come out loser. But the spoken drama has persisted through the centuries and I feel will persist in spite of the cinema and everything. Even without the new authors' contract, which sets up a strong defence against the movie onslaught, the film makers would have had the large majority of producers to contend with, and they, for all their manifest deficiencies, are more interested in perpetuating the drama than the public believes.

Somebody will always produce plays because to date no social diversion so potent as a good play well acted, has been conceived. Eventually, I believe, the spoken drama will be restored to the millions who know not Manhattan, perhaps, through local love of it.

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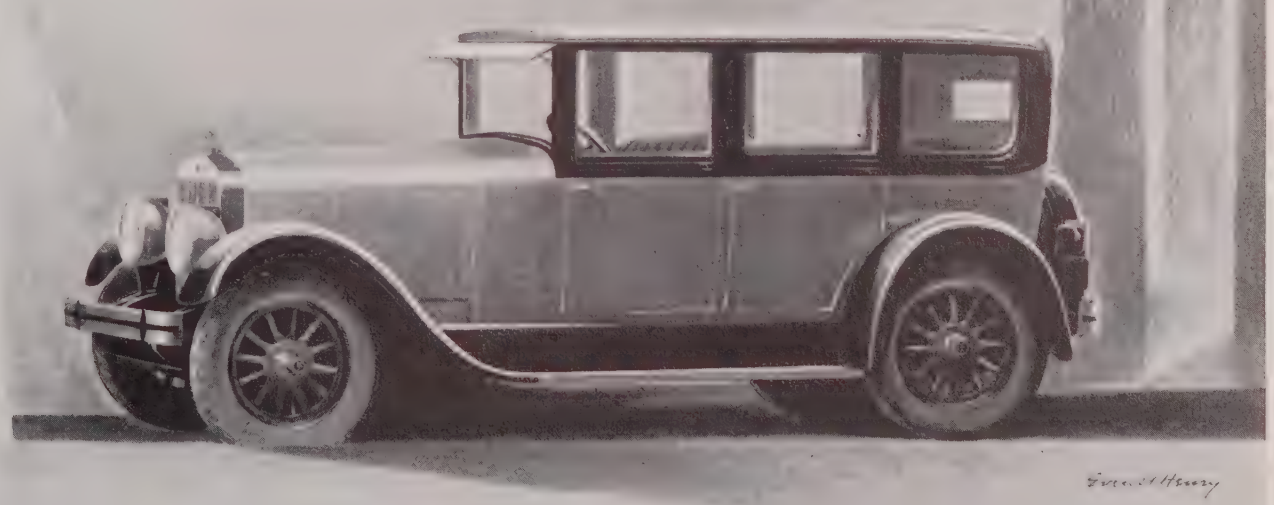
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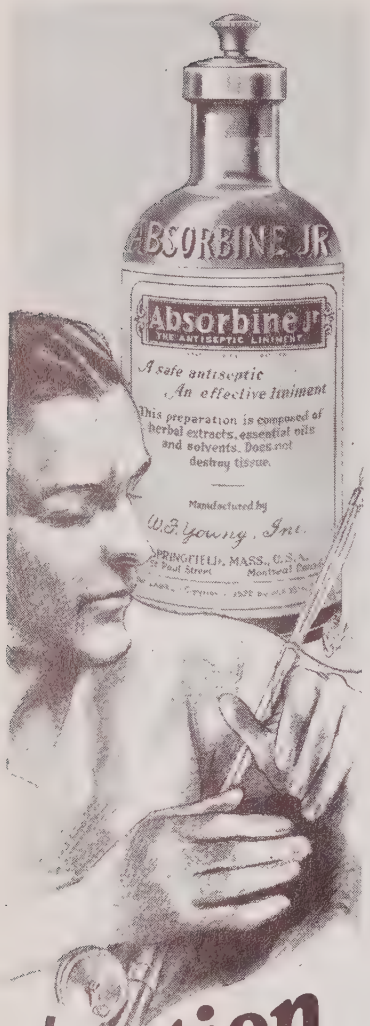
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Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

No Peace Unto the Wicket

(Continued from page 98)

musicians—often two or three of them —brought from the distant city or the neighbouring garrison town. Croquet, appointed for 3 P. M., commenced playing at 4 and was continued up to 7. Then the standing dinner—ladies seated, of course—after which there was dancing in the drawing-room—carpets taken up—and not infrequently on the green turf of the croquet ground itself, always winding up with *Sir Roger de Coverley*. The dancing was over at 10:30, then carriages, and home."

A feeling that a new literature of the game is needed will be induced in any latter-day addict who reads the accumulated store in the Public Library. Thus, in *The Game of Croquet* which Horatio Scudder wrote under the *nom de guerre* of R. Fellow in 1865, one comes upon this faintly archaic appeal:

"With all deference, we suggest to ladies that, where it is possible, they should dress with some regard to the requirements of the game; it is hardly conducive to elegance to behold a half dozen officious young gentlemen hovering about a lady as train-bearers and fly-catchers whenever she wishes to croquet and we protest against those sweeping skirts that whisk the balls about and change the whole feature of the field."

This edict is softened by a fetching picture of the approved 1865 croquet costume, together with a poem all about a fair player who placed her dainty foot on the ball as though 'twere a man's heart, egad. This poem is entitled "The Croquet Queen". And how unlike the home life of our own dear queen! In the throes of a peculiarly venomous match I have seen skirts do strange things, but whisking the balls about was never one of them.

And even the recently revised croquet article in the Britannica betrays need of still further revision. Thus, in tracing the game back to the *paille-maille* contests at Avranches and other parts of Normandy in the thirteenth century, the old Britannica shakes a puzzled head over a certain hoodlumism among the ancients. "The object," it says severely, "seems to have been to send the ball as far as possible with the mallet." Wherefore, I gather that we are but reverting to type.

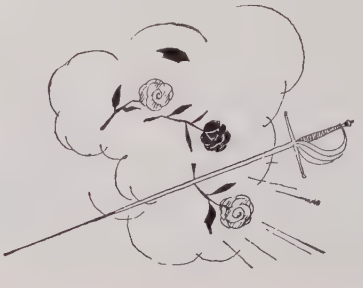
Yet even in the mincing paragraphs of these old records one does detect that the earliest croquet, however played, had something of its present strong hold on those addicted to it. Thus Brother Scudder wrote fifty years ago in this vein:

"It is the charm of croquet that it is so simple that a looker-on may learn the cardinal points in a single game and yet so perpetually fresh that one may see a party that has played all the afternoon groping about in the dusk and knocking the balls almost at random for the sake of one more game, or rushing out of doors at the first holding-up of a rain storm, clad in water-proofs and india rubbers, to start the balls on their mazy round."

Now I do not know whether Charles Norris and Kathleen Norris have water-proofs or so much as one pair of india rubbers between them, but at their ranch in California, the croquet ground is equipped with huge electrical projectors to put an end to this base bondage to the sun. And all along the Great Neck roads last summer one could see rows of cars commandeered to fling their light from four directions onto the lawn. At one such madhouse last August, I was dragged from my studies to play in a game that started in briskly at 2:30 A. M.

But it is Mr. Swope who is the true zealot. Arriving on the eve of August first for the racing season at Saratoga last summer and driving at once to the Schwartz house where he was to be a guest, he paused on his way in long enough to discover that the lawn would be inadequate for a lawn's highest function. Therefore his beaming host was greeted on the threshold with the announcement that, whereas it was charming of him to have extended the invitation at all, the too hasty acceptance would have to be withdrawn unless Mr. Schwartz could arrange next day to take a place with larger grounds. Mr. Schwartz moved the following morning.

If this and other anecdotes should stir a sleeping passion in any withered bosom or even incite young readers to a mild curiosity as to what this game can be like, announcement is hereby firmly made that no inquiry will be answered by the oversigned. It will be peculiarly futile to ask me where you can get such a set as I have described. I don't know. You might bribe some cabinet maker to turn out your mallets, for none good enough is on the market now. And any way, a fire in the factory that makes croquet paraphernalia created a famine in New York last fall which, at this writing, has not been relieved. The newspapers, although they seemed to have plenty of space for items about the French debt, the thrush-notes of Marion Talley and the candidacy of one Mr. Coolidge for some office or other, have so vague a notion as to what constitutes true importance in American life that that disastrous blaze was not even mentioned.



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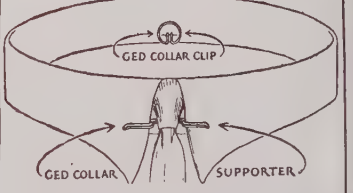
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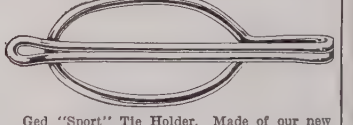
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So comfortable you are not aware of having it on. Must be worn to fully appreciate its merit. Returnable if not fully satisfactory.

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ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

The Great and Glorious Fourth

(Continued from page 76)

salty and nose-prickling, the wrappers themselves, redolent of the incense of the East!

A morning picture which I fondly recall is that of my Uncle Thaddeus approaching his window at his regular hour of seven, just as a dynamite bomb in the end of a fish-pole exploded within four feet of the poor old man's face. The shade and his hands flew up simultaneously. My brothers and I waited not for his denunciations which we heard from round the corner. For the rest of that day we cautiously avoided the vicinity of Uncle Thaddeus.

And then the evening, with the fireworks which we set off ourselves, waving roman candles in frenzied circles, shooting a ball into the window of the "blue-room", ruining Uncle Thaddeus's best suit!, the pinwheels that fizzed and refused to go round until prodded with such vigor that they flew off their nails and spread fiery destruction among the shrieking women and children!

At this point in my musing the trolley-car upon which I had been leaning slid gently away from my forehead. I was roused from my reveries. The youngsters were still chanting their refrain in which, with saddened heart, I joined:

O, the Fourth of July,
She ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be . . .

A new declaration is very obviously needed. We have outgrown the old. New times, new customs. Among the inalienable rights which, to quote the old framers, "we hold to be self-evident", we submit the following principles which we believe should be embodied in our statutes by due process of law.

Very well, then. We believe, declare and demand . . .

I. That the present Eighteenth Amendment be so revised as to permit the legal sale and consumption of light wines and beer in such quantities as can be decorously carried by the individual container or consumer thereof without spilling, slopping or broadcasting of same.

II. That all tables are free and equal and that the number of headwaiters in any public dining room, restaurant or supper club shall be limited to 10% of the seating capacity of each institution and, moreover, that said dignitaries shall at all times be accessible to and take notice of their patrons without exorbitant fee, largess, king's ransom or other extortion.

III. That the principle of "women and children first", hitherto applicable to accidents by sea or land, shall be confined thereto and shall not govern priority in barber shops, hair dressing and tonsorial emporia where the right of a man to a shave shall be respected.

IV. That the present tendency toward short skirts and long legs shall be minimized as a menace toward traffic in our thoroughfares and shall be rigidly barred on our golf courses as imposing too severe a mental hazard on those seeking life, liberty and the pursuit of lost balls.

V. That all social gatherings, dinners, dances, blow-outs or what not shall be free from molestation by Revenue Agents, armed constabulary or superior officers unless present as guests and not in an official capacity.

VI. That legal censorship in general shall be abolished, leaving the character, if any, of books, magazines, films, plays, bathing suits and other works of art to the conscience, also if any, of the people.

VII. That a limit shall be placed upon the number of guests or members admitted to any exclusive dancing club equal or not to exceed twice the cubic capacity of same, according the Bureau of Standards, Section 3, liquid weight and content.

VIII. That public after-dinner speeches shall only be delivered with the understanding that listeners thereto shall be free to sing, throw bread, shoot craps or otherwise divert themselves during the process of said discourses.

IX. That artificial flowers in automotive vehicles shall be restricted to *bona fide* limousines and that orchids in a tin touring car shall be punishable by death.

X. That traffic licenses with name plate and tail light, if necessary, shall be issued to all pedestrians, permitting them to use the thoroughfares without fear of aggression from trucks, taxis or other motor-driven vehicles.

We might go on indefinitely, but these articles are surely enough to begin with, a move in the right direction for a people who surely need a new Declaration of Independence.

The Boston Massacre

(Continued from page 110)

vere, when we consider what was done to these two soldiers as a merciful reduction of the penalty which they would have suffered, had they been illiterate.

All the accounts of the trial, and all the historians dismiss the incident curtly. Having prayed and having been allowed "the benefit of clergy" they were "branded in the hand, in open court, and were discharged."

I would like to know more about it than that. Some of the versions say "burnt in the hand". Was it a farce, and done with a cold iron? Probably not; punishments were severe in the eighteenth century. Were they seriously disabled, and unfitted for military duty? Was the brand in the form of a letter, like the T sometimes marked on a thief? What happened to them afterwards? There is no authentic record. I can believe that they left, as we know Captain Preston did, with no warm feelings of regard for the town of Boston.

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arms, legs, bust or entire body with DR. WALTER'S *Rubber Garments*



MY garments have been worn by men and women for 20 years. They are invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Reducing Corset: Cream colored rubber. Laced back, clasp front. Made to your measure, $12.00
Chin Reducer . . 2.50
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Anklets, per pair . . $7.00
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Made in either light or dark rubber; will not only reduce and shape the limbs, but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance. Relieve swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Send ankle and calf measure.



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Always look for this Green and Gold Label

"I use Wamsutta Percale on all my beds, because it actually saves me money"

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"I was given a big chest of bed linen for a wedding present," she said, "and for many years I dressed all my beds in linen. Then I discovered that Wamsutta Percale, with its fine, soft texture, was more comfortable than linen.

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The Millard laundry test proved Wamsutta Percale stronger than 24 leading brands of sheeting when given a test equivalent to six years' laundering.

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Most golfers find they get 15 to 25 yards farther with this best of all good golf balls.

STILL A DOLLAR
no raise in the price



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NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

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Independence and Insularity

(Continued from page 48)

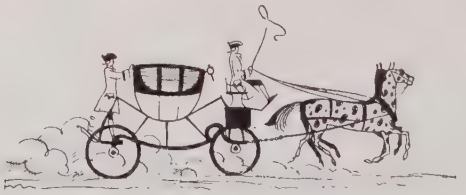
and patches and stars and garters, with whom the main business of life was to be pleasant—a world which began to break up with the American Revolution and was soon wiped out of existence by the French. Contrast with the smiling, chattering, quizzing Garrick, the strange figure of old Franklin, now unpowdered, fur cap on head, marching sturdily through that gay, frivolous world, and, to be quite fair, a *persona grata* with it. Yes, but fancy also Franklin at the Ziegfeld Follies! Cosmopolitan travellers home from New York tell me that in its revues and more elegant "speak-easies", it is now the very naughtiest of the world's pleasure cities, far naughtier than Paris or Berlin or Bucharest. Thus the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.

The same Winter Season (1776-77) at Drury Lane that deplored the departure of our greatest actor welcomed also the advent of our greatest comedy, *The School for Scandal*. It was the swan-song of that old aristocratic society, an aristocracy just beginning to be tempered by the East Indian magnates or "nabobs"—and it was brilliantly presented by players deep in the old courtly tradition. It has been said that no new performer has ever appeared in any one of the principal characters that was not inferior to the person who acted it originally. As we should put it today the first cast was the best ever. Was not *Charles Surface* played by "Gentleman" Smith and *Lady Teazle* by the delicious Mrs. Abington, who cajoled the old and infirm Johnson out of his retirement to go to her benefit and who can best be represented to modern playgoers as a combination of Marie Wilton and Marie Tempest? The first night was May 8th; a week later Horace Walpole wrote to his friend Fred Mason:—"I have seen Sheridan's new comedy and have liked it better than any I have seen since *The Provoked Husband*. There is a great deal of wit and good situations, but it is too long, has two or three bad scenes that might easily be omitted" (Posterity has confirmed the verdict and adopted the advice.) "and seemed to me to want nature and truth of character; but I have not read it, and sat too high to hear it well. It is admirably acted. Burke has published a pamphlet on the American War." The juxtaposition of these two disparate facts is not without a certain piquancy. While Burke was publishing his pamphlet, Washington was waiting, and waiting in vain, for Howe to cross the Delaware, and a month or so later Burgoyne (himself, as students of Mr. Bernard Shaw know, a link between the camp and the theatre) surrendered at Saratoga. Of such parti-coloured strands is woven

"The painted veil that those who live call life—"

Here Washington anxiously waiting, there Burgoyne ignominiously surrendering, elsewhere yet another pamphlet on the American War and a brilliant crowd enjoying the admirable acting of *The School for Scandal!*

About the same time Vergennes, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was employing a confidential agent in the transaction of certain pecuniary arrangements with the American Revolutionary agents. The agent was none other than Pierre-Augustin Caron, who subsequently assumed the name Beaumarchais and, under it, had the obliging foresight to write and produce his *Barbier de Seville* in the very *annus mirabilis* I have here been trying to celebrate. Interesting as a combination—said (though I think falsely) to be unusual—a business man and playwright, Beaumarchais is still more as a link between the American and the French Revolutions. He helped the fortunes of the one (and incidentally his own) with funds, by common consent, he paved the way for the other. Figaro is said to have announced to the expectant nations the advent of the New Democracy and to the Court of France the end of all things. I confess this seems to me rather high falutin' talk about an impudent, nimble-witted Spanish barber. Fortunately, one need not regard him as a portent to enjoy him as a character of comedy. I distrust the type of mind that is always discerning a "message" and an "epic making significance" where the plain man is content to find only happy invention and humour. Figaro, I submit, is no novelty but the crown of a long-established tradition—the lineal descendant of the impudent slaves of Plautus and the valets of Spanish comedy. If he made a sort of Declaration of Independence of his own, that was only because only such declarations are, and have been, made every day by human beings with a sense of grievance and of the natural rights of the individual—and we should be "seeking noon at fourteen o'clock" if we associated Figaro with a certain historical incident at Philadelphia on the 4th of July, 1776.





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Now, when Jim gets those new kicks next pay day, and if *she* gives him that wide belt for his birthday — hot dog!

One more year and he'll be voting. But there's at least one person in town who has thought of him as a real man for some time now.

That first night he called on her wearing the snowy new flannels, who should open the door but father! Jim winced, expecting some of the crude personal remarks that the old gentleman fondly regards as repartee.

But Dad didn't notice the way he asked if "S-s-stella" were in, or the pinkness around his ears. Dad was thinking, "Darned, if the kid don't look nice. I ought to get myself a pair o'them ice-cream pants!"

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This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. The series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include:

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in BREECHES
"Young Whipple"
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"Hair Splitter Evans"
in WORK TROUSERS
"That Darn Bennett Kid"
in BOYS' GOLF KNICKERS

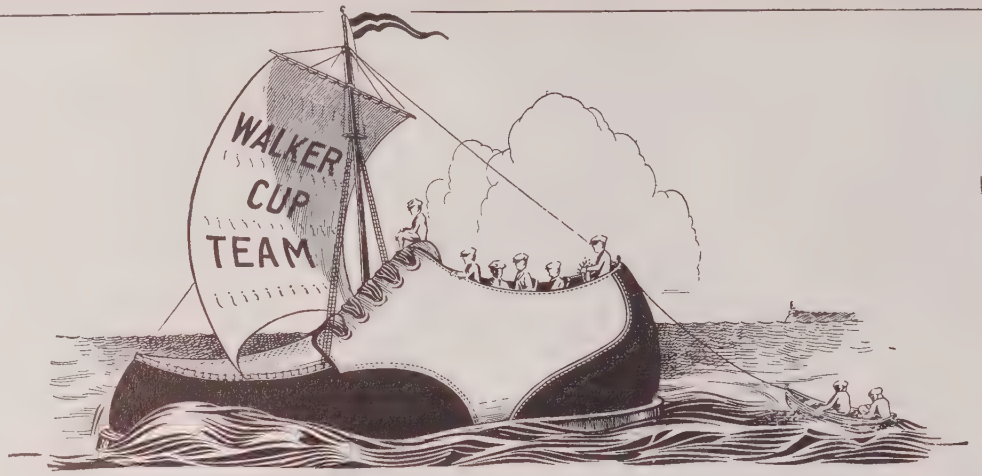
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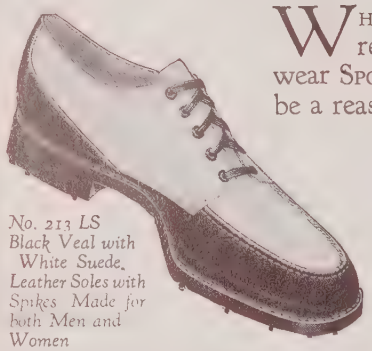
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YOU MAY WEAR A PAIR FOR TWO MONTHS
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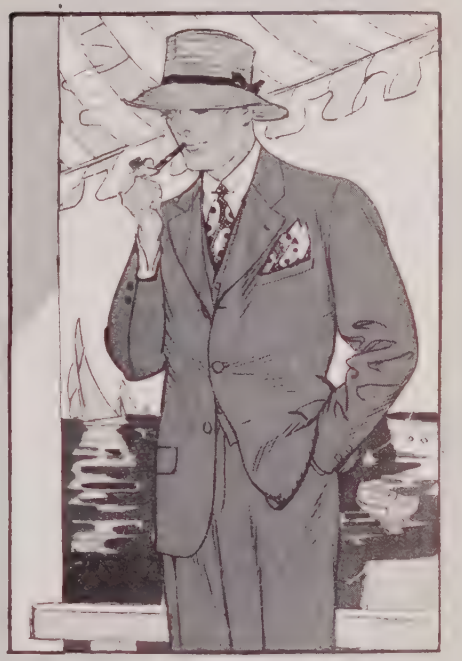
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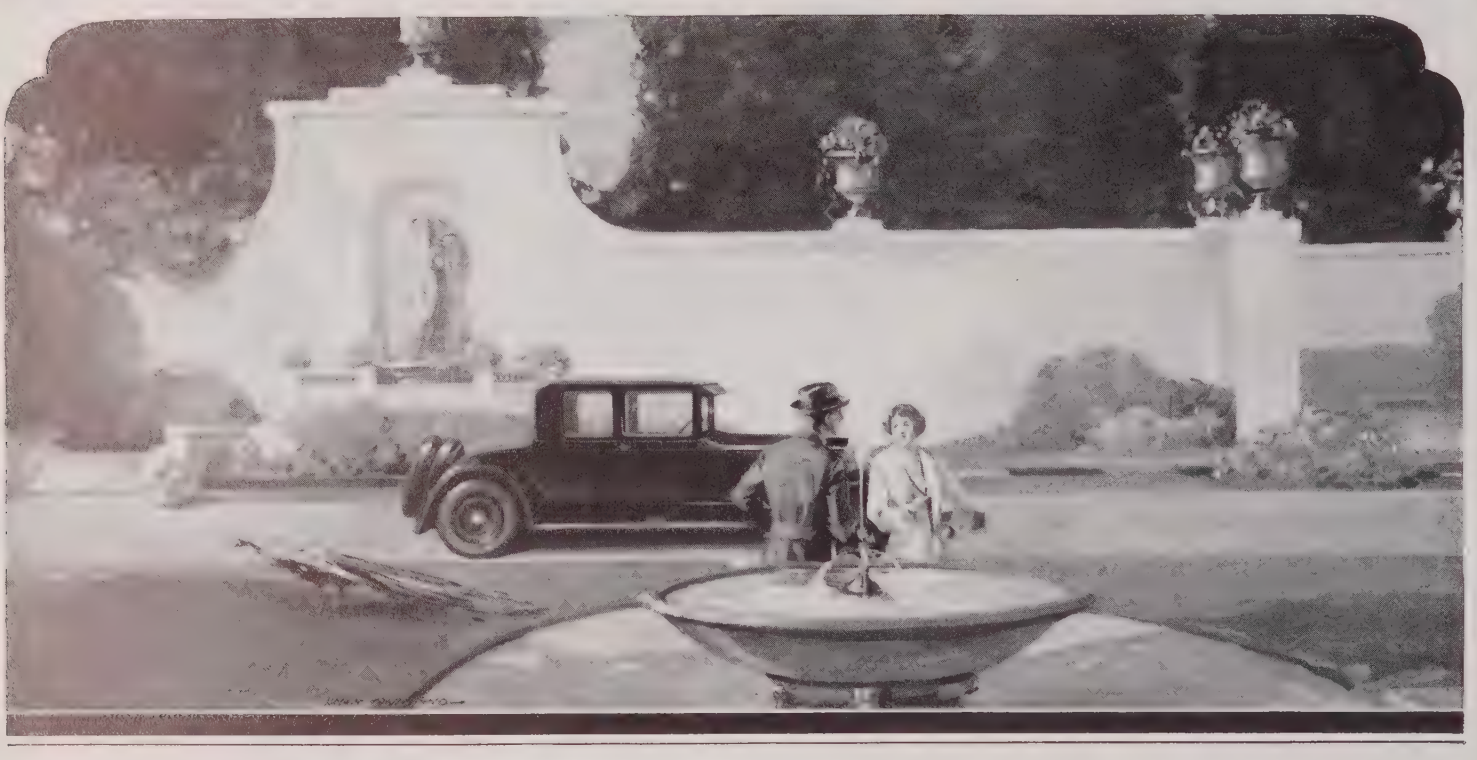


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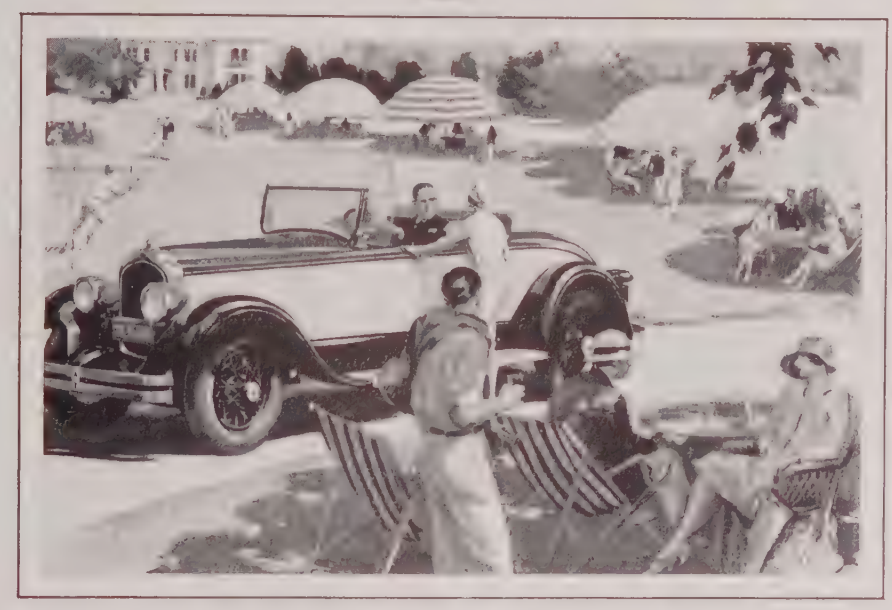
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NEW YORK



VANITY FAIR
August 1926

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Vol. No. 26, No. 6



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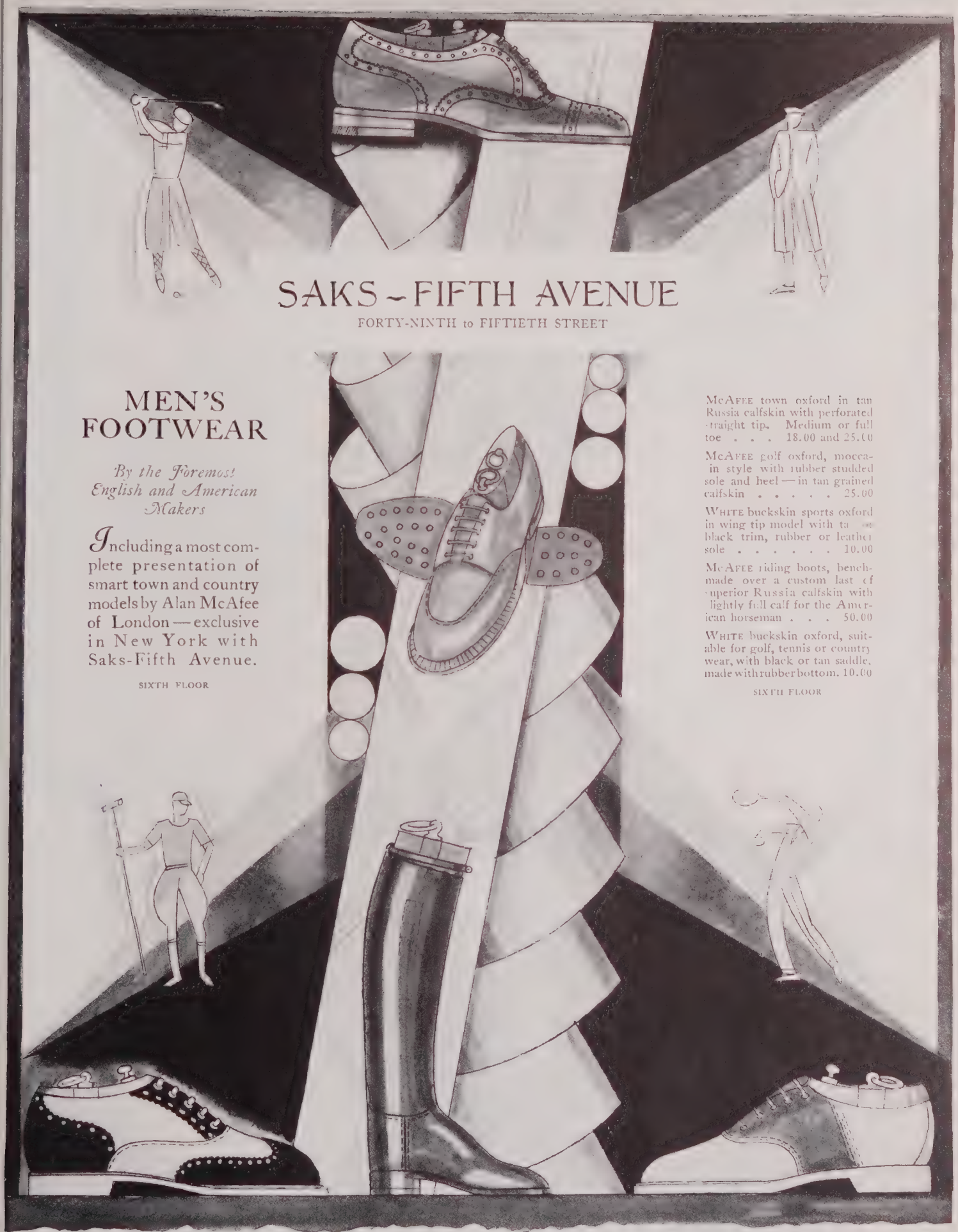
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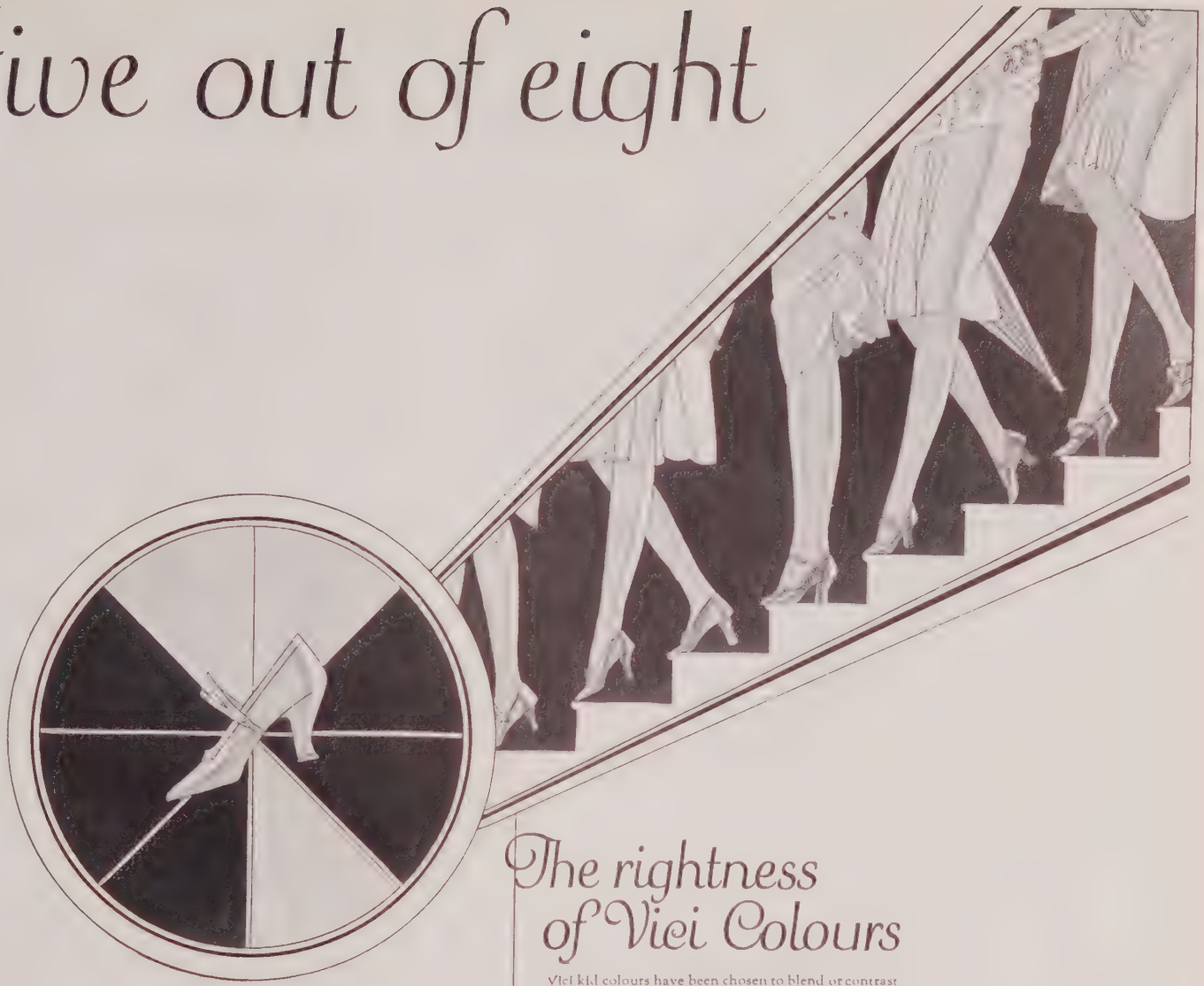
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COUNTING THE KNOWING ONES

ROSE turned triumphantly to Ann, as they viewed the passersby from the point of vantage of their Boulevard table.

"That makes two for me and one for you," she said.

"What are you counting," inquired Peter languidly, "grandmothers dressed as flappers?"

His question passed unnoticed as Ann said indignantly, "Why, Rose, you're forgetting that stunning French widow I pointed out at the Ritz yesterday."

"Oh, if you're going back to yesterday, how about the Russian actress I discovered on the steamer?"

Peter was becoming peevish. "Would you mind explaining your conversation?" he asked. "There hasn't been an intelligible remark passed at this table except by me."

Rose apologized. "Sorry, old thing, but Ann and I have been counting the women in Paris who are wearing Pedemode shoes."

"How can you tell—do you pick up their feet?" was Peter's bewildered query.

"How can you tell a man has an English tailor, silly," asked Ann scathingly, "you just *know*, don't you?"



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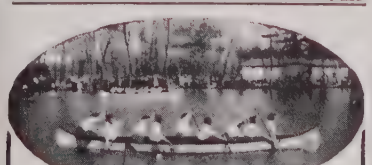


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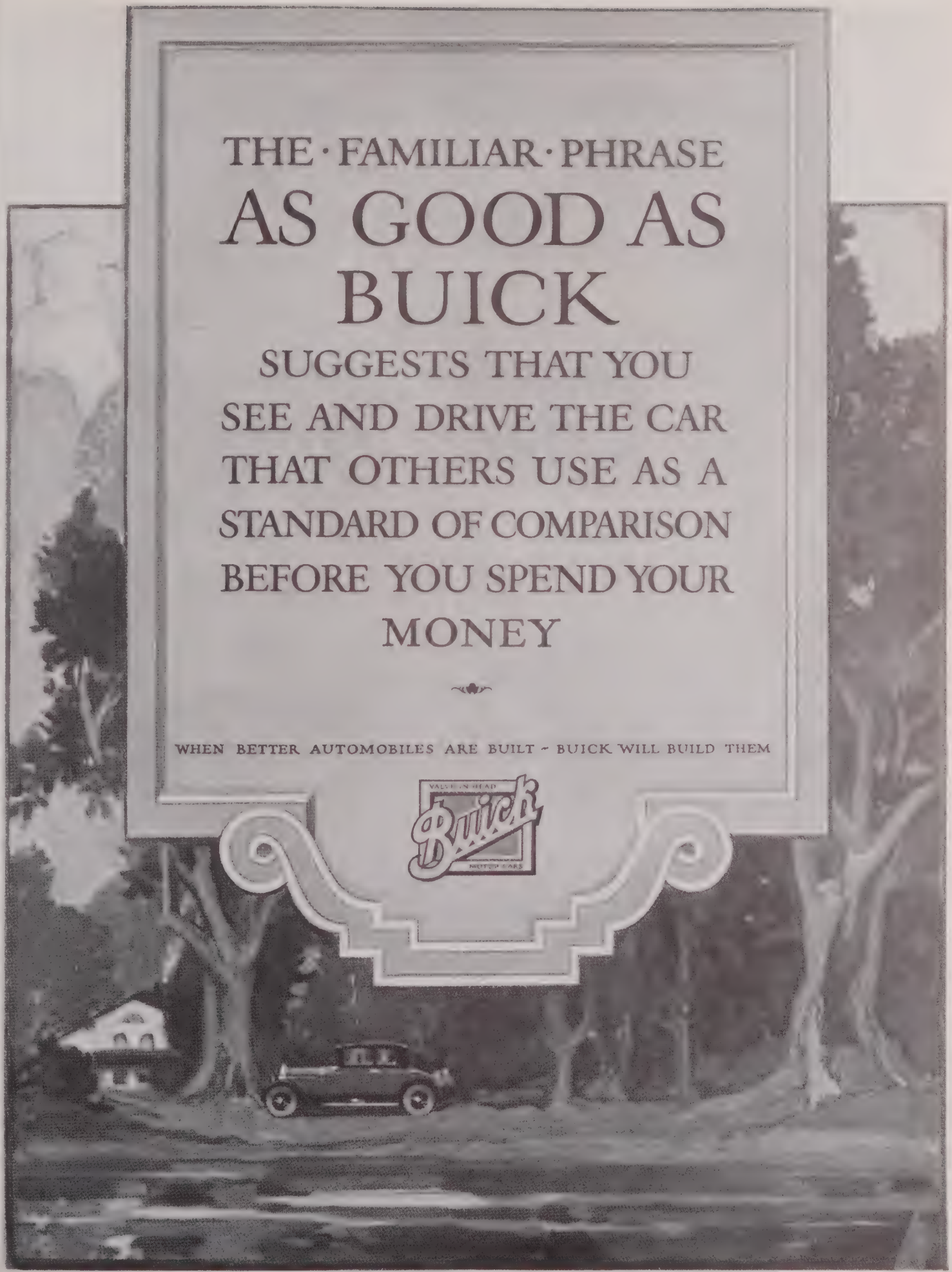
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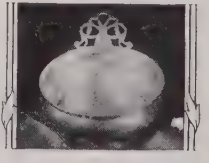
Such a lucky little lady

Happy little hands reach out in ecstasy . . . big brown eyes, enraptured, opened wide . . . round little mouths gasp "Oh-o-o-o!"

That our precious ones may know beauty from babyhood let all our gifts be beautiful, valuable, useful forever—treasures of genuine Sterling Silver; nothing less.

No finer gifts can be given or received than gifts of Sterling. They are exquisite—they are real—marked "Sterling" because solid silver through and through. True indications of good taste—possessions worthy of lasting appreciation.

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Du Pont Duco marks the period of an Enduring Furniture Finish



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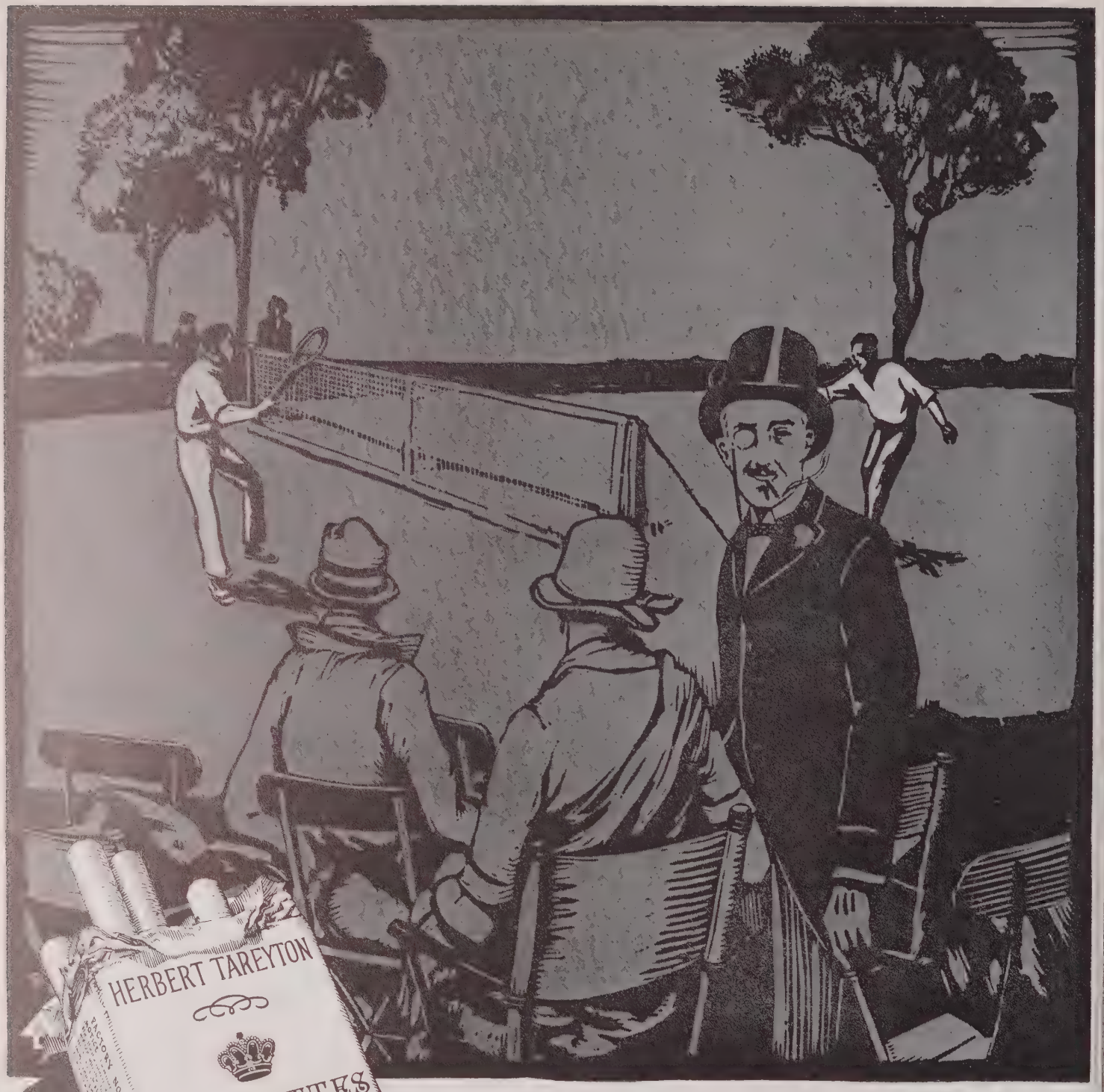
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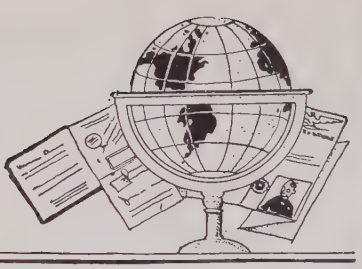
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Your Haberdasher is now Concentrating on New Designs

THIS is the busy time of the year for the well-dressed chap; clothiers are offering him new fabrics and colors in topcoats and suits; hatters are introducing new headgear—and haberdashers are showing newest cravats and hose. Smartest of the smart are the new McCallum men's hose in silk or silk mixtures with swanky yet conservative new designs. And just now you can find the fullest stocks to choose from, the widest range of colors, the completest variety of patterns and weaves and textures from the sheerest of dress socks to the stoutest of sport hose, in color combinations to match or harmonize with your new fall clothes. All McCallum socks are full-fashioned, which means that they give that perfect fit and have that comfortable feeling indispensable to good dressing. Ask your haberdasher to show this interesting new line of autumn hosiery. If he does not carry them, write to the McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Massachusetts, and you will be informed where you can see a complete line of this smart new hosiery.



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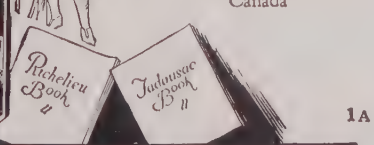
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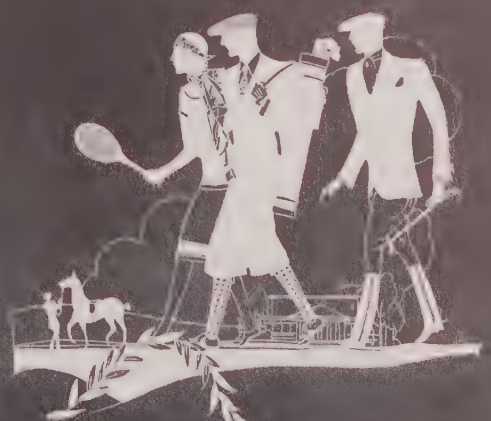
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1A

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Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.

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8605 8604 8606

BUY ON A RISING MARKET!

Vogue Shows the Smart Woman how to Avoid the Extravagance of Mistakes

THE woman who spends money wisely on her clothes is the woman who never buys a mode that's going—or one that's coming too fast. The mode that's going will be gone before her dress is worn out. So will the mode that reaches its peak too quickly, because it will be over-popularized, reproduced in cheap copies,—and killed.

The mode to buy is the one that is on the up grade, and worn by the right people.

Vogue mirrors these women, follows them as they move from place to place, chronicles their fads, sketches their clothes. Every bit of Vogue's experience goes, not only into the magazines where you can read and look at it, but into Vogue Patterns where it's turned into tissue paper and slipped into a little grey envelope. Vogue Patterns are not made for the average woman. She would think them too advanced, as well as too expensive. They're made for the woman who wants to look like the chic Parisienne, the smart New Yorker, no matter where she lives.

Vogue Patterns are gifted with almost the power to talk. Because the envelopes have cutting charts on their faces and fitting charts on their backs. If there's any new little trick in the dress, it will be explained clearly in a detail sketch; if there's any point to guard, it will be marked with a danger signal. Such advice from any good dressmaker would be worth paying for; but, from Vogue, it's worth its weight ten times over in the worry it removes from your mind. No wonder you feel "dressed by Paris" when you're through at last, and gazing in the long frank mirror that has never told a lie!

Why don't you go to the nearest Vogue Pattern store today and ask to see the Vogue Fashion Bi-Monthly that shows all the Vogue Patterns, as well as the coloured sketches from New York, developed in the store's own fabrics? Consult the Vogue Pattern saleswoman, too. She knows many things about lines that are good for certain types of figures, and which patterns are simple enough for the amateur.

Vogue Pattern Designs for the current month are on sale at all leading stores in the United States, and at the offices of Vogue here and abroad listed opposite:



The low-placed flounce and the shoulder flower (pattern included) give interest to Frock No. 8608. Bolero and shirring are the secrets of No. 8607. The bertha with the cape back is exemplified in No. 8609

8608 8607 8609

FACING TOWARD THE AUTUMN

Fabrics and Colours For Summer that will be good till December arrives

NOW'S the time for all smart women to cease facing springward, where the mode came from, and look autumnward, where it's going to land. All the dresses bought now—even the late summer dresses—should be planned with fall colours in mind, fall fabrics, fall lines. All of them ought to be just as appropriate under a fur coat as they are with a big hat and an electric fan. . . .

Look at the six figures on these pages and decide which of them is you. . . . Are you the lady in georgette and lace, with the new tiered effect and that interesting droop toward the back in the way the tiers are cut? You might choose mustard colour if it's becoming—quite new, that shade. . . . Or are you the woman next to her who has declared in favour of the tight hip, the bloused waist, the full skirt, the puff sleeve in Chanel red georgette? . . .

But perhaps there's too much of you for either of these dresses. Then look well at the frock in crêpe satin and fringe—one of the best models there is for a large woman, and ever so smart. Make it in dark blue or black and be happy over the compliments you'll get.

The woman at the left in the second group has the new flounce, placed very low. She loves green and has her frock made in semi-sheer crêpe. The flower on her shoulder is of the fabric, and a pattern for it goes with the dress.

"Boleros are good—and so young!" Says Figure Number Five, "and if you've plenty of shirring, you're better still."

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"Some tough detour between here and Jonesville, eh? Coming up this morning I spent more time in the air than I did on the seat."

"That so? It didn't seem so bad to us—but then, we're riding on Kelly-Springfield Balloons."


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"It's a Great Automobile"
Always a car of restricted ownership — but now well within the means of thousands to enjoy.
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MARMON VICTORIA
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One of these days you'll wish you had this *extra* wheel!

When a tire goes flat. . . .

Or when a spoke wheel hits the curb sideways, and splinters. . . .

Or when a careless duffer rolls up behind, and bang! into the rear of your car.

Then you'll wish you had this *fifth* Budd-Michelin Wheel.

The fifth Budd-Michelin Wheel carries the spare tire.

Exchanging a wheel with a flat tire for the extra wheel is a three to four minute job.

A few turns on the self-locking nuts at the hub, and the wheel is off. The extra wheel is slipped into its place—the nuts are tightened—and *that's* all over.

No more rim changing, and a lot less dirt.

Even a rugged steel Budd-Michelin Wheel will bend when it gets a hard enough bump—but will bend only, when an ordinary wheel would go to pieces.

Under the old system, when a wheel gave up and quit you had to hike to the nearest telephone, call a service station, pay a towing charge—and then buy a new wheel. A nasty wait, a nasty bill, and a nasty temper.

With Budd-Michelins, you take off the bent wheel, put on the fifth wheel, and are on your way.

And the bent wheel can always be straightened, good as new, for two or three dollars.

The driver who bumps the rear of your car, when you have a Budd-Michelin, isn't going to dent the body.

That extra wheel on the rear is a tough customer, and when the other fellow gets careless with his brakes, it will give him more than it takes.

In addition, how that glistening, stream-lined extra wheel snaps up the rear of the car—makes it look as good going as coming!

Reasons for Budd-Michelin Wheels? More reasons than room to tell about them. Ask the man who owns *five*. . . . Then when you want that extra wheel, you'll have it!

Detroit . . . BUDD WHEEL COMPANY . . . *Philadelphia*

The NEW STUTZ

with SAFETY CHASSIS

The Safest Car now made even Safer

WE now announce NEW STUTZ models, including seven-passenger cars, in which *every window*, as well as windshield, is of special *safety-glass*. This eliminates the hazard of injury from flying shattered glass, at front, sides and rear. These NEW STUTZ models are the first cars ever built regularly equipped with safety-glass all around.

The phenomenal sales of The NEW STUTZ attest the success with which this advanced automobile meets the public demand of today.

And The NEW STUTZ, with Safety Chassis, already the world's safest automobile, is now made still safer for its occupants.

No other car has this combination of safety features:

Safety-glass in windshield and all windows. Narrow, clear-vision front corner-posts.

Frame of unequalled strength and rigidity, with integral steel running-boards ("side-bumpers").

Perfect road balance; elimination of side-sway achieved by scientific frame and spring arrangement. Stabilators and long, low-rate flat springs co-ordinated for ideal action.

Unparalleled stability, gained by a radical lowering of the "center of mass" of the car. The resistance to overturn is so great that one side of the car may be raised more than three feet higher than the other without toppling the car over. This lowering of the center of mass is made possible by The NEW STUTZ worm-gear drive, manufactured by Timken.

Hydrostatic four-wheel brakes, developed and built by Timken; greatly increased effective braking surface, with perfect equalization of braking energy at all points on each wheel. Non-leaking, no adjusting; quick, even deceleration—no discomfort to passengers, no skidding, no swerving, no side-sway.

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The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft. It is permanently protected at no cost to the car owner by The Fedco Number Plate System in co-operation with the William J. Burns International Detective Agency.

See The NEW STUTZ cars with safety-glass all around as the final safety attainment in the automobile that most successfully meets modern motoring conditions.

Your local dealer is now showing these models, which in addition to their exclusive safety features have a custom-like smartness of body design and the utmost luxury of appointments.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO.
OF AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

Eight body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.



"It is a serious question whether manufacturers in the past have given adequate thought to the element of safety in the cars they have sold to the general public. Over a period of years our motor-car manufacturers have stressed everything but safety features . . . ."

F. W. JOHNSON, *Director Citizens Safety Committee of Philadelphia at the 1926 National Conference on Street and Highway Safety—* SECRETARY HOOVER, *Chairman.*



The social side of summer sports

SALMAGUNDI

A medley of good things in chocolate covered fruits, nuts and creams. The beautiful metal box helps make this a popular package for out-of-doors.

Wherever folks gather in the care-free, informal, outdoor summer life, where talk is light-hearted and laughter is spontaneous—there you will find Whitman's Chocolates in circulation.

Oh, the zest of good chocolates after exercise!

Whitman's Salmagundi package fits perfectly into the picture of a perfect summer day. It remains in the memory as a real addition to the delights of vacation days.

It can be had at every place where people gather for sport, rest and recreation—at the store that shows the sign of the Whitman agency. Every package of Whitman's is guaranteed perfect.

Whitman's

Chocolates



IN VANITY FAIR

The Fable of King Wen the Blind

Relating the Search of an Excessively Particular Potentate for the Perfect Queen

ONCE upon a time a tale was told. It is only now possible to retell it, because it has been forgotten:

Once upon a time, so the tale is told, there was a king whose fame was so black that there was not bravado enough in all his kingdom to speak his name or to recount his infamies, either before or after his death. Thus, from having lived too well, he might as well never have lived at all, for the historians could learn nothing of him.

But here, in secret, it may be told that his name was King Wen the Blind, because he was not blind, and he reigned where all really amusing things occur, in England. It was said of him that he joined the brutality of a Nero with the ingenuity of a Petronius. His villainy was only exceeded by the cunning wit with which he applied it. His favourite torture was to read unrhymed verse to his political prisoners. These were only his *divertissements*. The serious business of his kingship was another and grislier matter. Much could be told you of the reign of King Wen the Blind, except that that sort of thing simply is not done.

MY story begins on the day when the King compelled all the newspapers to fill every edition solidly with a Personal Column in which was repeated, over and over, this intimate item:

> LONESOME KING NEEDS WOMAN IN HIS BUSINESS. MUST HAVE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FACE IN THE KINGDOM. NO REFERENCES REQUIRED. INTERVIEW NECESSARY. WEN.

Now, his subjects all knew quite well that since the eve of his twentieth birthday he had not looked upon the female of his kind, either seriously or honourably. There was therefore a great light of joy in the hearts of his subjects that their king was about to take a wife, for they thought that family life might soften his sanguinary disposition. However, in spite of their God-given vanity, not one woman was bold enough to frame an answer to King Wen's plea.

King Wen was piqued by what he conceived to be his subjects' indifference to his emotional life. Forthwith, he gathered about him the twentieth part of his armies and proceeded to comb the land. This regiment was of so singular a sort as to be recruited exclusively from among his own natural sons, for he had led, as a youth, a careless life and, being a precocious boy, had had at the age of twenty, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen children, all sons (which number you will perceive to be the arithmetical result of five times three hundred and sixty-five, plus two for Leap Years). These descendants, all tall, fair, and green-eyed, with the scarlet birthmark of a mace that distinguished their sire, formed the personnel of the army which King Wen the Blind led on his more amusing enterprises.

With this, the twentieth part of his armies, King Wen forced, from the ladies of the land, an anguished reply to his innocent item in the personal columns. In the end he found the woman he wanted, for King Wen was King Wen and he was not Blind.



DRAWING BY CHARLES MARTIN

KING WEN'S WIFE

After a quest which lasted for three years, three months, three hours and five minutes, King Wen found a woman who had the most beautiful mind in the kingdom. So King Wen, in his morning coat, carried her off to his castle on the hill

The woman whom he sought stood in the centre of a hay field, bearing above her head a haystack twenty cubits high and thirty cubits around. She was entirely undraped, as was the fine old English custom of the time. The woman dropped the haystack down over her, so that it shrouded her even from head to foot. "Ah!" said King Wen the Blind, but there was a doubt between his eyes as he walked toward the haystack. The flesh under his nails grew purple, his only sign of agitation. She was or she wasn't the maiden he sought. King Wen the Blind thrust his hand hardily into the haystack. A pink glow suffused it, for the woman was blushing. He parted the haystack and looked at her face. She was the maiden he sought.

King Wen returned with her to his palace. The people expected a great and royal wedding, but nothing of the sort befell. For he had made the woman his Chief Scrub-lady in the Palace.

On a later day, King Wen again advertised, now for the woman with the most beautiful feet in the kingdom. Again there was no response. Thus also with the women who had the most beautiful hands, calves, knees, thighs, neck, arms, hair, torso, and ears.

At the end of six years of this sort of thing he advertised for the woman with the most beautiful mind in the kingdom. The king was amazed to find that approximately every woman in the kingdom but one answered his advertisement. It was necessary to get out special editions the next day to print all the answers. He realized then—for he was, after all, a gentleman of perception—that this was no matter for a whole army, and he dismissed from his reckoning all those who had answered the advertisement. He thereupon shaved off his beard, his hair, and his eyebrows, wrapped himself in a gray cloak, took up his sword which was magical because it was named Collalal, and went on his quest alone.

I SHALL not tell you of his quest: it lasted for three years, three months, three days, three hours, and five minutes, for King Wen fell into a ditch and the adventure took him two minutes longer than he had planned. On the fifth minute of the third day of the third month of the third year, then he saw the only woman who had not answered his advertisement for the most beautiful mind in the kingdom. She was drying her hair out of the topmost window of a castle on a high hill and King Wen saw that she was the ugliest woman he had ever seen. He shouted to her to throw herself down to him, but she threw upon him, instead, a pail of shampoo water.

King Wen knew, on the moment, a wrath such as he had never known before. In a white flame of anger he tore his way to the room where the woman was. He called her a name that one does not often hear in noble company and, with a single stroke of the sword Collalal, split open the door.

As he stepped through, he saw, as Joan of Arc saw the Angel of the Lord, that she was holding something magical in her hand, and, seeing it, he fell on his knees and bowed his head before her.

"Against you, I see now that I am powerless. I am King Wen and I ask you to be my wife! For I know well that, with that talisman in your hand, you have it in your power to make me truly wise and bring me lasting happiness."

She looked into his eyes, raised him by the hand, and bestowed upon him a thumb-worn copy of VANITY FAIR.

DAVID CORT

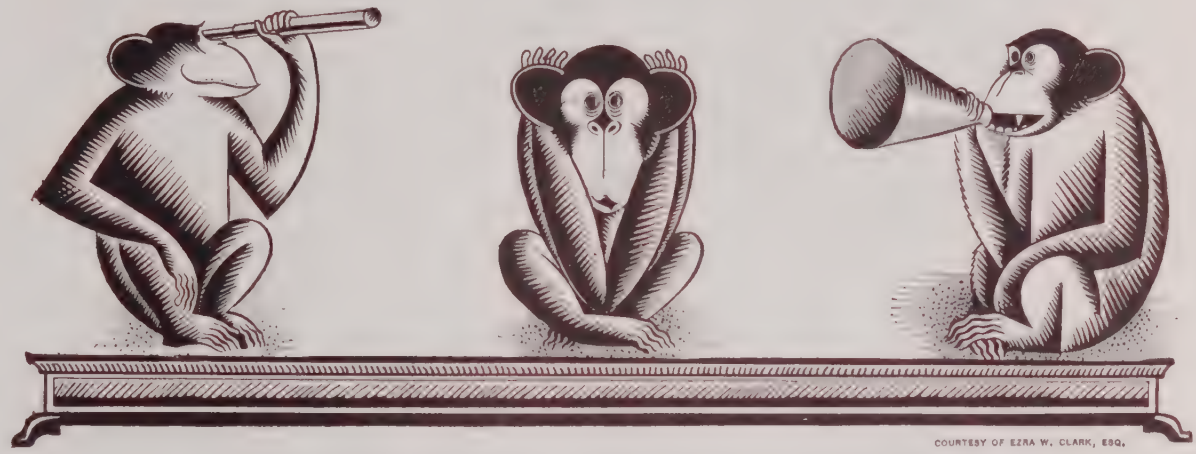


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VANITY FAIR

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PACH BROTHERS

James J. Walker—Mayor of New York

A New Portrait of the Popular Chief Executive of the American Metropolis

JAMES J. WALKER is New York's most interesting Mayor since Judge Gaynor. Gaynor had a sharp satirical sense, hated sham, quoted Epictetus, and ruled with skill. Walker wags a witty tongue, composes and sings songs, loves the theatre, the bright lights, sophisticated society (and is loved by it), and rules with ability. Though long a leader in New York politics, there is not an indication of the politician about him. He remains, ingratiatingly, "Jimmie" Walker. Born in Greenwich Village, 45 years ago (you'd never guess it), he became an amateur actor, ball player, song writer, lawyer, Assemblyman (at 28), State Senator (in 1914), and sponsored, among other measures, New York's boxing laws, Sunday baseball, child welfare and workmen's compensation. Walker knows his job thoroughly, but he still follows sport, dines in society and entertains at the piano. And people do say that, in closing the cabarets at a rational hour, he, personally, was prominent among those left with nothing to do between 3 A. M. and bedtime

Vanity Fair



The Strike That Failed

Summarizing Several Important Aspects of the Recent Walk-Out in England

By PHILIP GUEDALLA

FEW of us, very few of us indeed, are likely to forget in any hurry the cold spring of 1926. In the first place, the weather was more than usually detestable. But we had something more to talk about than the weather. Not that we Saw It Coming. That is the private privilege of leader-writers, old gentlemen in clubs, and those Sunday oracles beneath whose eloquent pens their fellow-creatures stand perpetually at the Turning Point and the Parting of the Ways and in all those other critical situations which serve so admirably to fill a column. No one—except in history books—foresees the slow march of events. War came in 1914 and found Paris mainly concerned with the shooting exploits of the audacious Madame Caillaux; in 1870 it found France deep in domestic calculations of the probable duration of M. Emile Ollivier's well-meaning ministry; in 1792 it found Mr. Pitt wrapped tightly in his judicious anticipation that "unquestionably there never was a time in the history of this country when from the situation of Europe we might more reasonably expect fifteen years of peace". Did not the unforgettable Hammond assure his chief a week before the Ems telegram that he had never known so great a lull in foreign affairs? No one foresees any more freely in politics than on the race-course. People are only wise after the event. It is, if you come to think of it, the most convenient time for being wise.

SO none of us foresaw the strike. We were uncomfortably conscious of an interminable dispute about the mines. But we had seen those clouds before, had lived in the shadow of them—on and off—for something like five years. Sometimes, indeed, they hung a little lower; and sometimes they floated further up. Patient Commissions listened to serried lines of witnesses, who demonstrated (if they were miners) that they were underpaid or proved with equal certainty (if they were mine owners) that there was no means of paying higher wages. But the world at large was mainly indifferent—with an uneasy feeling that the bill would, in some form or other, be sent in to the taxpayer. So it discussed its private concerns, improving business, hopes of summer holidays, the franc, Spinelly, and the Australians.

And then it came. It was all . . . one hates the analogy, but—to be frank—it was all a little like the war. There was the same surprise, the same sudden sense that the bottom had dropped out of things, and the same stupid threat to the ordered life of a community at peace. Our forty millions became sharply aware that persons with monosyllabic names, of whom they had never heard, were issuing orders to them. A Mr. Pugh commanded them to stop at home or, if they wished to go to work, to walk there. A Mr. Swales directed them to leave off reading newspapers. They saw their milk roll into London in most unexpected conveyances, because these unknown figures willed it; and under the influence of these highly remarkable events they became dimly aware that something was happening. With a sound instinct they forgot all about the miners, who played the ungrateful part assigned by fate a few years earlier to "gallant little Belgium". The miners had caused the trouble. But when a General Strike was called to aid them, they quickly receded from the public mind into a dim and remote perspective.

WHAT had occurred? The great Trades Unions had rushed to the rescue of the underground workers in a chivalrous desire to paralyse the community into providing more pay. But by doing so, they quite unwittingly raised a larger issue. Some of them—but not many—saw it; and some—but still fewer—welcomed it. For when Mr. Pugh and Mr. Swales issued their orders, they challenged by industrial action the right of Britain to order its own affairs in its own way. It was barely eighteen months since we had elected a House of Commons. Few of us viewed it with eyes of passionate affection; but at least, by the simple act of voting for or against its members, we had all had a hand in making it. It gave us the not unmixed blessing of Mr. Baldwin's Government, which again we viewed with eyes largely undimmed by tears of devotion. Yet we knew that, as we had put them in, we would equally put them out at the next elections, if we were minded to. They were—these Tory ministers—for all their airs and their vast majority, our own creation—a poor thing, but our own. We had accepted them with all their imperfections; and, if they misgoverned us, it was our fault for having given them the chance.

But here, in the wintry springtime, was a Mr. Pugh who ordered us all about, a Mr. Swales who told us how to behave, a Mr. Citrine who offered obligingly to see that we did not starve. And most of us—black-coated or shirt-sleeved, white-collared or tastefully knotted round the neck with a striped choker—profoundly disliked the picture, and it was our dislike that broke the Strike. There are, it must always be remembered, forty millions of us; and less than four had combined to give any authority whatever to their new dictators. We had dim recollections of school lessons about the long struggle of Parliament against misguided kings and unruly barons—and what, in the light of this eventful history, was Mr. Pugh? We had not elected him. He wore no crown. Perhaps he was a baron.

THAT, unintentionally, is precisely what he was. He never meant to be. But he had a touching faith in the exclusive privilege of his own section of the community to do as it pleased; and that hallucination leads barons to their worst mistakes. The error, in this instance, was just one more legacy of the war. For our labour leaders formed their mental habits in that bad school. In war-time, when the uninterrupted functioning of the industrial machine was vital to the continuous supply of shells, a Trades Union had only to permit a passing frown to deface its brow—and eager ministers granted its lightest requirements in nervous haste. This happy time endured for some years longer than the war itself. A judicious caution had dictated a similar deference during the industrial troubles of Mr. Lloyd George's later rule in 1919 and 1921; and its wisdom is, perhaps, hardly open to doubt. The war-shocked State was disinclined to look too closely into the merits of successive demands upon it, since the repose which it purchased was of greater value than the Danegeld which was extorted. The habit (one sees it plainly now) grew upon labour leaders. They revelled in their power—the crisis, the summons to Downing Street, the happy settlement. At the same time a loud minority looked hopefully towards the supersession of the old Parliamentary machine by this industrial aristocracy. Mr. Cook delighted weekly meetings of miners with the bright prospect of their new omnipotence; there was a thin trickle of imported nonsense about the dictatorship of the proletariat; and in this vague illusion serious Trades Unionists toyed with the notion of a General Strike.

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Our Debt to Hollywood

What the Inferior Races Learn of White Civilization from Motion Pictures

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

AT Weltevreden in Java there is a plot of ground dedicated to the pleasures of the natives and called the Gambier Park. At the entrance gate you pay according to your nationality—Javanese five cents, foreign orientals (Chinese or Arab) fifteen, and Europeans, half a *gulden*. We admitted the equitableness of the tariff—for in every tropical land the poorest people are always the inhabitants—shouldered the white man's burden to the tune of fifty cents apiece and walked in. The thick, almost palpable darkness of a night overcast by tropical clouds was tempered by a few sparse arc lamps and by the dim lanterns of mineral water vendors. Their light was reflected from puddles; it had been raining. The night felt and smelt like a hothouse. It seemed strange to be walking in the open. Surely there was a glass roof just overhead, there were glass walls all round us. And where were the hot water pipes?

The sound of drums and bamboo xylophones, that tinkled out the endless and incoherent music of a dripping tap, drew us across the grass. Under a bright light twenty or thirty Javanese young men and girls were gravely dancing. Nobody spoke. They went through their evolutions without a word. I was reminded of the noiseless coming and going in an aquarium, of the mute ecstasies of embracing octopuses, of submarine battles, ferocious but inaudible. It is a strangely silent people, the Javanese. Some merman, perhaps, from the soundless depths among the corals was the first colonist of the island. We stood for some time watching the dumb Tritons in their *batik* skirts or trousers, the voiceless but, I am afraid, far from respectable nereids.

Then, since one easily tires of goldfish we strolled away in search of livelier entertainment.

BUT mum was still the word. Fifty yards away we found an open air picture show. A crowd, as fishily dumb as the young dancers, stood or squatted in front of an illuminated screen, across which there came and went, in an epileptic silence, the human fishes of a cinema drama. And what a drama! We arrived in time to see a man in what the lady novelists call "faultless evening dress", smashing a door with an axe, shooting several other men, embracing against her will a distressed female, also in evening dress. Meanwhile another man was hurrying from somewhere to somewhere else in a motor car that tumbled over precipices, in trains that villains contrived to send full tilt into rivers—in vain, however; for the hurrying young man always jumped off the doomed vehicles in the nick of time and immediately found another and still more rapid means of locomotion. We did not stay to witness the foregone conclusion; but it was sufficiently obvious that the man in the hurry would find an aeroplane, which would duly crash on the roof of the house where the distressed female was being embraced against her will. He would rush in and be just in time to prevent the consummation of a long protracted assault (I may add parenthetically that assault in the cinema, is always providentially leisurely; the villain takes things so easily that heroes invariably have the time to drive in Straight-Eights from Salt Lake City to New York before the virtuous resistance of the heroine can be overcome.) The villain would then be shot and the young man and distressed female would then embrace, lengthily and with gusto, over his carcass.

The violent imbecilities of the story flickered in silence against the background of the equatorial night. In silence the Javanese looked on. What were they thinking? What were their private comments on this exhibition of western civilization? I wondered. In North Africa, in India I have also wondered. There are many races, skins of many shades; there are the colonies of many white nations, there are protectorates and mandated territories; there are nominally free countries that give "concessions"—a great variety of political institutions and subject peoples.

But there is only one Hollywood.

ARABS and Melanesians, Negroes and Indians, Malays and Chinamen—all see the same films. The crook drama at Tunis is the same as the crook drama at Madras. On the same evening in Korea, in Sumatra, in the Sudan they are looking at the same seven soulful reels of mother love and adultery. The same fraudulent millionaires are swindling for the diversion of a Burmese audience in Mandalay, a Maori audience in New Zealand. Over the entire globe the producers of Hollywood are the missionaries and propagandists of white civilization. It is from the films alone that the untaught and untravelled member of a subject race can learn about the superior civilization which has conquered him and is ruling him.

And what does he learn from the films? What is this famous civilization of the white men which Hollywood reveals? These are two questions which one is almost ashamed to answer. The world into which the cinema introduces the subject peoples is a world of silliness and criminality. When its inhabitants are not stealing, murdering, swindling or attempting to commit assault (too slowly, as we have seen, to be often completely successful), they are being maudlin about babies or dear old homes, they are being fantastically and idiotically honourable in a manner calculated to bring the greatest possible discomfort to the greatest possible number of people, they are disporting themselves in marble halls, they are aimlessly dashing about the earth's surface in fast moving vehicles. When they make money, they do it only in the most discreditable, unproductive and socially mischievous way—by speculation. Their politics are matters exclusively of personal (generally amorous) intrigue. Their science is an affair of secret recipes for making money—recipes which are always getting stolen by villains no less anxious for cash than the scientific hero himself. Their religion is all cracker mottoes, white haired clergymen, large hearted Mothers, hard, Bible-reading, puritanical Fathers and Young Girls who have taken the wrong turning and been betrayed, kneeling with their illegitimate babies in front of crucifixes.

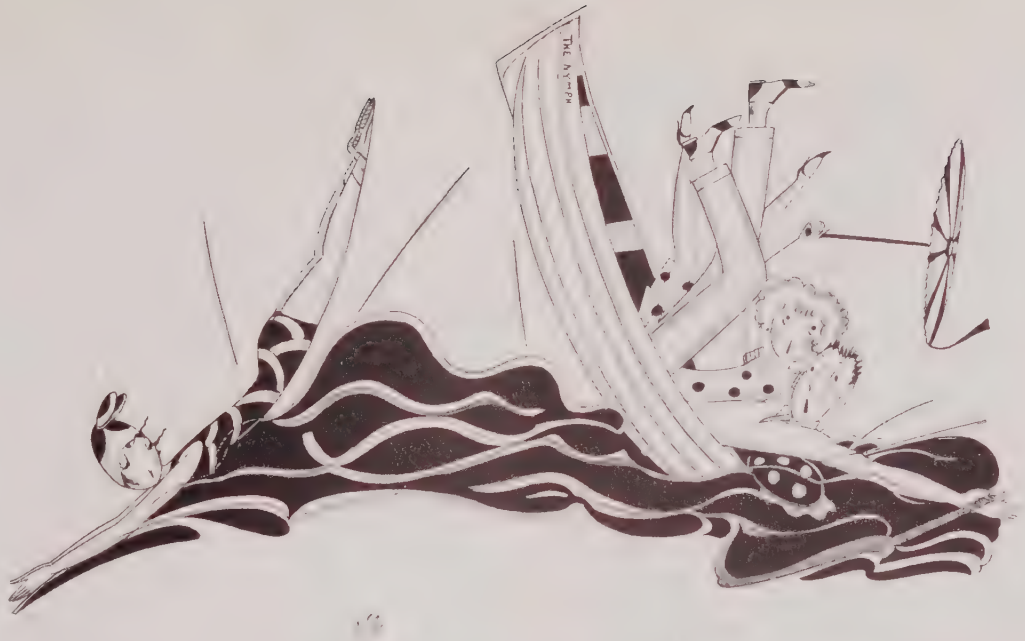
As for their art—it consists of young men in overalls and large ties painting, in cock lofts, feminine portraits worthy to figure on the covers of magazines. And their literature is the flatulent verbiage of the captions.

Such is the white man's world as revealed by the films. A world of crooks and half wits morons and sharpers. A crude, immature, childish world. A world without subtlety, without the smallest intellectual interests, innocent of art, letters, philosophy, science. A world where there are plenty of motors, telephones and automatic pistols, but in which there is no trace of such a thing as a modern idea. A world where men and women have instincts, desires and emotions, but no thoughts. A world, in brief, from which all that gives the modern West its power, its political and, I like patriotically to think, its spiritual superiority to the East, all that makes it a hemisphere which one is proud to have been born in and happy to return to, has been left out. To the subject races of the East and South, Hollywood proclaims us as a people of criminals and mental defectives. It was better, surely, in the old days before the cinema was invented, when the white men's subjects were totally ignorant of the world in which their masters lived. It was possible for them, then, to believe that the white men's civilization was something great and marvellous—something even greater, perhaps, and more extraordinary than it really was. Hollywood has changed all that.

IT has in truth scattered broadcast over the brown and black and yellow world a grotesquely garbled account of our civilization. It has published a journal of our activities, but heavily censored. The political and scientific articles, the reviews of books, the essays, the reports of Learned Societies have been cut out; there are blanks where the reproductions of the works of art should be. Nothing has been left but the police court news, the *feuilleton*, the reports of the divorce cases. White men complain that the attitude of members of the coloured races is not so respectful as it was. Can one be astonished?

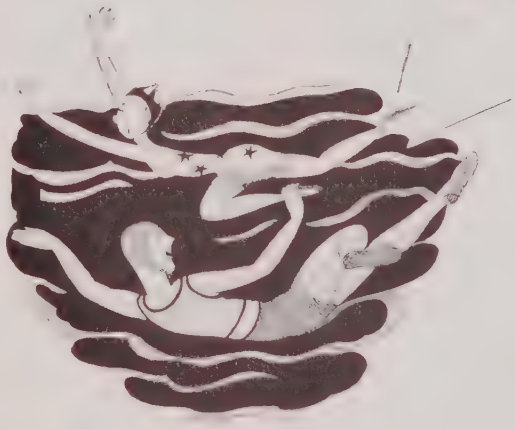
What astonishes me is that the attitude remains as respectful as it does. Standing in the midst of that silent crowd of Javanese picture fans, I was astonished, when the performance attained its culminating imbecility, that they did not all with one accord turn on us with hoots of derision, with mocking and murderous violence. I was astonished that they did not all rush in a body through the town crying: "Why should we be ruled any longer by imbeciles?" and murdering every white man they met. The drivelling nonsense that flickered there in the darkness, under the tropical clouds, was enough to justify any outburst. But fortunately for us, the oriental is patient

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SEA FOR THREE

Horace, the old meanie, has made it a threesome and taken the blonde Belinda out rowing with him instead of going alone with Sally Lou, the other woman in the case. "Never mind, I can dive from the boat," says Sally Lou, as she thoughtfully kicks over the excessively inconstant *Nymph* . . . Ah, well, it only surfs them right



THE MAD WAG

Edgerton is the amphibious boy who, if urged, can stand on his head, bite bottle-fish and eat bananas—all under water. But, in this picture, Edgerton would rather play Crab. "Guess who this is!" he bubbles, sinking a thumb into Edwina's ankle as she sinks in terror beneath the waves. For Edwina, one swallow maketh not a summer

"Summer Is Icumen In"

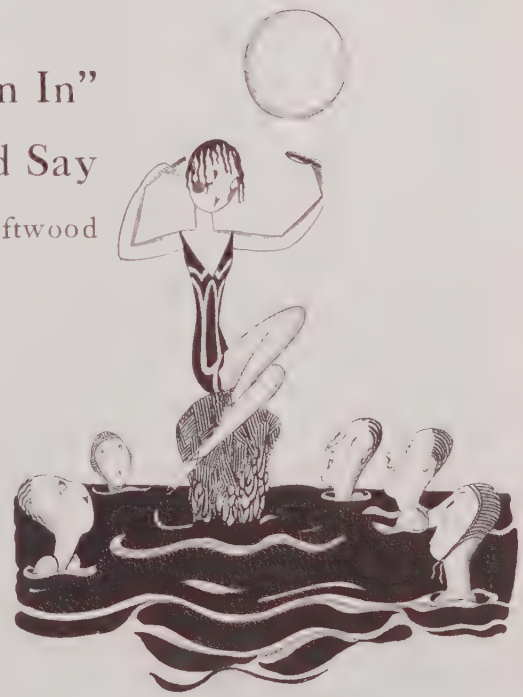
As Chaucer Would Say

A Beachful of Dainty Driftwood

Mermaids by FISH







DAT OLE DEBBIL SEA

Fresh as a daisy is Julia's bathing suit, and crisp as a frosted *méringue*, when she steps lightly into the sparkling waves. But oh, the treachery of taffeta, the fraudulence of frills! Bestow a tear on Julia (in the insert). Undone by Neptune's brief embrace, she falters forth to wonder whether her hundred-and-fifty dollar bathing suit will make a good parlour dust-cloth or anything

THE SHINGLED LORELEI

The moon seems wan compared to Cecily, the midnight bather, combing her hair by its spangled light, while all her collegiate water-babies are simply destroyed with delight. Poor little Osgood, on the extreme left, got a bitter shock when the tendril of her hair which he stole for his Memory Book turned out to be a strand of seaweed with little watery knobs on it. The seaweed, of course, went pop when he caressed it



NEW ORLEANS

Sherwood Anderson writes about New Orleans from the realistic side, but this painting by Mlle. Gontcharova mirrors the New Orleans of tradition—the city celebrated as a romantic landmark and as the home of the Mardi-Gras, the carnival held there every Spring

New Orleans

A Prose Poem in the Expressionist Manner

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON



MARDI-GRAS

A canvas by Natalia Gontcharova, the Russian artist, who recently visited America. Her works, as well as those of her husband, M. Larionov, are well known in Europe—particularly in Paris. The costume portrayed is similar to those very frequently seen at the New Orleans Mardi-Gras

CADDY SMITH'S got her some new gloves—brown ones.

Well, you take a tall one like that and she scratches a lot.

* * *

Want a drink?

When you go in the place what you say is—"give me Commercial". Then you'd better watch out. If he pulls the woodside tap it's O K. Look out for the riverside tap. That's slop—pure slop. They hand a lot of that out. It's these tourists. That's what you got to give 'em. You can't take chances. O'Leary took a chance and where is he now?

You take a town like New Orleans and it aint never been boomed none, to speak of.

They used to have bugs down here, so thick you had to cut your way through. Did you ever have the bone fever? They used to have sewers right in the streets. They got 'em moved now. It's a good town all right.

* * *

Them millionaires run in herds. You got to get 'em headed your way. We aint ever had no good cowboys down here.

A town like now Los Angeles, or Miami or this Coral Gables is a turning round place. You can't stand the gaff. You go in. Then you turn around and come out. What t'ell.

* * *

Drifting slow music, quickening now and then—sometimes. On Decatur Street, down by the French market, they been singing a song called, "shake that thing", for months now. A lot of songs start down there, near the river in New Orleans. Then they go North into the big time. Soda clerks and bank clerks get to singing. Then the road houses up North get busy.

Songs get worn out pretty fast.

You take a song now, or anything that starts in New Orleans. It has to go North doesn't it? There aint anything but water and swamps South. You can't do nothing on water.

* * *

If you want it warm you can get it as warm in New Orleans as anyplace in this world. You tell a lot of them boomers that. But wait—maybe it aint very good propaganda. Maybe they want it cold. I don't like it cold myself but some do. Some say blondes is usually cold. I wonder.

Its cold here sometimes all right. You never see so much rain. Everybody huddled in doorways. A lot of people get the wrong idea of New Orleans. "The city care forgot." They don't like that stuff much up to the Chamber of Commerce. They want you worried.

* * *

A lot of young people, male and female, get all fired up about books they want to write, pictures they want to paint. They come down here and get rooms. Such a lot don't do a town no good. They got sore because no one pays

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There And Back

A Number of Reasons Why Motor Touring Is Not All It Is Cranked Up to Be

By COREY FORD

THE real trouble with Motor Touring, obviously, lies in all the other cars. Any motorist can see this for himself. If his car were the only one on the road, the whole problem would be solved in a jiffy.

With things as they are, he simply hasn't got a show in the world. If it isn't a Detour ahead, it's a Motor Cop; the brakes are all against him. But there are a number of hints that can be thrown to the Motorist who is about to start on a tour. The best hint is to remove the engine very quietly, hide it somewhere under the porch, and announce to the family, with a long face, that it will take the whole day for repairs. He can then borrow his little son's velocipede for the afternoon.

One of the most pernicious evils of Motor Touring lurks in the bland smile of the courteous pedestrian who answers your inquiries by the roadside. Don't you be fooled; he only exists there to lure innocent motorists off their course. The average pedestrian will go out of his way to give explicit directions to a driver; and from then on all the going out of the way will be done by the driver.

Not that he holds anything back; the trouble usually lies in the fact that these willing Samaritans are entirely *too* explicit. They give you all the possibilities. They leave no stone unmentioned. If there is another bystander handy, they call him also into consultation; and although the driver may be a fairly intelligent human being, and able to count to one hundred without using his fingers, his mind is just a tub of peanut-butter by the time he has listened to all the directions they have to offer:

"YOU want to get to Depot Square, huh? Lemme see, I'd say take the first turn to your left, and then on four blocks, and then two to your right, and that ought to land you in Wimple Avenue, wouldn't it, George?"

"Hold on, it's quicker if he keeps right on the way he is now, and takes the *second* turn, and goes up two blocks, and then across."

"No, George, that would land him on Geebis Road, and that's all tore up. He'd better stick to Wimple Avenue, unless," brightening, "he wants to take the short-cut three blocks to the right, and then left, and follow the trolley tracks."

"Yeh, I guess that's best. Lissen, see, you go north till you pass the watering trough, and then swing sharp left—"

"Or else, wait a minute, George, he can go straight up, and over, and across, and *then* down."

"Yeh," George concedes, "only be sure to turn off at the Memorial Statcher."

And the wise motorist thanks them very politely, quietly turns his car around, and starts back over the road he came on.

Contrasted to this type of trip in which you get nowhere in particular is the type of trip in which you get just about everywhere. This little expedition is in the nature of an exploring party, and the object of the game is to Find the Detour. And Father, as usual, is It.

The idea of Detours is a little hard to make out. As I understand it, from the original drawings of Alfred J. Detour, the Swiss inventor who made such a name for himself on the continent as a designer of ground-plans for labyrinths, Detours were the earliest suggestions for a scheme of perpetual motion. They were introduced into this country by a clique of backwoods farmers, who wanted to throw a little more business their way.

Here is a typical conversation on a family motor trip of this particular variety.

"Henry, look; that car ahead took the dirt road over the hill."

"All right, let him, I can't help it, can I?"

"Mamma, the car behind us just turned off to the left."

"Henry, did you hear what little Ethel said."

"I don't give—I don't care what she said."

There follows an ominous silence, during which the road grows bumpier and bumpier, and there is not another car to be seen.

"Henry, now, are you *sure* this is the way?"

Silence.

"Mamma, that left turn—"

SILENCE. Suddenly a broad stretch of asphalt looms ahead, and the pilot at the wheel glides onto it with a quiet smile of triumph. His pleasure is short-lived.

"Mamma, look where we are!" in a scream of delight.

"Henry, what did I tell you?"

And Henry, glancing up dazed from the wheel, discovers that he is riding placidly past his own doorstep.

There are a number of other good reasons why Motor Touring is not all it is cranked up to be; and, by an odd coincidence, most of these reasons wear blue coats with brass buttons, grow ferocious black mustaches, and ride up and down the road all day long on Motorcycles. The average motorist might conceivably put his head in a lion's mouth, or twit Jack Dempsey about his nose; but when one of these grim avenging angels tells him out of the corner of his mouth to pull over to the side of the road, he only uttters a feeble bleat in his throat, tips his hat, and asks the policeman politely if he can't give him a lift as far as the curb.

The Motorcycle Cop is much misunderstood. Although the fact is not generally appreciated by motorists, the Policeman, at heart, is almost human, with a genuine pride in his work. Seated in his home, with pipe and carpet-slippers, he becomes gentle and even tractable; and he *does* take a simple and boyish pleasure in showing visitors over the den where he keeps the trophies of his Chase.

"See this here?" says the Policeman, pointing to the head of a large Motorist mounted over his bookcase. "I got him last Sunday. He was driving a racer, and he gimme a mean fight before I handed him his ticket."

He passes on to a handsome pelt slung across a chair, and runs his fingers affectionately through the grey sideburns and whiskers. "Brought this one down at five hundred yards," he adds modestly. "He had a big sedan, and I had to wound him twice in the rear tire before he'd stop.

"And this here's a whole family I nabbed a couple of weeks ago," he continued proudly, pointing to a life-like group nailed onto a board. "It makes a nice little display over the fireplace, don't you think?"

"My," admires the motorist, "that certainly is quite a display, all right."

"Sure, that's nothing," says the Policeman proudly. "You ought to see me on Sundays. Why, you could paper a room with what I get Sundays."

"What do you pull in around here?" asks the visitor.

"Oh, every kind," replies the Policeman. "Touring cars and sedans, limousines and racers. Why, I got a racer the other day," he boasts, "with spokes as big around as my wrist." And to prove it he shows the motorist his wrist.

"How do you get them?" asks the visitor timidly.

"Trapping," says the Policeman, "and stalking, of course. And sometimes on a holiday the whole township gets together and holds a real drive. We pull in fifty or a hundred a day that way.

"And when we get all we can take care of," he confides, in a low voice, "we turn 'em over to the Judge, and he skins 'em for us."

BUT let us assume (sitting here quietly at home reading this article) that the motor-cop has been passed, the detours avoided, and the motorist has finally discovered where to go. Let us say, to make our point, that your typical family has set out that morning for a real old-fashioned picnic.

They have set out bright and early to avoid the other cars, which have all set out bright and early for the same reason. And there they are, somewhere in the centre of a vast and interminable *queue* of similar cars, creeping forward at snail's pace, bumper to bumper, fender to fender, stretching in either direction to the very horizon. Telegraph poles whiz by like glaciers. The hours creep on apace. The fun is on.

In the course of the morning they gain thirteen feet. This is accomplished when Mr. Furbish, at imminent risk of life and limb, flings discretion to the winds, darts out of line, circles a Ford station wagon and darts back into line again. This rash act is followed by three-quarters of an hour of excited argument by Mrs. Furbish, explaining the dangers involved in such a *sortie* and pointing out that, good night! there are other people in the car, Henry, even if you don't care about yourself. Her argument is further augmented by a Motorcycle Policeman, who chugs up beside Mr. Furbish and demands to know how does he get that way, and how about keeping in line unless he wants a ticket. Mr. Furbish swallows, and bides his time.

The man in the car halted in the long and immovable parade beside Mr. Furbish's machine even gets a little fratty as they sit next to each

(Continued on page 99)

A Chinese Ghost Story

A Franciscan Missionary Witnesses a Strange Display of Supernatural Phenomena

By PAUL MORAND

I MADE the crossing by boat from Shanghai to Hong Kong in the company of Father V., a Franciscan missionary. He was a huge man, so enormous that he looked like one of those grotesque figures which the early, primitive Flemish painters used to depict as blowing a trumpet while the Heavens opened on the Day of Judgment. He had lived in China for a long time,—possibly thirty years,—partly at Setshuan and partly at Yunnan. The Superior Order had just called him to Jerusalem, and he was going to the other end of the world as complacently as if it meant no more to him than a trip from Paris to Versailles. On a few hours' notice he had left his school, his infirmary and his friends in China, without apparent regret and with the indifference of a man trained in the diplomatic service, and accustomed from his youth to start at a moment's notice for the most remote places. Father V. was, indeed, a good diplomat, but an official serving God. The thirty years of his life spent in China had not tainted him with any exotic romanticism or poetic notions. He was tanned by the sun and he was never without his shabby blue cotton umbrella. The blazing sun had parched his face and made it as yellow as a funereal Tang statuette; he looked like an old Norman peasant and an old Chinese peasant at the same time. While he believed in God with apostolic faith, he still was able to allow for the existence of supernatural phenomena which, to be sure, had not the slightest connection with his religion and his Western ideas. The two civilizations had become mingled in him so that his mind could pass from one to the other without apparent awareness. Nevertheless, I was quite astonished when I heard him talk one evening. We had seated ourselves near the water, watching the blood-red sun of the tropics dissolve in a sea as of heavy silk, serrated by the streaks which marked the wake of flying fish. I faintly remember that I made myself slightly ridiculous, that day, by my attempt to expound China to the saintly man who had lived there thirty years. And I had spent scarcely thirty days there.

"CHINA is a skeptical, rational and incredulous country," I said. "A hard stone which no manner of faith can soften. If our sterile Europeans, with their dried-up hearts, are looking to Asia for a revolution, let them turn their faces to mysterious India, but never to China. There is nothing in China to give one faith in supernatural powers or a Beyond."

"How do you know that?" interrupted Father V.

"Well, everybody seems to agree about it. I have read it somewhere. I have read almost everything that has been written about China," I added, with the rashness of my youth.

"You have to live there as I have," said Father V. "Thirty-five days in a *palanquin*,—quite a different mode of travel than Europeans are used to,—and then you may be able to tell me something about China. I was born on the border of Normandy and Brittany; I am a Celt; and I place no credence in ghost stories. But I can tell you that what I have seen in Setshuan is beyond my comprehension."

"Our times, however, are quite cold toward magic . . . " I protested.

"In the Orient, dreams reign supreme," continued the Priest. "'Asia is the world's subsconsciousness,' said someone who was no fool. And China, where no death is ever forgotten, no bones ever cast away, is the very paradise of phantoms. I adore Chinese ghosts; they are, taken all in all, inoffensive, and more comic than terrifying. They are at the mercy of sorcerers—those gaudy Chinese magicians, with all their intricate arsenal of spoils from beyond the grave, their hob-nailed shoes, with which they walk on naked bodies, their caps, ornamented with the pictures of the seven fixed stars, and their robes, embroidered with augurial designs. Poor ghosts! Always being trapped by paper money of depreciated value, which is distributed at funerals and which has cash value only in the nether regions. They are made drunk and a thousand tricks are played on them.

"THE result of one of these tricks is the story of the vampire, unable to return to its coffin because the sorcerer had stolen the lid; another, the story of a family whose male descendants were cursed by demons and, therefore, dressed all their boys as girls and married them to girls dressed as boys, to fool evil spirits. I am not altogether joking," added Father V. "I have been present at mysterious occurrences which were utterly inexplicable . . . I have even been a victim. The Chinese hold their supernatural *séances* in an objective manner," said Father V. after a moment's reflection, and he spoke in a low voice as if he anticipated some future difficulty with Rome. "Yes, objectively,—as if they imagined them actually having been put to the proof. As for me, and in this I believe I am in accord with modern science, I see in them nothing but subjective phenomena, dreams and psychic symbols which can always be interpreted. But as they are, these manifestations represent a very extraordinary contribution to the history of China. You see, there are ordinarily no mirages except in regions surcharged with shadow and humidity. In China one finds the most beautiful mirages—in the rarified atmosphere of high plateaux or in the extreme dryness of the desert, where some sort of static fluid seems to be active between Heaven and earth, particularly adapted to facilitating communications with the Beyond.

"Several months ago," continued Father V., "I was riding alone on horseback on my way to visit one of our Fathers sick, who was in Shantung; I was to take his place temporarily and give his lectures in astronomy. I had just passed Su-Tsheu-Fu when my horse collapsed and I had to leave it in the care of my *ma-fu*, or muleteer. I proceeded on foot, and, after four hours, night came. I was in a region of red earth, dotted here and there with round mounds, shaped as if they had been made by moles; a country, bare in the less rocky spots, and elsewhere levelled by inundations and swept by the north wind as if with an implacable broom, leaving nothing protruding above the surface except the rocks. My face was lacerated by the sharp air. I saw the horizon before me darkening, but could not sight the town of Foli, which, according to my map, I should have been approaching. Suddenly, however, several metres from the road, or rather the path which served as one, I was surprised to see the lantern of an inn. I entered and asked for a drink of wine and a place to sleep for the night. The keeper of the inn seemed disobliging. An old man, however, realizing my plight, had pity on me and said: 'We have just cooked soup for some soldiers who have come a long distance. We have no wine left to give you, but on the right is an isolated hut where you can at least spend the night.'

"I WENT to look at my cabin. Centipedes and other many-legged insects were running about on its packed-dirt floor. I then realized that I was in the courtyard of the hostelry. Someone had rolled down the matting screen. The sun had set, and the stars were visible through the bamboo lattice work. The birds were still, and only the cicadas made any sound.

"When night had fallen, the court became alive with lanterns. I had to lie down with an empty stomach. The mosquitoes, in their attack on the cesspool which constitutes the court of every Chinese hotel, kept me from sleep. I made use of a large red paper fan. Soon, in the court, from which I was only separated by the matting hung around my hut, I heard a great noise of men and horses—a frightful clanking of steel, of spurs, of horses being unsaddled and neighing. My curiosity aroused, I got up and looked out, without being seen myself. I beheld the courtyard of the inn and the vicinity filled with soldiers who, seated on the ground, were drinking, eating and engaged in the usual soldiers' small-talk. In the half-shadow, by the light of the bivouac fire, I seemed to be afforded a view of the Buddhistic lower regions.

"IN China, one grows accustomed to sudden military ingressions. They are frequent, particularly in the China of recent years. Different armies hold the country in control, pillaging, pursuing, or being themselves pursued. And the civil population is not in the least affected. The peasants do not stop in their labours, nor do the merchants cease from selling their goods. I thought I was merely encountering a body of Tshang-So-Lin's or Feng's armies. In fact, so accustomed was I to living among these Chinese extortionists, robbers and highwaymen, I felt in my own element, and not at all disconcerted. Long before, I had stopped paying attention to the shooting of cannon, which in China is a mere display and comparatively harmless. One is in luck when one is neither English nor Japanese, that is, when one is not obliged to take sides. If you have no worldly possessions, no visible goods, no gold buried underground, which might be converted into booty for the generals or pay for the soldiers, you may walk

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RUTH HARRIET LOUISE

Lillian Gish as Hester Prynne

The Film Tragedienne Soon to Be Seen in a Screen Version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"

Our Naughty Drama

Some Comments on Recent Activities of the Play Jury and of the Current Revues

By DONALD FREEMAN

THE august committee organized a year or so ago under the name of a Play Jury to watch the welfare of the native drama in the wicked city of New York has emerged from its tomb-like retirement to smite the theatre in its lightest spot—the revue. Regarding as stainless such currently innocuous specimens of dramatic art as *Lulu Belle*—a play in which a coloured trollop from Harlem sins gaudily with a distinguished representative of the French gentry—and *The Shanghai Gesture*, an illuminating revelation of the secrets of a brothel, and sundry of its paraphilia—the hand of the law has descended heavily upon the musical revues.

One of these, *The Bunk of 1926*, a sophomoric and home-made leg-show of the "intimate" variety, was held to be so great a menace to public morals that it was ordered closed forthwith; while *The Great Temptations*, a concoction assembled by the master showman, Mr. J. J. Shubert, was also found to be wanting in propriety. The producers remain afraid of blushful material. They are fearful of further inquisitions on the subject of alleged immodesties and forgetful of the fact that the Play Jury system might easily—and ought, in the opinion of some—to be discontinued as an extra-legal and worthless body, ineffective to secure the dubious result to which it is dedicated. The law regarding obscenities in the playhouses affords adequate protection to the decorous as it stands—even if the law happens to be the occasional agent of injustice, as in the case of *The God of Vengeance*—a fine play which was classified as sewerage by the law. If the public wants the drama purged of its iniquities, it has recourse to the courts.

UNTIL the public at large wills a house-cleaning in the American playhouses, let the theatre remain a retreat for those who would learn vicariously of the world's major and minor follies. After all, all censorship is to no purpose. The public may take its drama or leave it—at any time after the rise of the first curtain. If an audience finds a play too flagrantly indelicate and maladroit for its liking, it may, and will, register its adverse opinion by booing and other accepted signs of disapproval. A play now happily deceased, called *Beyond Evil*, one of the multitude of incredibly inept dramas which over-run the New York stage at the beginning of each summer, met such a flurry of ill-will that it was vouchsafed but a single performance, a victim to the contempt of the audience which judged it. That no one has yet stormed the doors of the Belasco Theatre or thrown cold storage eggs at the personable Miss Lenore Ulric ought to indicate that, so far as the public at large is concerned, *Lulu Belle* is a moral and upright drama, deserving of the patronage of the pure and undefiled. Yet I, for one, would be in favour of burning down the Belasco Theatre which houses *Lulu Belle*—and shooting all the actors—if that somewhat drastic procedure would help in any way to shorten the run of the play. But I would lament any attempt to censor *Lulu Belle* for its sinfulness, for my objection to it is without reference to its morality. I demur only because it lacks art and offends good taste. My quarrel with the current theatre—which has caused a few of us from time to time to write disparagingly about its wares—is based on purely aesthetic grounds. I find, for instance, that *Abie's Irish Rose* is a far greater danger to the public's sensibilities, because of its crude misrepresentation of life, than any one of a dozen of the allegedly indecent dramas now to be seen hereabouts.



VANDAMM

BETH BERI

One of the attractions of Master Ziegfeld's new edition of the Follies which is entitled *No Foolin'*. Mr. Ziegfeld, originator of the semi-draped tableau, favours crinoline skirts for choruses—for the sake of variety in dramatic art

I cannot, for instance, join with the moralists when they find the recent play called *Sex* guilty of misdemeanours against the Christian code and cry to put it down. But I would applaud any condemnation of the same play as bad art. It offends mightily, not because it has mostly to do with a harlot and her episodes, but because it is as crude an exhibit, artistically, as ever emerged from the cesspool of the theatre.

I have yet to hear of an indictment of Tolstoi's *Resurrection* as an immoral undertaking, yet the very first section of the novel relates a rape under the most brutal circumstances. Tolstoi was far from the best of the Russian writers, yet his skill was sufficient to give his work an artistic eminence. Moreover, *Resurrection* is listed among the most profoundly moral contributions to literature. On the stage and in all art, the theme is less important than the manner of execution. *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Cradle Snatchers*, for instance, are one and the same when viewed as art—both shocking examples of the lack of aesthetic discernment of a so-called civilization.

The real pity, in this matter of play regulation, is that our censors are incompetent to distinguish between what is good art and what is a poor imitation. Even in comedy—to come down a peg or two—no discrimination whatever is made between the *bon mot* of a Wilde comedy and the wise-crack of a burlesque show. In the London revues, famous for their unfailing appreciation of good taste in humour, adultery and other sexy diversions are frequently used as dramatic material. The references are in excellent taste, but seldom in an American revue have sketches devoted to such savoury subjects achieved anything but the essence of vulgarity. It appears that, as a nation, we are not yet versed in the niceties of naughtiness.

AMONG the accusations which put the lid on *The Bunk of 1926* was that, during the entertainment, a young lady, appropriately without costume, appeared as Eve. In two other revues, *The Great Temptations* and Mr. George White's *Scandals*, the show-girls are similarly unattired, yet the censors discreetly avoided, in their judgment of the latter revues, any reference to a general paucity of clothing. It would appear, then, that the particular jury which delivered judgment on *The Bunk of 1926* did not possess the ancient Grecian attitude. It is probably all for the best that the nude has again been re-established as an artistic possibility. The fuss which was raised three years ago when the Shuberts first brought the revue, Parisian style, to New York, has completely subsided. Let us hope that the censors will not stir up this matter again.

After all, nudity on the stage serves the very aim which the censors profess to be their own. As a means toward blunting the keen edge of sex, the ancient writers, particularly the Greeks, held nudity to be the supreme anaphrodisiac. At any rate, that phase of the present day theatre is no indication of depravity. The Romans, who were of a different stripe than the Greeks (who used to hold nudity as "a talisman of wondrous power with gods and men") were, in the modern sense, far more "virtuous" than the Athenians. Yet the Romans went in for nudity on the stage—both for ladies and gentlemen.

Only once was the general revolt against stage nakedness completely successful—that was in the latter half of the nineteenth century—the notorious Victorian era. I have been told by a celebrated antiquarian of the theatre that the matter of theatrical undress is a purely relative one—that the pink tights of the nineties at Koster & Bial's were all-revealing in com-

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Types We See on Broadway

Some Familiar Figures of the Rialto and the Theatre Zone

Portraits by COVARRUBIAS



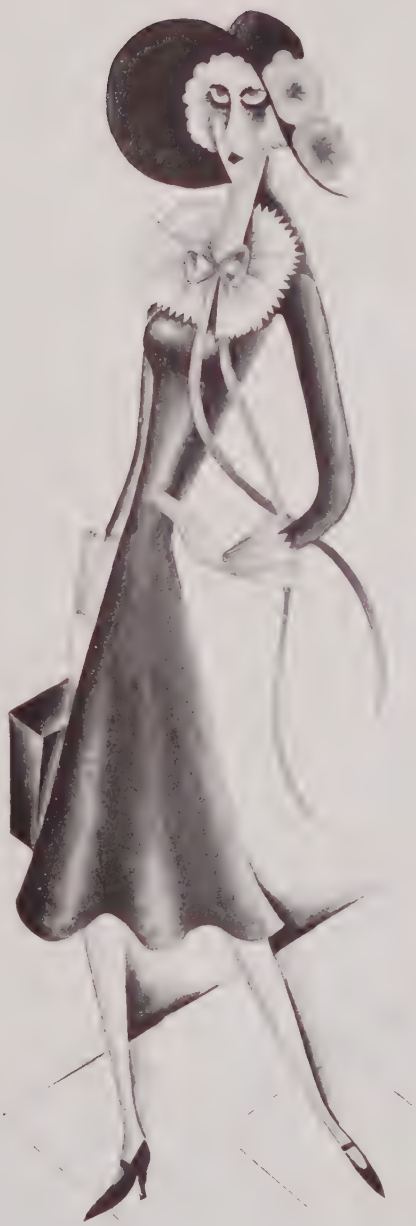
NOT WORKING

Al, the vaudevillian, is out of a job and the days are dark and dreary. His act, in which he was a wise-cracking man-about-town, has been a wow. He now has a chance to play the part in real life. "Competition is darn near as fierce as in the jungle," says Al. "It's the inexorable law of claw . . . and Erlanger"



THOSE BOX-OFFICE BLUES

The Manager is thoughtful. His latest venture, *Flaming Middle-Age*, has been blacklisted by the Play Jury and canned by the Police Commissioner. Shall he fight it out in the courts, remove the big scene with the three bath-tubs, or close? "By and large," thinks Samuel, "it's sex of one and half a dozen of the other"



THE CHORINE (Above)

Cora is the complete chorus girl, starring (with 119 others) in the big review, *Pets of Paradise*. She is the fifty-eighth from the end in the second row, the one who always shouts out of time. The audience considers her a dumb-bell but she thinks it attracts attention. Note the up-to-date accessories, the floppy hat, preferred-blonde hair, and complete facial-repair-kit

THE BIG DAY

Saturday afternoon is the week's brightest spot for Moe and Sadie. He is free, at last, from the grind of selling small shoes to large ladies, while Sadie pulls down the Remington at Ginsberg's cloak-and-suitery. Then, off they go, for two hours of intensive and idyllic hand-holding in their favourite film emporium



SUMMER VISITORS

Broadway, of a summer afternoon, is thronged with folks from the outlying districts. Orville Limpet, of Oneida County, has left the hardware business flat to take his wife to the city. As President of the local Shakespeare Club she seeks culture, while Orville feels the tug of New York's Great Temptations



The Decay of Gastronomy in America

The Need Here for a More Profound Appreciation of Cooking as an Art

By FRANK CROWNINSHIELD

IT is easy, in looking back over the past hundred and fifty years, to see that while we gained liberty and prosperity by casting ourselves loose from England, we blundered a little in severing ourselves so completely from the ties that bound us to the art and the good taste of the old world. For, though our financial and commercial progress during the past 150 years has been a matter to gape and wonder at, the glory of that progress has been dimmed by our failure to establish for ourselves a really distinguished standard of taste or a vigorous national art.

It is true that in some of the professions—architecture, for instance, painting, and the writing of fiction—our shame has not been a patent one; but in most of the arts, and in one of them especially (the oldest and most delectable of them all) we still present to European eyes the spectacle of a people bordering on barbarism. I allude to the art of cooking, an art of which the French people are such true connoisseurs and such enthusiastic devotees.

What is it that makes France so dominating a factor in the affairs of the world today? Is it her wealth, her railroads, her commerce, factories, army or navy? It would seem not. Is it not, rather, her leadership in the arts, and in all the elegances and amenities of social life? And is it not also true that, almost first among the arts in which she has proved herself supreme, stands the august and beautiful mystery of cooking, an art which does more than any other to make life, not perfect perhaps, but certainly desirable. The great painters, sculptors, writers, actors and musicians of France have of course, been the primary factors in building up her glory, but her commanding position seems also to be due to her aesthetic appreciation of cooking as an art.

AT any international conference, the Delegate of France would be quite justified in addressing his assembled colleagues in some such words as these:—

"Gentlemen," he might say: "If there is to be, at this conference, any redistribution of the earth's surface (a country or two in Africa, perhaps, or a few slices out of Central Europe), we demand our share of the spoils, not because of our military prowess, but because we are the only people in the world who can properly cook an *omelette fines herbes*. The franc may be depreciating, but we still list, in our standard cook books, over four hundred and twenty different ways of cooking a *filet de sole*. Our navy may be insignificant, but we ask you to remember that we make better soups and better sauces and better *entrées* and roasts and *volailles* and *entremets* and desserts and *pâtisseries* and clarets and champagnes and *liqueurs* than all the rest of you put together. So, gentlemen, have a care, lest we rise and demolish you."

In the eyes of the world at large (certainly in the eyes of travelling Americans), it is a matter of less importance that France adopted the *Code Napoléon* in her judicial procedure than that she adopted a touch of vinegar and burnt butter in cooking an egg. Americans are mildly interested, of course, in reading of the discovery of radium by Madame Curie, but what they really want to know is the name of the French female who first mixed a *sauce Béarnaise*.

It should be explained, at this juncture, that the sense of taste falls properly into the realm of aesthetics, and that a nation that thinks critically of its food is pretty certain to think critically of its painting, writing, acting, and music. The arts have always flourished most opulently in cities where people have lived well and paid a reasoned and discriminating attention to their five senses. In Athens, Rome, Florence and Paris, art was carried to an unbelievable degree of perfection. It is significant that in these same cities the social amenities and the arts of entertaining and dining flourished concurrently. The Athenians, in particular, held these things in the highest esteem.

THE most fruitful periods of creative art have always been eras in which all the graces of the aesthetic life were in flower. When Shakespeare wrote his plays, most well-bred Englishmen could sing, play the lute, and write poetry; great attention was given also to dress, to rare fabrics, fine plate, good eating and rare wines. The painting of the eighteenth century in England was part and parcel with Arne's musical compositions and Chippendale's chairs, with Garrick's clothes and cooking of great artistry. Study some of Keats' poems—*The Eve of St. Agnes*, for instance,—and see how interrelated in the poet were the five senses, each contributing its special sensation toward making a more beautiful world.

The smoothness of claret, the smell of chocolate in the dusk, and the taste of Devonshire cream, are lingered over and savoured in proportion as a person is an artist, or critic, or true appreciator of art. Certainly, those who turn aside from the pleasure of any one of the senses, fail of a complete aesthetic equipment. Conversely, those who enjoy and seek to make more keen and delicate the sense of smell or taste will the more enjoy and refine the sense of touch, or sight, or hearing. The real artist, the best connoisseur of art, will be as critical of a dinner as of a sonnet, a statue or a symphony.

In trying to account for our somewhat depreciated standards in art, it may not be amiss to point out that there is in America today no interest whatever in the development of the sense of taste. We have no standards in cooking, no critical appreciation of gastronomy, no willingness to think of it as an art. Indeed, it is a matter for wonder that there remains in the United States a single restaurant in which good cooking may with certainty be expected. Why should a *restaurateur* hold fast to his ancient traditions with respect to food when his patrons regard cooking as a matter of such wholly negligible importance? How many men or women are there in the society of New York (to take the case of the metropolis only) who know anything at all about good cooking; who care enough about it to demand it in a restaurant; to order their dinners intelligently; to criticise bad food when they taste it; or to praise a consummate dish when it is put before them?

Echo answers, "Very few!"

Ask the *maître d'hôtel* of a really good restaurant in New York (ask Müller at *Voisin's*; Elie at the *Lafayette*; Cerutti at the *Colony*), and they will tell you that their patrons know very little about food; that they do not order it in advance, or criticise it with anything like understanding. A *restaurateur*, in any American city, may put almost any dinner before his patrons, so long as it is reasonably cooked, hot and ready to serve, and they will swallow it (quickly, of course), leave the restaurant—their coffee half drunk, their dessert untasted—without looking at the amount of their bill and without a suggestion of compliment or complaint.

Might we not see, in this country, an increase in general good taste and a more aesthetic appreciation of the arts, if our people really began to evidence a more critical respect for the art of balancing, ordering, preparing, cooking, and serving a good dinner? Thackeray declared that a man who is indifferent to what he swallows, who says that one food is like another to him, is bragging of a defect in himself, not of a virtue. "It is like boasting," he says, "that one has no ear for music, or no eye for colour. *All* of a man's senses are the arts. Remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world,—as poet, painter or musician—has had a good appetite and a good taste".

LEST we be accused of taking gastronomy a little too seriously, it may be explained that the enjoyment derived from eating seems to be more immediate and compelling than that derived from any other taste, sense, or art; for the reason that the mystery of eating involves the mingling of four senses—sight, touch, taste and smell. Smell, indeed, is the most important part of the entire mystery, contributing, as it does, three-quarters of all our delight in eating and far exceeding the pleasure to be derived from taste alone. If a man but holds his nose while eating—caviar, let us say, truffles, lobster, mutton, duck, or strawberries, he will virtually taste nothing at all. (The tragedy of course becomes even more acute if, at the same time, he shuts his eyes.) Seventy-five percent of the *taste* of our food depends upon our sense of smell and ten percent of it upon our sense of sight.

It is obvious that the appreciation of art or the ability to create it, is dependent on the five senses. Ears are needed for music and poetry; eyes for painting, architecture, dancing and acting; touch for the creation—or even appreciation—of sculpture, goldsmithing, brocades and fine furniture. And so interrelated are the senses that, as we have already hinted, the cultivation and refinement of one of them only tends to affect, through a more developed aesthetic instinct, all of the others.

What can we expect, in matters of taste, from a nation that has been so negligent of one of its senses; from people who have been debauched

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CHARLES SHEELER

Lenore Ulric as Miss Lulu Belle

The Current Play About a Coloured Carmen Is Soon to Be Made Into an Opera by George Gershwin

All That's in a Name

Being an Inquiry Into the Titles of Books and Plays and Other Things

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

THERE are all ways of falling into inspiration; but, among writers, the usual one seems to be to stub their wits on a fine title. Go through those authors' notebooks which literary executors love to let slip indecorously into print, and you will invariably find them full of stray titles, chapter headings, catch-quotations, which have given the key to a whole fantasia of fiction. The novel-writing industry owes half its annual output to phrases from Shakespeare.

Somebody has taken the trouble to prove that fact by collecting a catalogue of novels entitled by Shakespearian phrases. The size of it would amaze you. Indeed, it would probably amaze Shakespeare, too. Rose Macauley's *Told by an Idiot* is by no means the latest example. Go to hear *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, nowadays, and it will sound to your literary ear like a publisher's Autumn List, so many familiar book titles are recitable in it. And then, of course, there is the Bible.

But, whither the titles come is a minor matter. The point to play on is the fact—and it is a fact beyond quibbling—that the names of books are so often the books' beginnings. Novelists' minds move like that. So do the short-story makers'. Perhaps playwrights' do, too. But you never can tell about plays and playwrights. Titles mean such vastly different things in the theatre. They have to be put up in huge, shining letters, to snare the winking jostle of night-time crowds. And, besides, a play can always be relied upon to change its name at least four times before it comes into its first big city. You may have written it under the splendid delusion that it ought to be called *Egeria of Iceland*. New York will probably flock to it under an electric sign which reads: *Lust!*

WE are just now enjoying an age of monosyllabic titles. Novels bark their various wares as *Brass, Salt, Sin*. Plays of the past two seasons have called themselves unblushingly, *Sex, Flesh, Thrills*. The scare-line influence is upon us. We adore calling a thing a spade in the fewest possible letters, so that the given space may then be filled by the largest possible type. We have gone to school to the display advertisers, and learned that such a dear, quaint title as *What Will He Do With It?* cannot readily be deciphered on a book-jacket ten feet away from the shopwindow. And that *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is four letters too long for a maximum in Mazda lights. Sydney Howard's recent *They Knew What They Wanted* was an odd exception. Perhaps it was a reaction from the same author's title of *Swords*.

There was a time when the names of works of art were, of their own accord, contemplative, graceful, decently neutral. Even such a sentimentalist as Stevenson would call his most coloured romance by the rather glum, grizzled title of *The Master of Ballantrae*, and be content that he had thereby put together some cadences memorable and richly phonetic. Samuel Butler would take it for granted that you would know where he hit upon the beauty of that phrase, *The Way of All Flesh*, that you could unravel for yourself the riddle of *Erewhon*.

Mystery stories have always had a special bill of rights to rough, tersely terrifying titles. Wilkie Collins might hit upon the tuppenny alliteration of *The Woman in White* and still be within bounds of an excellent indication of the sort of tale he would spin. When he came to his most celebrated yarn, however, he had only to designate it *The Moonstone* and know that would suffice a public ever allured by the blunt mention of a precious stone.

From Collins the mystery-story writers have taken that and many another cue. The stuff they have brewed about black pearls, rajahs' rubies, idols' eyes seems to pour from a never empty jug. Or, taking a tip from Poe, they have only to entitle something *The Murder in the Manor Garden* or *The Murder in Any Place at All* to insure it so and so many readers. The crime plot is stereotyped; its title is no less so.



DRAWING BY HÉLÈNE PERDRIAT

A VERY SHORT SONG

By DOROTHY PARKER

Once, when I was young and true,
Someone left me sad—
Broke my brittle heart in two;
And that is very bad.

Love is for unlucky folk,
Love is but a curse.
Once there was a heart I broke;
And that, I think, is worse.

But the popular novel or play of today must have a hoarse, exhortatory name. A name which, being artificially short, thinks itself thereby ruddy, vivid, masculine, ironic, strong. When you come to think of it, the French fictioneers of a generation ago were the first offenders. DeMaupassant, with the sneering implications of the title of *Bel Ami*; with the inflated humility of the name, *Une Vie*. And, after DeMaupassant, Zola ejected his titles like a thick, bitter spittle. Turgenev used titles as simple and common, sometimes, for his Russian tales; so did Tchekov—yet with what gentler melancholy mixed into the choice. *Smoke, Spring Freshets, The Darling, Three Years:* these names grieve, but they do not growl or slobber.

By the titles which lure them to choice, you can often tell so much concerning various authors. The modern Englishmen, for instance: the earth-bound, slightly plaintive idealism of Wells, with one eye cocked at distant planets, the other eye shifting humorously up and down the Cockney slums; Arnold Bennett's Anglo-Gallic inner struggle; the ever-cropping dramatist in Maugham the novelist; the exquisitely aesthetic bewilderment of Aldous Huxley; W. L. George disappearing deeper and deeper under a mound of nuptial bedclothes. You need only glance at the backs of their successive books to know these writers' histories—and to know where their pens have taken them.

We have in America two remarkable title choosers, one a novelist, the other a dramatist. Christopher Morley I have in mind, and Eugene O'Neill. *Where the Blue Begins, Parnassus on Wheels, Thunder on the Left*—what captions these are to conjure with! And, again, the name of almost any O'Neill play is a clarion to imagination: *The Great God Brown, Desire Under the Elms, Bound East for Cardiff, The Dreamy Kid, Beyond the Horizon*. Even the plain mention of *The Fountain* evokes its picture and its plash.

WE have, too, the shrewdly selective titling of Lewis. Nothing inspirational about it. *Babbitt* meant nothing until Mr. Lewis pasted it upon a character and turned it into a generalization. *Main Street* was a plain, unmeaning sign in every little business district before Mr. Lewis tore it down and hammered it upon the cover of his novel. But, such felicity was in his foresight, *Babbitt* became actually a new word in the American vocabulary, and *Main Street* swelled into a symbol nation-wide. *Man-Trap*, the latest which Lewis has given us is a handsome climax among names of adventure stories.

Which brings us to a reverent consideration of the titles of adventure books as a class—and as a mass. The authors of these are nothing if not scenic. Future generations will know that we who inhabited America when it still possessed unharnessed streams, upstanding forests, and a few spare miles of yet unirrigated desert, will have at any rate to admit that we had an abounding love of nature. We revel in such lithographic titles. They sing of the purple sage, the white waters, the coagulated colours of the canyons, the pines against Canadian snows. They hymn God's country, they sloganize the Great Open Spaces, until those who ride effetely back and forth on tame suburban trains and Bronx expresses see themselves as Curwood does—poets and athletes, sound-limbed Byrons of the wilds.

Slang is the greatest refuge of the titlers of today. Perhaps it was of other days, too—and yesterday's colloquials have staled into prim,

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VANDAMM

ANN HARDING

This grave actress with tresses the tint of canned corn gloomed last season in such imported woe as *Stolen Fruit* and Werfel's *Schweiger*



STEICHEN

KATHARINE CORNELL

Said to be the best drawing-card among the younger actresses, Miss Cornell has been lavishing her loveliness for months on the distressed and very promiscuous heroine of *The Green Hat*



EDWIN BOWER HESSER

HELEN HAYES

This unfailing comedienne deliberately forsook stardom two years ago for the chance that brought her a rôle in a Barrie revival



VANDAMM

PAULINE LORD

Having just completed her second year in *They Knew What They Wanted*, Miss Lord is regarded by a distinguished minority here and in London as the most able actress in the American theatre



VANDAMM

JUNE WALKER

This erstwhile fluff in sundry popular tomfooleries wrung many a heart last season with the touching beauty of her playing in *The Glass Slipper*. This coming season, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*



CHARLES SHEELER

HELEN MENKEN

Starred last season in *The Makropoulos Secret*, Miss Menken would probably relinquish all the gratifying capital letters tomorrow in exchange for a play that would satisfy her personal taste

TIME was when the late Charles Frohman seemed determined to star every young woman who could walk across the stage without once falling on her face. A hundred factors, many of them economic, have rendered such a policy *démodé*. Roughly it is the shift of the impresario from the position of saying: "Where can I find an actress for this play?" By just that shift of emphasis, playwrights are usually better served today, but for this gain there have been some corresponding losses. It is not the manager but the playgoer who decides in any generation which are stars and which are satellites in the theatrical firmament

Frohman Would Have Starred Them All

A Sextette of the More Distinguished of the Younger Leading Ladies of Our Stage



THE EXTERIOR BOULEVARDS

If, in startling contrast to the rest of the city, the Exterior Boulevards which link the innumerable gates of Paris, have entirely escaped that fulsome recognition which emanates from all pocket-edition recipes for "seeing Paris", it is because these unpicturesque and singularly vital highways bear the same relation to the *"grands boulevards"* that material bears to texture or the art of "burlesk" bears to the artifice of "drama"



THE SIGHT SEEING OMNIBUS IN MONTMARTRE

Serenely rolling in upholstered security to the very summit of Sin's Citadel—to *Montmartre*, the much-advertised naughty section of Paris—a docile flock of tourists heeds its shepherd's rancid voice, which (preaching through a megaphone) skilfully promulgates the worthless astonishment of immobile souls. A summer night, meanwhile, vibrates to the empty curiosity of wishless eyes, to the vividly impotent ecstasy of transparent minds



THE MARKETS AT NIGHT

A midnight view of the Paris markets: processions of groaning carts enter the market district between the *Boulevard Sébastopol* and the *Palais Royal*. The night life proper or improper begins at half past two and frequently extends to the markets. Among cabbages and carrots, chasseurs from the *Chien Qui Fume* speed, searching for thoroughly anaesthetized Anglo-Saxons or hailing taxis full of drunken puppets in evening dress



THE GRAND BOULEVARDS

That sumptuous semicircle of light and traffic which flickers from the *Bastille* to the *Madeleine* through the *Boulevard des Italiens* and the *Boulevard des Capucines*—reminding today of yesterday and new Paris of the ancient town—is "the great boulevards", where seated multitudes and strolling multitudes exchange stares, where *petites femmes* smirk, where innumerable languages and psychologies merge in one civilized murmur

Eight Unconventional Aspects of Parisian Night Life

Glimpsed From the Deeply Comprehending Point of View of a Famous Non-Anglo-Saxon Artist



THE PLACE PIGALLE

Vivid and fatal arena, where gaiety struggles fiercely with despair—centre and climax of *Montmartre's* pitiless conflict, swirling with lustful faces, throbbing with greedy lights—Pigalle hurls a luminous challenge at all in woman or in man which fears to die, at all which dares not live. Donning a thousand faces, uttering a million gestures, it invites the whole world to enter those mills which grind speedily and exceeding fine



ON THE HILL: MONTMARTRE

This is the infamous and sacred hill where now stands the church of *Sacré Cœur*, scene of Druidic sacrifice and site of Pagan temples to Mars and Mercury, haunted forever by the gruesome spectre of that great saint who suddenly arose from his doom and walked northward through the twilight. Upon these slopes writhe a few narrow streets, whose shadows harbour each night so many sins, sorrows, mysteries and martyrdoms



A LITTLE STREET

The stones of this microscopic street—in your favourite *arrondissement*—(which climbs twistingly into the night) have known a million feet: the quick feet of those who really love, the heavy feet of those who cannot love, the sharp feet of those who murder love. The electric letters which grin and glow in every angle have guided a thousand hearts to a thousand fleeting heavens and have herded a million spirits to a million deaths



UNDER THE AERIAL SUBWAY

A cruel age arises, a bitter fabric of being weaves itself gradually out of the triumph of steel, out of the victory of the machine. Paris, that last stronghold of beauty and of life, finds herself invaded by the merciless symbols of nonexistence, among them the subway. Her colours sink beneath the surge of ugliness, her curves wilt before the march of "efficiency", her silence shatters at the clash of a mechanical "progress"

Some Sketches, Sinister and Cynical, by Franz Masereel

Demonstrating That Thos. Cook & Son Do Not Know Everything About the Capital of France

A Little Supper with Miss Smith

A Record of the Most Famous Poisoning Case in Scottish Judicial History

By EDMUND PEARSON

THE recipe for a successful murder, for which I am often besought, is this: you should live, up to the time of the commission of the murder, an absolutely correct and moral life. More than that, you should be eminent for good works. Make no ingenious plans for concealment, nor for an *alibi*; procure the implements openly.

There is an alternative method: take care to be a pretty woman, and let the victim be a man,—any man you choose. If you can, in some degree, combine these two plans you need worry not at all.



HARPER'S WEEKLY

MADELEINE SMITH

This somewhat forbidding countenance was intended by an artist in 1857 to represent a very pretty girl of 21

Consider the case of Miss Madeleine Smith, and remember that it occurred not in sentimental America of today, but in the practical and religious Scotland of 1857.

Miss Smith was twenty-one or two years old; the eldest of five children of an austere architect in Glasgow. Despite her pictures, which seem to belie the statement, it was the consensus of opinion that she was attractive; the number and persistence of her suitors prove it. Her costumes were the last word in the fashion of her day. She had spent three years at a finishing school near London; then returned, at the age of seventeen, to her native Glasgow. Probably few persons suspected her latent possibilities for romance, for passion, for cool and determined action. She was a reader of novels and of poetry, and made noble efforts to read biography. Most of all she was a letter-writer,—one of the great letter-writers of all time. Nobody ever disobeyed more recklessly the famous injunction against that dangerous sport.

There lived in Glasgow in 1856 a "packing clerk" employed by the firm of Huggins & Co. His name was Pierre Emile L'Angelier, a man of French extraction, and a native of Jersey. He was about thirty; his social position was humble to the point of despair; and his salary—ten shillings a week. Not at all a desirable match from the point of view of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, with their town and country houses, and their good social position. But he had a romantic name, and a romantic way with him; his whiskers were astonishingly flowing and ambrosial, and generally exciting to a maiden of the days of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Moreover, he was a resolute lover; failing in two or three efforts to meet Madeleine Smith, he at last prevailed upon an acquaintance, a youth of seventeen, to introduce him to the lady as they met one day in the street.

The fuse was now lighted and Miss Smith was promptly engaged in a secret friendship, a flirtation, a love affair, and at last an intrigue. It went through all these stages in the course of a few months, and at the end of that time Madeleine was greeting Emile, in her letters, as "My own darling husband". L'Angelier probably considered himself her husband, and there is reason to think that, by the law of Scotland, he may not have been far from the truth. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were not taken into the secret; the lovers met, as the Victorian novelists would say, clandestinely. A romantic friend named Miss Perry sometimes acted as go-between; sometimes one of the maid-servants in the Smith household befriended her young mistress, admitted Emile at the garden gate, and thence into the basement door of the house. Madeleine's bedroom was in the basement, with a window near the sidewalk. Sometimes, at night, when it was impracticable to go within, the lover stood at the window, and was cheered by the words of his sweetheart, and also by cups of coffee or chocolate which she passed out to him for his more substantial refreshment. In later years, the Smith house was occupied by a prosaic life insurance company; the clerks carried on their drudgery near the barred window through which Madeleine Smith whispered her passionate vows of affection.

Passionate vows they were. Many thousands of them were confided to paper by their young author. Later they had such a vogue as to be published both in London and in New York. In fact, of all the notorious murders in which the art of the letter-writer figured, the correspondence of Madeleine Smith was never even approached again, until 1922, in the extraordinary case of Mrs. Thompson and Frederick Bywaters. Parts of some of these letters were found extremely shocking at the time of the trial; for two reasons it is impossible to say whether they would so be considered now. One of these reasons is that the word shocking is used today only to deride the alleged prudery of other folk; the other reason is that the so-called objectionable portions of Madeleine's letters have never been published. Apparently, however, they were read in Court, and caused it to be said that they "showed as extraordinary a frame of mind and as unhallowed a passion as ever appeared in a court of justice".



HARPER'S WEEKLY

THE SMITH TRIAL

A contemporary drawing of the trial of Madeleine Smith in the Scottish Court of Session for the murder of her lover, Pierre Emile L'Angelier, whom she was accused of killing by means of arsenic

The love affair and the love-letters continued—with the thermometer steadily rising—for over a year. Miss Smith realized the difficulty of the situation, and the impossibility of reconciling her father and mother to it. They were aware of her acquaintance with L'Angelier, a mere fraction of the truth, and warned her to desist even from that. She made one or two efforts to break off, but was unsuccessful. The situation became acute in February, '57. A highly respectable suitor, a next door neighbour, was urging upon her an offer of marriage. He was a prosperous merchant, he was backed by her father and mother, and he was most appropriately named Mr. William Minnoch. I strongly suspect that he was about thirty-seven; that he had sandy side-whiskers; and that he called on Sunday afternoons and conversed, most formally, in the Smiths' drawing room, amid the wax flowers and the antimacassars. The contrast between Mr. Minnoch's visitations, and the midnight trysts of the poor clerk in the basement boudoir, is curious to reflect upon.

HER "own precious Emile" had become to Miss Smith both tiresome and inconvenient. Mr. Minnoch was not thrilling, but he was safe, and there had been enough excitement in the past year to satisfy almost anyone. She intimated again to L'Angelier that their affair was hopeless, and that they would do as well to recognize the fact. He had heard of Mr. Minnoch, and he had no intention whatever of releasing his "dear, sweet pet, Mimi". He threatened her with her letters—of which he had a bale. If she persisted in her present intention, or if she did not dismiss his rival, both her father and the correct Minnoch should see a few of the letters.

This was a bad, bad blunder on the part of L'Angelier. He instantly began to receive once more, from Mimi, letters of the old caloric type. When would he come once more and tap outside her window? The area gate would be open; she would wait until one o'clock. Meanwhile, Miss Smith went to a chemist's and asked for prussic acid—"for her hands". The dealer refused to supply it. A brief but instructive diary, kept by L'Angelier, has some significant entries about this time. For example:

Thurs. 19 Feb. Saw Mimi a few moments. Was very ill during the night.

Fri. 20 Feb. Passed two pleasant hours

(Continued on page 98)



AS FATHER

John Barrymore, in the film entitled *Don Juan*, is *Don José*, father of *Don Juan*, who, in the prologue, sets a precedent for the more gorgeous adventures of his son



WARNER BROTHERS

AS SON

In the lower portrait Mr. Barrymore appears as *Don Juan*, younger and more handsome than his father, but far better versed in the ways of women and of the world

Doubling for Don Juan — John Barrymore

An Eminent Star of the Stage Interprets the Great Lover of the Byron Poem for the Screen

AFTER an excursion into the whale fields with *Moby Dick* in *The Sea Beast*, John Barrymore returns to his more traditional romancing in a motion picture version of Lord Byron's *Don Juan*. In the prologue, Mr. Barrymore is seen as *Don José*, the father, whose talent for sentimental adventure almost led him into the divorce courts. *Don Juan* inherits his father's tastes in an exaggerated form. As *Don José*, Mr. Barrymore appears as a bearded grandee, who, if he had begun his career before he was burdened with the handicaps of a wife and middle age, might have achieved posthumous fame as a great lover. As *Don Juan*, the son, Mr. Barrymore is a courtly cavalier, whose life is a prolonged fête of "wine, women and song." Incidentally, John Barrymore's devotion to the art of the motion picture threatens to be permanent. He is now at work on a film version of *Manon Lescaut*, his final picture for Warner Brothers. On its completion, he will begin a new contract with the United Artists Corporation

Inside Speaking Out

Further Light on the Problems of Play Producing — The Broadway Première

By LESLIE HOWARD

FINAL LECTURE

THE fact that this is the last lecture in this Special Correspondence Course on Theatrical Production may induce some of my readers to peruse it, in which case they will probably want to turn back to the earlier lectures to find out exactly what caused the present one.

To prevent this rash move I will tell them that it all has to do with the production of a play called *Clouds* (changed to *Heart's Blood* and later to *Heart's Clouds*), which opened at Stamford under the title *The Earth is a Box*, went to Baltimore as *B.42—A.M.*, and is now about to work out its fate in New York under its (more or less) original title of *Clouds*. This final change was necessitated owing to Mr. William Sox, the famous Motion Picture magnate, who insisted that, as he had bought the movie rights months ago from Mr. Samuels (the play's producer), and had already made the film under the title *Clouds* (the only thing he liked about it), the play must naturally follow suit.

The layman must realize that the theatre and the moving pictures are now very closely related.

AS *The Earth is a Box*, the play had been a colossal success at Stamford, Connecticut, a pleasant surprise to Mr. Samuels, and, after he had recovered from this happy shock, he had produced it successively at Hempstead, Great Neck, Rockville Center, Darien, New Britain, and finally Baltimore (the latter for an entire week without stopping). He had done this for the purpose of re-writing the play. And here is an important rule for the layman to remember. No play, no matter how brilliant its reception nor how favorable its reviews, can be considered *right* at its first performance outside of New York. Nor indeed, at *any* performance before it arrives in New York. Its re-writing must commence at once, and must continue for just so long as it remains outside the metropolis. This is known as "trying-out". For instance, if a producer has only a three-day try-out before his New York opening, then the play has only three days of re-writing. If he has a three months try-out, then the play has three months of continuous alteration. This rule is invariable, except in the case of Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare, Ibsen, and such authors as are foolish enough to imagine a good play can be written right off the reel.

And it is not a bad rule, in a way. It keeps everyone pleasantly occupied in such distracting spots as New Britain and Rockville Center, and it is excellent practice for the actors to have new lines to learn every night.

The only objection to the rule is that sometimes the alteration process has been known slightly to ruin the play, and I regret that something of the sort happened in the present instance. The author of *Clouds*, the funereal Mr. Roger Blackman, had sat up for many nights in the pleasant little towns mentioned above, re-writing vigorously at the request of the manager and the director, though he had been a little surprised at the necessity, in view of the play's terrific success at Stamford, Conn. Finally, however, on the train going to Baltimore, he had pleaded a headache, got off at the next station (Manhattan Transfer), and gone straight to Europe. Thereafter, since it is an unwritten law that anyone may join in the re-writing of a play, the alteration process had been in the diligent hands of the manager, the director, Mr. Stilton, and the star, Miss Partridge, with occasional help from the stage manager, the English juvenile, and a very clever bell-boy at one of the Baltimore hotels, who, at four o'clock one morning, had supplied Mr. Stilton with some liquid refreshment and some ingenious ideas concerning the end of the second act.

By these somewhat uneasy stages our drama reaches its destiny in a New York theatre, a destiny always quickly pronounced. On the morning of the opening the cast have the final alterations handed to them, and they run through them, memorising them rapidly as they have been accustomed to do every day for some weeks. Naturally the play bears very little resemblance to the play that was produced at Stamford, the sixteen scenes having been reduced to six, the characters considerably altered and curtailed. Furthermore the cast are a little hazy as to the precise meaning of it all. But the manager is a good showman and is quite confident. Half an hour before the curtain rises he visits the star in her dressing room. Her doctor is with her and is giving her a large dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia. Her chiropractor is waiting outside, and her maid is just telephoning for her psychiatrist newly arrived from Vienna.

"WELL, Flo," says Mr. Samuels in his genial way, "attagirl!"

"Mr. Samuels," says Miss Partridge, with a trace of uneasiness, "how d'you feel about it?"

"What d'you mean—how do I feel about it?" queries Mr. Samuels, a little surprised. "The thing's a wow before it starts. We're selling standing room for tonight."

"It's next week I'm thinking about," remarks the star rather petulantly. "Will we be selling even sitting room then?"

"Hell, Flo!" says the manager reproachfully, "what's biting you? Wasn't it a wow at Stamford?"

"Sure, but we played it as it was written then—more or less. It seems a bit muddled now. I mean—maybe that fool author was right after all."

"Flo," says Mr. Samuels sternly, "whoever heard of a show being played as it was written. I tell you this is a knock-out—or Bert Samuels never produced a play."

"Well, that's fine," says Miss Partridge joyfully and takes another dash of ammonia. For, you see, when a manager definitely asserts something about a play, even a star believes it, because it is well known that a manager never says anything that he doesn't mean—if he can help it. So the word goes round the *Clouds* company that Mr. Samuels says the play is a riot, and, of course, everyone is very comforted and they all make plans for fur coats and motor-cars, etc., and what ship they will sail on next summer. As the curtain has not yet risen, the ignorant layman may think this optimism is a little premature, but, thank God, actors are not so horribly skeptical about everything, and they know their manager would not lie to them.

Just before the curtain finally goes up, and the orchestra is playing softly while the distinguished audience (first night audiences are

(Continued on page 84)

HOW MANY OF THESE CAN YOU ANSWER?

By the firm use of this handy questionnaire, guests can be driven to despair with almost no trouble or expense to the host.

1. Who wrote *Twinkle, twinkle, little star?*
2. Of what is brass made?
3. What is the first line of *The Old Oaken Bucket?*
4. What is the name and title of Belgium's sovereign?
5. Who was Hagar?
6. What river has the greatest drainage area?
7. Of what military engagement was it said: "It is magnificent but it is not war"?
8. What play, written and acted in the English language, has had the longest consecutive run in a single theatre?
9. Where did the author of *The Mother of All Living* find his title?
10. What contemporary novelist is a descendant and namesake of the author of the lyric of *The Star Spangled Banner?*
11. What is a marsupial animal?
12. When is Shrove Tuesday?
13. Who said: "Motley's the only wear"?
14. What is the most celebrated difference between our criminal law and the Napoleonic code?
15. Where was Richard Mansfield born?
16. What is the origin of the word boycott?
17. What is suttee?
18. What celebrated patriot of the American revolution was an immigrant bastard?
19. Of what popular novel, before it was written, did Henry James decline the proffered plot as a gift too valuable for him to accept?
20. Of the Italian cities Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome and Palermo, which is on the same parallel of latitude with Barcelona?

(Answers will be found on page 106)



Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light
Sir John Suckling (1620)

The Up-and-Down of Time—By John Sloan

An Etching Which Illustrates a Familiar Quotation from an English Poet

JOHN SLOAN, the creator of this etching, is one of the outstanding figures in contemporary American art. His illustrations for the novels of Paul de Kock are likely to endure, along with the works of the best European illustrators. As President of the Independent Artists, he has done an immense amount to stimulate the interest in American painting. As an etcher, instructor, painter, and graphic artist, he has achieved a long series of successes. Two Frenchmen, Daumier and Forain, spring naturally to mind when a comprehensive group of Sloan's work is put on view. Underlying a great deal of his work there is a fine satirical sense and a noble Hogarthian mirth. Three stimulating and enduring friendships have been his: those with Robert Henri, George Bellows and W. J. Glackens. These men have always seemed to feel and think about art in much the same terms and share the same enthusiasms

The Ideal Woman

Yessir, That's My Baby!—Wherein Several Experts Define the Perfect Female

A SYMPOSIUM BY FOURTEEN CELEBRATED JUDGES

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Vanity Fair,* with other optimists, has always felt that somewhere behind the sad, kaleidoscopic *décor* of our disillusions, there exists THE PERFECT WOMAN. The notion is a pleasant one; for, though disenchantment may ensue, it frequently wears an aspect of comfortable melancholy; and tragic lovers are notoriously the most engaging. Yet it is a difficult notion, too, for what two men will agree upon the Perfect Woman? In literature, for instance, and in the theatre, heroines range from grave to gay and from pole to pole, so that it is absurd to say of any woman, "Here, and here only, is perfection." So, in their perplexity, the editors of *Vanity Fair* have asked a group of men prominent in literature, art, and the drama to define, each one, his own ideal of The Perfect Woman. We are, therefore, happy to present, dispiriting though it may be to our feminine readers, the results of this symposium of opinions by fourteen able connoisseurs.

I—CHARLES CHAPLIN

MR. CHAPLIN'S contribution to the symposium strikes a rather acid note at times, for one so versed in the poignancy of simple sorrow. He writes:

1. When in my company, she never admires other men.
2. If I am obliged to leave her in order to keep another engagement, her disappointment is always keen enough to be flattering to me, but never quite keen enough to keep me from going where I am going.
3. Her diamond bracelets never need cleaning.
4. Her shoulders are never shiny.
5. She never takes advantage of a voluptuous situation to narrow her eyes.
6. She always reads all of the Sunday papers (the funny sheet first) but, having read them, she refolds them neatly and leaves them as they were.
7. She knows the words of no popular dance music, or, if she does, never sings them in my ear when dancing.
8. She uses only a faint *eau de toilette* during the day, but sprays herself plentifully with *L'Heure Bleue* upon retiring.
9. I am not exactly in love with her, but
10. She is entirely in love with me.

II—RING LARDNER

Can it be that Mr. Lardner, the famous humorist, is not taking this symposium seriously? *Vanity Fair's* eyebrows rise well into its hair at this suspicion; but our contributor's fourth requirement may possibly mitigate that failing on our part.

1. Lockjaw.
2. Hereditary obesity.
3. Shortness of breath.
4. Falling arches.
5. Mechanical Engineering.
6. Draughtsmanship.
7. Absolutely Fireproof.
8. Day and Night elevator service.
9. Laundry sent out before 8:30 A.M. will be returned the same day.
10. Please report to the management any incivility on the part of employees.

III—RUDOLPH VALENTINO

To those of us who have watched the cinema screens grow mellow with Mr. Valentino's peculiar charm, it seems that he has depicted a rather grave creature for his ideal woman. Here is his list of the ten attributes necessary for the Perfect Woman:

1. Fidelity.
2. The recognition of the supreme importance of love.
3. Intelligence.
4. Beauty.
5. A sense of humour.
6. Sincerity.
7. An appreciation of good food.



THE IDEAL WOMAN—400 B. C.
What is an ideal woman? No two generations have ever agreed as to an answer. Behold above the paragon of the ancients, as envisaged by the Grecian sculptors

8. A serious interest in some art, trade, or hobby.
9. An old-fashioned and whole-hearted acceptance of monogamy.
10. Courage.

IV—JOHN V. A. WEAVER

John V. A. Weaver has been credited with inventing—along with F. Scott Fitzgerald—the flapper. His flappers, it is true, were more of an outdoor type than Fitzgerald's, who, it will be remembered, were, as a type, inclined to lipsticks and light laughs. Note, then, Mr. Weaver's ten requisites for feminine perfection:

1. Beauty—or what I *think* is beauty.
2. The well-known "*je ne sais quoi.*"
3. She must be a blonde.
4. Or a brunette.
5. Or red-headed.
6. She must make me believe that she thinks me rather wonderful.
7. And, at the same time, have a vast amount of intelligence.
8. She must be able to laugh at a great many things.
9. But not at me.
10. She must make me believe that she thinks me rather wonderful.

11., 12., *et seq.*, ditto.

V—JAMES BRANCH CABELL

For an author whose Dorothys have gone glamorously down the path of fame, Mr. Cabell proves reluctant to define his Ideal Woman. He says:

"But, I submit, this question, as to the chief and necessary attributes of the Perfect Woman, is one which only a few bachelors here and there can afford to answer truthfully. The rest of us must perjure ourselves, either in writing or else immediately after publication. So please count me out of this too moral-wrecking symposium."

VI—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

And here is a bachelor, and a critic, who also prefers, with a languid wave of the hand, to sit, neatly tailored and fairly lush with tolerance, upon a not too rustic fence. An engaging picture! Herr Nathan, then, having left everything abundantly to his *confrères,* is wandering down dim vistas on the wings of ennui, in search of an idyll which may wholeheartedly occupy his attention. He goes on to say:

"The Perfect Woman? I leave the description of her beauty to Cabell, of her charm to Hergesheimer, of her humour to Huxley, of her manner to Anatole France, of her heart to Willa Cather, of her voice to Synge, of her age to Max Beerbohm, of her desires to Somerset Maugham, of her philosophy to Hermann Bahr, of her sensitiveness to Chesterton, and of her innocence to Sacha Guitry. There, *Vanity Fair,* you will have the Ideal Woman you are seeking."

VII—MILT GROSS

Milt Gross is a new and hilarious figure in American letters, a master of agility in the strange distortions of Jewish dialect. Here is Mr. Gross's idea of a really "nize baby":

Pot Wan—She shouldn't drife from de beck sitt de huttomobill.
Pot Two—She should know she should boil a hagg prisizely it shouldn't be nidder too suft nodder too hod.
Pot Tree—Shouldn't snurr in de slipp.
Pot Fur—Shouldn't penhendle from me a whole time tsigarettes.
Pot Fife—She dun't culling de baby "Joonior".
Pot Seex—She should leff hottily from mine jukks witt smot-crecks.
Pot Savan—She should kipp shop on de dot appointments.

Pot Hate—She shouldn't breg wot it made to her propuzzles, doctors, witt loyyers, witt cee-wil-hingineers yat, from merridge.
Pot Nine—She should be a whole time hon de houts witt de rallatiffs.
Pot Tan—She shouldn't know wot it axeests dallicatassen sturrs.

VIII—FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

It is estimated—with this magazine's customary conservatism—that the publication of the following requirements will produce 54,000 yards of tape-measure in American homes and 9,000 girls, all of whom will be found palpitating upon the doorstep of Mr. Ziegfeld's New Amsterdam Theatre before November first. Mr. Ziegfeld says that the ideal woman should average:

Height	5 ft., 5½ inches
Weight	117 lbs.
Foot size	5
Height—7½ times length of the head	
Head—4 times length of the nose	
Arms—hanging straight, ¾ length of body	

He goes on: "Of course there are still men who favour girls four feet two inches high; a few who prefer the Amazon. They are decreasing. Most of the girls in the *Follies* range in weight from ninety-five to one hundred and ten pounds, a few up to one hundred and thirty-five, and occasionally one hundred and forty. A girl weighing 100 to 105 pounds has ten times more chance of marriage than the 135-pounder, and twenty-five more chances than the 150. The Dresden-china girl, petite, piquant, light on her feet, has a thousand chances against the 160-pound weight.

"She must have:
1. Native refinement. Where this exists, education is not necessary.
2. Poise—an ability to walk, stand and manage herself with easy dignity. To modulate her voice, moods and movement with that sustained restraint which is characteristic of breeding and distinction.
3. She must have health, be wholesome and *look* so.
4. She must have strength, be vigorous, not flabby, and she must have reserve force.
5. She must have symmetry. Proportion is inseparable from beauty.
6. She must have spirit; that is, a definite animation indicative of personal power, resources and adaptability. Above all other women in the world, the American girl is spirited.
7. She must have style, know how to wear clothes—not so much expensive clothes, but any garments that fit her resources and are appropriate to her type.
8. She must appeal to both sexes—for complete beauty and personal-magnetism—a great stage requirement—charms and compels both men and women.
9. She must have femininity, an overworked term, but indicative of loveliness, grace and imagination.
10. She must have the quality of glory,—that elusive something as definite yet intangible as the perfume of flowers."

IX—ARNOLD GENTHE

Scan this, and then sharpen your eyes, reader, for the photographs of fair women consecutively on view in the *vitrine* of Dr. Genthe's studio. Almost anybody in Dr. Genthe's studio, though, can have a mobile, radiant spirit for a few minutes anyway, because he is, first of all, so agreeable, and secondly, because they're always so frightfully clever there about putting the electric lights into your hair.

"Mere facial beauty—no matter how perfect the symmetry of features—is of only minor importance if it is not illumined by a mobile, radiant spirit, without which surface-beauty remains dull. A well-proportioned, strong body, distinguished by length of limb, and approaching the Greek ideal, is a necessary attribute. A woman possessed of such a body will crave the activities of wholesome sport, preferring horseback-riding to golf, and real dancing to jazz. Her strong and slender hands will be as expressive as her face. She will not be a slave to fads and fashions, but wear whatever suits her individual taste; a becoming hat



THE IDEAL WOMAN—1926 A. D.
The modern ideal of woman has vastly changed since the early days of the Greeks, as may be speedily observed by a glance at this portrayal of the woman of 1926

or dress may last longer with her than one season. If she bobs her hair, it will not be for fashion's sake, but because it is less of a burden for the charming contour of her head. A fine sense of humour, based on a just perception of values, will help her avoid the usual emotional difficulties; she will never indulge in any form of jealousy, nor in violent outbursts of temper. Her time will always be usefully employed, and, since the idea of service is not foreign to her, she will not, for the purpose of 'killing' time, have to resort to the excitement of gambling or to the solving of cross-word puzzles. She will prefer an animated talk with intelligent people to the gossip of a woman's luncheon. Finally, an eager desire to understand, without prejudice and prudery, what is going on in the world, will make her a sympathetic judge in every phase of life."

X—AL JOLSON

Here is an essay vibrant with all the pathos of Mr. Jolson's celebrated cantatas. One feels, quivering through its delicate web of words, the yearning, the accurate nostalgia which has made Al Jolson probably the most melancholy and yet exciting singer upon the American stage:

"The physical attributes of my ideal woman don't interest me. For instance, she may weigh four hundred pounds, if her heart is of gold. She may have a mouth like a torn pocket, if from it come kind words. What good is the softest hand if it clasps a rolling-pin? Where when you are hungry, is the lure of a shapely leg—unless it be that of a turkey?

"Therefore speaking as a husband, my ideal woman must have:
1. The gift of stretching a can of sardines into a banquet.
2. A thorough dislike of all actors—save one.
3. An appreciation of the fact that, in all the important affairs of life, and in the trivial ones as well, I am, for some curious reason, invariably *RIGHT*.
4. A disinclination to be taken out—unless she had bid 'one club'.
5. A hearty laugh for all my jokes, including the very old ones.
6. A loathing for cross-word puzzles.
7. An inability to block a straight left.
8. Complete ignorance of the existence of the Lucy Stone League.
9. A million dollars.
10. A cough."

XI—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

F. P. A., the noted columnist and lyric poet, gives contented tongue to his dreams in the following verse:

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE

She must be fond, she must be fair;
She must have eyes and lips and hair;
She must be firm as any stone,
And softer than a flower full-blown.
She must be weak, she must be brave,
And varying as the ocean's wave.
She must be witty and alive;
She must have finer traits than I've.
And—not without enthusiasm—
All these here qualities—she has 'em.

XII—LEE SHUBERT

Number fourteen on the following list of qualifications for the ideal woman will explain to the inquiring playgoer the presence of all those intellectual, old-fashioned girls in *The Great Temptations* at the Winter Garden. Listen to Mr. Shubert:

"In a career of theatrical production that has extended over many years it has been my good fortune to have known and admired thousands of beautiful women, many of whom approached, if they did not attain, perfection. With this knowledge and experience as a background it is impossible—for me at least—to limit the perfect woman to ten points. No less than fourteen points are necessary if one is to do justice to so great an ideal. It is not an easy task. There are bound to be disagreements even to a jury of sculptors, or painters. And now:

(Continued on page 84)



DOROTHY WILDING, LONDON

A Visitor to London—Tallulah Bankhead of Alabama

So Long a Successful Actress Abroad, the English Stage Threatens to Hold Her Permanently

Pola Negri

The Fifth in a Series of Interviews with Celebrated Motion Picture Personages

By JIM TULLY

IN Pola Negri's career there is written the history of motion pictures. She is the most exotic flower ever blighted by the commercial frost of Hollywood. Before coming to America, she was a possible Bernhardt. She is now—another screen actress.

Miss Negri has the *hauteur* of Marie Antoinette and the broad face of the Polish peasant. Unlike most American film actresses, who were born yesterday as far as a background is concerned, this woman has an appreciation of those things which make civilized life endurable. The same discrimination makes her present position painful.

Her vanity has been greater than her pride. It has engulfed her.

A fabulous salary and the plaudits of the herd are robbing her of real self-expression. I write as one who loves her.

The daughter of a Hungarian gypsy, who loved an ideal enough to be banished to Siberia for it, she has allowed her soul to become tarnished with the silver of the Jews.

There is tragedy in this woman. Her heart is a camping ground for the ghosts of dreams.

The gifted child of the Hungarian gypsy and the beautiful Polish woman is becoming Americanized. She lives in a colonial house in a smug neighbourhood. It cramps her gorgeous personality as a canary's cage would cramp a sea-gull. Her surroundings are those of a lady barber, grown wealthy. Potentially a great actress and woman, and more emotional than analytical, she is perhaps not aware of that which is stifling her.

EVEN her loves in America have been tawdry. She is the full fruit of humanity. All around her are the husks of human beings.

All those whom she meets speak loud the language of compromise. She mentioned three novelists in my presence who sold out so long ago they have forgotten the transaction. Even the editors who betrayed them have long since died of infantile paralysis.

She told me she wanted to play *Madame Bovary* on the screen. Instead, she plays *Bella Donna*.

She who romped with the lure and the wonder of life as Carmen in *Gypsy Blood*, and as the little fate-tricked milliner *Du Barry*, is now subdued, wealthy—and unsatisfied. The eagle in the woman has been tied with a golden cord.

With the exception of Nazimova, she is the greatest woman ever stranded on the treacherous shores of Hollywood. The Russian woman lost a fortune in making an artistic picture. Miss Negri has made a fortune by compromises.

But the brass of remorse is hidden in the gold. She earns but a thousand dollars a day. Her rival, Gloria Swanson, the ex-Sennett bathing beauty, earns more than twice that amount. She would fain be as popular as the Swedish-American girl. Every effort is being made to "popularize" her.

The effort to make her more popular would be ludicrous were her soul not in pain. Joseph Hergesheimer was engaged to write a story for her. It was called *Flower of the Night*. It proved to be merely a pansy. Negri is capable of portraying more power and passion than the Dutch novelist can conceive. She should be given *Esther Waters*, or go, a life-shaken *Tess D'Urberville*, to the gallows. But popularity lies not in that direction.

One mongrel of art in the guise of a director follows another in the wake of the highly talented woman who was taught by Max Reinhardt. They are like bookkeepers telling J. Pierpont Morgan the mysteries of finance. One hears the word "popularity" mentioned in her presence. She is popular enough to earn a quarter of a million dollars a year. But that does not seem to satisfy her or the producers. One would think it were not enough for an *artiste*. Indeed, life to Pola Negri is a money-lender, thumbing his nose with a leer.



PARAMOUNT

POLA NEGRI

When a German-made film, called *Passion*, was brought to America in 1922, attention was centered on the brilliant but anonymous actress who played the central rôle. Her name, it developed, was Pola Negri and subsequently she was brought to America to make pictures for Famous Players

Much has been said about Miss Negri's unconquerable will and fiery temper. The shrewd gentlemen of business and their sycophants have surmounted these by appealing to vanity through flattery.

When making her first American picture, Miss Negri rebelled at the trick situations in the Robert Hichens' story, *Bella Donna*. She ended by doing as she was told. As a result the picture was one of the ghastliest ever made. The tigress that was Negri purred through her first failure. Many pictures have followed. The helpless woman now finds herself in the position of being neither a great "box-office attraction"—nor a great actress. Her contract has two years to run.

In an article under her name which appeared in a banal motion picture publicity organ and was entitled *I Become Converted to The Happy Ending*, Miss Negri says:

"When I first came to America, I naturally had the European point of view. I believed that the happy ending was not true to life and, therefore, constituted a jarring note in any form of drama that held itself as art.

"America, however, altered my point of view slowly but surely. After a few months I began to understand why sordid, melancholy drama could not thrive here commercially. It is a matter of national temperament and of comparative chances for success. It is a reflection of the breathless speed here, the bustle, the joyful scramble after the dollar.

"Europe meditates, and meditation, particularly if it be profound, is likely to be gloomy. . . ."

The *débâcle* goes on.

"It was when I returned to Europe on my last trip that I came suddenly to the realization of my changed attitude toward the expression of theatrical emotion. I went to see many plays, and some of them were tragedies—artistically and intellectually excellent. But their emphasis upon human misery, their appeal to the spectator's self-pity, their cynical insistence that life was a hoax, fidelity impossible, love a sham, and justice a delusion, undeniably had a depressing emotional influence upon me.

"I had become accustomed to the American's cheerful, optimistic outlook, his refusal to think gloomy thoughts, his determination to recognize in the chaos of life a beneficent plan created for his especial benefit.

"The *coup de maître* of practically every American screen play is the climax wherein obstacles are overcome, evil is overthrown, virtue and romance triumph. It . . . is . . . the old, old dramatic principle that virtue must emerge the victor over vice. This principle is not necessarily one of art; even in the remote time when it was formulated, philosophy, religion, tradition, and above all, the same missionary impulse that actuates the American picture maker when he creates happy endings entered into its conception."

And then naïvely:

"Perhaps too, it was found that commercial returns from happy endings were greater than from tragedies; that, moreover, the larger audiences must be served. . . .

"If the thing that is taught is faith in an illusion, at least the illusion is a pleasant one, salutary to mind and body. . . .

"And after all, there will be art—and art. . . .

"America has given me new eyes with which to see the motion picture, not as an art for one's own satisfaction and that of a few art-appreciative supporters, but as something given humanity to entertain it, and to cultivate love of beauty, the critical faculty, and other subtleties of intellect purely incidentally."

If I were a man of education I would translate the above so that Emil Jannings and Max

(Continued on page 92)

A Western Reunion

In Which a Pleasant House Party is Disrupted by Some Marital Jealousies

By GEOFFREY KERR

Palm Beach 21 January

Mrs Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

HOW ABOUT COMING DOWN FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH

Ethel Wrisk

New York 22 January

Mrs Arthur Wrisk
Champagne Villa Palm Beach

DARLING I DONT SEE HOW I CAN AS OUR HUSBANDS ARENT SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER

Anne Dumm

Palm Beach 23 January

Mrs Henry Dunm
51 East 51 Street New York

ITS QUITE ALL RIGHT WITH ARTHUR WHAT ABOUT HENRY

Ethel

New York 24 January

Mrs Arthur Wrisk
Champagne Villa Palm Beach

IS CHARLEY KNECKER STAYING WITH YOU

Anne

Palm Beach 25 January

Mrs Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

OF COURSE DARLING THATS THE INDUCEMENT

Ethel

New York 26 January

Mrs Arthur Wrisk
Champagne Villa Palm Beach

IN THAT CASE NO GOOD ASKING HENRY BUT I WILL COME

Anne

Palm Beach 27 January

Mrs Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

HURRAH WHEN

Ethel

New York 28 January

Mrs Arthur Wrisk
Champagne Villa Palm Beach

HENRY GOES TO PITTSBURGH MONDAY FOR TWO DAYS SHALL LEAVE TUESDAY

Anne

New York 1 February

Henry Dumm
William Penn Hotel Pittsburgh

LEAVING TOMORROW FOR TWO MONTHS HOLIDAY

Anne

Pittsburgh 2 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

WHERE AND WHY

Henry

New York 2 February

Henry Dumm
William Penn Hotel Pittsburgh

YOULL HAVE TO GUESS

Anne

Pittsburgh 2 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

I INSIST ON KNOWING

Henry

New York 2 February

Henry Dumm
William Penn Hotel Pittsburgh

I AM GOING TO THE GEORGE TOANS IN CHICAGO BECAUSE I AM BORED

Anne

New York 2 February

Mrs Arthur Wrisk
Champagne Villa Palm Beach

STARTING NOW LOVE

Anne

New York 2 February

Mrs George Toan
105 Blair Avenue Chicago

ON MY WAY TO ETHEL WRISKS AT PALM BEACH FOR TWO MONTHS FUN HAVE TOLD HENRY I AM STAYING WITH YOU IS THAT ALL RIGHT AND WILL YOU FORWARD THINGS

Anne Dumm

Chicago 3 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

MR AND MRS TOAN LEFT MONDAY FOR EUROPE

Dawson

Pittsburgh 3 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care George Toan 105 Blair Ave Chicago

ARRIVING ELEVEN TOMORROW MORNING TO STOP ALL THIS NONSENSE

Henry

New York 8 February

Mr John Knecker
816 Park Avenue New York

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR SON CHARLEY IS

Henry Dumm

New York 8 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

YES HE IS WITH THE WRISKS AT PALM BEACH

John Knecker

New York 9 February

Arthur Wrisk
Champagne Villa Palm Beach

IS ANNE STAYING WITH YOU

Henry Dumm

Palm Beach 9 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

I THOUGHT WE WERENT SPEAKING

Arthur Wrisk

New York 10 February

Arthur Wrisk
Champagne Villa Palm Beach

I DID NOT SPEAK I WIRED KINDLY ANSWER

Henry Dumm

Palm Beach 10 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

THAT IS A PURE TECHNICALITY I REFUSE TO ANSWER

Arthur Wrisk

New York 11 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

ARE YOU THERE

Henry

Palm Beach 12 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

NO

Anne

New York 14 February

George Young
Everglades Club Palm Beach

IS ANNE STAYING WITH THE WRISKS

Henry Dumm

Palm Beach 15 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

FRANKLY YES STILL MORE FRANKLY SOMEONE ELSE IS TOO

George Young

New York 15 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

I FIND YOU ARE THERE PLEASE DONT STAY THERE

Henry

New York 17 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

DID YOU GET MY WIRE

Henry

Palm Beach 17 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

YES

Anne

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Ann Pennington Struts a New Step

A Dance Up From the Levee—"The Black Bottom"



HIGH YALLER

Hailed as the successor to the Charleston, the dance called The Black Bottom takes its name from the muddy flats of the Mississippi



A NEW TWISTER

A characteristic twirl of the torso is the step which establishes the momentum of the dance and turns in a dizzy whirl



RAGGEDY TROT

The pony sprint which brings into the *Scandals'* spotlight Ann Pennington's ubiquitous knees and celebrates the cosmic urge



BON-BON BUDDY

Come on Penny! Let 'er rip! And remember to skip a beat and hold it as you squirm like the high-brown girl and her buddy on the Swannee



CLAP HANDS

And then turn about, for The Black Bottom, made Nordic in George White's *Scandals*, calls for dancing hands and dancing eyes, an abandon that ripples from the very tip of the little finger

DOWN BABY

With the agility acquired in the Daily Dozen the stepper bobs up and down like the tides of the river where the dance began

EXAGGERATE IT

Kick out and bend your knee. You'll learn the step! Stop! Start those shuffling feet. Hear the beat! And now go with them







STEP OUT

The glide of the wriggling eels and the worm that crawls along the black bottom of the river. Step up! Back! Forward! Toss your head and kick your leg. Step up, make a half turn and step out

The Worm Turns

The Fifth Article in Vanity Fair's Symposium on the Future of the Theatre

By RALPH BLOCK

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This article by Ralph Block, one time dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune* and now a supervising editor of the Famous Players Lasky Film Corporation, is the fifth in *Vanity Fair's* series of articles which seek to find out the facts in the illuminating case of the legitimate drama versus motion pictures. Mr. Block points out that in this article he does not write in behalf of a motion picture company, but merely as an unprejudiced observer. No theatrical producers, however, are likely to deny Mr. Block's contention that the standard of the theatre is not always so high, nor the standard of the motion pictures always so low, as to justify the theatre in its attitude of snobbish superiority. Mr. Block attacks the question of the dangers of motion picture control of the theatre vigorously. *Vanity Fair* asked a number of experts to discuss the interesting question of the future of the theatre in America, and has already published four articles in this series. Further opinions will be published in succeeding issues. In the September number, JOHN EMERSON, president of the Actors' Equity Association, will discuss the effect of possible motion picture control on the interests of the actors and the sponsors of the spoken drama. In the October issue of *Vanity Fair*, WALTER PRICHARD EATON will write the concluding article—a summary and consideration of the divergent views expressed by the other contributors to this symposium on the theatre.

THE movies have always been under suspicion. Obloquy is nothing new to them. But your reformer and your moralist, amateur and professional, until recently did most of the finger pointing. Society might condescend to go slumming among the "movies", but Art merely sniffed at them and waved them aside. Once in a while some devotee of the theatre, looking far into space, such as the astronomical Nathan, grew fearful of this giant child of Demos and predicted dire happenings to the theatre when the movies came of age. Now others have been wakened by new pulsations in the world of the movies, and dormant distaste suddenly rears itself as fear. Picture producers buy up theatres in an effort to break down the bar between themselves and audiences, to organize their own methods of presenting their works . . . and are viewed with alarm. One producer among the many plans to defeat his fellows in their eager search for imagination, by subsidizing producing managers in the theatre, thus obtaining an early grasp on potential material for the movies; and the watchful Nathan sounds the tocsin. The dramatists, stung to stout defence of their art (and their dollars), send out Paul Reveres in all directions —also Dudley Field Malone. They issue an Emancipation Proclamation—and the Movies have become a Menace!

Early in January, the Association of Dramatists, which later became incorporated in the American Dramatists, a member guild of the Authors' League of America, drafted a set of resolutions, aimed directly at the *entrepreneurs* of their own business, with the *generalissimi* of the movies as targets in the background. These resolutions had to do largely with the correction of abuses that have grown up in the treatment of dramatists by their managers. They showed a frank and healthy interest in the matter of earnings, and a commendable curiosity as to the manner in which motion picture rights are transferred from the theatre to the screen. There are few persons anywhere who will not agree without reservation, that it is proper for the dramatists to have a large share in the management of their affairs and in the moneys earned by their works. But it is difficult, after a careful perusal of these documents, to escape feeling that the dramatists somehow blame the movies for having led their own managers from the path of right-mindedness.

In fairness the movies should be permitted a little resentment—not a great deal, but some. Hitherto they have been timid and soft spoken, afraid to offend the hierarchy of the arts. They have been too shy to point out that the dramatists have not failed, despite the Fagins in the box offices, to profit from various and sundry transactions with the lowly movies. They have been too polite to suggest that such transactions, if the movies are what the dramatists say they are, constitute a kind of spiritual bootleggery. With the dramatists, as with many novelists, it has been a left handed transaction for the most part, the left hand of the said dramatist reaching around behind his back to collect the fee from the movies, while the right gesticulates splendidly to give emphasis to exalted sentiments about the dignity of art. And the implication of these exalted sentiments undoubtedly is that any jointure and alliance between a theatrical freebooter and a motion picture brigand will debase the standard of the stage . . . water being generally understood to seek the lower of two levels. Habituated as we are to consider the drama as a lofty expression of man's spiritual nature, and the movies as infamous trash, this sounds like a good argument.

BUT, considered realistically, it rests upon two rather questionable assumptions:

1. That the level of the theatre in America is continuously lofty and noble.
2. That the level of the movies is permanently low.

In view of the present season in the New York theatre, it would require a wide stretch of the imagination to accept unquestioningly the first of these articles of faith. No microscope is required to discern a wide divergence of intelligence, imagination, power, and standards in the works of Willard Mack, Maxwell Anderson, Owen Davis, Eugene O'Neill, Cosmo Hamilton, Clare Kummer, Milton Gropper, John Howard Lawson, Martin Brown, Laurence Stallings, George V. Hobart, Patrick Kearney, Anita Loos, John Emerson, George S. Kaufman, A. E. Thomas, Hatcher Hughes, Samuel Shipman, Sidney Howard, Avery Hopwood, Gilbert Emery, Zoë Akins, and Marc Connelly, all among the signers of the now famous set of resolutions. It would be enlightening if the American Dramatists themselves singled out which of these ladies and gentlemen is most threatened by the vulgarity, the falsity, the garishness, and the stupidity of the movies.

Since these craftsmen have taken so proud a stand upon the shield of art, however, it may be churlish not to take their sincerity for granted at its full value. It may be not the theatre merely which they defend, but all the ideals of a flowering civilization. And if such a life were to bloom gloriously tomorrow, how much would they care to save out of the wreck of the theatre of the last twenty years—which is the lifetime of the movies—to stand for truth, irony, fine laughter, poetry, high hearted romance, as against hokum, cheapness, dirt, sentimentality, pretentiousness, and humbug? Would they rush madly to save *Getting Gertie's Garter* from the holocaust, and placidly watch the celluloid of Chaplin's *The Kid* die in one great leap of flame? In another century, they will not need to worry over such a hypothetical question. A posterity preoccupied with its own problems will coolly abstract a little Shaw, a little Ibsen, a little Cohan, one or two plush albums such as *The First Year*, *The Show-Off*, and *They Knew What They Wanted*, a little Eugene O'Neill, a few pamphlets like *What Price Glory?*, some of Chaplin, Lubitsch, D. W. Griffith and Cruze, and will stow the rest, Arlen *et al.*, into the basement of the Museum of Natural History. Only *Abie's Irish Rose* will go on to immortality.

A GREAT deal too much fuss has been made about the theatre in America in late years, more than it has ever merited by its works. It was driven from the road because it was shoddy, badly acted, badly produced and falsely advertised, and with a few conspicuous exceptions, which were unable to survive in the ruck, badly written. The day of its artistic renaissance in New York a dozen years ago has already appeared to wane, and if in its present complacency it cannot match the vitality of the movies, with all their crudities, it has no place in the modern world.

In the modern conflict between the crowd and the selective mind, which impends still in the theatre no less than it does in the movies, no high hearted institution will survive except by its power to see honestly into life, and not by any mere assertion of its own idealism. If the dramatists are indeed sincere in their devotion to their art they will renew that spirit which challenged the commercial theâtre when it was at its worst and forced it to readapt itself to the new audience that had been created thereby. But they must understand that this is a hard gospel; for in effect it might mean a clean good bye to the unearned increment to which they are now accustomed. When the movies come to their manhood, much that is fine in the theatre will be readapted to the new form of the screen, but the dramatists must learn to forego in these cases the large emoluments they can expect only from a screen which is aimed at a popular appeal. It is heartening, however, to find the dramatists stating in their resolutions . . . "there is no reason, once a dramatists' organization is perfected, that it cannot coöperate with both manager and actor to encourage production of plays of real merit, which may not reap financial reward, and where common sacrifice alone may nurture some dramatic masterpiece into recognition."

All this may be unduly bitter, but it is time for the movies to pierce the current snobbery of the theatre. While the native stage has been painfully digesting its borrowings

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Portrait of a Lady—By Vladimir Becic

A Noted Jugo-Slav Painter Whose Work Is Now on View at the Sesquicentennial

THE above portrait—a genuine, sincere and vigorous work of art—embodies the artistic view-point and aesthetic attitude of a growing group of painters in Central Europe. The author of it is a professor in the Art Academy of Zagreb, a city which also is celebrated as the home of Ivan Mestrovic, the Serbian sculptor. As a student in Germany and France, Becic early attracted the attention of critics and connoisseurs. During the war he fought with the Serbian army on the Saloniki front. Although not an extreme modernist his paintings share many of the characteristics of the modern school, imposed upon the sound and solid background of the old masters. A group of his latest and most striking works is now to be seen in the exhibit of European art at the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia

The Second-Hand Coat

How a Secret Shared in Common Makes a Friendship Between Two Women

By MADDY VEGTEL

MRS. VAN LOON was Dutch; extremely Dutch; not only by birth but by soul, heart, mind and body.

This means that, at the age of thirty-nine, she suffered from fallen arches, wore a beautiful brocade corset, plenty of nainsook *dessous* and black cotton stockings. It means that she never bought a dress or a coat that could not, in years to come, be made over into something else. It means that she kept three servants, and yet washed her breakfast china; that, every summer she spent six weeks at the sea-side; that she spoke French, German, and English; had her house spring-cleaned, summer-, fall- and winter-cleaned, and once-a-month cleaned, and, finally, that she drank claret at dinner.

Poor Mrs. Van Loon!

That was what Mrs. DeWitt, her foe, said (for this story is going to be about Mrs. Van Loon and her enemy, Mrs. DeWitt). She said it with a funny little smile, so that nobody would think she meant it.

A beautiful blonde lady, Mrs. DeWitt, with a Van Dongenesque figure. Mrs. DeWitt moved gracefully. And why not? Her grandmother was a Javanese dancer!

The two women hated each other, in that idiotic way that women have of hating one another—without any plausible reason.

And never once had Mrs. Van Loon invited Mrs. DeWitt to one of her "little dinners"—and there was really nothing Mrs. Van Loon enjoyed more than giving these "little dinners". She always emphasized the "little" and never invited more than four couples. More than that number would not be seemly and the true Dutchwoman values seemliness above everything else. Whenever Mr. Van Loon, who was a Baron and a "*grand officier*" of the House of Her Majesty the Queen, and ordered his suits from an English tailor—whenever Mr. Van Loon would give his wife an extra hundred *gulden* for clothes, she would be sure to say, after a day or two: "Ferdinand, wouldn't it be nice to ask so-and-so to dine with us and oh! that pretty little daughter of Mrs. A, and, Ferdinand, we really ought to ask the X's"—

SHE never spent a penny of the hundred *gulden* on anything but her "little dinners". But then she dressed to be covered, not to be admired; she valued respect more than admiration. And respected she certainly was, to-her-heart's-content, as the wife of a Baron and a "*grand officier*", and so on . . .

Everybody in the Hague knew Mrs. Van Loon. But "everybody" meant, to her, the diplomatic world. She knew no other.

II

It was the spring time.

A spring more delicate, more perfumed, more wholly irresistible than ever before. But then, of course, it is spring's chief charm, to be more delicate, more perfumed, more wholly irresistible than ever before—

Mrs. Van Loon (who had been a week in Paris) was drinking a cup of tea at "Sam's". The place was crowded with American girls, boys, ladies and gentlemen—in fact, though it was Paris, there wasn't a French soul among them—and everybody was talking, laughing, eating and drinking. Mrs. Van Loon, at a table by herself, suddenly felt lonely. She had never consciously felt lonely before but she had never been in a place where there were not at least three people who knew who she was: and here she was, Mrs. Van Loon-from-the-Hague, the wife of a Baron and a "*grand officier*", and



DRAWING BY BENITO

THE SECOND-HAND COAT

The furrier swore there were no copies of the elegant coat he had sold to Mrs. DeWitt. There was, however, another one—second hand

so on—amidst a crowd of Americans. (And what *are* Americans?) Yes, Mrs. Van Loon felt-out-of-it, felt forsaken,—felt lonely.

Why was it that nobody even glanced at her in Paris? Why was it?

But she knew quite well why.

She knew quite well that it was because of her clothes, because she did not look *chic*, not smart, not even "well dressed."

Suddenly she made up her mind that she too, would be *chic*—she'd start by buying a coat—a fashionable fur coat. But where could she buy a smart, fashionable coat for not more than a hundred and fifty *gulden*? That would be twice as much as she had ever paid for a coat in Holland, and more than that would really be sinful!

She asked a waiter to bring her a *New York Herald*, and copied, in her neat little note-book, name after name from the advertisements in it. Suddenly an advertisement met her eyes. It said:

> MADAME ANETTE
> 120, RUE DE LUCIE VII
> *Buys and sells slightly worn coats, cloth or fur, and dresses. Prominent American and theatrical clientèle.*

She, Mrs. Van Loon, in a coat which perhaps an actress had worn, or, worse still, a cocotte—

She—but. . . .

She ordered a taxi.

III

Mr. and Mrs. Van Loon were enjoying their five o'clock tea at the *Château de Madrid* just outside of the American's Paris. The orchestra was playing: *Les Yeux Bleus*, which they had heard the adorable Mademoiselle Parisys sing the night before. "My dear Ida," said Mr. Van Loon to his wife, "you are looking very well today. It is th[e] new fur coat."

"Do you like it?"

"It's very becoming to you, dear, very, very becoming;" and, slowly, his eyes wandered over her, and fixed themselves upon a lady seated a few chairs away from them.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it is Mrs. DeWitt—it is DeWitt and his wife, what a surprise! I must go over and fetch them—"

"*Chérie*," said Mrs. DeWitt to Mrs. Van Loon when she was finally seated, "how nice to meet you here! And (how false her eyes look, thought Mrs. Van Loon) what a lovely, lovely coat you've got on!"

"Yes, it *is* rather nice. I think so myself," said Mrs. Van Loon.

"MAY I," and here Mrs. DeWitt's voice became a whisper, "may I ask you a very indiscreet question, but I am burning with curiosity—may I ask you where you bought it?"

"I bought it at (for wasn't the name printed in yellow silk in the lining?) at Jacque's, in the *rue St. Honoré*—"

Mrs. DeWitt's eyes opened wide. "What!" she said, "What!! You bought that coat at Jacque's in the *rue St. Honoré*—. Why, it's an outrage, it's a—I mean I—I myself bought that coat there, the original model, not so very long ago, and they gave me their word they would sell no copies. Fancy a place like that selling two absolutely identical coats—it's unbelievable! I am going to sue them—listen," and she turned to the two men and told them the story and talked and raved and explained—

"Yes, Betty," interrupted her husband, "but wasn't that the coat you said you sold to a second-hand clothes dealer? I remember you were so pleased with your own thriftiness when you told me that you had found a place in the *rue de Lucie* where they bought . . . ."

"Sold my coat!" said Mrs. DeWitt to her husband, and the words dropped like icicles from her lips. "You must be insane. You talk as though I were the kind of woman who would sell her old clothes for cash!" And she laughed uncertainly, and glanced at Mrs. Van Loon as though to say, "What a ridiculous idea". But her eyes were uneasy.

"Yes, what *do* you mean?" and Mrs. Van Loon, with a jerk, sat straight up in her chair. "Do you mean to insinuate that I, *I* buy my clothes at SECOND-HAND SHOPS?"

A burst of applause from the tables around

(Continued on page 86)



Recent Poems of Life and Labour

By THEODORE DREISER

THE FACTORY

Unapprehended, the stealing dawn,
And now, the grinding cars,
Bearing their human loads
Cityward or out.
Cars full of men and girls,
Their shabby clothes, speaking of work,
Their deepest, darkest moods repressed,
Their paling faces
Speaking the needs they feel.
Yet here is one who dreams a dream,
And here is one who laughs,
And here is one who sings a song,
Or moons,
Or scowls;
Old blood a-chill,
Young blood at play,
Or fearsome youth,
Or gloom, or need, upon the march,
The while they dodge the trucks and cars.
But hark you—the great whistle there
About the corner, over the shoe factory,
Under the tall chimney that belches smoke.
Against a leaden sky.
It shrieks and bellows its fierce warning,
It yells, it yells:
"Haste ye, haste ye, haste ye,
"Lest ye want,
"Lest poverty o'ertake ye,
"Lest ye may not eat,
"Lest the respect of men fall from ye"—
And they believe it.
Like a flood that feeds a chasm—
Like the grain that fills a hopper.
Oh, clattering feet
Oh, whirring, murmuring wheels
Oh, trembling, fleeing thoughts that run
Before the giant whistles you believe.



THE "BAD" HOUSE

Flaring, noisy taverns,
Babbling houses of bawds
and roisterers,
Who,
In the red hours of the night,
Thrill the dull flesh
With their screaming orgies
And pulsing, sweaty hungers;
While chiller passioned souls
Elsewhere dream pale dreams
Of better worlds and ways.

THE STREAM

Oh, the great urge—the vivid, clashing stream!
In it men tumble and clash.
They steer their cockleshells against a swirling tide.
They strain and curse each other in the harbour marts.
And the reaches of it are wide, wide,
And there is no horizon and no boundary.

* * * * *

And here is one who says that Jesus will save,
And another, Buddha,
And another, Marduk,
And another, Osiris,
And another, Zeus,
And another, Thor,
And another, "Gold is all,"
And many there are who cry: "There is no God."

* * * * *

Yet all the while the stream runs, clashing, bright,
And men strain and curse in the harbour marts.
They cry and part with that they love.

* * * * *

And there is no boundary, and there is no horizon.

GEDDO STREET

Bleary dwellings,
Dreary dwellings
Mansions remodeled into tawdry shops;
And flaming posters on vacant lots
Telling of dubious attractions
Or impossible delights
For these.
And open saloon doors at every corner,
And girls and children
Plodding home through the wet wintry streets,
Or, in summer,
Idling in hallways
Or doors, or windows,
Or slipping away to the gayeties of a trumpery beach
Or a park,
And dreaming rag dreams
Of happiness
In rags.

* * * * *

And the flash of splendid machines,
Speeding to the west,
That never pause
And the looks of eyes
That know not this,
Nor vice defiant,
Nor poverty equally so,
Nor aught of rags,
That make all riches interesting.

* * * * *

Yet Geddo Street, it knows—
It knows its worth
(This dirty street,
(This meanest street,
(This beaten street)—
It knows that *it* it is.
Antithesis of *that*
That makes that other
Interesting.



The Peril of Narcotics

A Consideration of the Increasing Use of Habit-Forming Drugs in America

By WALTER F. LINEBERGER, M. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The author of this article, *The Peril of Narcotics*, is the United States Congressman (Republican) from the Ninth District, California. He was severely wounded in the World War. Upon completion of his service in the army, he returned to California, where he was elected to Congress in February, 1921. He has been chosen in each succeeding election and is now a candidate for his district in the race for the United States Senate

THE human race consumes, every year, thousands of tons of poisonous narcotic drugs, not one percent of which is necessary for strictly medicinal purposes. The bulk of this great volume of drugs is consumed by addicts who number, in the entire world, millions of people—virtually abject slaves—addicts who consider the uninterrupted flow of their drug supply as their supreme consideration, in many cases, as a matter of life and death.

The production and distribution of these drugs constitute a profitable traffic, on a large scale, which extends to all the corners of the earth. In the Orient (the chief home of the sleep poppy from the seed capsules of which opium is produced) the governments, because of revenue profits, encourage and often subsidize the production of drugs and even undertake to control their distribution. In the Occident, where chemical science is used for concentrating opium into morphine and, again, converting this into a still more powerful and poisonous narcotic, heroin, laws and regulations loosely enacted for the control of the drug traffic drive most of the addiction trading to cover where it flourishes *sub rosa* in spite of law-enforcement agents.

The motive and urge which constantly swells the traffic is the enormous profit derived from it. The jobber and the retailer, between them, often realize more than a thousand percent return. Further, many impoverished addicts find a means of getting drugs for themselves by recruiting and supplying new addicts. The profits are enormous because the addict, under the depression and torture of withdrawal symptoms, feels that he must have the drug, regardless of the cost or consequences, whether he has to spend his last dollar, whether he has to steal the money, or even, on occasion to resort to murder.

The majority of addicts are "hooked" into addiction through ignorance, never realizing what the consequences are to be when they take the first "shot" or "sniff".

THE sleep poppy is the source of opium. Frequent mention of its poisoning propensities are to be found in ancient and medieval records. Opium smoking originated with the Dutch in Java, early in the eighteenth century. It was first mixed with tobacco, then used alone. From Java, it was taken to Formosa, and thence spread to the mainland of China. Portuguese traders first developed the importation of opium into China. Later, the East India Company came to monopolize the Indian traffic. The amount shipped from India into China rose to ten million pounds in the year 1858. In 1906, the production in China itself was estimated at 44 million pounds, two hundred times the medical requirements of the whole world. In that year estimates placed the number of opium addicts in China at 27 per cent of the adult population, or over 40,000,000 victims.

In 1803, a French chemist discovered how to produce morphine from opium and, a half century later in Austria, another chemist found how cocaine could be derived from coca leaves. These concentrated drugs, ten times as powerful as opium, soon developed addicts in all lands, at first, chiefly through medical practice, and later through exploitation.

In 1898, a German chemist discovered how to produce heroin from morphine, a drug nearly four times as powerful. With the spread of heroin, the narcotic menace has developed into an actual world peril.

In 1790, the Chinese Government issued a ban on opium smoking and, in 1800, prohibited the importation of opium into China entirely. This led to the Opium Wars waged against China which compelled its submission to importation.

The dawning of hope for real reform came when America, in 1905, enacted a law prohibiting opium traffic in the Philippine Islands and sent a committee to the governments of the Orient. China, in consequence, in 1906, again officially prohibited the use of opium and the cultivation of the poppy. Upon the suggestion of the United States, the first International Opium Conference was held in Shanghai in 1909, followed by other conferences at The Hague in 1912 and 1913. Recently, conferences of the opium commission of the League of Nations and its committee have been held at Geneva.

THE principal narcotics which have defied legal control and are now scourging humanity—opium, morphine, cocaine, and heroin—belong to the general class of organic poisons. They affect most acutely the nervous system. These are all alkaloidal poisons, most of which in nature are generated by plants.

The opium poppy is grown chiefly in India, China, Turkey, and Persia. Morphine constitutes the principal poisoning element in opium, about eight to fifteen per cent. Heroin was made formerly only from morphine by treating it with acetic acid and hydrochloric acid. It is reported that chemists have now learned to make it synthetically from coal-tar products. Cocaine is usually made from the leaves of the coca plant, grown chiefly in South America, but it is now also made synthetically from coal-tar products.

Protoplasm, the living material from which all living parts are built, is composed of proteins, water and a little salt. Its life processes require a regular supply of food and oxygen and regular elimination of waste products. Some poisons attack the protoplasm itself; some interfere with its necessary life processes; some do both.

The highly organized alkaloidal poisons combine readily with proteins, and easily penetrate the wall of sheathing that protects the living cells. Consequently, we would expect the result to be not only violent derangement in the usual activities and life processes, but permanent injury to the structure.

Since the nervous system is the most highly organized part of the whole human organism, it is not surprising that these complex alkaloidal poisons should make their chief effect upon the nervous system. Since the upper brain is the most delicate part of the nervous system, it is not surprising that this part should be quickly attacked and deeply injured, although it is from damage to the functions of the lower brain that death occurs when an overdose is taken.

As narcotics are soluble in fat, they penetrate the fatty sheathing that protects the brain from most harmful substances in the blood current, and in this way the poison comes quickly in contact with the delicate, highly organized gray matter.

ONE of the earlier physiological effects of narcotics is to stop the action of the parts that cause the sensation of pain, and this is what gives narcotics their chief legitimate value in the practice of medicine, but even in the effect of deadening the sense of pain, the action of the drug is that of a poison.

The most deadly narcotic drugs in general use are cocaine and heroin. The victims of these powerful drugs, unless they have repeated treatment, live a much shorter time than the victims of morphine and opium. Degeneration of the upper brain is so swift that the elements of character crumble in a few months.

In a young person one-eighth of a grain of morphine or one-twenty-fifth of a grain of heroin is sufficient to cause the drug effect. In a few days the system will develop sufficient capacity to neutralize this quantity. Then the drug effect will be felt only after getting beyond the point of neutralization, when it will be necessary to have a quarter of a grain, later a half grain, and soon a grain, and more, to produce the desired effect. Though one to two grains of morphine is ordinarily a fatal dose to a person unaccustomed to the drug, ten grains of morphine daily is common, many taking twenty grains, even fifty and one hundred being on record.

When the effect of the drug begins to subside, as it does in a few hours, the human equilibrium is upset as though by an irritating poison. The distressing effect is general, no part of the body escapes. A condition of torture sets in. In advanced cases this suffering (called "withdrawal symptoms") is acute torture and continues for days. In some cases death will ensue if the addict is far advanced and the doses or "shots" are suddenly stopped. Naturally, the addict regards his supply of the drug as a matter of life and death.

Morphine, cocaine and heroin are white powders, all soluble in water, all bitter to the taste. Morphine is usually put up in the form of tablets. Cocaine and heroin are called 'snow", and in various localities by other names. Heroin predominates now, especially in the

(Continued on page 97)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT P. SCHLAFKE

Agnes Geraghty in a High Swan Dive

A Swimming Champion Demonstrates Her Aquatic Versatility

SHEER GRACE

Tumbling about on the margins of this page in the evolution of the high dive, are Miss Helen Meany, National Springboard Diving Champion; Miss Carol Fletcher, Pacific Coast Champion; and Miss Katherine Brown, Metropolitan Junior Champion. These amazing young ladies perform the most incredible feats of diving with baffling perfection

COOL SPORT

Probably there is no more swiftly graceful practice than fancy diving. It is, therefore, not strange that diving seems to be the one athletic sport in which women are more proficient than men. In the centre of this page is Miss Agnes Geraghty, World's Champion at the breast stroke, in a perfect swan dive, proving that her talents are not limited to swimming

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



GOLDENSKY

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Because he has made the Philadelphia Orchestra one of the most notable musical organizations in the world; because he has introduced unknown modernists at the International Composers' Guild and unknown classicists at Carnegie Hall; because he favours the elimination of soloists at symphony concerts; and finally because he plans soon to take the Philadelphia Orchestra to tour Europe—the first American unit to play in Russia



HARD, STOCKHOLM

H. R. H. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

Because, Prince Royal of Sweden and heir apparent to the throne, he is rivaled in popularity in younger court circles only by the Prince of Wales; because he is a Doctor of Philosophy; because he is an erudite archaeologist; because, like his father, King Gustave, he has gained a formidable reputation as a tennis player; because he is the husband of Lady Louise Mountbatten; and finally because he is a recent visitor to America and the first scion of the Swedish royal house to come to these shores



MURAY

EVA LE GALLIENNE

Because she is the daughter of an eminent poet, Richard Le Gallienne; because she speaks French better than any other American actress, and acts in it to perfection; because she has been invited to play Ibsen in Danish at the Court Theatre in Copenhagen; because she has recently organized a Civic Repertory Theatre where plays will be given at a $1.50 top price; and finally because she is now America's youngest actress-manager



LAURENCE STALLINGS

Because he was a Captain of Marines in France, and a gallant American soldier; because he was a distinguished Literary Editor of the *New York World;* because, in his unusually successful play, *What Price Glory?*, written in conjunction with Maxwell Anderson, he desentimentalized effectively the popular conception of modern warfare, and finally, because his motion picture, *The Big Parade*, is unquestionably the greatest screen success of the year



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STANLEY BALDWIN

Because he is, for the second time, Prime Minister of England; because, by his able direction of the British Conservative Party during the difficult period of readjustment which followed the War, he established himself as the outstanding figure in present-day British politics; because he is Chancellor of Edinburgh University; and finally because, by his sure leadership and courage, he has brought England safely through the great crisis of the recent General Strike

Conflicting Aspects of Paris

Being an Eyewitness's Report on the Two Cities in the French Metropolis

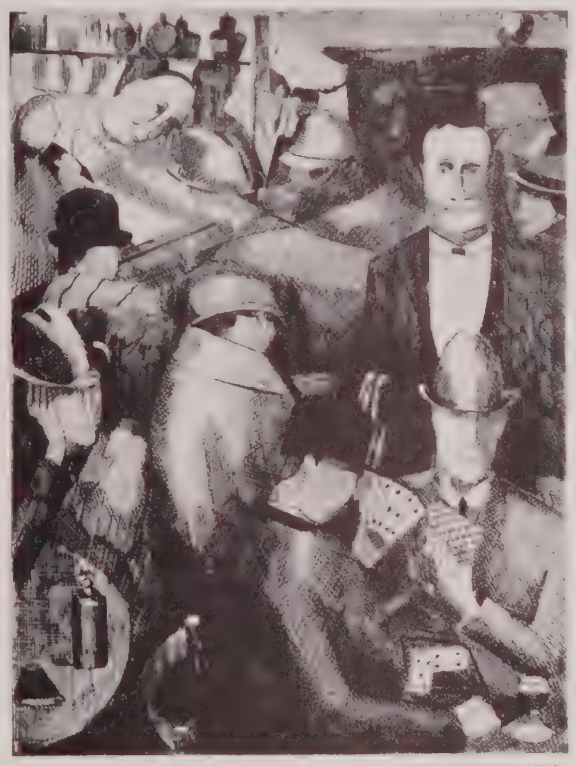
By E. E. CUMMINGS

THE much misunderstood metropolis of Paris (France) is at present two cities. One of these cities—the one which exhibits itself for the benefit of tourists—has been and still is widely advertised as "Paree". The second Paris (which no mere tourist has ever so much as glimpsed; but which was, is and will forever remain) calls itself "Paname".

"Paname" is *argot*. *Argot* is slang. Slang is the most alive aspect of a language. The aspect of Paris which "Paname" signifies is the most alive aspect, the inner part; the secret of secrets, unpurchasable either by His Britannic Majesty's pounds or by His Yankee Excellency's dollars. Frequently, however, *l'étranger* is led to believe that, minus "Gay Paree", Paris would not be Paris—and here lurks a particularly poisonous mistake, which it is the present writer's intention to assassinate.

That foreigner, more particularly that American, who inhabits Paris for more or less cultural reasons, will hereupon raise her or his voice in protest, crying: "Verily your distinction is absurdly obvious. Anyone of even mediocre intelligence is perfectly aware of the contrast between that brand of Paris which is served to tourists and the genuine article. As for me, I speak the language, I despise cabarets, I enjoy the Louvre"—*etcetera*.

To which outburst we beg to respond: "Dear sir, or madam—that foreigner who (for any reason whatsoever) *inhabits* Paris, is a strictly negligible phenomenon. It is the foreigner *whom Paris inhabits*, who matters. Only to such a foreigner is the distinction between 'Paree' and 'Paname' vitally and irrevocably clear; only in such a foreigner does the confusion of these two aspects, 'Paname' and 'Paree', cause the gorge unmitigatedly to rise. Believe it or not, gentle madam, or sir — your highly respectable Paris is far from being our 'Paname'."



ETCHING BY EDOUARD GOERG

PANAME

The aspect of Paris which "Paname" signifies is the most alive aspect—the Paris of the native Cafés—the inner part; the secret of secrets, unpurchasable either by His Britannic Majesty's pounds or by His Yankee Excellency's dollars

To prove this assertion is not difficult. Suppose, for instance, that Paris be considered as a whole or as one compound unit—a kind of microscope, for the examination of the world. Let us apply this microscope called Paris to our unenlightened eye. What do we discover with the aid of its lenses? We discover, ladies and gentlemen, that the world is not (as some are wont to suppose) at peace. Quite the contrary: war is everywhere. Our civilization is rent, to put it mildly, by strife. But by precisely what sort of strife? Strife between nationalities? Nothing as superficial as that. Between capital and labour? Wrong again. Looking very closely and holding our breath, we discover that the truly stupendous strife under observation partakes of a deeply religious nature, since it involves two furiously contending cults. What we perceive is nothing less than a holy war of unprecedented proportions, a fight to the death between two groups of unparalleled fanatics—comprising, on the one hand, the Worshippers of Life and, on the other, the Worshippers of Bathtubs. These distinctions I shall proceed forthwith to define.

The Worshippers of Life (hereafter to be known as the W.O.L. party) and the Worshippers of Bathtubs (hereafter to be indicated by the letters W.O.B.) are enemies of long standing. Indeed, an accurate and painstaking survey of the W.O.L.-W.O.B. conflict would include the history of modern civilization. Our readers need have no fear—we shall not attempt such a survey. Instead, the subject of this essay being "Paree" vs. "Paname", we shall concern ourselves merely with contemporary and local aspects of the epoch-making struggle. For it is this struggle and nothing else which at present divides the metropolis of Paris into "Paname" and "Paree".

Let us make the foregoing statement perfectly clear. The distinction between naughty or pleasure-loving or "gay" Paris, and noble or museum-haunting or intellectual Paris is a bit of arbitrary nonsense, fabricated out of the whole cloth by Herr Karl Baedeker and carefully perpetuated by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son. To a Parisian (and to anyone else who has his wits about him) such a distinction is utterly ridiculous. Judged from the standpoint of psychology, occupying oneself with any aspect of existence to the exclusion of the opposite aspect—being serious without also being silly—is unhealthy; whereas your Parisian is a remarkably healthy psychological specimen. Your Parisian, we repeat, perfectly realises that without folly there would be no wisdom; and his Paris (constructed in accordance with this realisation) embraces as many and as diverse kinds of existence as possible. Throughout this Parisian Paris, properly entitled "Paname", opposites of all varieties meet. *Madame la Comtesse* rubs elbows with *Mlle. la Gonzesse*, dance halls mingle with museums, and life is an essentially healthy —since homogeneous—affair.

In only one respect are the Cooks and Baedeker right: there exist two kinds of Paris. The metropolis is divided—but divided fundamentally, we reiterate, not arbitrarily; and as the direct result of actually conflicting values, not as a mere means of accommodating certain unnecessary Anglo-Saxon prejudices. What actually makes of the city of Paris two distinct cities, two contrasting entities, is the before-mentioned Holy War between two cults: the W.O.L. and the W.O.B. To put the thing a little differently—whether a visitor goes to naughty Montmartre or to nice Napoleon's Tomb is (Baedeker and the Cooks to the contrary) unimportant; but whether a human being merely inhabits the bathtub city of "Paree" or actually is inhabited by the living city of "Paname", wholly and fundamentally matters. TO BE, OR TO BE BATHED—that is the question, which threatens the world in general and Paris in particular.

Remembering ye good olde proverbe, "Cleanliness is next to godliness", the gentle reader will demand, in righteous fury: "How dare you assert that bathtubs are iniquitous?" Or should the sacrosanct tradition of "progress" (viz. that form of prosperity which is intimately connected with bathing) arise in her or his mind, she or he will exclaim: "The bathtub is civilized! The bathtub is holy! Down with uncleanliness! Long live the noble institution of tubbing! *Vive* the aristocracy of the daily bath!"

Throughout "Paree" one hears the very same slogan, for throughout Paris the cult of the tub is triumphant. Everywhere one's eye is greeted by *Hotel du Progrès*, *Dernier Confort*, *Confort Moderne* ("*confort*", apparently, is hermaphroditic) and "*Englisch*" spoken. The *étranger* is invited at each step to inhabit American Bars until it shall be time for five "oclok" tea. On the upper *rue de Rivoli*, enunciation of French is no longer considered merely uncultured; it is considered positively blasphemous. As for a certain famous hill named Montmartre (where, not so very long ago, persons of all varieties amused themselves in a spontaneous and original manner) 'tis nowadays nothing more nor less than a peculiarly uninteresting machine for separating Anglo-Saxons from their bankrolls. Clean-

(Continued on page 82)

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PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

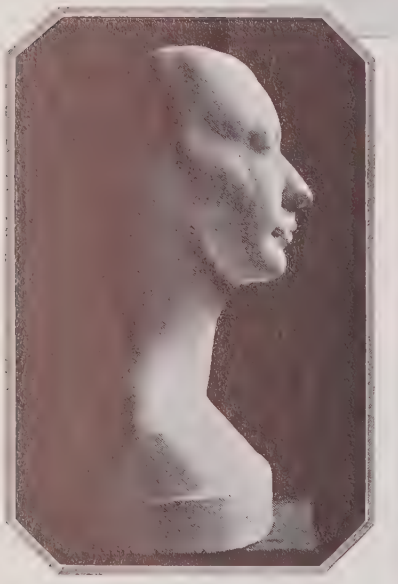
Madame Orloff, the creator of the four portraits on this page, has been assuming of late a more and more commanding position among European sculptors. With the exception of Jeanne Poupelet, she is now the best known of the women sculptors in her adopted country



MARC VAUX, PARIS

MOTHER AND CHILD

A plaster model for a bronze group which is now on view in the Salon at Paris. Very few of Madame Orloff's works are in bronze, most of them being in marble (as in the case of *Portrait of a Girl*) or in wood, a medium for which she has always shown a predilection



MADAME FARR

A recent marble by Madame Orloff. It should be explained that, in nearly all her marble busts, Madame Orloff gives to the stone an extraordinary lustre, an effect lost in reproduction





MADAME X

Photographed from the sculptor's informal and preliminary plaster sketch. As finally exhibited in Paris, in the now current summer Salon, this interesting anonymous bust was made in wood

CHANA ORLOFF

A very interesting portrait sketch of the artist herself by Alexandre Jacovleff, the Russian painter, who has become one of the chief ornaments of contemporary art in Paris. The portrait at the left shows Madame Orloff in her Paris studio, holding her young son in her arms

Some Recent Portrait Busts by Chana Orloff

The Russian Sculptress Who, for Ten Years, Has Been Living and Exhibiting in Paris

What Is the Matter with My Golf Game?

A Diagnosis of the Most Malignant of Maladies and a Satisfactory Cure for It

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "What is the matter with my golf game?" No, a thousand times, no. They are the words of every despairing golfer. How spontaneously they seem to rise to our lips when anything untoward, be it top, slice, hook, pull, sclaff or other form of foozle, mars the proposed perfection of our stroke.

"What is the matter?" the golfer cries to high Heaven, embroidering the query with fancy language, ad lib. Rarely, indeed, is he able to answer the query, though at times he thinks he has found the true solution.

"Eureka," he exclaims, "I have it! I have been pulling my hands through in front of the club." Alas, his joy is short lived and ends in disillusionment for, in golf the correct remedy for one day is never correct for the next, when some other form of devilment arrives to shatter our morale. Thus we plod on, making ourselves miserable by trying to cure a hundred ills with a single daily panacea.

I began my golf a quarter of a century ago. As I reconsider its development I think I can say that I have never seen anything more pathetic than the capacity of the average golfer for suffering the most acute and sustained agony in what he fancies is the pursuit of pleasure. There is something ironically noble about it, like Greek tragedy. It was while pondering on the game in this historic and philosophic mood, comparing it as it is today with what it was when I first knew it at the end of the gay nineties, that I suddenly arrived at the correct answer to the eternal question which I have made my title. And as I am sure that it applies to thousands of other golfers I gladly quote it here for their benefit and consolation.

Let us begin at the beginning. Golf, by a curious reverse-English method, has outgrown us, for, while we have been growing older . . . O, yes, you have; shake not your lamp-blacked locks at me! . . . golf has been growing younger. Let me explain.

WILL you hark back with me to the Mauve Decade (and thanks, Mr. Beer, for that nice phrase) or, if you can't do that, hark as far back as you can and view with me the game when it first appeared, and then follow its various transitions.

First, the days of the *freak* era, which broke during my early college years. Lord, what a laugh they were, those early golfers, with their sacks of queer implements and all their imported jargon. Our American initiates began on little, private courses, a few odd holes on gentlemen's estates. The players were mainly middle-aged to elderly, and often of Scottish extraction. They had played the game in their youth in Caledonia. This gave rise to a race of grizzled veterans each of whom has been referred to, at club dinners, as "the Father of Golf in America." (Applause) The game has many such fathers, all of them genuine.

Then, when a few apparently sane men, under thirty, began experimenting with the freakish pastime, public merriment knew no bounds. They were kidded and cartooned. The appearance on the stage of Dan Daly or George Grossmith as a golf player was sure to be a wow. Every reference to a "caddy" or a "putter" set the audience in a roar.

I remember watching one of those old pioneers drive a ball from near the tennis courts of a seashore Casino. It was a revelation. The ball sped away and dropped on the lawn nearly a hundred yards off! The scoffing tennisers were shaken to their foundations.



THE GOLF PARAGON

As a golfer, Roy Tweedie is a sartorial genius. His sweaters, caps, plus fours and stockings are symphonies and he bristles with the smartest accessories. But as for his golf game,—the less said about it the better

That was the end of phase one. Golf passed from a freak to a fad. "Links" came into being all over the land. They were particularly the fad of the fashionable. The courses were dinky. They didn't seem so at the time, but they were. But we went the full distance in raiment. Sartorially, we were *there*. How proud I was of my first red golf coat with its brass buttons and green cuffs and collar, the uniform of the Quaganapoxet Club of New London. When I first donned it my blush matched its incendiary hue as I sneaked armed to the club, hailed by an occasional town youth with yells of "Fire!" And the day also comes back when one of my friends, wearing some very tricky Scotch regalia, a tam with a red tassel, knickers and fringed-tongued brogues, walked with me down one of our leafy streets and a pop-eyed brat swinging on a gate goggled at our approach and screamed to an invisible sister, "Quick, Mamie, come! There's a circus!"

The "long hole" at Quaganapoxet was 360 yards. A five there was a miracle. The fairways were nubbly, the greens tiny, the bunkers flat patches of sand or mounds, reared to the imposing height of three feet. It was over these dinky courses that we made our great scores, an even 40, once in a while a brilliant 37, sending the hard ball off the tee with a crack like a rifle. These low figures linger in the minds of thousands of players as expressing what they are now capable of when they are really on their game.

Vain illusion! Their "roaring forties" are over, though the winds still blow. They have aged; the game has grown younger, more athletic.

THEN came golf's third development, which followed a period when the game seemed doomed. Fashion deserted it and miniature nine-hole courses went back to grass. "I knew it wouldn't last," said the croakers. How wrong they were needs no recounting here. Golf came back strong, but different. The "Haskell" ball made history. Distance began to lend enchantment to the green. A new race of golfers sprang up, hardy young collegians who swatted the ball over incredible spaces. The length of long holes stretched to four, five and, more recently, six hundred yards. "On the green in two," cries young Smith, Yale '26. "Yes," says his Dad, "I used to do that." But he forgets, or will not admit, that when he was on in two the hole was 210 yards long, not 420. There's a difference of about four strokes. Ask Dad; he knows.

It is this illusion, then, that so many cherish, the illusion of past performances, of a day that is dead, of a glory that has gone. And when they cry bitterly, "What is the matter with my game?" the answer is that they are trying to shoot as far as a Watts Gunn.

Truly, if golf were all, many of us might well seek our wheel-chairs broken and dispirited. But no, there is more to it than that. I am minded of a picture of Mr. C. D. Gibson's that was very popular in the old days. It bore the title, "Golf is not the only Game." You remember it? O, yes you do, Madam. You probably had a copy of it framed on your wall at Farmington.

The title of that picture, when transposed, will serve; for in truth, "The Game is not only golf." There is still much hope and solace for the inept performer, a glamour not recorded, God knows, on the score card. This lies in the fact that golf has at last become far more than a game. It is today a social adjunct, a part of one's cultural equipment. Schools and colleges include it in their curriculums. The golf club in any community is the social centre, the hub of polite activities, of which the game of golf itself is only a minor detail. Indeed, so civilized has our attitude become that super-excellence in play is almost a stigma, carrying a taint of professionalism,

(Continued on page 106)

The Americans at Muirfield

How, and Why, Mr. Sweetser Won the British Amateur Golf Championship

By BERNARD DARWIN

WHEN I first began to write this article there were still sixteen players left in the British Amateur Championship at Muirfield, but, humanly speaking, it appeared almost certain that there would be an all-American finish. I expected to make Mr. Bobby Jones the hero-in-chief of my article, with Mr. Sweetser honourably mentioned. Then down went Mr. Jones with a reverberating crash before Mr. Jamieson of Glasgow, a hitherto little known young golfer. And Mr. Sweetser was left alone to carry his country's flag. He did it so well and with such dauntless courage, that he clearly usurped the hero's place in the story.

I have now seen Mr. Sweetser win two championships, for I watched his triumph at Brookline in 1922 and I have no doubt whatever that he is a very great golfer. Indeed I have had, out of his victory, a little of that somewhat unworthy satisfaction that comes from being able to say, "I told you so." When he came here to England in 1923 he never struck his proper form, or anything like it. His golf was wholly unworthy of him and since nobody quite believes what other people tell them, those who only saw him at Deal, or St. Andrews, would not believe in the game I had seen him play at Brookline. They were far more frightened of Mr. Ouimet than they were of him, and it only dawned on them very gradually that he was going to be terribly dangerous.

MR. SWEETSER, as I see it, won this title by two virtues—one moral and one technical. First, he has the fiery, highly-strung nature kept well under control, which makes the match player; of all the American players he seemed to us the most resolute fighter at a pinch, the one most capable of saying, "I will *not* be beaten." Secondly, he is a truly magnificent player of the iron shot, whether high or low, hit right up to the flag. When once Mr. Sweetser was within range with his iron, his friends' anxieties were at an end and his enemies' hopes failed. The ball was invariably on the green next time and not in the mere suburbs of the green, but right in its very heart.

The Muirfield course, with its rather soft greens, closely guarded, suited this approach shot of Mr. Sweetser's to perfection—indeed, in parenthesis, it suited all the Americans very well. Though it possesses seaside scenery, in the noble sand hills that tower on its verge, yet in itself it is very like many an inland American course and I know that as soon as the American players saw it they said to themselves, "If we can win anywhere we can do it here." All of them play that high iron shot, which drops the ball spent and lifeless on the green, very well. Mr. Watts Gunn, for instance, plays it with great skill. But no one of them, on this occasion at any rate, was as brilliantly monotonous as Mr. Sweetser.

These two virtues of his were three times jointly illustrated in a conspicuous manner at most critical moments. Three times he had to come to the eighteenth hole, once against Mr. Ouimet, once against Mr. Robert Scott, when in the last eight, and once against Mr. Brownlow in the semi-final. Each time he had to play a firm iron shot for his second (twice his enemy was there before him) and each time the ball came plump down in the middle of the green, giving him a certain four and a putt for a three. In two of those three matches he was down at some time or other, two down to Mr. Ouimet and three down to Mr. Scott, while against Mr. Brownlow he was the victim of a finish so cruel that it might well have shattered a less undaunted courage. This was indeed the match of the tournament, the more so as everybody knew that Mr. Brownlow was England's last line of defence, and that once Mr. Sweetser reached the final the cup was gone.



PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS CO., LONDON

JESS SWEETSER AT MUIRFIELD

A photograph of the British Amateur Champion taken during his second round at Muirfield, the match preceding his memorable battle with Mr. Brownlow. It is to the Brownlow match (and the exciting match with Mr. Francis Ouimet) that Mr. Darwin pays particular attention in this article

After a dour fight, the American seemed to have the match safely won, for he was dormy two, and nine or ten feet from the 17th hole in three, whereas his adversary, in the like, was six or seven yards away. Mr. Brownlow, who, despite his youth, is one of the most entirely placid and serene golfers ever seen on a course, walked up to his ball as if he were playing a friend for half a crown, and popped it straight into the hole. It was too much to expect that applause should not break out at this splendid forlorn hope and when it had died down Mr. Sweetser missed his putt by the smallest possible fraction of an inch. The very same thing happened at the last hole. Mr. Brownlow played a beautiful second to within half a dozen yards. Mr. Sweetser counter-attacked superbly and got inside him. A deathly silence, a black ring all round the green and down went Mr. Brownlow's putt again and Mr. Sweetser's ball shivered past the edge of the hole. If ever a man felt that he had been robbed of victory by an unkind fate, Mr. Sweetser must have felt it at that moment, but he never showed it by as much as the twitch of an eyelash. He very, very nearly lost the championship at the nineteenth when Mr. Brownlow, who had to get down in two putts from the edge of the green in two, hardened his heart too much and overran the hole. Then, after a good half at the twentieth, someone had to break and it was Mr. Brownlow who was very short, both with his pitch and his putt, while Mr. Sweetser had an impeccable four.

IT would have been hard on Mr. Sweetser to lose that match. The one match which he was perhaps a trifle lucky to win was that in the third round against Mr. Ouimet. As long as he is fresh, Mr. Ouimet is as good as ever he was, and he had not yet had time to grow tired. He had beaten Mr. Von Elm by 3 and 2 the day before and he started out very well against Mr. Sweetser, being two up at the turn. The tenth hole was of the kind which, metaphorically, sways the fate of Empires. Mr. Ouimet hit a good drive and Mr. Sweetser a poor one: Mr. Sweetser's second appeared to be engulfed in a bunker but the ball had just enough vigour left to scramble through, though still a long way from the green. Mr. Ouimet put a brassey shot on the edge of the green, Mr. Sweetser played a good iron shot to within five or six yards but Mr. Ouimet promptly put his long approach putt within five or six feet. All this while it seemed that Mr. Ouimet would win the hole and be three up, but there came a bolt from the blue: Mr. Sweetser holed his long putt and Mr. Ouimet missed his short one. That was an unpleasant shock for the leader and he had another shock at the thirteenth, where Mr. Sweetser's ball avoided another bunker and he got an undeserved half. From that point Mr. Ouimet began to look a little tired and old, faded and jaded, whereas Mr. Sweetser was as a strong young lion roaring for his prey. They were all square coming to the last hole, but Mr. Ouimet was trapped from the tee and Mr. Sweetser, quite relentless, never gave him the ghost of a chance.

The final match in the championship needs very little comment, because Mr. Simpson, though a plucky golfer, had been fortunate in getting as far as he did and was not really quite good enough for his place. He drove

(Continued on page 104)



STEICHEN

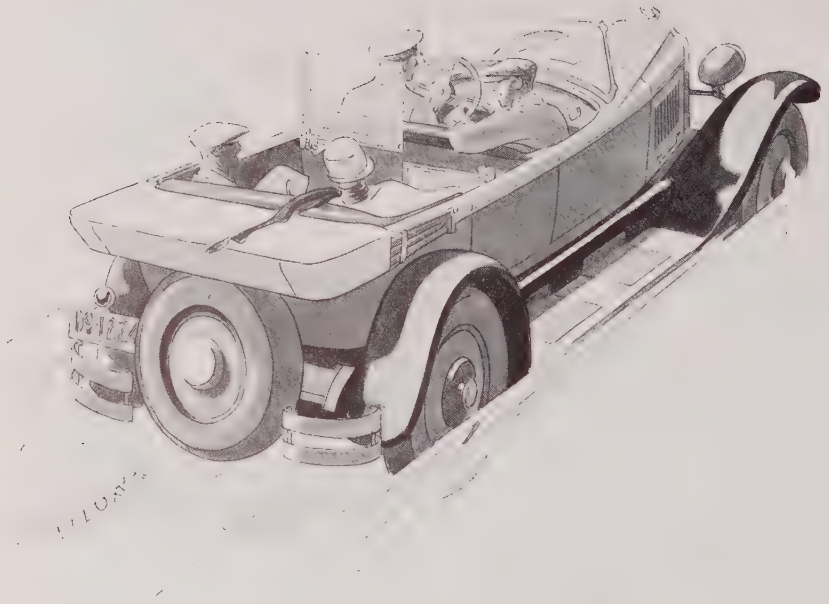
A Pugilistic Prodigy — William Lawrence Stribling, Junior

THE case of William Lawrence Stribling, Junior, is without parallel in the annals of American prize-fighting. Whereas formerly, a young prize-fighter was supposed to come out of the coal mines, the blacksmith's shop or the boiler factory, to beat his way to fame with skill gained only in street fights, "Young" Stribling came from a family of professional acrobats. Naturally, the infant "W.L." toddled around in the wings yearning to emulate them in some way. One day, the elder Stribling hit on an idea. He would have Billy and his brother Herb stage a boxing bout as a part of the act. He bought them a set of gloves. Just able to wade into each other like bear cubs, they had a tremendous success. Billy boxed and boxed. He grew tremendously, until at fifteen he could whip teamsters and scene-shifters. Then he came to the ring. Some say that Stribling cannot box, yet in his short career (he is only twenty-one) he has fought 161 ring battles, of which he has won fifty-seven by knock-outs, and sixty-three by decisions. Fourteen of his fights were draws, twenty-six were no decision, and one was an exhibition bout. In all these fights he has been knocked down only once, and even Berlenbach, the light-heavyweight champion, though he won easily, was unable to knock him out

Some New Accessories

Smart Equipment for Motors

NO matter how well equipped the car of today may be, the individual owner, who has his own idea about accessories, will want some small addition to the new car that, to him, spells comfort. The sophisticated motorist has a preference for a certain type of windshield, wind deflector, searchlight, horn, luggage carrier, etc., and often, some special make of bumper, shock absorber, radiator cap and other more or less standard equipment—with the result that the motor enthusiast would often rather substitute his own make of accessory for the one supplied with the car. In any case the proper accessories are a very important and a very interesting subject for the owner who buys a new car, for never before have there been such a variety of accessories to make motoring agreeable. Great interest today centers about the question of searchlights because the problem of driving at night has of late become so diffi-



A TONNEAU WINDSHIELD

The H. and H. Tonneau Windshield Wings are made in two separate units that can be moved into so many positions that they meet almost any weather condition. When the top of the car is up they form a complete enclosure for the tonneau, or swing around so as to form a glass panel by the driver's seat

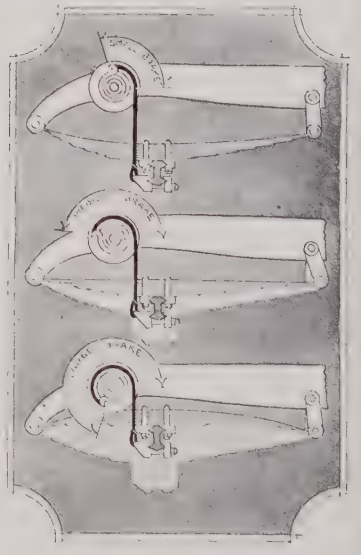


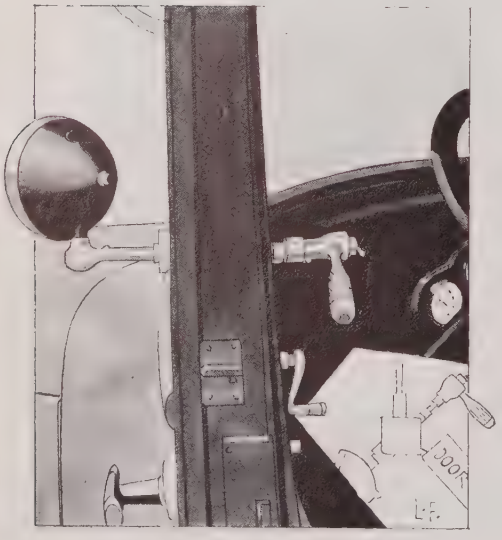
WINDOW VENTS (Right)

The Hubbard Vent-Eaves are glass panels that may be fitted to the top of the window of any closed car making it possible to lower the windows only a few inches in wet or cold weather without allowing the rain to come in or chilly cross draughts

ABSORBING SHOCKS

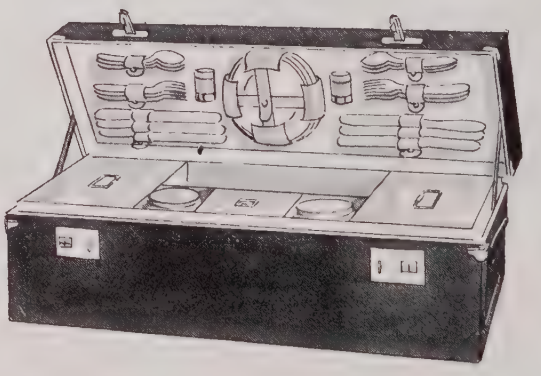
"As the car spring is compressed by a bump, the Watson Stabilator spring instantly winds the Stabilator brake shoe around between the strap and the stationary Stabilator brake drum for a distance equal to the compression of the car spring." Among the other well known shock absorbers are the Lovejoy, Houdaille, Westinghouse and Gabriel Snubbers





CONTROLLED SEARCH LIGHT

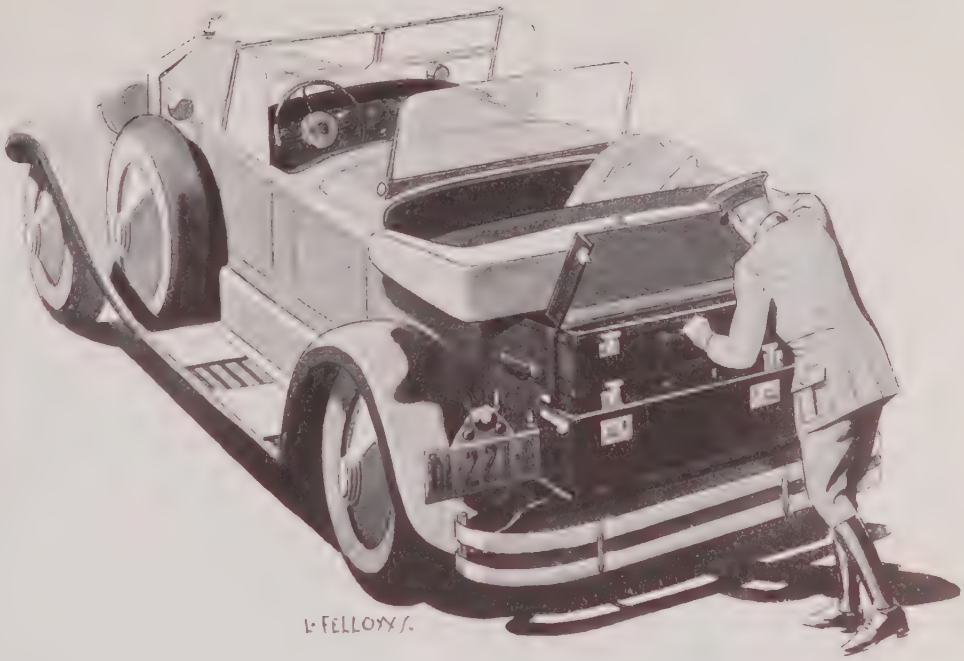
The Lorraine driving light, installed in close proximity to the driver's seat, can be turned at will on any spot of the road while going or standing still, and allows of night driving with dimmed head lights yet clear road vision



PICNIC TRUNK

A picnic basket equipped with plates, silverware, cups, compartment for ice, thermos bottles, screw top jars, sandwich boxes, etc., may be carried either at the rear or on the running board of any car. (Ajax Trunk Company)

cult owing to the bright searchlights that confuse by their glare and yet cannot be dispensed with, as the lights marked dim on the dashboard do not very clearly show the way for country driving. Therefore, the latest searchlights, fender lights, etc., that are now in the market are well worth investigating. The electric cigarette lighter, attached to the dashboard, gasoline gauges, window ventilators, onyx handles for the gear shift levers, heaters for enclosed cars, the rack to hold golf bags, and all manner of trunks and luggage carriers are indispensable, according to the need of a particular owner. Some of the most practical of these are shown here and each and every one has a merit that recommends it to *Vanity Fair*. In a day when cars are so standardized and each well known make of car is so easily distinguished at a glance because of its body, fender lines and radiator, the individual note, which every proud owner of a motor car unconsciously strives for, can only be had by the extras that may be added, which very often completely change the look of a car. Not the least of these are slipcovers, windshields, luggage carriers and the like.



MOTOR TRUNK

The most improved and modern type of automobile trunk contains three suitcases or space for other articles that are easily removed by raising the top and lowering the bottom panel at the rear of the outer covering when the top of the car is down



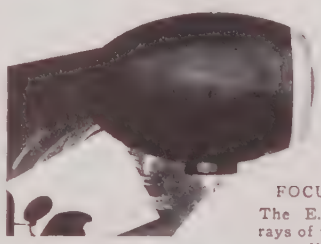


THE COW HORN (Above)

Along with the craze for horns with individual sounds like the horn of the French taxi cab comes a new horn to be attached under the bonnet which "moos" loudly like a peaceful cow

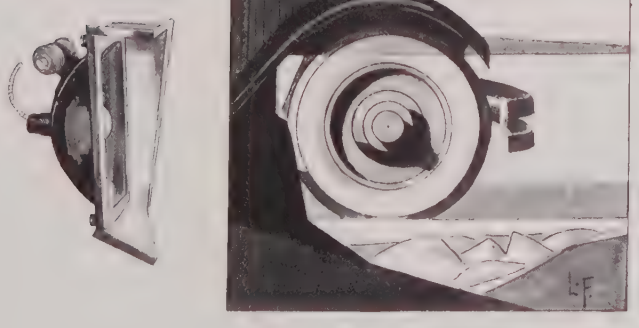
RADIATOR CAP (Left)

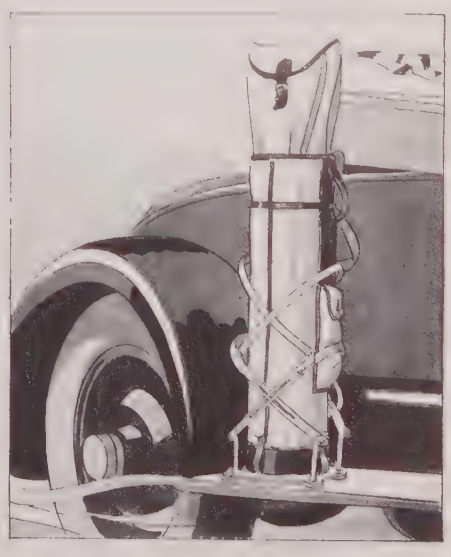
The monogram radiator cap with a locking device and the illuminated onyx ball to attach to the gear shift handle are among other popular accessories (Made by Kingsley-Miller Co.)



FOCUSED HEADLIGHTS

The E. and J. headlight, the rays of which are so focused and controlled by amber lenses that a strong light may be cast on the road at a great distance without even blinding a pedestrian, solves the problem of driving at night with strong lights





FENDER LIGHT (Above)

A novel and interesting accessory is the *Protectolite* which is attached to the right front fender for the purpose of picking out the side of the road and allowing the driver to go along at high speed with dimmed headlights for night driving

GOLF BAG RACK (Right)

The golfer will be interested in the Lyons Collapsible golf bag holder which is attached to the running board and when not in position to hold a golf bag may be folded down flat in an inconspicuous manner out of the way, yet ever ready for use



DRAWING BY LESLIE SAALBURG

YACHTING AT NEWPORT

The occasional guest on a yacht may correctly wear this Boivin two-piece dress in dull white *crêpe de Chine* with the shirt-front outlined in navy-blue; also in *bois-de-rose*, blue, peach, orchid, and other shades piped in contrasting colour; from Franklin Simon

O'Rossen sponsors this sailor suit for an energetic seaman in white *crêpe de Chine* with blue or red collar, cuffs, and tie; from Franklin Simon. The Lanvin sailor coat with gold bands and brass buttons, worn with a white flannel skirt, is from Bonwit Teller

The Well Dressed Woman on the Sea

A Smart Sailor Wears Red, White, and Blue Aboard Every Kind of Ship

WHEN the woman of the world goes down to the sea, no matter in what sort of ship she sails, she is as suitably and nautically attired as any sailor. Her clothes, in fact, reflect the marine influence in every smart detail. There is no donning of a casual sweater and knock-about hat—her costume is, as always, the perfect, specialized complement to her surroundings. Thus, if she sails her own boat or tears through the water at thirty miles an hour in a speed boat, her costume has been designed to suit the occasion; if she is a guest on a yacht, her outfit will be a shade more formal, but it still retains its thoroughly nautical character.

This year, the marine influence has made a distinct impression on feminine fashions in general. This is a trend that has an authentic beginning, since almost all of the Paris designers of the *haute couture* include some version of a yachting costume in their collections. Boivin, the French shirt maker, designed the model in dull white *crêpe de Chine* with a shirt-front outlined in navy-blue that is illustrated on the seated figure shown on this page; this is the type of costume in which a woman who is only an occasional guest aboard a yacht may feel entirely correct, although she is not so strictly nautical as more energetic sailors who spend half of the season aboard ship. O'Rossen sponsored the sailor suit in his most recent showing, a regulation sailor suit with a middy collar. The navy-blue pea-jacket with gold bands and brass buttons that was a Lanvin innovation



MOTOR-BOATING AT ISLESBORO

Plaided trunks in red, white, and black are worn with a red or white jersey in the bathing-suit at the left; from Best. A sailor who sails her own boat may choose an oil cambric slicker imported from England in green, red, blue, or leather colour and worn over a white pull-on sweater and a navy-blue skirt. The Cardigan sweater above, in tomato, white, green, yellow, and other shades is worn over a harmonizing pull-on sweater of silk and wool; two costumes from Franklin Simon

proved one of the most successful of sports costumes at Deauville, and still other *couturiers* stressed this marine feeling in sports costumes that were meant to see the sea at a respectful distance.

Another definite mark of sea-faring fashions is the use of red, white, and blue. For this patriotic combination is one of the smartest of new colour schemes, in daytime and afternoon costumes as well as in the realm of sports. Three colours are better than two this season, and this triad of crisp shades brings the fresh, clean-cut feeling that is typical of the new colour range and the antithesis of the soft, blended impression created by the pastels of last year. Thus, when a boating costume is blue and white in its colour scheme, a vivid touch of red is almost inevitable, in the hat-band, the *beret*, or a line of piping, while the costume that has red for its background colour takes white and navy-blue for its supplementary shades. Every costume illustrated in the smart assemblage of sea-going fashions on these two pages is available in the red-white-and-blue combination—one hundred per cent chic, so to speak.

One result of the rise of marine fashions in the general esteem is that most of the costumes that have been especially designed for life on the ocean wave are equally crisp and smart when they go ashore. The white woollen coat that is illustrated in the centre of this page



COMING INTO MARBLEHEAD

A woollen coat that is especially adapted for wear aboard ship because it is waterproof is equally suitable for sports wear on shore in white, navy-blue, red, and green; from Bonwit Teller

is primarily intended for shipboard, as it is waterproof, but it is equally well adapted for general country wear. The shirt-front frock at the left and the navy-blue sailor's coat at the right on the opposite page are as chic and appropriate at any other sports gathering as they are putting out to sea; while the double sweater combination, the Cardigan sweater over a soft supple pull-on model, which is one of the smartest of all sports developments, assumes a thoroughly nautical air when it is worn with a close-fitting *beret*, as in the outfit illustrated at the right on this page.

When the smart sailor sails her own boat, she can have nothing more practical than a red oil cambric slicker and an adaptation of a sou'wester hat in the same red, the outfit that is illustrated in the centre at the top of this page. With this, a durable navy-blue skirt and white pull-on sweater carries the red-white-and-blue scheme into the most practical version of the sea-going mode. The bathing suit that is sketched at the left, above, shows a clever combination of plaid shorts in red, black, and white, with a white-belted red shirt, and its wearer varies the usual manner of tucking the shirt inside the trousers by wearing it outside, merely to show, no doubt, that smart femininity can first usurp a masculine mode, then change it to suit her very fickle fancy.



PRACTICAL LUGGAGE

The wardrobe trunk is a luxurious thing but is also an absolute necessity for the traveler who would go properly equipped for his holiday. At the end of his journey his clothes are unpacked in the same unwrinkled condition as when put into the trunk. The expanding suitcase is the newest thing in hand luggage and however long the well dressed man is away from home his suitcase may be expanded to accommodate his needs

For the Well Dressed Man

The Smart Englishman Goes to the Continent for His Summer Holiday

By OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT

IN Europe very few men can afford to take their valet about with them when travelling; consequently, baggage has to be simplified and reduced as far as is possible. At the present time there are two particular forms of luggage which greatly simplify travelling. One of these is the wardrobe trunk and the other the new expanding suitcase. The great advantage of the wardrobe trunk is that clothes are not only easily packed but they come out in exactly the same condition as that in which they are put in: in fact, a wardrobe trunk never needs be unpacked at all, as the two sides when opened will stand flat against the wall and take up very little room, however small the accommodation. There is only one very serious drawback to it, and that is that in Europe it is very difficult to handle. It will not go on a motor and in many cases there is the greatest difficulty in getting it on a taxicab. Unfortunately, a man's holiday wardrobe is very much more unwieldy than that of a woman and he needs virtually as many clothes for a week-end as he does for a month, especially in English country houses, where amusements are of a very diverse nature. Golf, tennis and riding kit all have to be included, and unless one knows the particular nature of a house which one is visiting it is as well to be prepared for any emergency.

The expanding suitcase is in a great many ways just as convenient, and the largest sizes will hold all that is sufficient for a holiday, whether it be for a month, or six months. It is easily placed on a motor car and it is generally adaptable to almost every need.

At the present moment, when clothes should be of a very simple nature, it is possible to evolve what might be described as an ideal standard outfit, which is amply sufficient for almost anywhere in the world and will ensure a well dressed appearance at such various places as the English country, Deauville, Dieppe, Venice and the Lido—in fact, anywhere in France, Italy, Germany, Spain or Holland. It consists of the following items, which cover practically every form of sport and amusement anywhere:



THE ENGLISHMAN CHOOSES FOUR SUITS

Four suits of clothes are the minimum requirements of the well dressed man on his continental holiday. They consist of his dinner jacket, a double breasted grey flannel suit, and a single breasted blue serge suit, the jackets of which may be worn with flannel trousers, and a riding suit, the jacket being made of whipcord of a darker shade than that of the breeches

1. A dinner jacket suit. This suit to be made of a very dark blue, lightweight serge, which looks black at night. At the present moment the double-breasted dinner jacket suit is very much in evidence, as it is particularly suitable for the Continent. The coat should be cut snugly to the figure and should have four buttons only in front and should be silk lined and faced; the sleeves to be cut as narrow as possible, and the trousers to be on the wide side, but this should not in any way be exaggerated. This suit can be worn for almost any evening occasion and all the best dressed men at such places as Deauville now dine and dance in a short jacket. In fact, the only occasion during the summer when a dinner jacket is not worn is at formal dinner parties in private houses, which are few and far between, nearly every one preferring to dine in public.

2. A double-breasted grey-flannel



THREE TYPES OF SHIRTS

Three types of shirts are the minimum, if the traveler is to be properly equipped, and they consist of the soft shirt with collar attached, the plain neck band shirt and the stiff bosom shirt. The shirts for general wear should preferably be white, although coloured shirts are also most appropriate



BREECHES AND WHITE FLANNELS

Flannel trousers are indispensable for the summer wardrobe, inasmuch as they can be worn with the jackets of lounge suits, thereby providing an additional change. And the man who rides must, of course, have riding breeches of light whipcord or gabardine of a lighter shade than his coat

suit with two or three pairs of trousers to match. This suit is included for everyday wear and at the moment there is no material more popular than grey flannel. It looks very smart and is a becoming colour to most men.

3. A dark blue, single-breasted blue serge suit. The blue serge suit is rapidly coming back into fashion and there are very many occasions, especially on the Continent, when one does not want to change into dress clothes; and there are many agreeable evenings to be spent in small restaurants where dress clothes would make the wearer far too conspicuous to be pleasant. It is on these occasions that a dark blue serge suit should be worn.

4. Riding clothes. Apart from those places where polo is played, summer riding kit is now of a very informal appearance. It usually consists of a pair of tobacco-coloured corduroy or whipcord breeches and a white tennis shirt, but it is just as well to have a riding coat with one. The coat should be made of whipcord, of the same colour but a slightly darker material than the breeches, and should be cut on very similar lines to a lounge suit coat, but should be a little longer and instead of having a slit at the back as is usual it has two small slits, either side. Care should be taken not to have it cut too much on the lines of a regular riding coat.



THE GOLFER

This well turned out golfer is wearing a pair of grey flannel trousers, brown buckskin shoes with *crêpe* soles, white socks of wool and a pullover of soft white wool

5. Of course the matter of underlinen must vary very much according to the taste of the individual concerned, but six day shirts, six tennis shirts made of a white Oxford shirting with collar attached, six evening dress shirts, six pairs of white linen shorts, together with such accessories as socks, ties and collars, should amply meet the requirements of the most fastidious man.

6. Four pairs of white flannel trousers. A pullover.

7. Shoes: two pairs of dark brown walking shoes; one pair of semi-brogue variety and the other of a plain Oxford pattern; one pair of patent Oxford shoes; one pair of riding boots; one pair of white buckskin shoes and one pair of brown buckskin shoes with *crêpe* rubber soles, are all that are necessary. A great many of the best dressed men are now wearing brown buckskin shoes made without any toecap, which makes them very much more comfortable, both for walking and golf.

8. A Homburg hat and a cap.

The above-mentioned wardrobe amply covers every form of sport. Nearly all the trousers and coats are interchangeable. By far the most

(Continued on page 100)



BOOTS AND SHOES

The shoes of the smartly turned out man are of paramount importance and should be carefully selected for their style as well as their suitability for his varied activities. Since the problem of packing boots and shoes is a difficult one, owing to the lack of space, it is often necessary to travel with as few pairs as is practicable. The collection of boots and shoes shown in the illustration is a guide to the type of shoes appropriate for the country and, reading from left to right, are a pair of riding boots, a pair of brown Oxfords for ordinary wear, one pair of brown brogues, for hiking, a pair of white buckskin shoes for white flannels, a pair of black patent leather shoes and a pair of brown buckskin shoes with rubber soles. The latter are becoming very popular for wear on the golf course

Guiding Your Partner at Auction Bridge

Several Very Excellent Ways of Telling Him What You Want Him to Do

By R. F. FOSTER

THERE are a number of bids and plays, established by convention, by which one can intimate to one's partner what bid or play you would like him to make. Some of these practically order him to do certain things, whether he can see any reason for them or not. In others he is free to use his own judgment, but, as a rule, he is supposed to submit to the judgment of the player who indicates what he wants.

If these conventions are carefully studied, they will be useful to two classes of players only. First; those who thoroughly understand the conventional meaning of a bid or play, as distinguished from what it would mean to the uninitiated. Second; the players who cannot be depended upon to do their own thinking, and who would probably do the wrong thing if left to themselves.

There remain certain situations that cannot be covered by any of these conventions, the successful management of which must depend entirely upon the ability of the partner to recognize that something unusual is happening and to figure out the reason for it. As *Cavendish* used to express it, this is the kind of bridge that begins where the textbooks leave off.

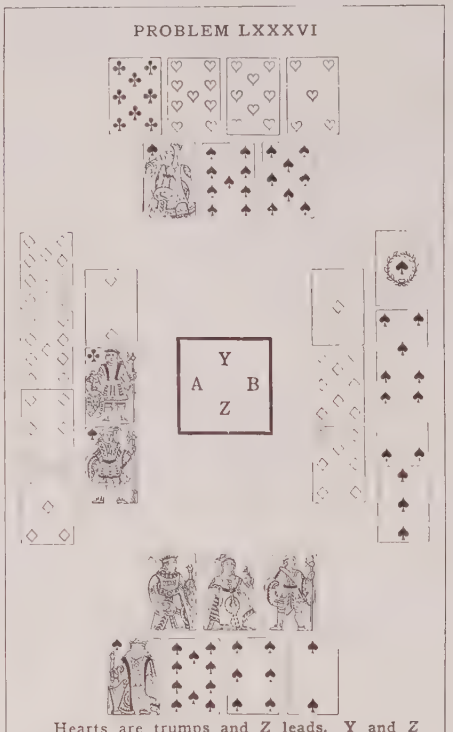
The conventional guide posts are much more numerous than one would imagine. In the bidding we have one of the most commonly used, the denial of the partner's suit when holding only one or two small cards of it. The average player is so accustomed to this that he forgets that it is purely conventional, and that such a thing would never occur to an untaught player.

The bidding of major and minor suits in a certain order; the bidding of two-suiters, both major or both minor; the bidding of suits on the second round instead of on the first; the "jump" bids, increasing the contract when there is no opposition to it; the take-outs and the assists. These are all conventional guides for the benefit of the partner.

THEN there are the conventional doubles. Here some margin is allowed for the judgment of the partner, who may consider there will be more in playing against the doubled declaration than in trying something else. The rules that govern these doubles are purely conventional, and must be thoroughly understood by the partner for whose guidance they are used; such as that the double must be made at the first opportunity; must double a limited number of tricks bid; must be made before the partner has made a bid, and so forth.

Some of the bidding that is intended to guide the partner may leave him guessing as to its real object. Take the case of a partner increasing a bid that is not opposed. Does he want to keep his partner from shifting, or does he want to shut out a probable bid from the adversaries, or is he simply reopening the bidding, so as to give his partner an opportunity to do something better?

When we come to the play of the hand, the way is as full of guide-posts as a state highway. The down-and-out echo, to direct the partner



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want six tricks against any defence. How do they get them? Solution in the September number.

to lead a third round of his suit. The encouraging discard of anything above a six, to show protection in a suit. The reverse discard, to ask a lead of that suit. Then we have all the unblocking plays, such as giving up the second-best when you make no attempt to win the trick on your partner's lead against a no-trumper, so as to guide your partner as to the exact location of all the higher cards in his suit.

All these guide-posts in the bidding and the play have a meaning that must be previously understood by explanation, or that has been learned by long practice and observation, as otherwise they would be as unintelligible to the partner as the old trump signal at whist. It is quite true that there are many thousands of bridge players who know little about these guide-posts and care less. They play bridge year after year, several days a week, perhaps, and get a great deal of enjoyment out of it until they happen to cut a partner that keeps wig-wagging to them in a code they know nothing about, and then tries to teach it to them, instead of cutting it all out and playing "honest" auction.

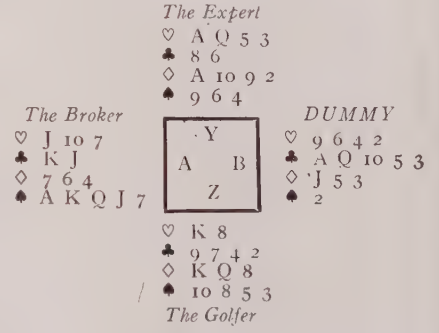
Entirely away and beyond these conventions which are very little removed in principle from touching the buttons on the waistcoat, there are situations in which a really first-class bridge player may guide his partner into a desired line of play entirely apart from any conventions. The only condition for success is that the partner be a player who uses his head; one who stops to figure out the meaning of every card played and governs his plays accordingly.

It is rather curious how few persons realize the extent to which this faculty of observation and the ability to draw inferences from it may be cultivated. Those who play for a stake are usually in a hurry to get in as many rubbers as possible during the time at their disposal; but the great majority of those who play bridge are not gamblers. If a census could be taken, it would probably be found that at least three-fourths of all the bridge played in this country is played "for fun".

As there is no hurry about getting to the next rubber, and they are supposed to be playing for the intellectual amusement the game affords, why do they not use their intellects more constantly? They will spend hours over a cross-word puzzle, which will not yield anything like the satisfaction that the solution of a pretty end-game situation at the bridge table presents. If some of those who habitually play "for fun" would make a practice of watching every card played, and trying to figure out its relation to the rest of that suit or the hand as a whole, they would be astonished at the improvement it would make in their game and the increased enjoyment they would get out of it.

THERE is not much credit due to the player who is directed by his partner as to just what he should do, when those directions are given to him by a system of conventions very much like wig-wagging; but when he has to figure it out through his attention being attracted to something unusual, something perhaps in the nature of a departure from the regular course of play, and when he finally solves the problem, then he is a good bridge player.

I was fortunate in coming across two interesting examples of this method of guiding the partner last March at Pinehurst, where one may always find a number of players of the first class. Here is one of the hands:



The Golfer dealt and passed. The Broker bid a spade, and his partner denied the suit with two clubs, but, with eight honours to score, the Broker went back to the spades.

The Expert led the ten of diamonds, Dummy put on the jack and the Golfer won with the queen. When this held, his partner is marked as having led from ace-ten-nine and others. The king was returned, upon which the Expert played the nine.

(Continued on page 90)

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!



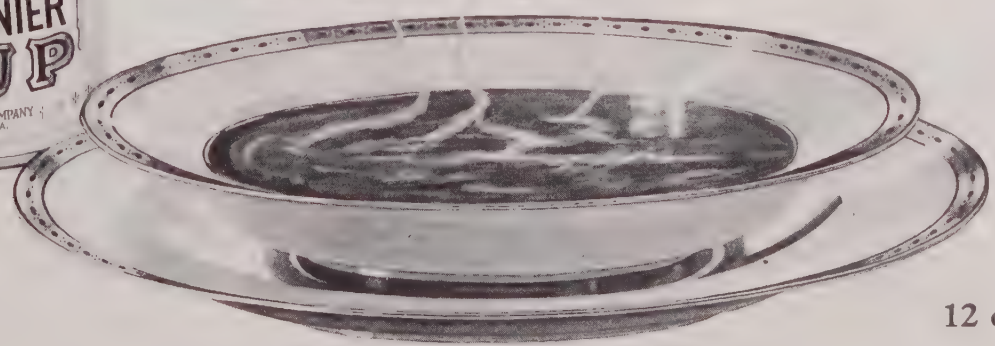
QUALITY!

How promptly and inevitably you sense it!

From the very first taste of Campbell's Printanier Soup you are aware of distinction, of subtle and highly specialized skill.

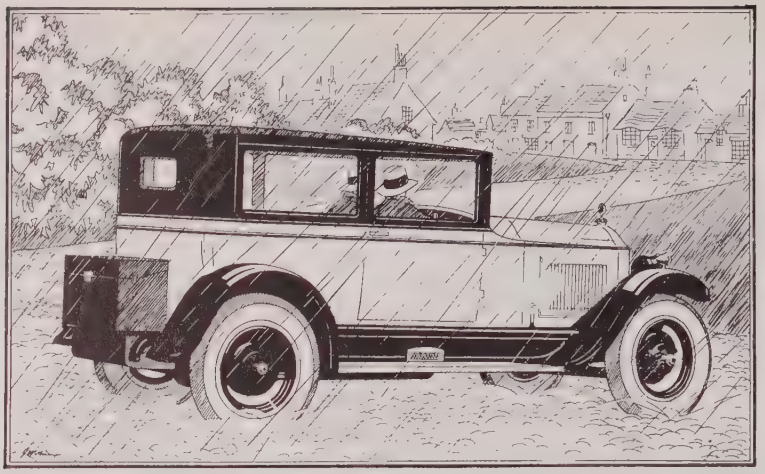
Always an especial favorite with the fastidious, this beautifully clear and delicate soup is particularly appealing just now when it is so often served JELLIED. You simply put the can on ice overnight and the soup becomes a dainty, amber-colored jelly—a charming delicacy.





12 cents a can

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DRAWINGS BY J. W. WILLIAMSON

BUICK

In the class of cars between 400 and 1000 pounds, quite the most popular car in England today, is the Buick which is imported in a variety of models, all of which have a very smart appearance

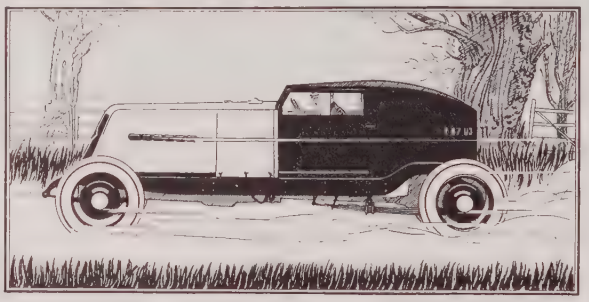
Notes on Motoring in England

A Classification of Cars by Cost Is Considered by the Motoring Public

MOTOR cars have now reached a point of evolution when it is no longer necessary for intending purchasers to worry very much about the make. European cars can roughly be divided into three classes, classified according to their cost, namely, cars costing £1,000 or over, medium cars between £400 and £1,000, and finally small cars costing up to about £400. In making a purchase of any of these three classes the prospective owner is undoubtedly influenced by personal taste more than anything else, for in an age when about ninety percent of the population owns a motor car scarcely one man or woman in a hundred has anything more than a very superficial knowledge of the mechanism. If they seek information they will receive a diversity of opinion and will, most probably, in the end have to decide for themselves; and this decision invariably rests, first on the price of the car and, secondly, on its appearance; together with the use that it is intended should be made of it. Those who intend purchasing a car costing £1,000 or over usually buy a chassis and then have a body designed to their own requirements by one of the well-known body builders. The Rolls-Royce, the Lancaster, the Farman, the Panhard Levasseur, the 45 h.p. Renault and the Bentley will all do all that can humanly be expected of a machine and will meet the needs of the most fastidious for reliability, speed, silence and general flexibility.

Having indulged one's personal fancy amongst these chassis, the choosing of the body consists primarily as to whether the car is to be an open or closed one and the general tendency at the present moment is for a closed car. In choosing an enclosed body smartness of appearance combined with good lines are the chief essentials. There is quite likely to be a very considerable change in the lines of the saloon cars of the future, for at present they are far too upright in appearance and do not make nearly enough use of the streamline effect. That it is possible to obtain a really wonderful streamline effect in an all-enclosed body has been proved by Messrs. Renault, who recently built an enclosed body to their 45 h.p. 6-cylinder racing car, which, by the bye, recently covered 100 kilometres in 31 minutes 46.78 seconds, which proves that an enclosed body is not necessarily a deterrent to speed. The body of this car follows the line of the frame and in this particular instance perfect streamlining is completed at the tail by an aluminium under-shield. Naturally the general design would

(Continued on page 96)



RENAULT

The enclosed car of the future will probably have more of a streamline body than the present day sedan which will be no detriment to speed, as proven by this enclosed body Renault racing chassis which made 100 kilometres in 31 minutes



DAIMLER

Another car of moderate price is the 650 pound Daimler in the 16-55 horsepower model with standard sport body, considered one of the smartest of this type of car and one which is having a great success



AUSTIN

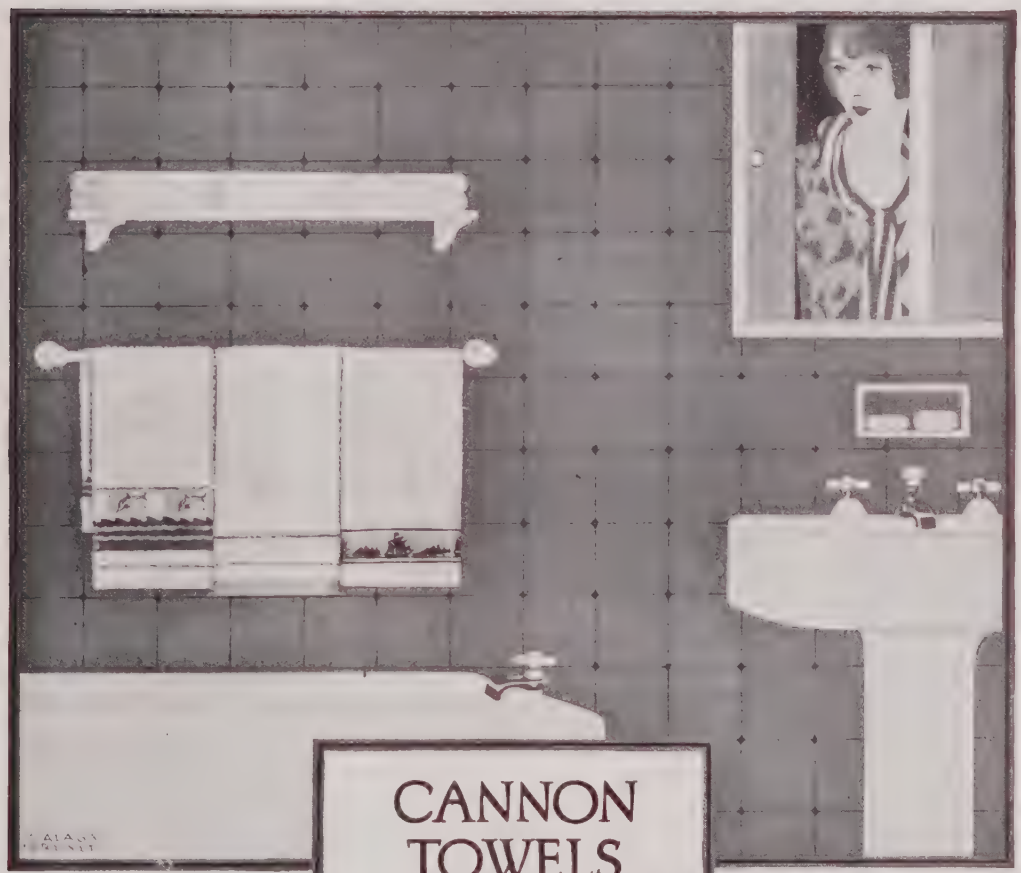
The 12 h.p. Austin standard Saloon, which costs only 455 pounds, is also a car with an excellent reputation, both as regards mechanical attributes and appearance—much seen about at sporting events





"COMPANY" *towels for every-day use*

How you can have them

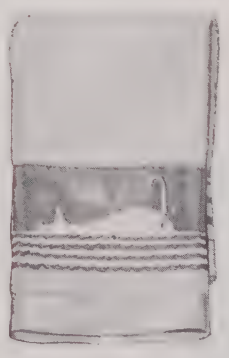


PEEP into the bathroom of the little house on the hill, and there you will see heaps of snowy towels. Towels that are beautiful to look at, soft and pleasant to touch, the kind some people think of as "company" towels, and which are carefully put away until guests come.

But the mistress of the little house has found "company" towels and every-day towels can be identical if she buys the Cannon brand. For Cannon towels, even the "company" type, come within the price she can afford to pay for towels for daily family use.

Millions of women have learned about the remarkable values offered in Cannon towels. They buy them in greater number than all other towels combined. More than half the towels sold in America today are made in the Cannon mills. This vast production means minimum manufacturing cost, and a minimum selling price.

No matter what type of towel you want, *you can buy it for less* by selecting from the Cannon line. The hotels of America know this. Most of them choose Cannon towels because they have found Cannon towels to be the best towel investment they can make—from the standpoint of first cost and durability too. Cannon towels come in almost unlimited variety. Great luxurious bath towels, gorgeously bordered or patterned in colors. Medium sized towels, not quite so heavy in weight. Little towels (also of turkish weave) which men like so well for shaving. And hosts of splendid huck towels for the hands and face. You can buy them singly or by the dozen at prices ranging from 25 cents to $2.50 each. Sold only in dry goods and department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York.



The new "Blowing Whale" towel

* * *

All Cannon towels patterned or bordered in color may be washed and boiled as fearlessly as all white. They will not fade. Every towel is subjected to the severest test of color and proved absolutely fast before it leaves the mill.



UNLIKE any other shaving preparation—simply because it gives men the *refreshing shave.* Quite naturally it is favored by men who habitually seek the best.

Fougère Royale Stick, 75c; Cream, 50c; Talcum, $1.00; Eau Vegetale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND MONTREAL



A Chinese Ghost Story

(Continued from page 38)

across China with your mind at peace. And I, moreover, am a priest. I have no interest even in a pretty woman, and so I spare myself the possibility of ending my days at the bottom of a well. Besides, we were living in the year when pork was plentiful, and pigs are animals I have always been fond of. I began to recite to myself philosophically the proverb, so celebrated in China, 'The God of War is great, but a porker is greater than the God of War', when the noise in the courtyard grew louder and the soldiers shouted, 'Here comes the general!' And as the footsteps of his bodyguard could already be heard, the soldiers who had crowded the courtyard all went out to meet him carrying lances and yellow pennants with green dragons. I noted that they had no rifles, machine guns, or cartridge belts, a circumstance rare with these elegant Chinese armies, which are usually armed to the teeth.

Paul Morand

Writes

Another Story of the Orient

More Yellow Vamps

in the September Issue

of

VANITY FAIR

"There was a procession illuminated by several dozen paper lanterns. Then a large Chinaman of martial and doughty appearance, with a nose like a hawk's beak and a great long beard, alighted from his horse before the door of the inn, entered, and seated himself in the place of honour. I assumed him to be some local tyrant, a provincial Boxer, or a *tukaun* or countryside super-bandit of great importance. I have met many such, holding up the salt tax and sometimes plundering the wayfarers. However, this one had the grand manner. . . . Over his armour he wore a robe of pale blue brocade and a satin cap. His hands were hidden in his sleeves, in the way portrayed in old prints. His beard also intrigued me; I had never, except in the theatre, seen a beard which belonged to the early days of Mandshu. He was served with wine in a porcelain cup and ate from a bowl which contained shark's fins floating in a muddy sauce, mixed with small preserved oranges. He ate and drank noisily, as generals frequently do. Then he caressed the inn-keeper's wife. 'Your wife is ugly,' he said to his host. 'An ugly woman in the family is a treasure.' He laughed, a dry laugh that sounded like bamboo crackling in the fire. He made some frightful noises to bear polite witness to the fact that he had dined well, and then called his officers. He said to them: 'You have been on the go for a long time. Let everybody return to quarters. I am going to take a little rest. As soon as you receive the order resume march.' The officers answered him with the usual signs of understanding and went out. The general then called, 'A-ts-i!' A moment later, a frail young officer, with his face painted, who was dressed in silver armour, came out of the room on the left and prostrated himself. His chief entrusted to him his commander's staff. The people of the inn closed the front door and retired.

"The strangeness of some of these details, the display of antique armament, the unusual trappings of the horses, the Mongolian head-pieces of the officers (which I could only faintly distinguish in the diffused light of the oiled paper lanterns) the cloaks lined with wild-cat fur and the old-fashioned soft-boots,—all this intrigued me so much that I got up to see more. I peered through the slits of the door on the left, through which the general had gone out. The light of a lamp filtered through the loosely joined boards. In the room I only saw a rattan camp-cot without bedding. Stalks of maize were drying on the roof. The general appeared disquieting and majestic in the dim light. He had the air of being powerful and, at the same time, he appeared to be caged. The orderly was standing at attention near the door. He prostrated himself once more and then came forward. The huge shadows of the two men (more than usually enlarged, because the lamp projecting them stood on the floor), passed in phantasmagoric sweeps across the rough walls of limestone. The two men seemed to be talking but, although I was very close to them, I could distinguish nothing. Their voices were as low as the buzzing of a wasp.

"Then I witnessed an extraordinary thing: The general seized his flat nose between his thumb and index finger, placed his other hand on the nape of his neck, turned his head around, and detached it from his shoulders. Without the slightest sound he deposited his head on the cot. . . . Just imagine—he detached his head, beard and all, with his head-piece still on. The mouth opened and several large black teeth fell out of it, and scattered on the floor. The eyes trembled ever so slightly in their sockets. They were like oysters, and they would have fallen out, except that the lids were so tight. The rest of his body remained standing. At the neck, which seemed hollowed out, I saw a dark channel leading to the inside of his body. No blood came, but only faint dark fumes. . . . The faithful A-ts-i was attending his general as carefully as a lady's maid. First, he took off the general's brocaded robe, then his armour engraved with golden dragons, then the bracelets and finally, he took off his two arms, close to the arm-pits, and placed them on the bed, also—one on the right and one on the left, like metal pegs serving to keep the different parts of a clock together. Then, the general having stretched out, the diligent orderly detached and put away in precisely the same manner the general's two legs, which continuous horseback riding had bowed slightly. And the limbs, too, dropped noiselessly on the bed as if they were filled with sawdust. At this moment the lamp went out and I could not see the finish of this gory and extraordinary dismemberment.

"Staggering, I took flight and found my room. I covered my eyes with my

(Continued on page 82)

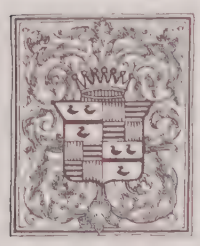
New Cadillac surpassing all previous conception



IN so far as the new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac is concerned, discussion of mechanical supremacy is unnecessary and almost useless.

That supremacy proclaims itself unmistakably in performance as it has in every Cadillac which preceded the present splendidly successful car.

American lovers of fine motoring have always listened respectfully to assurances which promised an improvement upon Cadillac.



But they have never been lured away because it has always been so simple and so easy a thing to prove to themselves by Cadillac performance that Cadillac has never been equaled.

Once again in the unprecedented sales of the new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac we are witnessing that silent turning away—that return to something solid and assured and unmistakably superior which Cadillac has always provided.

In this case, however, Cadillac finds itself almost the only occupant of its own fine car field—and the old Cadillac clientele is being so enormously augmented by new accessions that the careful, painstaking capacities of this great plant are being taxed to the utmost.

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NEW 90 DEGREE

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The correct knickerbocker in three lengths, $8.50 *and* $12

New summer cravats in linen, foulard and crepe. Shirts of English madras. Golf stockings

THE NEW LEGHORN HAT
SPECIALLY BLOCKED
TO BE WORN AS ILLUSTRATED

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET
New York

Conflicting Aspects of Paris

(Continued from page 65)

liness is indeed next to godliness! Formerly a vein, *Boulevard Montparnasse* has become an artery through which pulses most of the none too red blood which comes straight from the none too sound heart of Greenwich Village, U.S.A. God's in His Heaven, prices soar, National Cash Registers adorn all the progressive cafés, Wrigley advertises where it will do most good, the franc touches 33, and that invaluable home of hilarity, *Le Concert Mayol* translates "*Oh! Quel Nu*", the title of its revue, as "Ladies Shirt Off"(!).

So much for "Paree" and the triumph of the Worshippers of Bathtubs. And now, a few words concerning the second Paris, the unconquerable and authentic city: "Paname".

Pounds, progress, dollars and morals have assailed and still assail her, but in vain. At any *bistro*, a *bordeaux blanc* is still a *bordeaux blanc* and *un demi* is still *un demi* and *fine* is *fine*, for all the attacks of "whiskey", gin, "pal-al", and *grog américain*—not to mention the *Ligue Nationale Contre l'Alcoölisme (O, mores!)*. Albeit employed nightly as an advertisement for Citroën automobiles, that ultra-Freudian symbol which is known as *le tour Eiffel* smites the sunlit heavens as aforetime. A *foire* goes full blast at Porte Vincennes, with its "toboggan" and its "steam swings" and its games and shooting galleries and wrestlers and stomach-dancers and bodiless ladies and lion tamers. The *Tout Est Bon* café of *Porte Saint Denis* still observes the *Tout Va Mieux* café, just across the street, with a scornful smile. At Auteuil and Longchamps there are still hooves and colours. Defying uncounted *films américains*, the ancient and honourable *théâtre du Châtelet* promulgates its honourable and ancient brand of three-dimensional melodrama —the Fratellinis have moved to the *Cirque d'Hiver*, but a *cirque* is still a *cirque* and they are still the Fratellinis. "Miss" appears in a super-Follies concoction, but still does the sacred Mistinguette stuff—the *Moulins* are all turning. Always, the *Jardin du Luxembourg* has its wooden horses to ride and its tiny ships to sail; and in the Elysian Fields *guignols* twinkle like fireflies. Barges and *bateaux mouches* glide (and will forever glide) through the exquisite river; from which old gentlemen, armed with prodigious poles and preternatural patience, will forever extract microscopic fish. Beneath "Paree", beneath the glittering victory of "civilization", a careful eye perceives the deep, extraordinary, luminous triumph of Life Itself and of a city founded upon Life—a city called "Paname", a heart which throbs always, a spirit always which cannot die. The winged monsters of the garden of Cluny do not appear to have heard of "progress". The cathedral of Notre Dame does not budge an inch for all the idiocies of this world.

Meanwhile, spring and summer everywhere openingly arrive.

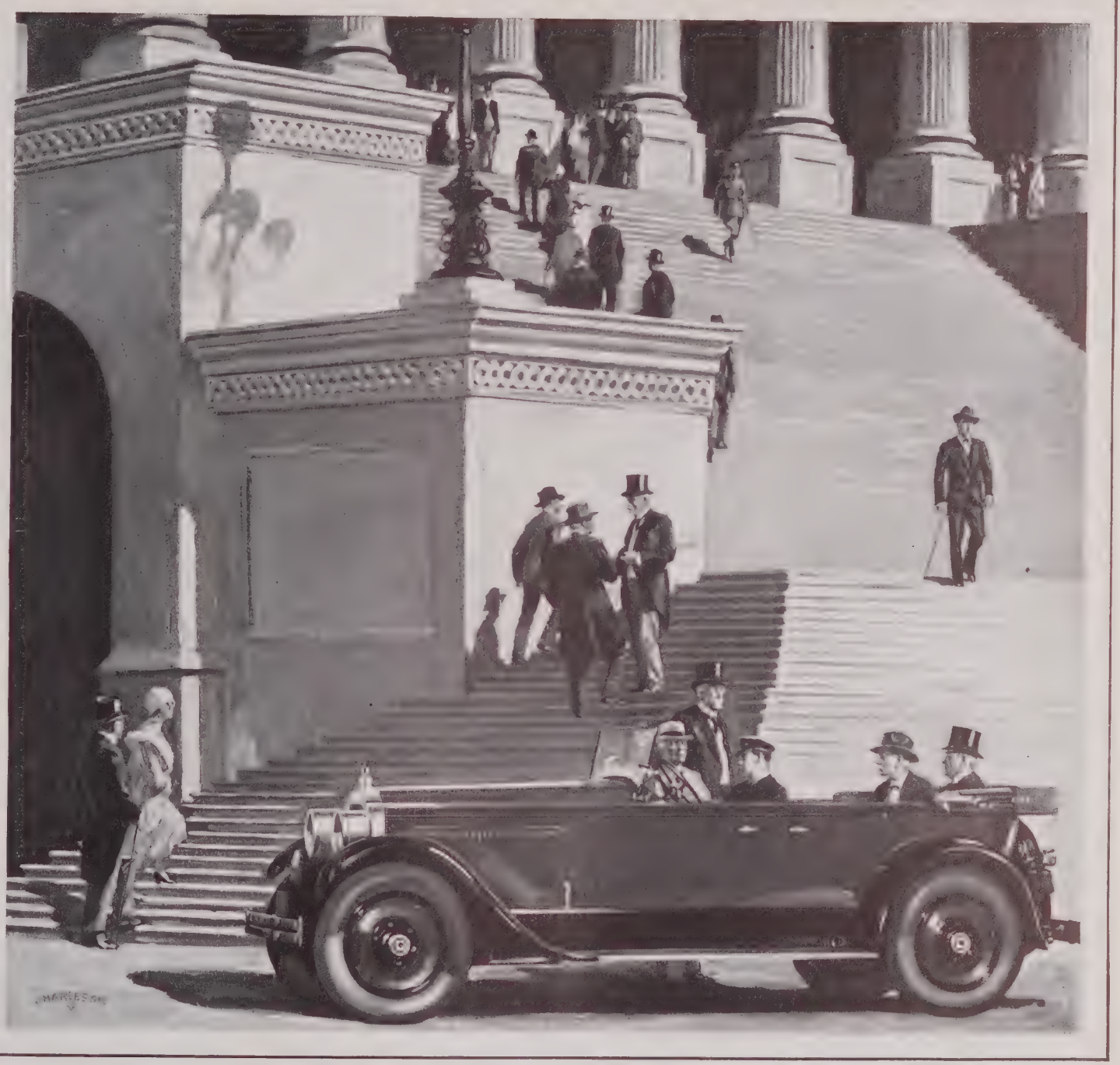
Lovers capture the *Bois*.

In crooked streets young voices cry flowers.

A Chinese Ghost Story

(Continued from page 80)

sleeves in the Chinese fashion and barricaded myself behind some boxes; I remained thus, motionless, waiting for daybreak. Between the first and second crowing of the cock I felt an acute chill pass through me. I listened carefully: All the army was sleeping, without a doubt, for I heard no sound. At last I decided to open my eyes and get up. The dawn was breaking . . . I had been sleeping in a rough thicket out in the open. In the distance the 'Yellow Country' stretched away till it merged in the horizon. There were in the vicinity unforgettable deformities of Chinese 'loess', a country of ditches and ravines, full of caverns, and dungeons that seemed to be haunted ruins, and yet were but freaks of nature. The deep blue of the sky was growing paler and behind me, in the distance, the mountains which I had crossed the evening before were becoming lost to sight. I studied the surrounding countryside closely: Not a sign of a human being, not a pagoda or a habitation in sight, not even a tomb. I resumed my journey and arrived an hour later at a little village consisting of those Chinese houses which seemed sunk into the fields, almost level with the ground. I had reached Tien Tshu Tan, at last. Here was the Catholic Mission, with its fine cooking, its good Alsatian Sisters and its lepers. I found Father Elemir, formerly professor at the University of Pekin. His kind and ruddy Western face finally took away the remainder of my fright and reassured me once more of earthly realities. Without mentioning any details of the previous night, I told him vaguely about the place where I had stopped. 'The region through which you passed,' said my learned colleague, 'was once the scene of enormous human slaughters. . . . That was very long ago. . . . About the Han epoch. The old historians tell of a day,—about 200 B.C. —on which three hundred thousand people perished; they describe how the famous general Hiang-Tsie was dismembered after the battle by soldiers, eager to win the prize promised in exchange for his life.' And Father Elemir added: 'You spent last night, without being aware of it, on a very ancient battlefield. . . . But I hope that did not keep you from sleeping soundly?'"



Serving America's Aristocracy

America has its aristocracy of intelligence and culture, of achievement and wealth, of taste and talent. Every community has its leaders of thought and action. And historic Washington—drawing its leaders from every section of the Union—is representative of the aristocracy of them all.

There in the world's greatest capital it is natural to find Packard cars honored by marked preferment—now as for a generation past. That five of the distinguished jurists of the United States Supreme Court own Packard cars is but an indication of this preference among those whose taste and judgment is unquestioned.

The list of cabinet members, senators, ambassadors and congressional leaders who consistently favor Packard with their patronage reads like the roster of an American peerage. Packard could cite no stronger credentials.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Will you give 10 days to see how white your teeth are?

An amazing test will quickly show you how gloriously clear your teeth may be. How easily and quickly that dingy "off-color" look may disappear.

Simply send the coupon. A 10 days' supply of this scientific way will come by return mail.



Those Winning Smiles

Which mean so much commercially, socially, are gained this new way with gleaming white teeth and firm and healthy gums

HERE is a new and radically different way in tooth care. A way that quickly restores "off-color" teeth to attractive whiteness, that the world's leading dentists are urging.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be clear and gleaming; your gums firm and of healthy color.

It's film that hides pretty teeth and imperils gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

It removes the film and Firms the Gums

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Will show you how white your teeth are naturally. Now make the simple test today. Results will prove amazing.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget. A full 10 days' supply will be sent you. Write at once.

FREE Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Send to.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Only one tube to a family 2184

Toronto, Canada *London, S. E., England* *Sydney, N. S. W., Australia*

The Ideal Woman

(Continued from page 53)

1. She must be tall but—I hasten to add—not too tall.
2. She must be a brunette—the dark, splendid beauty of, let us say, Maxine Elliott.
3. She must have an interesting face—a face of mobility and expression.
4. She must be agreeable.
5. She must have a beautiful figure.
6. She must be intelligent.
7. She must be intellectual, but not a *poseuse* or a *précieuse*.
8. She must be witty but not sarcastic; able to see a joke but, more important, take one.
9. She must be calm, but not phlegmatic.
10. She must be tolerant, but never indifferent.
11. She must be charming, and by that I mean she must possess graciousness of manner as well as that overworked symbol of the theatre—personality.
12. She must be able to adapt herself to her environment and to her associates.
13. She must possess good taste in her clothes, in the cultivation of her mind, in her conformity to the material aspects of civilization.
14. She must reverence the best traditions: that is, she must not be afraid of being *thought* old-fashioned."

XIII—RUBE GOLDBERG

One cannot help but think wistfully, upon reading our next contribution, of the debonair and incomparable lady in Mr. Goldberg's justly famous cartoons who hangs on chandeliers, a bow and arrow in her hand, and one foot behind her ear. The great cartoonist says:

"I believe a woman's claim to perfection should start with her ability to refrain from looking in shop windows when she is walking with a man—myself for instance. This typifies a consideration for the male who, generally speaking, is willing to buy a woman her coffee and rolls, but does not want to be coerced into it.

"She must be willing to get up on an icy January morning, close the window and turn on the steam heat, while her husband remains under the blankets contemplating the gigantic events that will harass his brain during the day.

"She must, of course, be beautiful. But the world has different standards

(Continued on page 90)

Inside Speaking Out

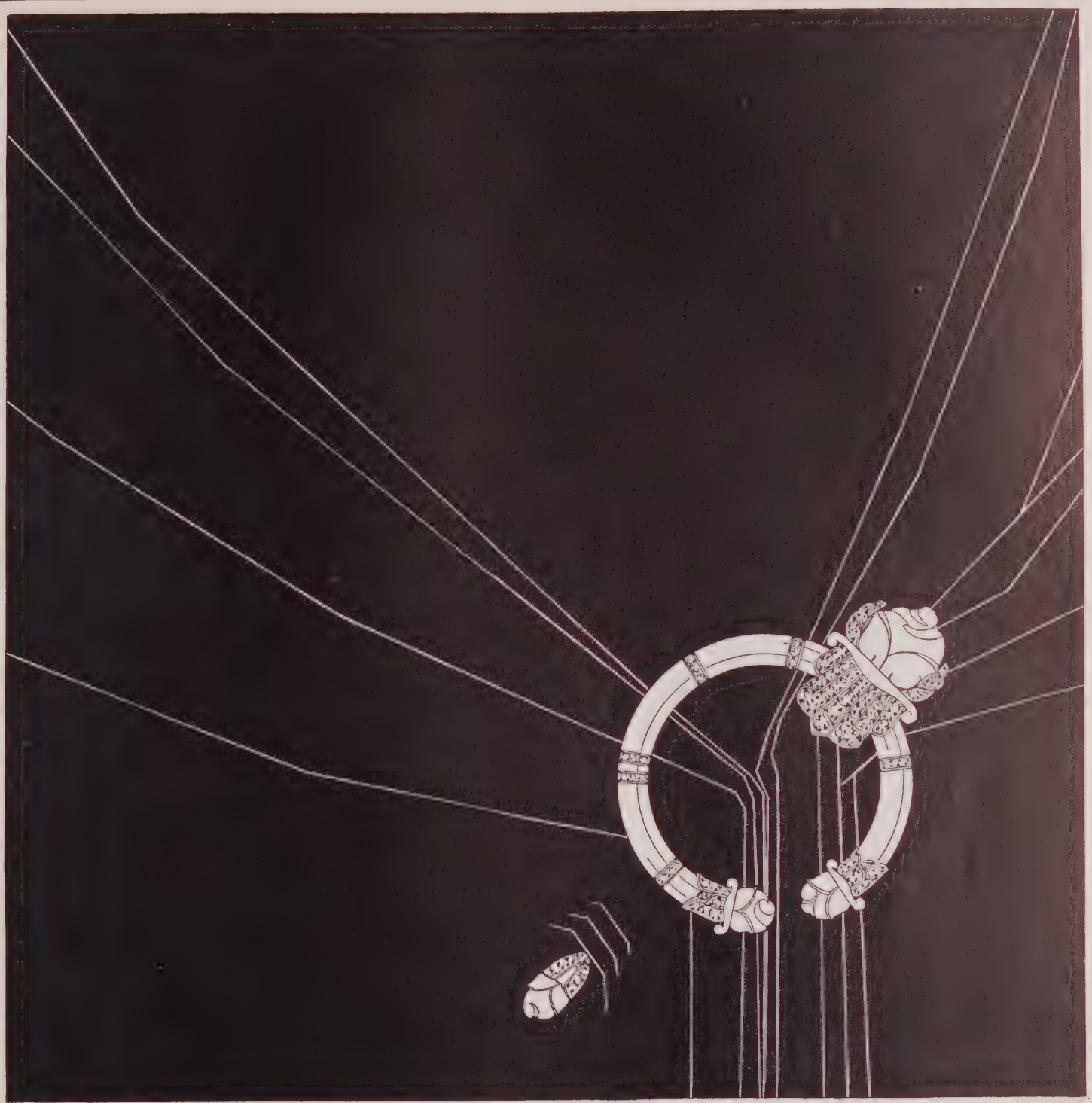
(Continued from page 50)

always distinguished) are getting into their seats, most of the cast are on the stage congratulating one another heartily, and possibly a little emotionally. All troubles are forgotten, all unpleasantnesses forgiven, everyone loves everyone else fervently—even those who were particularly obnoxious to each other yesterday. The star and the *ingénue* embrace several times publicly, the director pats the first heavy man on the shoulder (having that morning fired him for the fifteenth time), the English juvenile is seen shaking hands with the Irish second heavy man. It is all very beautiful. For their joint labours have triumphed. They are in a "hit".

If the layman again suggests that all these congratulations at this stage are a bit previous, I can only reply that he is a sordid fellow who has no Faith. Yes, indeed, that is all I *can* reply. He must realise that at 8:25 P. M. on opening nights all plays are big successes.

The curtain is rising. The play has started. There is no turning back now. Almost half the audience and quite a few of the critics are already in their seats. There is a great deal of applause as each actor, or actress, enters. For some reason or other there is no applause at all when they exit, but I suppose one cannot have one's cake and eat it too, so to speak. By the end of the first act practically the entire audience has arrived, though some of them seem to be terribly troubled with bronchial afflictions. Not one member of the cast is late or missing however, as it is another unwritten law that, although the audience may not arrive till the end of the first act, the cast *must* be there for the beginning. The layman may think this a trifle unfair, but that's how it is.

Everything seems very quiet during the second act, though the manager's speech about giving the public beautiful plays even though he loses money thereby does not seem to be quite understood by the spectators, and a good deal of buzzing is heard in the auditorium. There are also a few laughs here and there, though the manager does not think he has said anything particularly funny. During the third act some of the critics are seen to leave, but it is presumed they are in a hurry to write their reviews for the next morning's papers. Mr. Samuels notices some of the audience slipping quietly away, but he supposes these are the ones who came in too late to know what the play is about. Those who remain are doing so because, naturally, they wish to find out. Their curiosity is piqued. Obviously every play must be about something. Well, all things come to an end, and this is no exception, but we will not dwell on the details, except to note that Mr. Samuels does not visit the star at the conclusion of the performance.



BLACK · STARR & FROST

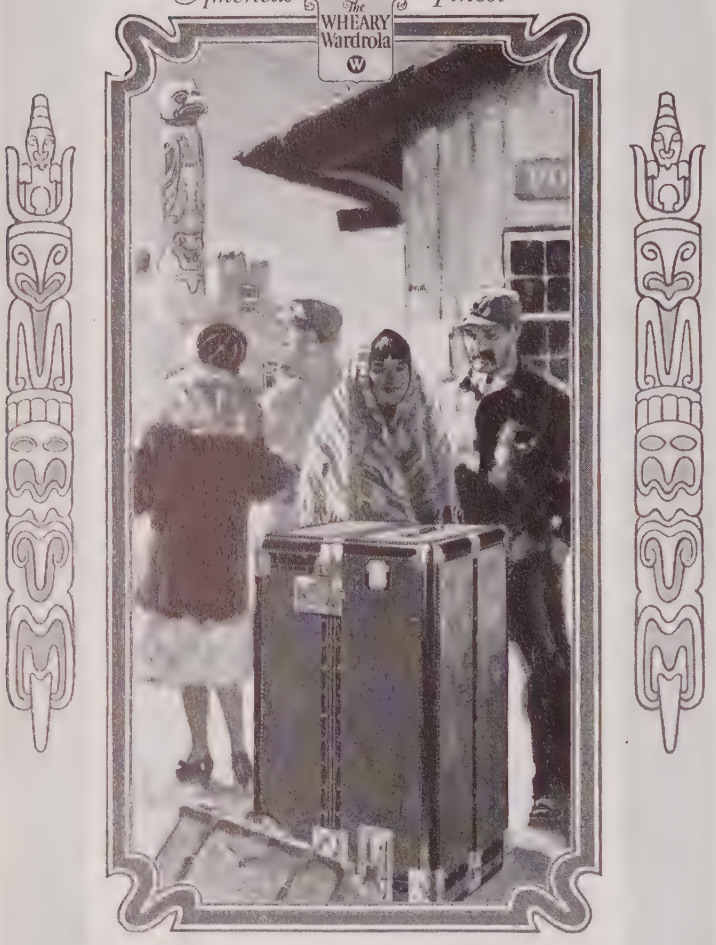
This dress ornament is a circle of oxblood coral with a decorative motif in diamonds. At either end of the pin are carved rosebuds of black onyx. This piece may be used to gather a gown at the side.

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THE TRUNK THAT *Rolls* OPEN

The Worm Turns

(Continued from page 58)

from abroad and discovering that lighting and *décors* are only a small part of what makes a theatre, pompously assuming that one or two Pulitzer prize daisies made a summer, letting English speech go to the dogs, and protecting the type actor in his asinine absurdities, the movies have been slowly and against great odds developing the art of the motion camera, its use in dramatic and comedic narrative, in the creation of illusion, in revelation of truth in things and people. They have created an adequate and sometimes startlingly brilliant art of screen pantomime, as difficult in its demands on the imagination and the plasticity of the body as the highest art of the theatre, and nine out of ten times more competent for its purpose than its parallel on the American stage today.

In two decades the movies have evolved Negri, Menjou, Jannings, Chaplin. Against the tremendous pressure of their many millioned audience—the price of their being—they are painfully lifting the viewpoint of their expression, reaching now to clear minded satire, now to historical validity, again to an accurate survey of human character in its variety. With all their lingering crudities of conception, and with all the difficulties of forging an art out of what is still largely a phenomenon—a primitive art attached to the religion of Prosperity—in a new socially and economically democratized world, they have begun to understand the demand of their instrument and to study how to make it accepted at its best. They have not failed to understand the issue before them, even if a large part of the theatre appears to have lost sight of it. If the theatre fears the scrofulous touch of the movies at the hem of its gown, the movies no less insistently ask to be free of the tie that has bound them falsely too long. The movies have work to be done, and the understanding and will to do it. But of course, to pit the theatre and the movies against each other, except for purposes of a momentary syllogism, is absurd so far as any final truth is concerned. Both in their present state are the results of forces far greater than themselves. In their social aspects they are less than distinct arts, and are mere symptoms of an amorphous, confused, speeded up and over-crowded civilization. The theatre has been rudely torn from the more or less cloistered space where it served its aesthetic function, to wait on the sharpened hungers of a greedy democracy. The motion picture, sprung full blown from the forehead of a mechanical and democratic Jove, has never had any real opportunity to find out whether it had an aesthetic function, and has been forced to seek confirmation in hidden moments of its secret desire for nobility. Whether either of these shall live as arts depends on the future of civilization itself, and on themselves only as they may be able to reflect any good fortune the destiny of new centuries can bring to their doors. The theatre doubtless will come to life again because man's memory of it as an art is so much stronger than any bad momentary impression, to which its contemporary deformation may have contributed. But the motion picture has no past, and casual critics might fear that, born to aesthetic bastardy, it cannot fail to grow up in the ways of artistic sin. But this is a short sighted view. Only those who are close to the movies can understand that the invention of the motion camera is as significant for the modern world as the perfection of a method of oil painting by the brothers Van Eyck was for the Renaissance.

Both the theatre and the movies will exist for crowds, as long as crowds exist, the movies in the greater part because of the ease and fluency by which they are suited to mass distribution. The stage will have to go beyond the Little Theatre movement to do as well.

The Second-Hand Coat

(Continued from page 60)

them suddenly disturbed further conversation: once more, the orchestra was playing: *Les Yeux Bleus.*

IV

Mrs. Van Loon was once again back in Holland, with one hundred gulden to spend on a "little dinner". After all that wasn't so very much, what with flowers to be bought and a chicken-and-mushroom *vol-au-vent* for fifteen people (for some people really *did* take twice), and the wages a butler asked for four hours' service.

Mrs. Van Loon would not have thought of having a butler if it had not been for Mrs. DeWitt.

But Mrs. DeWitt would be sure to tell everybody what had been served, and how. . . .

* * *

"My dear Ida."

"Betty, dear."

They kissed.

"I am so glad you could come."

"So am I—*enchantée!*"

Their mouths smiled eagerly at each other. But in their eyes there lurked a hardly definable expression: an expression of fear and curiosity. But their hands remained clasped, in a warm embrace. Impossible, you will say? Not at all. Were they not sharing, and guarding the self-same secret?

Women

ARE NATURALLY ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THESE UNUSUAL QUALITIES



American women possess in high degree two precious characteristics—a fine sense of discrimination and sound sensible thrift.

The appreciation of womankind for the smart, continental beauty, the wonderful ease of riding and driving, the thorough dependability, the safety and the proved endurance of the Chrysler "70", has naturally made it the preferred car wherever society meets.

And how instantly its pre-eminence has grown, now that the new lower prices give savings of $50 to $200 with absolutely no change in the performance, quality, comfort, style, equipment, design, materials or workmanship, which have won such widespread preference and admiration.

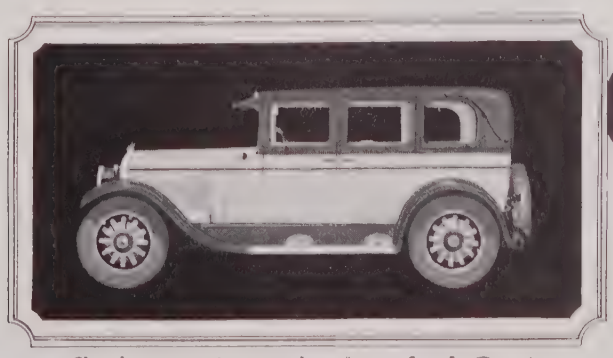
Chrysler "70", at these new lower prices, brings to woman her ideal personal car at new thrift values which make it more than ever the outstanding six-cylinder car of quality.

Just think of possessing Chrysler verve and dash, Chrysler richness of luxury and performance, Chrysler distinctiveness and long life at these new lower prices.

No wonder thousands upon thousands of women, as well as shrewd appreciative men, have banished their final hesitancy in placing orders for the famous Chrysler "70" at these new lower prices.

Priced from $1395 to $1895 f. o. b. Detroit. Eight body styles

CHRYSLER "70"



Chrysler "70" Crown Sedan, $1895 f. o. b. Detroit

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The Strike That Failed

(Continued from page 33)

That was the mood in which the miners formed their grand alliance with the railwaymen and the transport workers. It was the war-time mood; and, stranger still, it chose a pre-war weapon. The General Strike had been brandished for years before the war, to break the sleep of nervous communities. They were, it must be confessed, easy enough to scare. A rail accident bristled their hair; the loss of the *Titanic* gave them a week of wild hysterics. But the post-war citizen of a European state is a hardier mortal. His trains are stopped—and he sits down on a bag to wait. His papers fail to arrive in time for breakfast—and he listens in. His milk is rationed—well, he has been rationed before. He has seen worse in France; or, if he never went up the Line, he—and she also, if it comes to that—has seen the street lamps darkened and heard the Gothas whirring and the dull crash of bombs, the swish of shrapnel on the empty pavements. The public nerves are stronger since the war; and the moral effect of a General Strike, which must have scared a pre-war community into surrender, was reduced to *nil*. In that aspect, the threat failed, for the simple cause that Labour in a war-time mood tried a pre-war weapon upon a war-hardened public.

A second reason led to its utter failure. The post-war citizen is a resourceful being. There is an abundance of steady-eyed persons who were temporary technicians of a dozen crafts during the war. And, above all, he—and she, too—drives a car. The General Strike reckoned without that paragon of private property, the family motor car; and in the outcome petrol defeated steam.

I have tried to sketch the mind of the labour leader and the common citizen, because the labour leader made the Strike, and the common citizen broke it. There were few personalities besides. On the Government side the smile of Mr. Baldwin retained the public confidence; there was an uneasy feeling that Mr. Churchill might do something clever and that Sir William Joynson-Hicks might just do something. The suppression of newspapers effectually silenced Parliament; but the Elder Statesmen chimed in with a chorus of measured wisdom, of which Lord Oxford's was the promptest and Lord Balfour's the most reasoned. A strange feature was the total disappearance of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the parlour Socialists. For the labour leaders brushed aside the solemn figures of their Front Bench. There was no sound from Mr. Sidney Webb, no word from Sir Patrick Hastings on a legal issue of vital concern to their supporters; and the House of Lords heard nothing from the Labour peers except the silence when Lord Haldane made no answer to an unpleasant question from Lord Birkenhead. Excepting Mr. Thomas, who alternately wrung his hands and clenched his fists, we saw nothing of the familiar constellations of the Labour firmament. Perhaps the weather was too bad for them.

Where are we now—a few weeks after the strike? The citizen has signally defeated the advocate of sectional loyalties; and we have established once again our right to be governed by Parliament rather than by King John or by King Charles—or even by Mr. Pugh. Since there are parts of the world where democracy was beginning to lose faith in itself, that victory may have its value beyond our shores. For ten whole days our politics were strictly logical; and in that time we established once again that majorities rule, that counting heads is far better than breaking them, that literal translations of German economics are hard to square with British facts, and that the Social Revolution is not coming just yet.

Which is the cause that few of us, very few of us indeed, are likely to forget in any hurry the cold spring of 1926.

Our Debt to Hollywood

(Continued from page 34)

and long-suffering. He is also cautious; for he knows, in the words of Hilaire Belloc, that

Whatever happens, we have got
The Maxim gun, and they have not—

"we" being the whites.

Maxim guns can check actions, but they cannot control thoughts. The coloured peoples think a great deal less of us than they did, even though they may be too cautious to act on their opinions. For this state of affairs the motion pictures are not, of course, alone responsible. The spread of native education, the unedifying spectacle of the World War, the talk about self-determination and the sacredness of nationality, with the promises of liberation made and never carried into effect—these have done much, perhaps most. But the share of Hollywood in lowering the white man's prestige is by no means inconsiderable. A people whose own propagandists proclaim it to be mentally and morally deficient, cannot expect to be looked up to. If films were really true to life, the whole of Europe and America would deserve to be handed over as mandated territories to the Basutos, the Papuans and the Andaman pygmies. Fortunately, they are not true. We who were born in the West and live there, know it. But the untutored mind of the poor Indian does not know it. He sees the films, he thinks they represent western reality, he cannot see why he should be ruled by criminal imbeciles. As we turned, disgusted, from the idiotic spectacle and threaded our way out of the crowd, that strange aquarium silence of the Javanese was broken by a languid snigger of derision. Nothing more. Just a little laugh, a word or two of mocking comment in Malay and then, once more, the silence as of fish. A few more years of Hollywood's propaganda, and perhaps we shall not get out of an oriental crowd quite so easily.

When vacation time has come again—and you're off in your car for the land of carefree outdoors
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Camels are sold wherever civilization has its stores. If going into the deep woods or far back in the mountains where trade and people have not come, better take several cartons of Camels with you. You'll find "Have a Camel" the password to friendliness, everywhere.

WHEN glad vacation time again is here. And you're hurrying away to a world of carefree forgetfulness. Ah, then — when straight ahead lie the great woods and sparkling waters of your own outdoors—*have a Camel!*

For Camel's friendly goodness makes every fair vacation fairer. Each happy day is more satisfying, more restful for the companionship of Camels. Camels have never been known to tire the taste—they are made of such choice tobaccos. Camels are so perfectly blended that, indoors or outdoors, they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Rolled into Camels is more goodness, more sheer smoking enjoyment than you ever found in any other cigarette.

So as you start away for a deserved vacation. As the long road calls you on to unexplored land. When each day you feel more joyously rested—taste then the most perfect contentment that ever came from a cigarette. When it's your right to be happy, you should have the best cigarette made, regardless of price.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

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In company with that ultra-select group of world-notables who have registered in favor of Knight-motored cars for their personal use - the King of England, the Prince of Wales, the King of Belgium, and half the Ministers and Peerage of Continental Europe - now, graciously, His Majesty extends felicitations to made Willys-Knight.

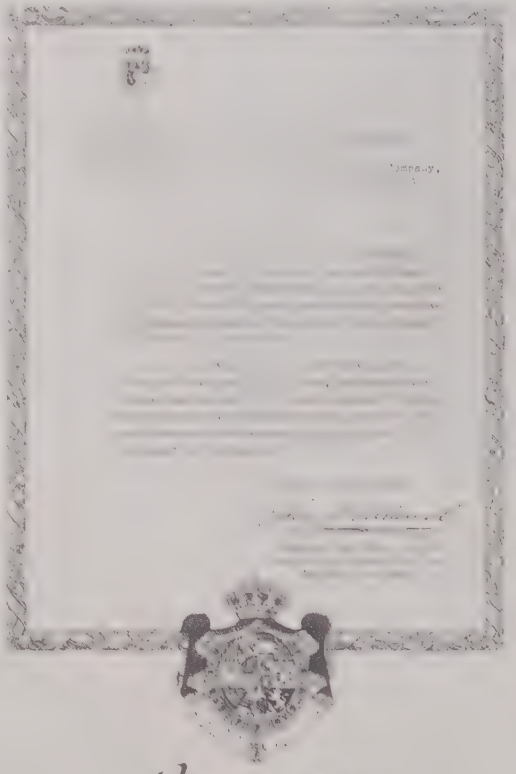
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With [illegible] new plant, and building it under one and the same license, as the finest and costliest European cars - Minerva, Panhard, Mercedes, Voisin, Peugeot, Daimler-Knight (you know what these great names stand for) - the "70" Willys-Knight, by virtue of its established super efficiency, has earned title to its distinction as the fastest and most powerful car of its size among all American-built automobiles.

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No other car in America has the super-efficiency of the new "70" Willys-Knight Six. None other of its dimensions develops such phenomenal power.

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An unequaled union of liberal room and compact appearance, long racy effect with moderate actual length, here too is an economy of weight never before achieved in any motor-car of its type.

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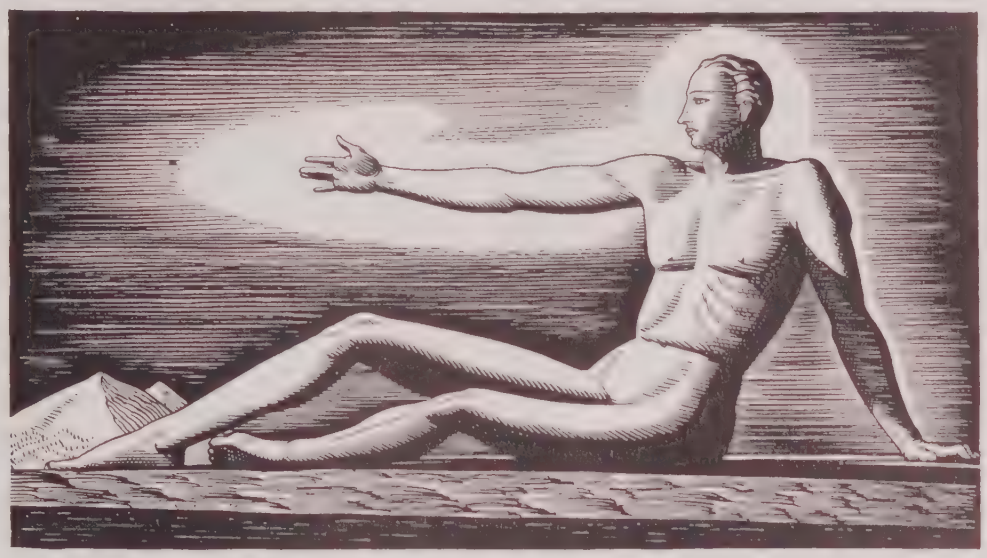
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THE PRICELESS GESTURE

EARLY in the morning a gentleman on his way to Wall Street enters and takes a well-worn case from his pocket. "Keep this for me," he says. "I want to make a few additions. I will come in later." "This" is a pearl necklace, its value far in excess of a million dollars. . . . No receipt. No memorandum.

Again, a charming grandmother alights from her car with a tiny package. "Will you have it cleaned, please?" "It" is an emerald ring of enormous value. . . . No receipt. No memorandum. Day after day, many such evidences of regard are given to Marcus & Company by their patrons. Gestures of confidence, priceless gestures. For the business value of this confidence is so great that Marcus & Company rate it among the first of their assets.

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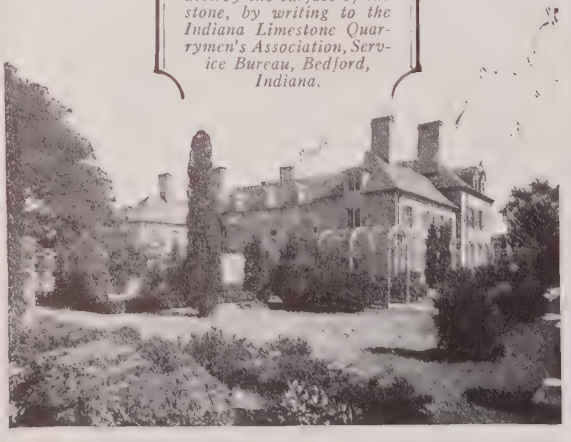
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WE *discourage cleaning Indiana Limestone buildings, since the venerable antique effect produced by weathering is conceded to be one of the great charms of natural stone. However, anyone determined to clean a stone building may obtain complete information on methods that will not destroy the surface of the stone, by writing to the Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association, Service Bureau, Bedford, Indiana.*



Eugene Meyer, Residence, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Charles A. Platt, Architect

Guiding Your Partner at Auction Bridge

(Continued from page 76)

The Golfer, who is a very fine player, stopped to think this out. Both queen and king have held, and the deuce has not fallen in two rounds. The Golfer himself holds the eight, so his partner must hold ace and deuce only, as he would have opened with the ace from a five-card suit.

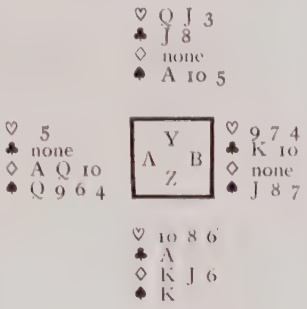
Why does he not play the deuce on the return of the king?

There can be only one reason. This is to leave the Golfer in the lead at the end of the third round if he happens to have the eight, compelling him to shift his suit. On looking at the Dummy, there is only one plausible shift of the two possible suits, trumps or hearts. In view of the fact that a club finesse would succeed and the Broker might get rid of his losing diamond, the trump lead is too risky. The Golfer led the king of hearts and followed with the small one.

Three heart tricks and the ace of diamonds set the contract. It is quite true that the three heart tricks will make if the Expert wins the third round of diamonds and leads a small heart, but that is taking a long chance that his partner holds the king. If the ace of hearts is led first, to be sure of saving the game, the Broker makes his contract. As the hand is played, the Expert is sure of an extra trick if he can get his partner to lead a heart, but there is no convention available to tell him to do so. The partner must use his head.

ANSWER TO THE JULY PROBLEM

This was the distribution in Problem LXXXV:



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want all the tricks. This is how they get them:

Z leads the spade king, which holds. He follows with a small diamond, which Y trumps with the jack of hearts. B can either discard or undertrump. Y then leads the ace of spades, upon which Z discards the jack of diamonds. Y's next lead is the three of trumps, and Z wins whatever B plays.

Z now makes the ace of clubs. The king of diamonds follows, which A covers with the ace and Y trumps with the queen of hearts, and leads the jack of clubs. If B has two trumps left, he loses them both.

The Ideal Woman

(Continued from page 84)

of beauty. Very often the exquisite creatures who dazzle our eyes in the ballroom, or at the opera, look like a last year's straw hat to the butcher boy who delivers the veal cutlets the following morning. Evening beauty is not beauty unless it can withstand the ravages of a morning exposure. A cheerful disposition and a certain freshness of mind can make a woman with an awning nose, a subway mouth and a pair of fanlike ears look like Venus rising from the bath.

"The perfect woman cannot be a leader. If a woman is strong she will want to inaugurate some movement or other—a movement, for example, to make hens lay square eggs.

"She must have just enough brains not to be relegated to that great classification of women known as 'dumb'. Too many brains in a woman lead to vanity; vanity leads to assertiveness, assertiveness leads to sensible shoes, and sensible shoes lead to nothing in particular.

"The ideal woman must conform to these requirements and to many more besides. She must also be able to live in the house with an imperfect man without being possessed by a firm desire to poison him."

XIV—COREY FORD

No symposium on the subject of the ideal woman would be complete without the contribution of a satirist. Mr. Ford is one of the more successful humorists, and here are his views anent the Ideal Woman:

My Ideal Woman?—as a patriotic American, there can be only one. She shall always be first in my heart of hearts, my true Influence for Good. Let others sing the courtesan and the country-maid, the adventuress and the home-girl; my Ideal Woman towers straight and tall above them all. Others may list the Ten Most Desirable Qualities in their Dream Girls; mine has not Ten Most Desirable Qualities, but a Hundred. You may see her with a torch upraised, spreading the radiance of her Truth to all the nations of the earth. You may even take a small boat out from the Battery; and for twenty-five cents you may climb up inside her and on a clear day see most of Lower Manhattan. She is the eternal symbol of the land of the Free and the Home of the Brave; my country, right or wrong. She stands for patriotism; she stands for independence; she is willing, in fact, to stand for almost any of the prohibition, graft, censorship, hokum and bunk that is committed in her name. Gentlemen, friends, fellow-countrymen—I give you the Statue of Liberty, my Ideal Woman, *Miss America*. Like any other Ideal Woman, she is just a figure of speech.

RELAX



NURMI—the greatest middle distance runner and long distance runner of all time, up to the marathon route, introduced the system of starting each race from a relaxed position. He put no strain upon his nervous system and his muscular system by tautness or over-tenseness. Strain, like worry, is one of the great destroyers. He discovered that ease and repose helped to build up the pliability which leads to speed and stamina. He keeps relaxed up to the starting gun and this study in relaxation has been a big factor in bringing him more world's running records than any one man ever held before. His mastery of relaxation has kept both nerve and muscle fresh for the winning spurt.

Grantland Rice



UNTIL Nurmi showed the way, no one thought of the practical value of Relaxation in winning races. Until Stabilation showed the way, no one thought of the rest-value and health-value of Relaxation in Motoring.

We are creatures of habit. Years of motoring with every nerve and muscle on guard against the sudden thrusts and throws of spring-recoil, built up the habit of tension. We came to accept fatigue as a necessary result of motoring. Even when you ride in a Stabilated car, you probably will not relax at first. Old habits are too strong, but gradually, as you realize that the expected thrusts and throws do not come, a new habit will assert itself. You will sit back, relax and rest. Then each moment in your car will be refreshing, invigorating instead of tiring, a source of energy instead of fatigue, a means to health.



Relaxation is possible only when you know that *no* force can throw you. The only way to prevent *any* force from throwing you is to resist *each* force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented — and Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.

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The Revelation Suitcase will save you time, trouble and temper



PACKED *for a* MONTH

Pile it high with clothes for the long journey—you can always close it without a struggle. The locks extend—the hinges extend. You can always get that last moment inevitable "more" into it without making it bulge or crushing its contents.



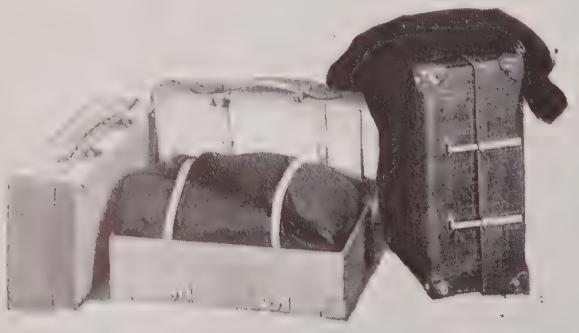
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When less than full you simply press down lightly on the lid—click, click, click—till it fits its contents exactly. Locked securely in any one of its fourteen sizes, it holds everything firm and snug nothing is mussed by tumbling about.



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TEAR HERE
Write name below in margin of page

CATALOG PLEASE!

To The Revelation Suitcase Co., Inc.
561 Fifth Avenue, New York

Pola Negri

(Continued from page 55)

of intellect purely incidentally."

Miss Negri was born Appolinia Chalupez. Her father was a revolutionist. In his daughter's words, "The handsomest man I have ever known—dark, fiery and daring."

He had drifted into Poland from Hungary and had there married Pola's mother. Learning to love his wife's country, he conspired against Russia and was punished with exile to Siberia. The little girl visited him in prison and kissed him farewell before he was sent away forever.

Pola Negri's only brother died of the black plague. For two years her mother was insane. This was the vintage of suffering borne by a child who later became converted to the happy ending.

Pola is nervous, impetuous, and violent of temper. She is charming, generous—and vitally honest with herself when the tempters are not about. At present, she is the world's most beautiful ruin. If she could be induced to leave the screen and look for the buried treasure in her own soul upon the stage, she would be much happier and the discriminating audiences of the world would gain a great actress. Her loss to the screen could be filled by many attractive telephone girls. As said before—I write as one who loves her.

At twelve years of age Miss Negri spoke four languages. While reading Italian she fell in love with the verse of Ada Negri and took her name later, keeping Pola, the diminutive for Appolinia.

At fourteen she went to a ballet school and trained for the Imperial Ballet. The training was rigid, the masters often beating the girls. The fourteen-year-old child often winced under the whip. She later specialized in oriental dancing. When still in her teens she made her debut in Hauptmann's *Hannele,* at ninety rubles a month.

About this time she went to hear the massive vagabond blacksmith, Chaliapin, sing before the Czar.

The mighty-throated revolutionist and friend of Gorky sang the national anthem. The Czar sent for him.

He returned to the stage from the box of Nicholas and thundered out the song of the revolution before his impotent ruler.

When it was over he faced bedlam—and Siberia. He stood defiant, the muscles in his powerful throat resembling cables of steel. He had bluffed an empire, and was allowed to go free.

Pola Negri remembers the incident with tears of joy. Her gypsy father and Chaliapin were brave men. It is upon such shoulders as theirs that everything worth while in the world is built. Pola needs Chaliapin in Hollywood.

At seventeen Miss Negri appeared at the Imperial Theatre in Suderman's *Sodoms Ende.* She next appeared as *The Slave of Fatal Enchantment,* in *Sumûrun,* which Richard Ordynski directed. Her success in this play made her desire to try pantomime in pictures. She returned to her native Warsaw in 1915, rented a photographer's studio and began making a production from her own story called *Love and Passion.* In this picture she was producer, director, scenarist and star. She completed it within a month and sold it for fifty dollars.

The Germans entered Warsaw in 1916. Miss Negri was playing on the stage at the time. The theatre was kept open by the invaders. She was compelled to act through a steady bombardment. As a result of this experience she had a nervous breakdown. When recovered, she was asked by Max Reinhardt to appear in *Sumûrun,* at Berlin. She arrived in the German capital in 1917.

Reinhardt proved to be the greatest influence in her life. Miss Negri made her *début* under him and was hailed as a discovery.

Shortly afterward the *Universum Film Aktien-Gesellschaft,* the firm popularized as the *UFA,* offered her a salary twenty times the figure Reinhardt could afford to pay her. She left her great teacher and made two ordinary pictures. She then had a stroke of intuition.

She became impressed by a young Polish-Jew who directed and played small parts in two reel comedies. Miss Negri went to the president of the *UFA* and asked that he might direct her. That gentleman objected strongly. After some weeks and many bits of temperament Miss Negri had her way. The young director was engaged. He had also been a player under Max Reinhardt. He is today a splendid director. His name is Ernest Lubitsch.

The first picture made was *Carmen* (called *Gypsy Blood* in America). The next picture in which she appeared under Lubitsch's direction was *Du Barry* (re-named *Passion* in moral America). Emil Jannings, the great German actor, played opposite her. This picture made Pola Negri world famous. It was the beginning of her artistic *débâcle,* and the pinnacle of her career.

Arriving in America soon afterward, she has played in one mediocre film after another. Her personality has been too strong for the weak vehicles in which she has appeared.

In Pola Negri the producers have an eagle chained. Her wings are weak from disuse. Her great spirit flares now and then—and subsides. It will need to be strong when her contract expires in two years. Else, if it is not, she may attempt to fly and fall among the barnyard fowls of Hollywood and never attempt the clouds again. She says:

"I am ambitious to achieve success as an artist, not as a personality. I despise the word personality".

A strangely contradictory person is Pola Negri.

Well she knows that nearly all film players have screen personalities but no art. But with such small matters a potentially great artist should have nothing to do.

Even an embryo Freud might analyze her as being torn between art and money.

Pola Negri knows which one is winning.

But, lest I be misunderstood—I write as one who loves her.

DANDRUFF?





Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp.

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

Unless checked and properly treated it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Bobbed hair reveals it

THE current vogue of wearing the hair bobbed has revealed to many women that they have dandruff. In the past, folks thought of dandruff only as something that spoiled the appearance of a man's blue serge suit.

But we all have reason to be concerned about dandruff, for it is a germ disease which, unless properly treated, often brings with it the loss of hair or possible baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be [illegible] to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

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This has been accomplished through the *flat* Low Pressure Tread and Latex-treated Web Cord, supreme in flexibility and strength.

Pure and uniform Sprayed Rubber from the Company's own plantations, adds another advantage resulting in long time service at low cost per mile.

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United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

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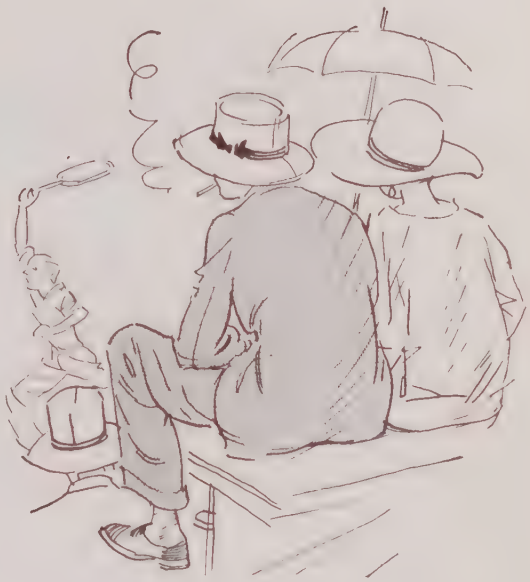
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SUMMER or winter, autumn or spring, for birthdays come in every season—there must be a Birthday Cake for the celebration. In the country as well as in town one may have Dean's famous Birthday Cakes. They are shipped everywhere successfully. Postage prepaid anywhere east of the Mississippi on orders over $3.

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Ready now at your favorite Shop!

DEL MONTE-HICKEY

246 WEST 38TH STREET, NEW YORK

A Western Reunion

(Continued from page 56)

New York 17 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

ARE YOU COMING HOME

Henry

Palm Beach 18 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

NO

Anne

New York 18 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

DISAPPROVE STRONGLY OF YOUR PRESENT VISIT PLEASE TERMINATE IT IMMEDIATELY

Henry

New York 20 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

DISAPPROVE VERY STRONGLY OF YOUR HOST AT PALM BEACH AND HIS OTHER GUEST WILL YOU PLEASE DO WHAT I ASK AND COME HOME

Henry

New York 22 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

MY DISAPPROVAL IS EXTREME INSIST THAT YOU RETURN AT ONCE

Henry

New York 24 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

VERY WELL THEN

Henry

New York 26 February

Arthur Freeman
Knickerbocker Club New York

WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOUR

Henry Dumm

New York 26 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

PROBABLY NOT WHAT IS IT

Arthur Freeman

New York 27 February

Arthur Freeman
Knickerbocker Club New York

WILL YOU PLEASE WIRE ANNE AT THE WRISKS AT PALM BEACH AND TELL HER I AM MISBEHAVING

Henry Dumm

New York 27 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

WHY NOT TELL HER YOURSELF

Arthur Freeman

New York 28 February

Arthur Freeman
Knickerbocker Club New York

SHE WOULDNT BELIEVE ME

Henry Dumm

New York 28 February

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

ALL RIGHT

Arthur Freeman

New York 28 February

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

SAW HENRY AT COLONY LAST NIGHT DINING WITH PETITE BLONDE

Arthur Freeman

Palm Beach 1 March

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

BEST WISHES

Anne

New York 1 March

Arthur Freeman
Knickerbocker Club New York

PLEASE MAKE IT STRONGER

Henry Dumm

New York 2 March

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

HENRY INVARIABLY AT COLONY WITH PETITE BLONDE

Arthur Freeman

Palm Beach 2 March

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

CONGRATULATIONS

Anne

New York 3 March

Arthur Freeman
Knickerbocker Club New York

STRONGER

Henry Dumm

New York 3 March

Mrs Henry Dumm
Care Arthur Wrisk Champagne Villa
Palm Beach

BLONDE REPORTED TO BE IN RESIDENCE

Arthur Freeman

New York 3 March

Henry Dumm
51 East 51 Street New York

IVE DONE MY STRONGEST

Arthur Freeman

New York 7 March

Arthur Freeman
Knickerbocker Club New York

THANK YOU ANNE IS BACK

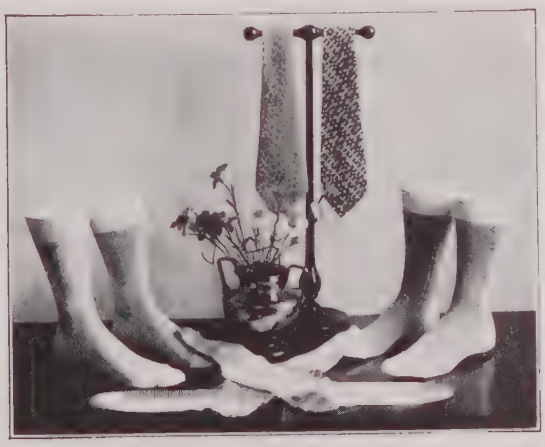
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achieved by contrasting
the soft, inimitable glow
of baguette diamonds,
with the rich blue of
surrounding sapphires.



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THE WEEK-END VISIT

necessitates a smartly up to date wardrobe for the popular male—who will find a splendid variety of patterns among the Imported French lisle hosiery

at $4.00 per pair
and the French Silk Crepe Cravats—
Silk lined at $5.00 each

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SHIRTMAKERS FOUNDED 1905 HABERDASHERS
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Gentlemen Dining Out
do not necessarily look alike! Among those subtle differentiations which distinguish smart evening dress, the waistcoat is of first importance. ¶ Exclusive Catoir Vestings in the finest silks and fabrics are available at shops specializing in men's clothing of the highest type.

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Personality and Pattern

From 17 to 70 there are Strong-Hewat patterns appropriate to the age. The college man, sensitive to the criticism of his fellows but keenly alive to the smartness of new ideas, finds in Strong-Hewat colorful weaves the cloths which express his ideas and meet the approval of his fellows.

The young man of athletic proportions seeks a different type of fabric than that suited to men of smaller stature. No need for either to confine his clothes to plain shades . . . Strong-Hewat has woven colorful patterns for each.

The business man of mature years—the older man whose hair is greying . . . they, too, can select clothes of pleasing color and weave . . . for pattern and color are being worn by all ages, from the college freshman of seventeen to the retired business man of seventy.

Among the thousand and more Strong-Hewat Virgin Wool Fabrics are many patterns appropriate to your personality.

STRONG-HEWAT
VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS

Alex Hacker
PRESIDENT

STRONG-HEWAT & CO. *Inc. 25 Madison Ave.* NEW YORK

All That's in a Name

(Continued from page 44)

accepted terms by now. But the last two or three seasons in the theatre have seemed to take particular relish in naming their plays out of the sides of their months. *Is Zat So?* and *The Fall Guy*, for instance; *The Butter and Egg Man, Laff That Off. Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*, a poorish piece of hokum-pokum which has scarcely kept alive throughout this year by the process of gnawing at its own shoe-string, is blessed with an excellent name of that sidewalk sort.

A musical comedy tinge lies over all the art of naming things, nowadays. By way of assuring you that this is a play or a tale which requires no large amount of mental concentration on your part, they hit on the most casual motto, the flippest expression they can find. If it applies, so much the better. *Easy Come, Easy Go, Beware of Widows*, you can almost see the chorus girls do immediate backflips when you read these whoops on the billboards. Jocularity is its own reward. But when so pretty a name as *Tilly of Bloomsbury*, which identified Ian Hay Beith's comedy in its own native land, found itself disguised over here as *Happy-Go-Lucky*, tragedy was imminent, doom inevitable.

Fashions herd titles into annual groups. One year you will have a whole batch of things in black—*The Black Diamond, The Sable Horror*. Another season will bring flocks of birds: *Wild Birds* on the stage, *Wild Geese* in book covers, *The Stork, The Pelican, Ostriches, The Dove*. Of course, that's coincidence. So is *The Perennial Bachelor*, quite soon after *The Constant Nymph*. So is *Kosher Kitty Kelly*, after *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Evidently there are certain always reliable words which publishers and public love to see in titles. *Youth* is one of them; add any adjective at all and it will still be a popular choice. *Beauty* is an even surer one. Once, when an author I know was going to write a book about a skeleton and thought to call it *The Grim Beauty*, his publisher swept his doubts away by proving that all volumes with the word "beauty" in their labels sell so and so many thousands of copies on that account alone. I believe that title was finally discarded, though, because of the present distaste against "the" on a book cover.

The title which includes a verb and tells off a whole sentence is much believed in, now. Heywood Broun uses it gorgeously on two of his novels, *The Boy Grows Older* and *Gandle Follows His Nose*. But then Mr. Broun is equally happy in all his namings: in *Pieces of Hate, Seeing Things at Night* and *Sitting on the World*, for instance. If this craft came out of newspaper training, then all those with books and plays to name should first sit in for a few years at copy-readers' desks.

But then, when you arrive at the names of motion pictures—but need you do that?

Notes on Motoring in England

(Continued from page 78)

have to have certain modifications for ordinary use but the fundamental ideas are magnificent and extremely pleasing to the eye. At present in nearly all the latest designs for enclosed bodies there is too much superfluous overhead space. The roofwork could be improved by sloping downwards from the centre of the body both in front and behind and the hideous dome-shaped back which fulfills no good purpose should be entirely eliminated. If an open touring body is required, the matter is very much simpler and the streamline effect more easily obtained.

An interesting example of original touring coachwork has recently been shown in *Vanity Fair*. Whilst still writing on big cars, one other point might be mentioned and that is the absurdity of putting two-seater or *coupé* bodies on these enormous chassis.

If a two-seater for runabout purposes is required, surely it is better to purchase from the second category, namely cars of between £400 and £1,000 including bodies. I suppose quite the most popular car in this class is the Buick, which is produced in a variety of models, all of which have a very smart appearance, but if I wanted a ready-made open two-seater myself I should not hesitate to purchase a 16-55 h.p. Daimler with its standard sports body, which is quite one of the best designs of small cars on the market. It will go as fast as is good for anyone and has a smart, racy appearance, which instantly catches the eye. It costs £650 and is an excellent bargain at the price. The Austin cars are also very good for all ordinary purposes and they have one 12 h.p. model.costing only £455 with standard saloon body which is quite the best value obtainable for the money and has the additional advantage of being extremely economical to run.

In the last category of cars, costing under £400, there are a host of different makes, between which it is very difficult to discriminate. The most popular are the Morris cars, which have proved their practical worth. There are two distinct kinds: the Morris Oxford and the Morris Cowley. A wit has described the Morris Oxford as a Ford with a university education. There is a new Morris Oxford *coupé* which has just come out; it is a 14 h.p. model and is a good-looking little car, very easy to drive, the steering being light and steady. It is not a car designed to go at any great speed but which will, nevertheless, do 45 miles per hour quite comfortably. One of the main features of the Morris cars which undoubtedly makes them so popular is their wonderful gear which except at high speeds is absolutely noiseless. Another excellent small car which is very rapidly gaining in popularity is the Clyno. The 2-seated Clyno is made in two models, 11 h.p. and 13 h.p., both being excellent.

The Peril of Narcotics

(Continued from page 62)

eastern portion of the United States, so that "snow", "snow parties", etc., often refer to heroin.

The transformation in human character, after a drug addiction, takes place swiftly with the young—most swiftly with cocaine and heroin. In a short time a youth of either sex, so affected, loses the results of good heredity and of careful home training, and all self respect and ambition. Securing the drug supply becomes the dominant motive of life.

In addition to the general anti-social traits of all drug addicts, the heroin addict has two special characteristics. First, for a period after taking the drug he experiences an "exaltation of the ego", and regards himself as a hero. He becomes a dare-devil and imagines he can accomplish anything he sets out to do. Consequently, he is available for daring robberies and hold-ups. The other characteristic is a mania for "hooking" others. He is an active recruiting agent. Another general characteristic of addiction psychology is secretiveness. Where the drug supply is easily accessible, so that withdrawal symptoms do not threaten, addicts (who manage to keep to small doses) sometimes remain for months or years undetected by their families and intimate friends.

On account of secretiveness, no one knows just how many heroin addicts there are in the country. We know it to be an army. Estimates of the total number of addicts, reported in the 1918–19 survey of the Treasury Department, range from 200,000 up to ten times that number, the Survey estimating the number in America at over 1,000,000. Dr. Carleton Simon, Special Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City, has estimated that while only 58 ounces of heroin were lawfully prescribed by the medical profession in the city of New York in the last twelve months, 76,000 ounces were consumed. The Chief of the Bureau of Criminal Identification of New York estimates the number of addicts in that city at 200,000.

The United States Treasury Department estimates that more than 90 per cent of all the drugs now used in addiction cases are smuggled, in spite of all the efforts of our Federal Government and State governments.

All practicable measures should be taken to secure a standardization of national, state and local laws, and cooperation of enforcement agents. Vast profits are still at stake. The drugs, being powerful and concentrated, may be easily concealed.

Much confusion, moreover, exists in the methods employed in treating addicts. Ideas of a cure are various and the results seldom the same. The consensus of expert opinion, however, is that the percentage of addicts who remain permanently cured is exceedingly small—so very negligible that while salvage is important on humanitarian grounds, it cannot be regarded in any sense as a permanent cure.

Prevention is society's only cure. Education alone can lessen the spread of drugs. One legislative committee has admirably summed up the problem of drug addiction: "The cause is ignorance, the consequences misery, the remedy education."

New Orleans

(Continued from page 36)

any attention to them.

Why should they? People been doing that to New Orleans a hundred years now.

This New Orleans civilization aint no intellectual civilization.

Its bedrocked in ships, in song, in the Mississippi River.

Its a way down south town, this town is.

* * *

The South always did hoe its own row—off'en Canal Street, in New Orleans. Little towns South don't change much, side streets in New Orleans don't change much.

It would make you sick if you're the up-and-comingkind. Youneversawsuch paving, politics pretty rotten, I guess. You never smelled such smells, saw more dirt, shiftlessness. Good gravy!

On Burgundy Street i New Orleans, during carnival time, a brown girl sitting back of an old heavy wooden blind. Headline out of a northern newspaper tacked on the blind outside. "Kip's gone back to Alice." It's a pretty wide-open town all right.

* * *

Carnival went off good O.K. The Mayor was dead and Ring Lardner came down. Prominent citizen falls off a float. Lots of northern money in town. The antique men on Royal Street did good.

Niggers cut loose better than ever. Gangs of them in all the little side streets, singing, dancing, joy in the air. They ran into houses and pulled out other niggers—sometimes by the hair.

"Shake that thing. I'm getting tired of telling you to—shake that thing."

A few whites wandering aimlessly in the black streets—wanting to dance.

On Canal Street the big show going on. A pretty good show this year, they tell me.

On side streets, hidden away, something you maybe won't see again in this life.

* * *

I'm going to tell you it won't last long. New Orleans is a swell town. It can be put on the map and it will be too. Its in the air now. Better invest some money down here.

Better get to New Orleans some carnival time soon. Beat the boomers here if you can. Bring some money with you. A lot of us down here need money. We'll like you better if you bring it down.

* * *

The end of New Orleans—the old town, the sweet town, is already in sight.

As I told you, right at the beginning, Caddy Smith's got her some new brown gloves.

A tall girl like that has to scratch a lot. I told you that.

What I didn't tell you was how nice her eyes are.

You got to find that out for yourself.



YOU MAY *think* your floors look good enough but that's only because you've become accustomed to their dinginess. If you want to see them as others do, merely refinish a small spot under a rug, and compare the old surface with the new. The difference is usually amazing. Only then do you realize how much your home is handicapped by your floors—how much more attractive it could be if only those floors could be improved. They can be. With the Ponsell you improve them yourself—easily.

SCRAPE and REFINISH YOUR FLOORS yourself

This amazing little machine does all the heavy work—scrapes, sandpapers, refinishes—then keeps your floors in perfect condition forever after—costs but a fraction of *one* refinishing job.

LOOK at your floors. Are you satisfied with them? Completely satisfied? Proud of them?

You could be. You could make them ten times lovelier. You could make them envied by every neighbor—admired by every visitor. Within a day you could transform them—quickly change them from dingy surfaces, luckily covered up for the most part by rugs, to gleaming, spotless places of which you hate to hide a single inch.

"Oh no!" you say, "Not my floors!" Oh yes, we answer, *your* floors, ANY floors. The most neglected floors have possibilities. Layer upon layer of old shellac and varnish may disfigure them. Year upon year of ground-in dirt may seemingly defy removal. Yet underneath there is the clean and honest wood—the hidden warmth and color of the grain.

"But, the expense?" you say. "I've had them give me estimates. What about the hundreds of dollars refinishing will cost me?" This advertisement offers you a way to overcome that difficulty. It calls your attention to the most remarkable machine ever made for household use—a machine that refinishes floors, scrubs floors, polishes floors—a machine that costs but a fraction of what you usually pay for *one* refinishing job. With it you yourself refinish floors with ease. The apparently impossible job of taking off shellac or varnish becomes absurdly easy. The manifestly back-breaking jobs of sand-papering and rubbing in new wax turn out to be a matter of merely guiding a machine.

And this refinishing only needs to be done *once!* The floor never has to be refinished again! Afterward, a little waxing and polishing with the machine once in a while—an operation so simple that a child can master it—*keeps* your floors looking as though they had been refinished the day before.

This is not mere enthusiasm. The claims we make can easily be demonstrated. In twenty-four branch offices we have men ready and anxious to show you, *in your own home*, what the Ponsell Floor Machine can do. In thousands of homes it has already won the unqualified praise of users.

It not only refinishes and polishes wood floors, but scrubs linoleum floors spotlessly clean without the least splashing. It does away with all the drudgery. Gone is the stooping and kneeling, the wear and tear on your hands of water, soap, cleaning fluids, scrubbing brushes and wet rags. Then the machine polishes the linoleum with a result far surpassing anything you have ever known; a shiny, immaculate surface that dust and dirt have a hard time sticking to.

Just what the Ponsell Floor Machine does, and how it does it, is a fascinating story. It is a story that every home-owner should read. We offer you an interesting booklet that contains it—a clear, brightly told description interlarded with explanatory pictures. With your eyes on your floors, can you say, "No, I am not interested"? Take the first step toward more beautiful rooms. Mail the coupon or write a letter for further information on how to refinish your floors *yourself*. Ask us for a FREE demonstration—or, if you are too far from our nearest office, a ten-day FREE trial.

Ponsell Floor Machine Co.
Dept. 148
220-230 West 19th St., New York City

Please mail me complete information and prices regarding your Electric Floor Machine. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

V. F. 8

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direct from Paris especially imported for the summer home. $5 for six of either in Coral Pink Leaf Green French Blue Lapis Blue Pale Amber

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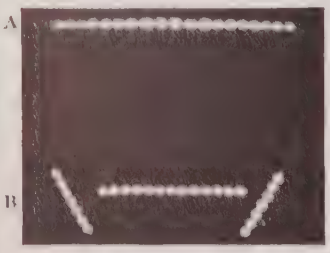
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PEARL PINS—
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A Smart bar pin (3 inches long) $2.00
B Dainty Sweater set the set 2.00

Colours: Creamy white; delicate pink, powder blue. Also in alternating gun metal and white especially attractive for mourning wear

In ordering by mail, please state colour preference

THE NEW MOON
Room 506 505 Fifth Ave. New York

Our Naughty Drama

(Continued from page 40)

parison with the ponderous garments worn in daily life by the then contemporary females. To maintain the same ratio, I am further informed, the chorus ladies of today would have to wear less than nothing, if one is to make the comparison by the new fashions for women. In the days when Mr. Sumner was protesting violently at the new form of exhibitionism which overtook our theatre when the Shuberts opened the first edition of *Artists and Models* in 1923 it used to be said by the crusaders that, even if nudity were art when viewed from an orchestra stall, the necessity of parading unadorned the distance between the dressing room and the stage, before an army of scene-shifters, constituted a serious menace to the morals of the denuded show girls and might easily threaten to break up the home-life of the electricians. Whatever personal doubts I may have on the subject must be set aside to record the fact that an angry retort was made by the show-girls who claimed that they always had their cloaks and their mothers. Parenthetically, and although it is beside the point, Fanny Kemble, the most famous representative of the English actor-family, tells, in her *Reminiscences*, of a show-girl of her acquaintance accustomed to appear in tights, who died a martyr to modesty and the integrity of her profession, rather than permit a surgeon to examine an infected knee. But I don't believe it.

In summary, the whole question of reform in our theatre today is one of taste, not one of morals. There are still processes of law to which one may resort if public decency is honestly offended. The fault lies with our producers and playwrights. Until their taste is elevated, it is futile to hope that American audiences will achieve discrimination and a degree of intelligence.

A Little Supper with Miss Smith

(Continued from page 48)

with M. in the Drawing Room.

Sat. 21 Feb. Don't feel well.

Sun. 22 Feb. Saw Mimi in Drawing Room. Promised me French Bible. Taken very ill.

Miss Smith made at least two calls upon a chemist in Glasgow, to buy arsenic for the confusion of these rats. There was a little delay, but not much; she signed the book at the chemist's, with her own name, and was allowed the poison.

Mrs. Jenkins, L'Angelier's landlady, began to be concerned about him. He would go out of an evening, apparently to make a call—he was understood to be courting a young lady—and would be found by Mrs. Jenkins toward two or three o'clock the next morning writhing in pain on his bedroom floor.

On March 18, Miss Smith made a third purchase of arsenic. A few days later Mrs. Jenkins was awakened by her lodger's ring. L'Angelier came in, and he was in a terribly bad way. About nine o'clock, he was dead. Madeleine's letters were discovered in his room. That young lady fled to the country, but was brought back to Glasgow by her brother. L'Angelier's body contained an enormous amount of arsenic, —enough to kill twenty men.

Legally, the proceedings were a triumph, because the verdict was in accordance with the evidence. The diary of L'Angelier was excluded. The dates of all the purchases of arsenic could not be connected with her lover's illnesses in a thoroughly satisfactory fashion (although some of them were); and on the last night of all it could not be proven that Mimi and Emile had actually been together. He was traced to within a hundred yards of the house; nobody on earth doubts that they met, nor how Mimi had flavoured the chocolate on that occasion,—but the law is the law.

WHITE OXFORD SHIRTS—*That Will Not Shrink!*

Finest material does not wrinkle. Polo shirt with or without soft collar attached—barrel cuffs, for discriminating dignity and long wear. Comfortable and smart. Also splendid solid color crêpe scarves (3 for $10.).

Kindly state collar size, sleeve length and style desired when ordering by mail. Samples of scarves on request.



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THE ROOSEVELT
NEW YORK CITY
Madison Avenue at Forty-fifth St.
EDWARD C. FOGG, *Managing Director*

TO the *Grill* of this delightful Hotel, you may bring your friends . . . assured of finding just the right atmosphere . . . alluring music by *Ben Bernie* and his *Roosevelt Orchestra* . . . delicious food . . .

Dinner Dances 6:45 to 9:30 P. M.
Supper Dances 9:30 to 2:00 A. M.

THE PERFECT TIE!



THE more fastidious you are the more you will appreciate these smart new ties of Japanese shikii silk. They are loomed and tailored to our order. Twelve colors—navy, light blue, helio, purple, corn, yellow, light green, dark green, garnet, scarlet, rose and pink. Price, one—$1.75; three—$5. postpaid.

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RIDING BOOTS

For over 100 years making men's high class shoes.

Write for Booklet showing prices delivered to you

Dack's LIMITED

73 King Street West
Toronto
Canada

There and Back

(Continued from page 37)

other hour after hour; and presently he leans over the intervening space and suggests a little rubber of bridge between cars. Mr. Furbish shakes his head glumly.

"Been here long?" asks the stranger with a chummy smile.

"No, we just arrived this morning," replies Mr. Furbish. "We haven't had much chance to get around yet."

"Do you expect to locate here permanently?" asks the man.

"I suppose so," nods Mr. Furbish dully. "I don't think we'll move again for quite a while."

"Well, let me make you folks acquainted with some of the neighbours," offers the stranger eagerly. "This is Mr. Alvord in the car ahead. This here in the truck behind you is Jimmy. I think the folks in the big sedan the other side of me are Simpkins," he whispers, "but they're very exclusive. One of the oldest residents in the line."

"You've got a very nice location here," says Mr. Furbish, staring at the sign boards. "Some very nice ads indeed."

"We like them," replies the stranger modestly. "Nothing showy, you know, but class. Yes," he smiles with satisfaction, "a good convenient location, gas and electric lights and water, right on the main road and not a ten-minute walk from the hot dog stand."

"What's around the turn ahead?" asks Mr. Furbish curiously.

"I *think* it's a cross-roads," sighs the man unhappily, "but I'm not sure. I've never been that far!" And they lapse into silence for several hours, and watch a couple of robins build a nest, lay their eggs, and hatch a little brood of seven.

Slowly the day advances; the sun mounts. It is noon. The little boy whispers something to his father and is told to wait, we all have to. The little girl decides she is hungry. Luncheon is spread in the back of the car, for want of a better place; and Daddy has his sandwich fed to him as he grasps the wheel. By the time the majority of the meal has disappeared—with the exception of a peanut-butter sandwich, which is not found until Grandma stands up—the tonneau of the car resembles the morning after the Hook and Ladder Company Number Seven's Annual Smoker; and it is one o'clock. Total gain during lunch: two feet.

In the course of the next three hours, by a lucky break, the whole line moves forward ten feet, when a driver half a mile ahead decides to call it a day, dismantles his car and walks back home with the engine under one arm. Net total: twenty-one feet, three inches; and the day is nearly over.

During the past hour or so Mr. Furbish has been strangely silent. Mrs. Furbish has cast several anxious looks in his direction; and what she has seen has not reassured her any. There is a set look to his thin lips, and several flecks of foam have appeared at the corners of his mouth. And he is muttering to himself; and that is always a bad sign.

As a matter of fact, Daddy Furbish is muttering the immortal words of the Declaration of Independence. At first he says them under his breath; but gradually his voice grows louder, more audible; and, as the sun sinks in the west, the words ring out crisply:

"When in the course of human events," he pronounces, "it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another . . ."

A motorcycle looms up beside him. The policeman motions him grimly to the curb. Mrs. Furbish is speechless. Mr. Furbish's face is white; his eyes have lost their fire; he is a crushed man. One last lifeless moan escapes him:

". . . and the Pursuit . . . of . . . Happiness . . ." he concludes, before fainting at the wheel.

The Declaration of Independence is over.

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Civil, Hunting and Military Tailors,

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TROON—*a distinctive English 3-button suit-for-sport that conveys the inimitable style smartness of Banks tailoring*

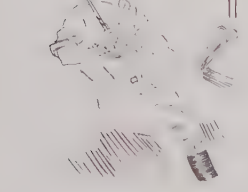
Full shouldered, peaked lapels, tapers snugly at the hips.

Tailored to Order—Up to $65.00

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A Captain of Industry *says:*

Major Max C. Fleischmann is one of America's leading business men, internationally known as a devotee of polo and other sports.



"As the average normal city life was not giving me the outdoor exercise to which I had formerly been accustomed, I gave your system a trial. I cannot speak too highly of it. You regulate the work to the capacity of the individual. I have felt better, slept better, and have become mentally more proficient since I have had two or three workouts a week under your direction. I would unhesitatingly recommend your system to the average man confined to his office a good part of the day who wishes a certain amount of freshening up to put him on edge."

Very truly yours,

Max C. Fleischmann

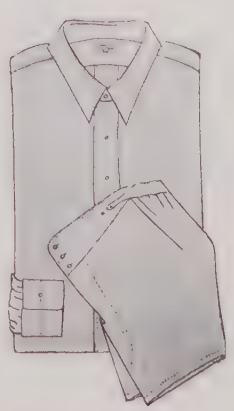
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The newest thing—*for summer!!*



HAND-TAILORED shirts with English shorts of the same materials are the latest novelty of the season. They are comfortable, long-wearing and smart.

Fashioned by our experienced custom designers, they are offered ready-to-wear. These sets are exclusive with us and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

The shirts have plain soft collar attached, to fasten with gold pin. Cuffs are single to button. The shorts are specially designed for coolness and comfort. Perfect fit is assured by the small button-down belt at the back.

These sets are made from English chambray in solid colors: Lavender, blue, grey, green or tan; also in white. Prices, postpaid. Shirts $4.50, shorts $2.50, athletic undershirts of white Swiss-knit cotton $1.

In ordering please specify 1. colour preferred, 2. collar size, 3. sleeve length, 4. waist measure.

HUTCHINSON & CO.
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GILL & REIGATE, LTD.
73 to 77 OXFORD STREET,
& 7 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1.

For the Well Dressed Man

(Continued from page 75)

comfortable and smartest costume for golf is a pair of grey flannel trousers worn with a white tennis shirt and a pullover, together with dark brown buckskin shoes with *crêpe* rubber soles. For boating grey flannel trousers should be replaced by white but otherwise the costume should be exactly the same.

At such places as Venice or, in fact, anywhere in Italy, for day wear the grey flannel suit with alternatively grey or white flannel trousers is the most suitable. The grey flannel suit can be worn in England on such occasions as race meetings, Henley regatta and also at those informal gatherings which invariably take place at Continental watering places at various hours of the day.

The most notable feature in men's clothes this summer is the entire absence of flamboyant colours, and nearly all suits should be made of a material without any pattern.

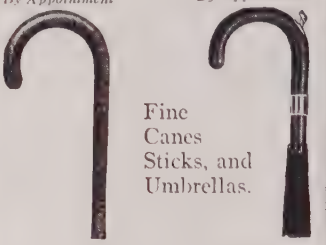
This makes the ideal wardrobe for the summer holiday very much more easy to assemble. Ties and socks should both be of plain colours: in fact, if a man took six pairs of dark brown socks, six pairs of black lisle thread socks and six pairs of white socks to be worn with the above wardrobe, he would be quite certain of always being well dressed.

A great many men now wear shirts, pyjamas, and vests made of a very light tobacco-coloured material which is just off white but which is not likely to become very popular as these garments have not that very clean appearance which is so essential to the well dressed man. The mode for white *piqué* evening collars of the same material as the shirt has found favour amongst many of the best-dressed men about town, but these collars have to be very carefully washed and should not be over-glazed, otherwise they are apt to look like celluloid, and produce an artificial appearance.

The Shops of Vanity Fair



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Riding and Driving Whips of Every Description
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Having had the honour to be chosen to pack and ship the famous
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which arrived in perfect condition
We feel that we can confidently offer our unique services, of assembling, packing and shipping to all who intend visiting England this year.

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HILHOUSE & Co
Established 1799
Hat & Cap Makers,
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Hatboxes to hold from five to fifteen hats, in solid leather. Price from $16 to $78.



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4-piece sports suit	*from* $60
Woollies	$5 to $20
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Golf Hose . Socks . Ties	

Humphreys & Crook Ltd. have outfitted Officers of the British Army for nearly 100 years and supply clothes to clients all over the world without trying them on.



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POPE & BRADLEY
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THE HARDY SEX

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is an interesting medical fact that men contract pneumonia far more frequently than women.

This is, upon consideration, a perplexing anomaly. During the twentieth century woman has revolutionised her clothes. She has cast aside her nineteenth century multiplicity of petticoats and austere underwear, and defies the bitterest blast of the English climate in diaphanous disregard. Her entire apparel could be blown away by the gust of a summer breeze. A pair of silk stockings, two flower-like shoes, a delicately abbreviated gown which faintly disguises two wisplike garments of unseen georgette, and the modern woman of fashion is subtly equipped to run the race of life by travelling light.

Scorning the elements, she has rapidly become more attractively virile. She is fearless in her exposition, cultured in her symmetry and grace, and, strange enough, ethereally clad as she is, she catches more men than colds.

Women are the hardy sex. Women wear far more clothes than men—but infinitely fewer at a time.

It is only by gradual processes that man's habits can be changed. He is by nature a gregarious, conservative and timid animal, whilst woman is an instinctive and creative rebel. An unfortunate majority of men are thick-headed and thin skinned, which perhaps is why they wear bowler hats and flannel vests.

A thousand shades of a woman's life are reflected in a thousand tones of her dress.

* * * * * *

I have dissipated half of my essay on women, whilst my original purpose was to write upon men.

The new generation of men will shed both the depressing heaviness and the chilly drabness of their clothes.

The artistry of the use of colour has both a mental and a physical effect. It controls both temperament and temperature.

With an effort I will drag the argument down to sheer commercialism. Upon the foundation of these ideas Pope & Bradley has now produced, with the aid of the finest British manufacturers, some really wonderful new materials for men. The colour blendings are artistically subtle.

It has taken the significant period of nine months to produce these new materials. They are, of course, exclusive to my House in Great Britain, and the residue will be used to stimulate the export trade.

These are the finest materials ever produced. The prices are not relatively excessive.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W C
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



AQUASCUTUM
WEATHERPROOFS

Pure New Wool and Self-Ventilating

Coming to London, you should call to see the exclusive specialties in 'Scutum Coats etc., for Men and Women.

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Overcoat Specialists Since 1851

Kenneth Durward Ltd

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SOLE DESIGNER AND MAKER OF THE "AINTREE" COAT

This style can be safely called the general utility Coat, and is adaptable for every purpose, whether for Town, Country, Racing or general wear. Our new materials are quite unique in colour and design, and whilst being soft handling have hard wearing properties.

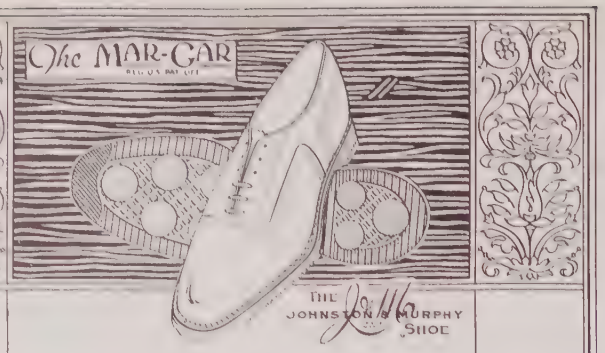
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PLUS FOURS
in exclusive material
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THE "AINTREE" COAT

37 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W, 1



YOUR search for the ideal golf shoe ends when you have tried the Mar Gar—one that is comfortable from the start, durable to the finish, and non-skid all the way.

Men like their looks; plain toe; tough, but pliable leather; deep cross grooves and discs in the soles and heels to prevent slipping. The golf shoe you've been looking for!

Wearers of our shoes may order by mail, as we have sizes on record. It is always advisable, however, when ordering, to give us the top line of numbers in the shoe you are wearing.

Exclusive Lasts and Patterns Designed and Sold Only by

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The Decay of Gastronomy in America

(Continued from page 42)

by the frying pan; who confess their preference for Scotch whiskey over an old Madeira or a good Burgundy? What hope for a nation that puts sugar on its lettuce, maple syrup on its sausages and ice cream on its apple pie?

If people are affected, as individuals, by the food they eat—made more tender by it, or more weak or valorous, may not the same be predicted of a nation? (A study of the effect of various foods upon human beings would probably be a digression here, but a brief mention may perhaps be made of the frequently noted effect of truffles upon women; for it is known that the most delicate truffles make them tender, sympathetic, amorous even. Gentlemen wishing to measure the fervour and warmth so caused in a lady will find that the Perigord truffle—grown only in Vaucluse, where the truffle hogs are singularly delicate in their perceptions—reacts a little more quickly than the others.)

Unlike the Americans, the French *know* about good food. The woman in France who is a good cook is an important figure in the community in which she lives, however small the town or humble the class from which she springs. Reader, have you ever—in motoring through France—had occasion to stop at some country village, say in Touraine, Brittany, or sunny Provence? You are hungry; there is no restaurant in sight; you knock at the first farm-house and, ten to one, you will find a woman there who, after protesting that she has nothing in the house to eat, will prepare for you such a dinner as you would be lucky to meet with at the Ritz Hotel in New York. A trout, a bottle of white wine, a chicken *à la broche*, a loaf of bread, *pommes au beurre*, an *omelette aux confitures*, a Neufchâtel cheese, and some *café noir*. All of it perfect, all of it Art.

But let us imagine a stop, under similar conditions, in a small American town; in Iowa, Maine, Georgia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, wherever you will. What manner of meal would be put before us? The mere posing of the question superinduces in us the most acute symptoms of hyperacidity.

And things culinary can hardly be said to be improving with us. They seem, rather, to be growing worse. Delmonicos, the greatest gastronomic family in American history, found the interest in cooking so negligible here that their institution first languished and then vanished utterly from view. Louis Sherry, who died in June of this year, had given up the unequal struggle years ago. Fresh horrors threaten us on all sides. The barbarians are at our gates. Not content with having made us a nation of fried food addicts, ice-cream-soda drinkers, gum-chewers, and ketchup eaters, they now menace us with the automat, the sandwich spa and the unspeakable quick lunch.

Or consider the present debasement of a smart dinner-party in New York: No flowers on the table. Most of the guests thirty minutes late. Two cocktails for everybody. (How can one truly appraise the flavour of good food after two cocktails, particularly the cocktails which we meet with today?) Then a soup, plenty of champagne, a meat that has been kept on the edge of the stove for thirty minutes, two vegetables, and a bottle of Scotch. (A *carafe* of it would border more nearly on the realm of aesthetics.) Note, too, that the host is wholly unaware of what dishes are to be put before him. Cigarettes, of course, smoked with the meat. The women eating a little too little, the men drinking a little too much. No man in a tail-coat. Everybody hurrying his food. Everybody drinking and swallowing, nobody sipping or tasting. Forty-five minutes or so for the entire dinner; and, of course, no port and no cheese. Then the scramble for the theatre or the bridge-tables.

How, in such a *milieu*, can we look for a really discriminating taste in art?

And our attitude toward the function of eating remains a particularly ungrateful one in view of the fact that we have contributed so many majestic delicacies to the dinner-tables of the world. Is there, outside of France or England, a nation that can match our offerings? Let us list them, in the order of their glory.

1. The canvas-back duck, which sold, in my early days, for $4.50 a pair in New York. This is certainly our most impeccable offering to the gourmets of the world and one which the famed Josef (chef to W. K. Vanderbilt in the early 'nineties and, later, the proprietor of the celebrated *Café Marivaux* in Paris) declared the greatest delicacy known to the inhabited world. (The canvas-backs, as ducks, are infinitely more aristocratic, of course, than the shoddy, middle-class ducks of Rouen, which Frederic Délair, for so many years pressed in his silver press and served to trusting Americans at the *Tour d'Argent*, his little restaurant in Paris.)

2. The diamond-back terrapin ($3 apiece in my youth; now $10) cooked, as Ward McAllister always insisted they *should* be cooked, not in the Baltimore style, as a sort of black *Madeira* stew, but in the manner of the Philadelphians, with the yolk of an egg and plenty of fresh butter and cream. (Note: The small turtle eggs which are served with this concoction should be those of a real terrapin and not—as is the custom in our best hotels and restaurants—those of an ordinary, or bourgeois turtle.)

3. Shad—and shad-roe: preferably from the Connecticut River (the meat of the James River shad being too soft in texture) and taken in March, while the water is still excessively cold.

4. Soft-shell crabs—adolescent and undersized; netted as early as April.

Then, in the order of their majesty, let us point to our oyster-crabs, soft clams, scallops (in Paderewski's opinion the greatest of our American delicacies), yellow corn, pineapples, smelts, grapefruit, alligator-pears, sweet potatoes and bananas.

A word of praise may also here be said for those unremembered heroes who invented, for our delight, new and fitting combinations of food. Where lies the body, for instance, of that mute American who first married the pork to the bean? Where the genius

(Continued on page 104)



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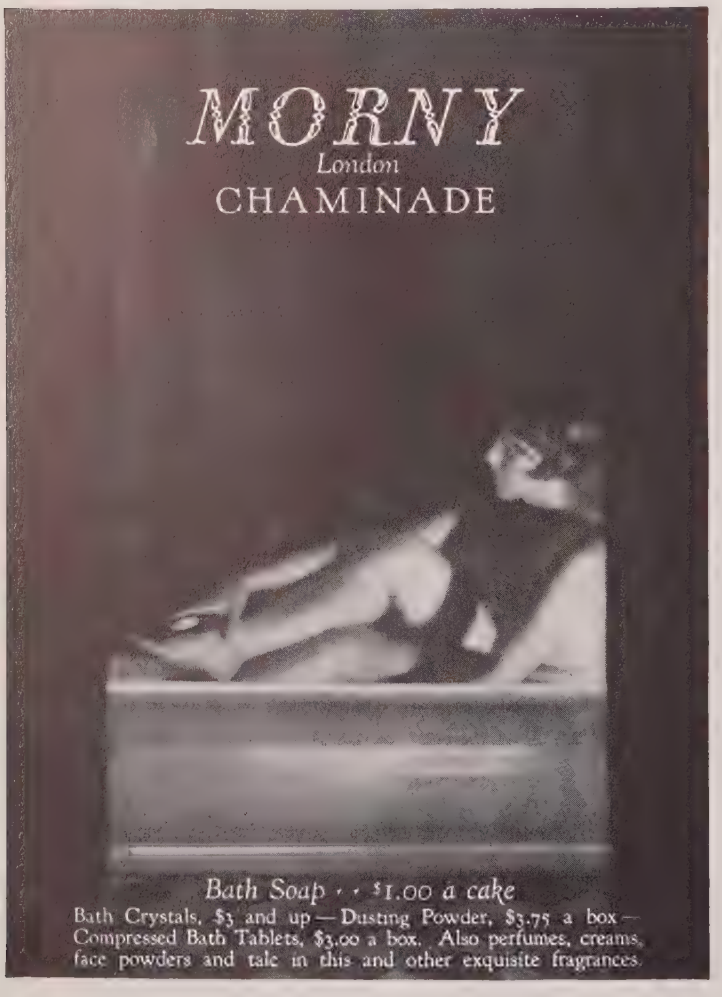


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The Americans at Muirfield

(Continued from page 68)

well and he putted well, but his game was like a man with an excellent head and legs, but no stomach. His game had no middle. Playing as he does habitually on a short course, he did not even possess a brassey till a friend gave him one on the night before.

Until he was so suddenly and surprisingly wiped out by young Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Bobby Jones was the magnet to the crowd. Wherever he goes he always will be so, because no game has so beautiful a sight to offer as Mr. Jones hitting a golf ball. His style is a wonder that reveals itself to all. It is as if a small child were to find, lying in the village street, a diamond as big as its head. The child would cry aloud in amazement and so does the least erudite of golfers on seeing Bobby Jones. His perfection of rhythm is a subject for a poet, not for any prose labourer. Mingle in the crowd, and the game has barely begun when you hear some one exclaim, "This fellow has the best swing I ever saw in my life." I suppose that, for him, Mr. Jones did not play, except in one match, particularly well, but he always played well enough to win comfortably and he is just as fascinating to look at, whether he hits or misses. He rose to quite dazzling heights in one match, namely against our then champion, Mr. Harris. I suppose Mr. Harris did not play very well, but really the question hardly seems to arise. In fact he played three holes badly and nine holes quite respectably well, and at the end of these twelve holes he was beaten. Never before has a reigning champion been beaten by 8 and 6.

And then, next morning, down he went by four and three before Mr. Jamieson who, save for Glasgow competitions, was undergoing his baptism of fire. It was a thousand pities that Mr. Jones had put too much trust in the Scottish climate, thrown the blankets off his bed the night before and so awakened with a crick in his neck. This made it painful for him to swing his club at the first few holes. So he began with two wild hooks which meant two holes gone and those two would not come back because Mr. Jamieson entirely declined to let them. I have heard it said, with how much truth I know not, that Mr. Jamieson's one ambition, the thing he had prayed for ever since he decided to enter for this championship, was to meet the great Bobby. If so, then the Day, in capital letters—of which he had dreamed, certainly—found him ready. He played extraordinarily well and extraordinarily coolly.

Of the youngest American players, Mr. Watts Gunn played exceedingly well till he ran into a tornado of threes and fours and had to give in to Mr. Brownlow. I think however, that the greatest impression was made by Mr. Mackenzie, who disappeared in the second round. He surely must be a champion before many years have gone.

Mr. Von Elm, another newcomer and a very fine player, suffered from the same ailment. And, without making too many excuses, some of our best players were horribly attacked by this same bacillus of "nerves". Mr. Tolley who had been playing very well beforehand, was almost farcically erratic in his first round and was easily beaten. Mr. Wethered was far too often in the rough and even Sir Ernest Holderness, whom we have always regarded as a model of trustworthiness and accuracy, had a day on which he topped and sliced as do players of very common clay.

The Decay of Gastronomy in America

(Continued from page 102)

who guessed that the heart of lettuce so incontinently yearned for the tomato? Name, if you can, the early citizen of Boston who suspected that between codfish and brown-bread there raged a mysterious, almost illicit *amour?* Where are they now, those dim and distant inventors of old? Like the snows of yesterday, the wind has blown them all away.

But, with all respect to the material offerings of America, it still remains true that the best constituents of a connoisseur's dinner are the products of France, though a good word must be said for England, with its beef and mutton; for Italy (the land of macaroni, *tagliatelli* ices and Lucca olive oil); for Russia, with its caviar from Astrakhan on the Volga; for the beers and sausages of Germany; for Turkey and its saffron-flavoured pilaff; for Java and its coffee. But, after praising all these dishes, we will not find, in any part of the world, a dinner quite comparable to that prepared for the average bourgeois family in France.

But enough has probably been said. All that remains to be re-stated, with a mounting emphasis, is that one of our needs in this country—if we are ever to progress aesthetically as a nation—is a discriminating public consciousness with respect to food. The matter is an urgent one. Something must be done about it. Chefs should perhaps be treated with greater respect; their wages increased; their social position improved. A good male cook might be admitted to the Cabinet; a dozen women cooks to the Hall of Fame. Congress might design medals for them.

Mr. Coolidge might even write a message.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A hundred years ago, precisely, there died in France the greatest of known authorities on cooking and gastronomy. His name was Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, and he was the author of *Physiologie du Goût*, a work now known, the world over, as the pleasantest literary adventure in the field of gastronomy. In a month or two the first American edition of this masterpiece (in English) will be published in New York by Boni and Liveright.

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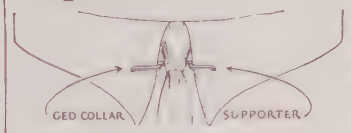
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What Is the Matter with My Golf Game?

(Continued from page 67)

just as pre-eminence at billiards smacks of a youth spent in pool-rooms.

But to be a graceful and accomplished *social* golfer, to speak the language well, to dress the part and to have proper club habits, these form a goal to which we all may aspire. These details are parts of the new game. They are in no way dependent on strength of sinew or sureness of swat. In fact many of the best technical golfers are hopeless in these really important departments.

There is, for instance, Higgins, at my home club. Higgins is a demon driver and always in the low eighties, but his appearance! Dear me, the man is a disgrace. He wears dark clothes, a khaki . . or even worse, a black . . shirt, blue serge trousers, brown sneakers and an unspeakable felt hat. He used to play in a derby but the Greens Committee destroyed it and told him that he was enough of a blot on the landscape as he was. Higgins only grinned. He thinks he looks like Jim Barnes.

Another detail of dressing the part in golf is the matter of accessories. An example of perfection in this regard is Roy Tweedie, the best loved golfer in our club, and one of the worst golfers. He has a handicap of 34, which might as well be a hundred, as he has to pick up his ball on most of the holes. As he said to me the other day, "Wherever I play immediately becomes ground under repair." So much for his golf. But as a dresser he is a human birdie His sweaters, caps, plus fours and stockings are symphonies. He looks as if he had been done by a lady decorator, and he bristles with the smartest accessories, wrist-scorers, ball-cleaners, patentees, cigarette cases, lighters, flasks . . . . Higgins, the sartorial apache, in trying to correct Tweedie's form the other day, told him that he had too much hip movement. "It isn't the movement of the hips that counts," said Roy Tweedie, "it's what you have on them."

And so I have tried, of late, to pattern myself after such men as Tweedie and Allison, miracles of suavity, good nature and sartorial elegance, and let my game go hang. And when I hear Higgins and Latham, and some of the real cracks cursing in the locker room and saying, "What was the matter with my game today?" I laugh and think, "Poor wretches, they have never learned that the real joys of golf are its atmosphere and its amenities, things that grow richer and more charming with the passing years. Cherish these and your game, so called, will be greater, grander, bigger and better with each successive season. Neglect them and you will be one of the most miserable as well as one of the most boring creatures in the world, the man who thinks the Game is only Golf."

THE BACK OF THE BOOK

(Being answers to the annoying questions on Page 50)

1. Jane Taylor.
2. Copper and zinc.
3. "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood".
4. Albert, King of the Belgians.
5. The cast-off mother of Abraham's son Ishmael.
6. The Amazon.
7. The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.
8. *Chu Chin Chow* at His Majesty's Theatre in London.
9. Genesis.
10. Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald.
11. A mammal equipped with a pouch for carrying its young.
12. The day before Ash Wednesday.
13. *Jacques* in *As You Like It.*
14. In France, it is the guilt, not the innocence, of the accused which is presupposed.
15. Heligoland.
16. Named for Captain Boycott, the English land agent against whom this retaliatory measure was instituted by his Irish victims.
17. Immolation of the widow on the husband's funeral pyre.
18. Alexander Hamilton.
19. *Trilby.*
20. Rome.

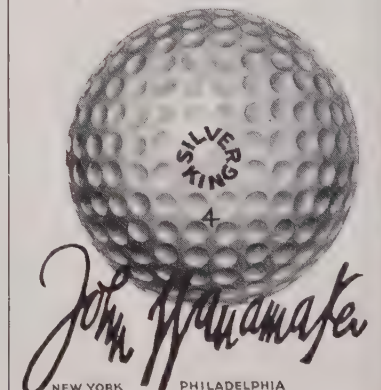
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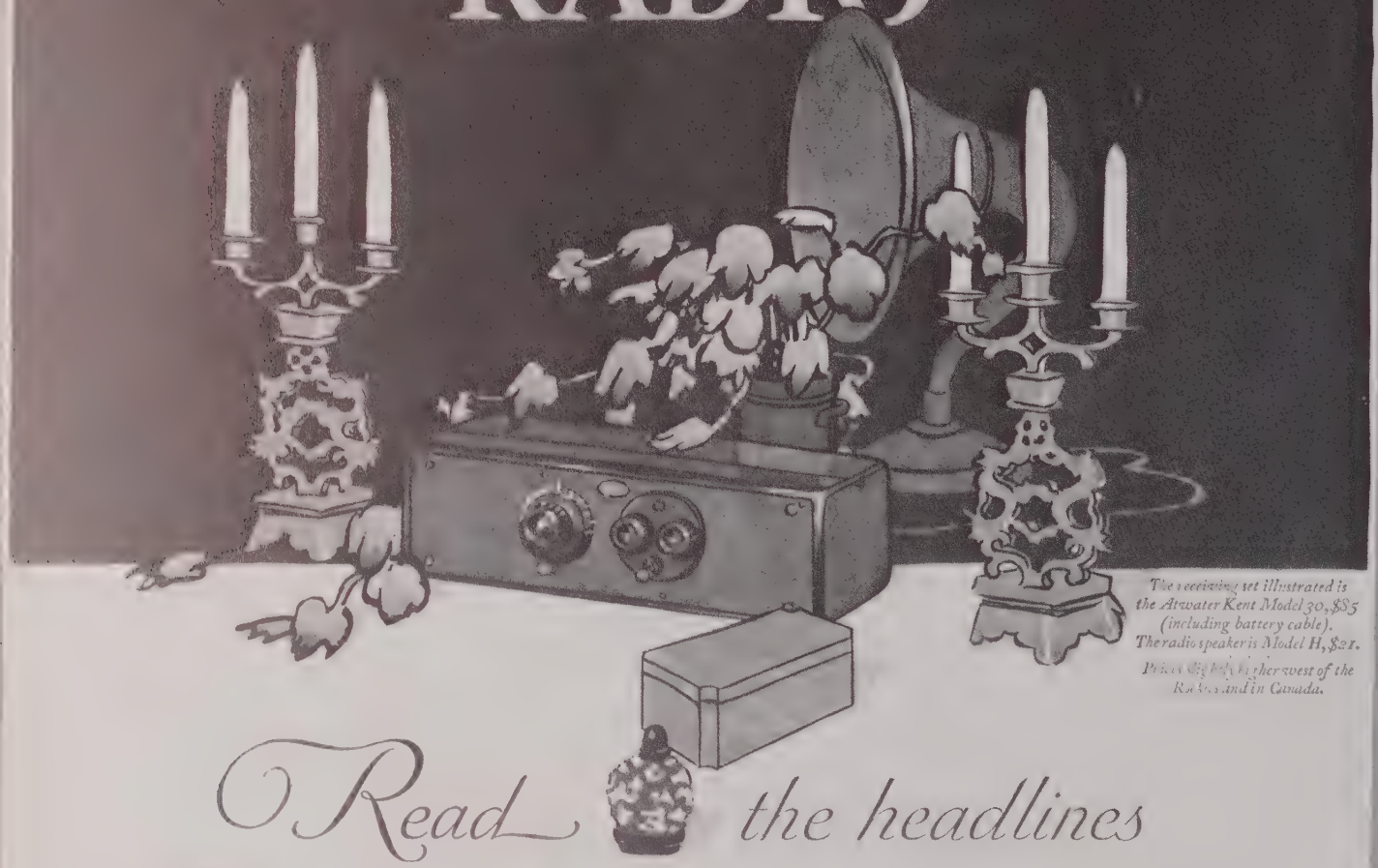
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MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



VANITY FAIR
September 1926

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Vol. No. 27, No. 1



The Final Perfection of Riding Easement

In the Imperial "80" Chrysler engineers have given owners something more than ordinary roadability. They sought for stability and steadiness under all conditions and speeds and over the most difficult roadways.

For they knew that the public wanted easement of all riding disturbances—elimination of road shocks, jolting and sidesway heretofore considered inevitable even in the costliest of cars.

This they accomplished by revolutionary principles of shock absorption—special Chrysler-designed spring mounting—long, almost flat springs parallel to the wheels to prevent sidesway—spring ends anchored in specially molded blocks of live rubber, and these in turn securely held under compression in malleable brackets at the frame ends. These live rubber blocks effectively insulate these springs from the frame and absorb all road shocks and road sounds. They also eliminate annoying squeaks and rattles and do away with the need of lubrication.

Thus Chrysler engineers have met public demand in furnishing *unusual* riding qualities and countless other features in a car as fine as money can build.

We are eager that you ride in a Chrysler Imperial "80". Frankly, the results will amaze you. For you will experience a new conception of riding luxury—unsurpassed speed ability even to 80 miles and more an hour *plus* a balanced buoyancy of motion beyond comparison or precedent.

Eight superb body styles at new low prices, $2495 to $3595 f. o. b. Detroit

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Chrysler Imperial 80

AS · FINE · AS · MONEY · CAN · BUILD



The KENT

A trim, smartly tailored cap for autumn wear of soft tweed as shown at left $4.00. Also made in fine flannels, cheviots, and linen. MERTON *knickers to match the cap, any length—$15.00.*



Club and sportsmen of London are favoring the sport cap more than ever. The style tendency is inclining strongly toward this comfortable and jaunty headwear. Merton Caps and Knickers have won the unqualified endorsement of American sportsmen because they combine correct style with fine tailoring and comfort. Tailored from selected tweeds, cheviots and linens, they afford the correct ensemble for every sports occasion. At your dealer or if he cannot supply you, write us. The new Merton autumn style booklet of caps and knickers mailed on request. Charles S. Merton & Co., 210 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MERTON

CAPS *and* KNICKERS *~to* MATCH

SAKS - FIFTH AVENUE

FORTY-NINTH to FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK



ALAN Mc AFEE Ld

Men's English Footwear

By the PREMIER BOOTMAKER
of LONDON

Presented in New York Exclusively
By SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

For many years, Mr. McAfee's exclusive shop has been the mecca for the best dressed men of the world. Among these have been many Americans who have had to go abroad for the finest in custom footwear. Now these men find the same wide selection of McAfee shoes at Saks-Fifth Avenue, for we present a complete range of styles for dress, street or sports wear—every pair bench made under Mr. McAfee's personal supervision.

18.00 to 35.00

MEN'S FOOTWEAR—SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE—SIXTH FLOOR





Effervescent Bath Tablets—the newest perfume for the bath, in Houbigant odeurs—$1.75. Houbigant Soap—rich with delectable fragrance—75c.

Houbigant Dusting Powder, for use following the bath, in large box with flat puff—$1.50. Talc, pure, fine and light, also exquisitely perfumed—$1.00.



HOW do they attain the appearance of cool fragrance, everywhere, always—those charming people one admires as much for what they *are* as for what they say and do?

Perhaps it is the result of a faithful ritual—the giving of daily care and thought to trim immaculacy . . . . . for serene smartness comes with the knowledge that one's bath and dressing table accessories are of the finest—that they have been created by Houbigant.

And it is more than good taste that dictates the choice of Houbigant toiletries—it is also assurance of the excellent quality that brought success to Jean Houbigant, in Paris, in 1775.

It is a pleasant pursuit—that of winning personal beauty—when the means to this end are the toiletries of Houbigant.

You will enjoy reading the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper," and using sachets perfumed with five Houbigant odeurs—we will send them upon receipt of your address. Houbigant, Inc. 539 West 45th Street, New York.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - MONTREAL

Browns and Black



THE rise of the brown shoe is phenomenal; its success established. The return of black, long expected, has come with a rush. The woman who isn't supplied with shoes of both brown and black will have to acknowledge herself uninterested in clothes.

With tweeds, coats trimmed with brown fur, afternoon dresses in brown, red, red-brown or green—brown shoes. With blue, with black broadcloth and silver fox, with black afternoon frocks—black shoes.



Vici kid announces the new shoe shades:

VICI ROSETTE—a delicately lovely rose brown, ideal for the afternoon shoe to be worn with the lighter browns and reds.

VICI CINNA—slightly darker than Rosette.

VICI POLO—a warm golden brown.

VICI COCHIN—a darker tone in the same rich brown scale.

VICI WALNUT—a deep true brown, the best possible tone to combine with Chanel red and the darker brown furs.

VICI BLACK (mat or glacé finish)—the solution of the black shoe problem, alone or touched with contrast in colour or leather.

Look—Luck!

Look for the Vici Lucky Horseshoe stamped inside your shoes. An assurance of colour, quality—and your own smart taste.

VICI KID
MADE ONLY BY
ROBT H. FOERDERER INC.
PHILADELPHIA

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF



"THE SCHOBLE FEATURE"

"Styled by SCHOBLE" means complete hat satisfaction to the well-groomed man who takes a pardonable pride in his personal appearance. Most fine hatters everywhere sell Schoble Hats.

Seven to forty dollars

SCHOBLE HATS

for Style FRANK SCHOBLE & CO., PHILADELPHIA *for Service*



FAILLE DE SUEDE



A staccato design that has its origin in reptilian markings. The play of lively colors. Pliant aristocratic material. The keynote —style.

The cloth is faille de suede.
It is hand tailored.

CHENEY
CRAVATS

CHENEY BROTHERS 181 MADISON AVENUE, AT 34TH STREET · NEW YORK CITY



They are most welcome among the right sort of people—everywhere

Louis Sherry

New York

And at Selected Confectioners

Paris



STUDENTS OF FASHION

THERE was a confusion of girlish voices, shrill greetings and enthusiastic embraces as the girls met in Marie's room on their return from the summer holidays.

"Marie, Darling," called Jane, "aren't you glad to see us? You've been whispering to Peggy and haven't paid us a mite of attention."

Marie swung around, still holding the dainty pump she had lifted from her bag.

"You wouldn't be interested, angel," she said. "You have a foot like Trilby and it needs no flattering."

"Yes," added Peggy, "Marie has discovered a pump which simply makes one's foot look as though it should rest on a velvet cushion in a jeweler's window and you've no idea what that means to us!"

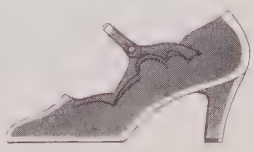
"Why, it's a Pedemode!" exclaimed Jane as she glanced at it. "I've been wearing them ever since you've known me—my foot's no more Trilby-like than yours until it slips itself inside a Pedemode!"



Most effective is the reptile saddle on this patent leather model.

Pedemode
Shoes for Women

Grace of line and restraint of contrast distinguish this smart pump.



The Pedemode Shops

NEW YORK	570 FIFTH AVE.
CHICAGO	76 E. MADISON ST.
BOSTON	360 BOYLSTON ST.
CLEVELAND	1708 EUCLID AVE.

Cincinnati	Smith-Kasson Co.
Memphis	J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Milwaukee	Caspari & Virmond Co.
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New York	L. Livingston
Oklahoma City	Kerr Dry Goods Co.
Omaha	Thomas Kilpatrick Co.
Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Ore.	Knight Shoe Co.
Richmond	Seymour Sycle
Salt Lake City	Walker Bros. D-G Co.
San Francisco	City of Paris D-G Co.
Spokane	Davenp't Hotel Sport Shop
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Toledo	Lauber's

JULIUS GROSSMAN, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men



The "RITZ"

YOU will notice it as soon as you see Bostonians in the window—a difference. Do we mean the smartness of Bostonian style? Yes—and something still more than that.

$7 to $10 *the pair*

Just this. Their individuality—that quality which isn't lost in the crowd, which makes your feet well dressed.

Try them on. Again, what a difference. They might be tailored just for you. Comfort—quite unlike anything you have known.

Probably that is why over a million men are wearing them. There is a valuable difference in Bostonians.

If you have an eye for style look for this sign. You will see it on the windows of Bostonian Dealers.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
Whitman, Mass.

BOSTONIANS *Shoes for Men*

What will be worn this Fall? The Bostonians Style Booklet gives the answer and the name of the nearest Bostonian Dealer. Write for yours.

Have You a Complete Shoe Wardrobe?

Every well-dressed man needs at least five pairs of shoes

TRUE, the well-dressed man can wear but one pair of shoes at a time, but you will find in his wardrobe the proper shoes for every occasion. From this assortment he chooses his shoes with the same care he gives to cravats or hats. For a becoming hat and a smart pair of well-polished shoes are the two outstanding features of the well-dressed man's attire. The public passes an approving judgment on these two points of dress.

There is no one single factor that contributes more to the appearance of a well-shod foot than fit,—for fitting the foot is the basis of style. The slender foot can never look well in the broad-toe type of shoe, and vice versa. And, moreover, a shoe which does not fit the foot will neither hold its shape nor its smart appearance. Style in footwear is an arbitrary matter only in so far as the foot of the individual dictates what it should wear.

TASTE, comfort, and real economy demand that the well-dressed man have at least five pairs of shoes. Obviously no man would wear the same shoes with his dinner suit that he had worn at golf or business. Good taste has dictated the correct shoes for sport, business and formal wear. A brief attention to these details will repay the man who would be carefully and correctly dressed.

Comfort and economy, too, can only be realized by having several changes. It is as good for the shoes as for the feet to give them a rest. To tree shoes properly is to increase their wear and preserve their smart lines. No pair of shoes should be worn day after day. For to change one's shoes frequently is to give greater comfort to the feet. And it is surprising how much longer five pairs of shoes will last if they are alternated in the wearing,—and how much more comfort they will give the feet.

EVERY man goes to business, indulges in some form of sport, goes out in the evening. In his wardrobe you will find blue, gray or brown sack suits for business, sport clothes and a dinner suit or full evening dress. Each suit requires the proper shoes. With the blue and gray suit the well-dressed man invariably wears black oxfords. With the brown suit for Fall, tan oxfords should be worn.

Formal attire for evening calls for patent leather dress shoes, whether it be with the dinner suit or the more formal evening dress. For sport, be it tennis or golf, sport shoes of the right sort are a requisite part of correct dress. When the fall and winter, with their cold and blustery days, make walking a sloppy business underfoot, the man who eschews rubbers feels the need of a stout pair of heavy brogues to protect his feet. So that no matter how simply a man lives, he has need of at least these five pairs of shoes, if he would be really well-dressed.

Good taste, comfort and economy—these offer three sound reasons for a complete shoe wardrobe. This does not seem so large an order when it is carefully analyzed. True, many men will say that they cannot afford to buy five pairs of shoes at once, but if the goal is born in mind and a new pair added from time to time, it will prove a true economy in the long run.



The correct shoes for fall and winter wear. Tan and black oxfords, sport shoes and patent leather dress shoes.

Bostonians for every occasion.

(ADVERTISEMENT)



MIDSUMMER finds this Roberts-Wicks double-breasted dinner jacket much in favor. ¶ Worn without a waistcoat, its comfort is as acceptable in hot weather as its cut and tailoring are in good taste at all times. Roberts-Wicks Co., Utica, N. Y.

ROBERTS-WICKS

EVENING CLOTHES *and* FORMAL DAY WEAR



Why Johnston's is really a triumph in taste

—*more than merely fine candy*

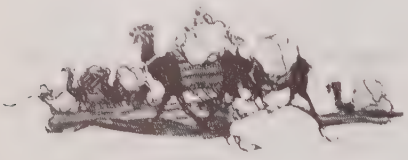
THIS is more than just fine candy—it is an epicurean revel of the palate!

¶ Take, for example, Johnston's Choice Box, which contains dainties of rare goodness that kings could not command a century ago. Yet today you buy it with foreknowledge of its uniformly high quality—at better stores, *everywhere.*



¶ Consider the Choice Box, if you will. Twenty-two different delights, all in one package . . . yet no two kinds alike!

¶ To make this box the assortment that it is—*supreme*—the world has been searched for rare and delightful tidbits . . .



DELICACIES from the east come to Levantine seaports on the backs of patient camels. From India come rare spices, and flavourings . . . and from Jamaica.

¶ From Greece come ships laden with almonds—from the Amazon, brazil-nuts. From the Guianas,



of buccaneer fame, come guavas, and the beans that make the satiny chocolate coatings of enduring Johnston fame.

¶ Coconuts from the South Seas . . . Pineapples from Hawaii . . . Cherries from Spain . . . all in one glorious package!



FROM the heart of the greatest dairy country come our creams, our butters and our milks. Great herds whose entire output, thrice inspected, is required for Johnston's.

¶ In the great Johnston factories, each floor lighted on four sides by wholesome country sunshine . . . where even the very air is *washed* . . . hundreds of skilled candy-makers work.

¶ In their spotless white clothing, under ideal conditions, they combine scientific accuracy of manufacture with sympathetic understanding, and the most scrupulous cleanliness.

¶ Father and son work side by side, often . . . men who learned their craft from father and son before them. Men whose lives have been devoted to the finest candies . . . whose instincts, whose pride in their work, uphold our prestige better than any rules we make.

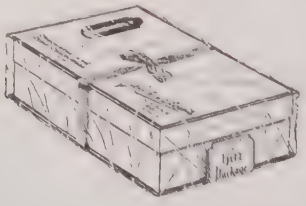


WHEN you give Johnston's to one whom you would compliment, you give what we strive constantly to make the finest candy obtainable.

. . . Candy wherein are combined the choice of Nature's products, the facilities of successful



manufacturers, the skill and knowledge of a house which for 75 years, has catered only to the discriminating taste.



Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood. The Choice Box, 20-Odd, Quintette, Peacock, etc., at $1.50 the pound—Chocolate Bazar and Treasure Box at $2 the pound

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · OAKLAND



EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MOTTO ET PROFICIO
KNOX

This new hat for Autumn comes in a luxurious lightweight felt and in all the approved colors for the new season, Buff, Jungle Green, Burgundy, Russet Brown, Black and Navy. $18

KNOX
THE HATTER
NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE *at 40th Street*
ROOSEVELT HOTEL *(Madison at 45th)*
161 BROADWAY *(Singer Bldg.)*
WALDORF-ASTORIA *(34th St. at 5th Ave.)*
SAN FRANCISCO *(51 Grant Avenue)*

A NEW tailored hat that speaks for its own smartness and confirms its assertions with—

the label of KNOX.



ADLER·ROCHESTER Clothes

KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE FINE MAKES

Not all well-dressed men wear Adler-Rochester Clothes, but all the men who do wear them are well-dressed!

LEVY BROS. & ADLER-ROCHESTER, INC. · NEW YORK · ROCHESTER · LOS ANGELES

A-R

WDT

ADLER·ROCHESTER·CLOTHES



The new Valve-in-Head Engine in the 1927 Buick is so quiet, so smooth, *so vibrationless* at all points on the speedometer, that it hardly seems to be in the same car with you. ' ' '

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

Buick

WURLITZER

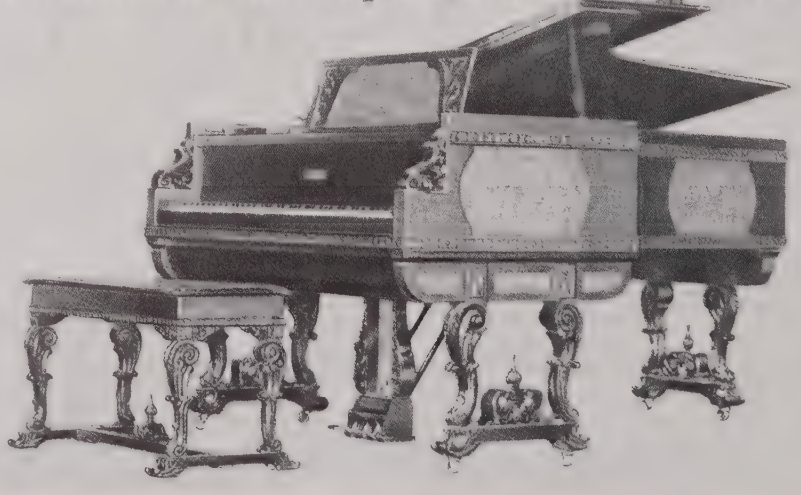
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PERIOD GRANDS

Here in these new creations by Wurlitzer Master Craftsmen is beauty and richness of design as pleasing to the eye as the marvelous Wurlitzer tone-quality is to the ear. The wide range of models, fifteen different authentic periods in all, assures a choice which will complete an artistic harmony in the home, regardless of what the decorative theme may be

One of the most satisfying factors in the purchase of a Wurlitzer Grand Piano is the knowledge that back of it is the prestige of over 200 years leadership in the production of fine musical instruments. When one hears its matchless tone and learns of the amazingly low prices, $875 and up there is little else to do but select the period style best suited to the home

The piano illustrated here is one of the new carvings after the manner of the Spanish Renaissance. Great decorators who have seen it, pronounce it a masterpiece of this ancient art, giving particular note to its richness of design. Before you purchase a piano, consider well the advantages of having in your home the finest possible expression of both art and music



NEW YORK
120 W. 42nd Street
BUFFALO
[illegible] Main Street
CLEVELAND
1017 Euclid Avenue
CHICAGO
329 S. Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA
1011 Chestnut Street

CINCINNATI
[illegible] E. Fourth Street
ST. LOUIS
[illegible] Olive Street
SAN FRANCISCO
250 Stockton Street
LOS ANGELES
[illegible] S. Broadway
KANSAS CITY
[illegible] Grand Avenue

Copyright 1926, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.



Howard Watches are priced from $60. upward The price of the model illustrated in 14 Karat Solid Gold Case is $100

Nothing can ever reduce the cost of the infinite, personal care and skill that are needed to maintain the character and life-long precision of the Howard Watch. But the confidence the Howard gives its owner is a satisfaction well worth the investment. . . . . .

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO.
ESTABLISHED 1853
Riverside, New Jersey

The HOWARD Watch

KREMENTZ CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY



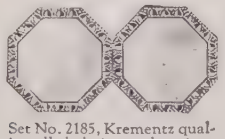
Your boy should have two

PACKED in his bag when he goes away should be one set of Krementz Evening Jewelry for full dress and one set for tuxedo. ∾ The recognized form is white mother-of-pearl for full dress; dark mother-of-pearl for tuxedo. *Vest buttons must always match studs and links.* ∾ Make these your personal gift to him so that on the happy occasions when he wears them, your thoughtfulness and affection will have assured him of *correct* evening jewelry. ∾ How he will appreciate the certainty that in this—the most vital accessory to evening dress—he is beyond criticism! There is ample room for choice dictated by personal taste in the many patterns and designs all included in the phrase "Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry." ∾ Ask your dealer to show you some of these sets. Write for booklet with Correct Dress Chart.

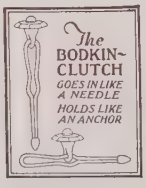
KREMENTZ & CO.
Established 1866 *Time Does Tell*
Newark, New Jersey



Set No. 2061, Krementz quality rolled white gold plate rims, smoked mother-of-pearl centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons. In box $15.00

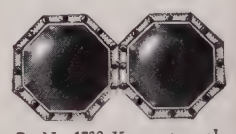


Set No. 2185, Krementz quality rolled platinum plate rims, white mother-of-pearl centers Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons . . In box $20.00





Studs and vest buttons are fitted with the easily inserted, sure holding bodkin-clutch back. Each set in beautiful blue leatherette gift case. The name "Krementz" is stamped on the back of each piece. Look for it.



Set No. 1738, Krementz quality white metal rims, black enamel centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons. In box $11.50



Set No. 1488, Krementz quality rolled white gold plate rims, white mother-of-pearl centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons . In box $11.50

Krementz

In any company of the well-dressed

—*You'll find these smart, invisibly reinforced socks*

THE ART of selecting socks is no inconsequential matter in this day and age. Beset by the pressure of the gay galaxy one finds 'round and about, the problem is to achieve an exact compromise between the giddy and the commonplace.



And so, glory be! there is reason for cheers and thanksgiving when one discovers Trufab—for here is hosiery that belongs.

"Unique" isn't the word—it suggests the bizarre, which decidedly Trufab is not. "Gentility" —perhaps that expresses it; perhaps it suggests the charm, the fascination of the color-harmonies, the new shades that are not like any others you have seen.

Add to this the economy (surely no one objects to hosiery being economical, as well as smart) of the invisible all-over reinforcement, made possible by the amazing Bi-Spun Process. Add the unconditional guarantee of wear and color-fastness; add the appeal of true comfort—and you've grasped the reason for the phenomenal success of Trufab Bi-Spun hose, wherever they are worn.

Illustrated below is a rayon and wool sock whose smart gentility and proven long life are attracting the attention of well dressed men everywhere

For your Fall wardrobe, good shops can show you a wide variety of styles, virgin wool and rayon, and others suitable for every occasion, at prices ranging from 35c to $1.00 the pair.

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS *Founded 1902* ATHENS • GEORGIA

New York Office: 366 Broadway



Tru-fab
Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN



CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS
Athens, Georgia

Gentlemen:—

Please send me by return mail a copy of your booklet "From the Beginning to Bi-Spinning."

Name. . . . . .

Address. . . . . .





EXCLUSIVE . . *because we Originate our own fabrics*

A store near you sells ȝȝȝ Clothes; we'll name it. **Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., New York City**

ȝȝȝ Clothes

One Park Avenue ~~ *New York*

ALMCO GALLERIES

From September thirteenth to eighteenth.
A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend the formal opening of the Almco Galleries—the most exquisite Lamp Showrooms in the world. ¶ Here are the latest Almco fashions in lamps in a series of gorgeous settings. And there are rare bronzes, handsome pieces of furniture, pillows, scarves, and tapestries from all corners of the world.

PURCHASES MAY BE MADE IN THE ALMCO GALLERIES, ONLY THROUGH ARRANGEMENT WITH YOUR DEALER OR DECORATOR

This magnificent display will be open to the public every day from ten to twelve o'clock in the morning, from two till five in the afternoon, and from seven till nine in the evening. You are cordially invited to inspect this magnificent exhibition at Number One Park Avenue, New York.

In Chicago ~ The ALMCO GALLERIES ~ 1433 So. Wabash Ave.



RENAULT

A TWENTIETH CENTURY EXPRESSION OF THE FRENCH CIVILIZATION

"THE BABY RENAULT"

COVERS 45 MILES AN HOUR AND 35 MILES TO A GALLON
CONVENIENT TO PARK ANYWHERE, SMOOTH AND GENTLE
TO STEER. A MASTERPIECE OF SMART SIMPLICITY WITH
EVERY NEWEST MECHANICAL IMPROVEMENT, INCLUDING
FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES. BABY RENAULTS FULLY EQUIPED
PRICED FROM $1950 TO $2200 INCLUDING THE TAX.

ON APRIL 9TH 1926, A BABY RENAULT ESTABLISHED A NEW WORLD'S RECORD,
COVERING 10,000 MILES AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 49.17 MILES AN HOUR

RENAULT-719 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK - SERVICE, PARTS 776-786 ELEVENTH AVENUE

Now – a New Correctness
evokes rare beauty of Table Décor



Candle flames caught by crystal! ...Tall voluted glass! A flare of flowers carried outward by adroit ornament—a beauty released . . . and suavely caught at each place by the shape of rare china, the clean lines of silver. This whole fragile impermanence of beauty caught and held together by a lovely expanse of soft patterned white.

How inevitable that the brilliant simplicity of this effect should appear on a Linen Damask! The sheen, the particular lustre, the associations of Linen Damask alone could weave this spell of beauty.

The table covering has always been of first importance to the hostess. At a glance it implies her taste. Her choice in napery must be impeccable.

And here in the covering of the table, style has made a decisive gesture.

A pure white Linen Damask cloth appears everywhere in those homes where authenticity is intuitive.

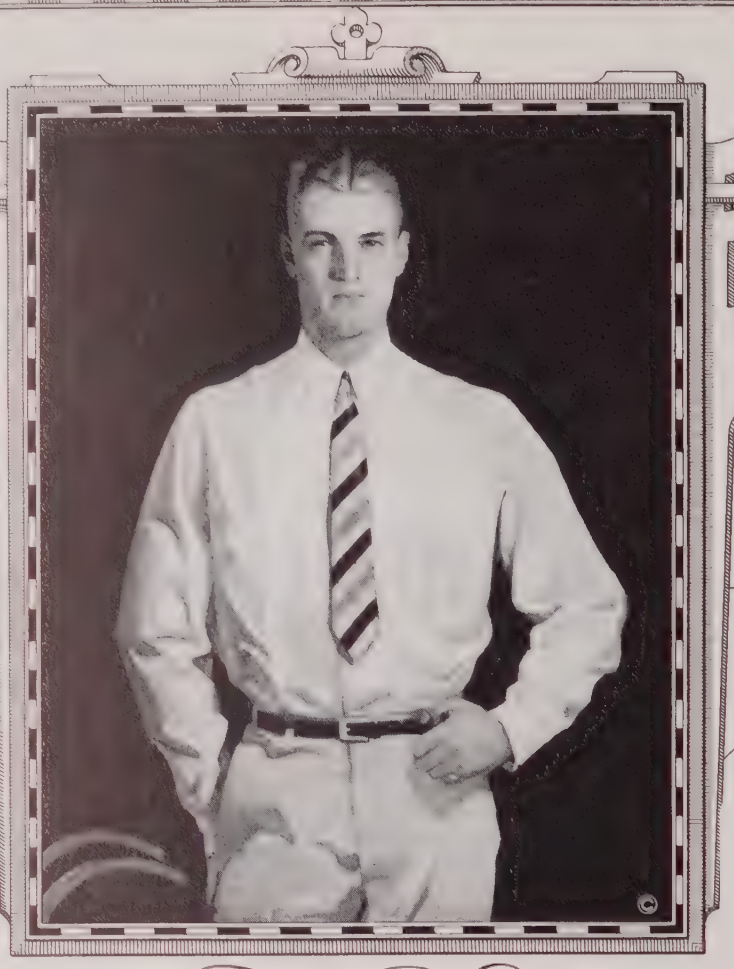
At your store there is now available a variety ranging from the simplest cloths to the most elaborate.



An Authoritative New Book on Table Decoration and Etiquette

YOU will be delighted with this attractive and informative book, which deals comprehensively with the etiquette and the smart décor of the table. With many illustrations of the table and its setting, it will help you arrange your table with charm, distinction, and correctness. Please write Dept. F-1, enclosing 25c. The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 West Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

LINEN DAMASK
TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
impressively correct



THE

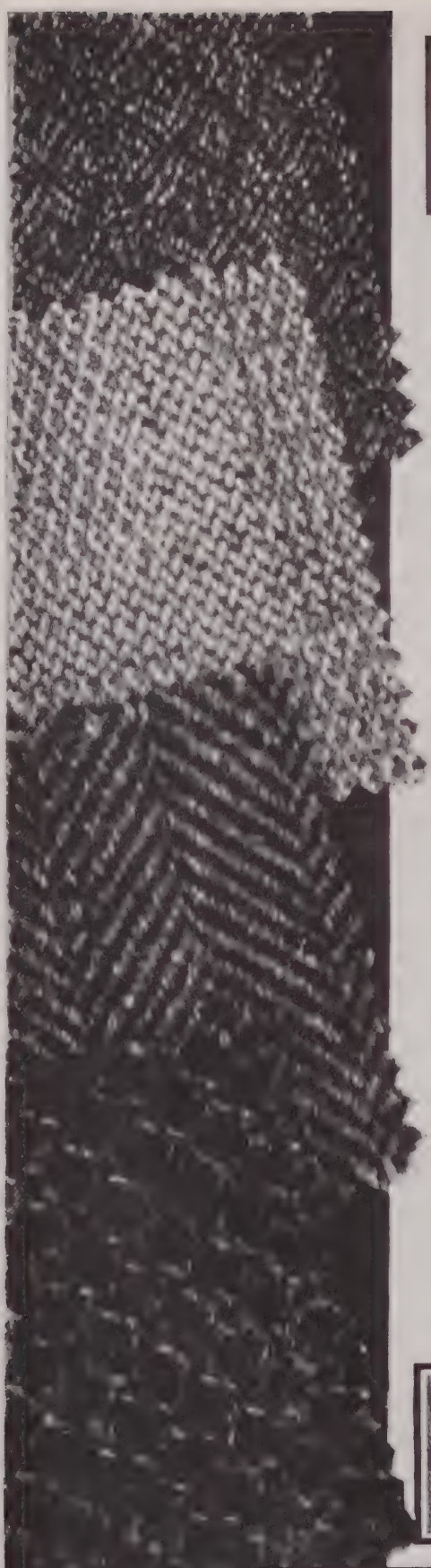
ARROW SHIRT

with Collar on or to Match

The STYLE in a SHIRT is now in the COLLAR. If you like your collar attached to your shirt, or to match your shirt, or a starched collar, or a semi-soft collar, then it PAYS TO *INSIST* ON ARROWS. For in an Arrow Shirt you get an Arrow-made collar on the shirt, or to match, and better collars or better shirts are not turned out.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. *Makers*

S64 WDT







THE notion that brands colorful patterns in men's clothes as "sports fabrics" is a gross error. Color and pattern can be worn by every man at all times provided he chooses harmonious colors and appropriate patterns. For Fall, Strong-Hewat have styled colorful cloths for every man and for every purpose. There are fabrics for business wear and for sports use; there are cloths for top coats and great cloths for overcoats. And in each there are colors and weaves that are harmonious to each other and to the wearer.

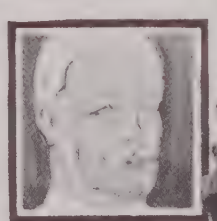
These are but eight of the thousand-and-more Strong-Hewat Virgin Wool Fabrics for Fall. Your clothier or your tailor can show you others.

Write for the Strong-Hewat
"COLOR GUIDE FOR MEN'S APPAREL"

STRONG-HEWAT
VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS

Alex Hewat PRESIDENT







STRONG-HEWAT *Virgin Wool* FABRICS

STRONG-HEWAT & COMPANY, *Inc.* . . . *25 Madison Avenue* . . . NEW YORK



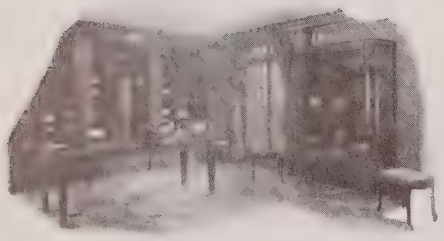




On the boulevards and avenues of Paris — wherever smartly dressed men are seen — there you find Stetsons

CHAPEAUX STETSON in the RUE DE LA PAIX

STROLL from the Ritz in the Place Vendome, along the Rue de la Paix, and you will see on the world's smartest street "Chapeaux Stetson." For in Paris and throughout the capitals of Europe the name Stetson is as famous as in New York. The very word implies hats supreme in style and quality.



Stetson Hats displayed in the Paris office, 14 Rue de la Paix. Sold by 10 leading Parisian retailers.

Styled for Young Men

STETSON HATS

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



L A P E L S

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THE WEDGE-SHAPED ENGLISH JACKET IS STILL A DOMINATING STYLE FACTOR.

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AND MORE

READY-TO-PUT-ON

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Brushes . . Paints . . a canvas

In the hands of one man a masterpiece is created. The imitators copy it—but only the master's original is the prized of the world.

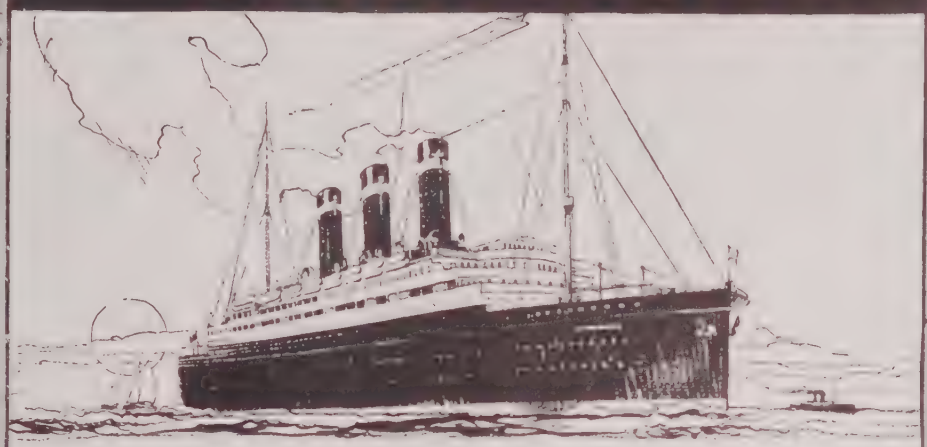
Leather, lasts and tools! With them a new Banister Shoe Style is created. The *way* is pointed out for *all*; but only the Banister Shoe has that style—that difference which has kept these shoes in the lead for eighty-one years.

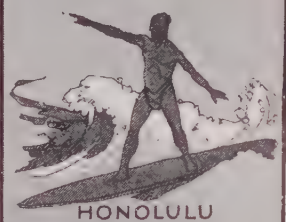
Illustrated is the Sudbury, a bench made shoe. Popular with college men and those accustomed to the best life has to offer. Priced at $20. Other Banister styles from $12.50 up.

Write for booklet illustrating the latest styles of Banister Shoes

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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HONOLULU



TOKIO



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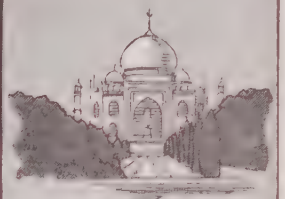
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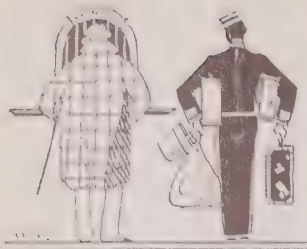
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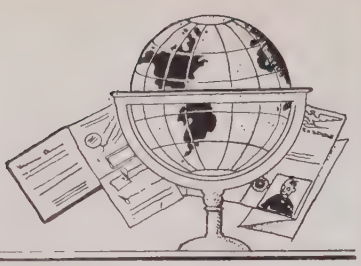
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Then China and Manila

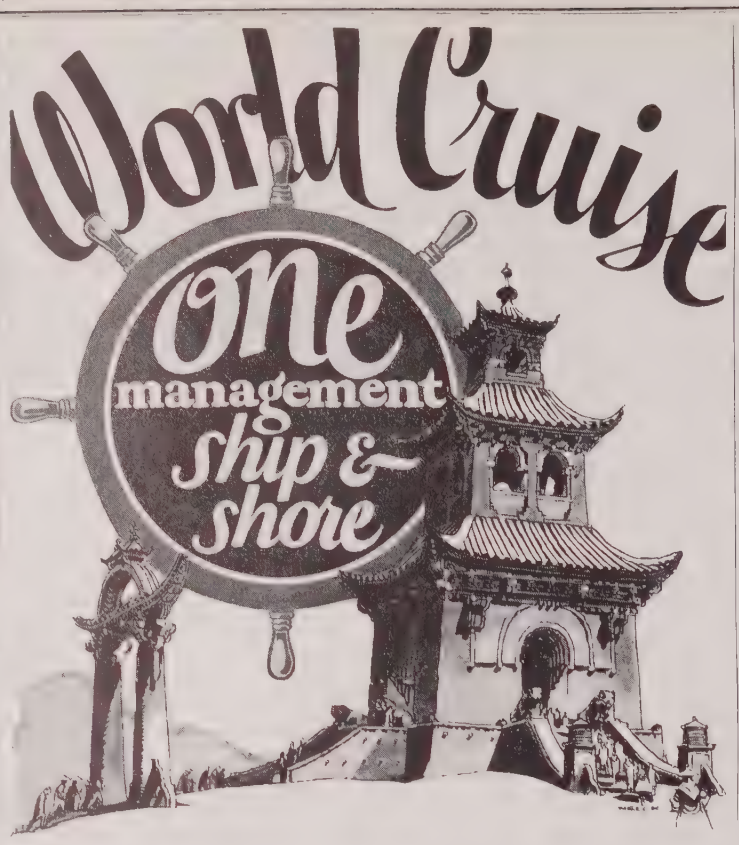


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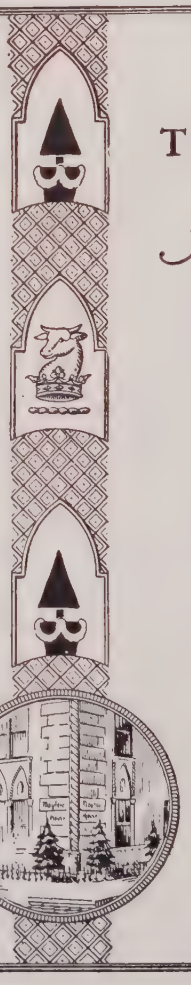
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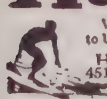
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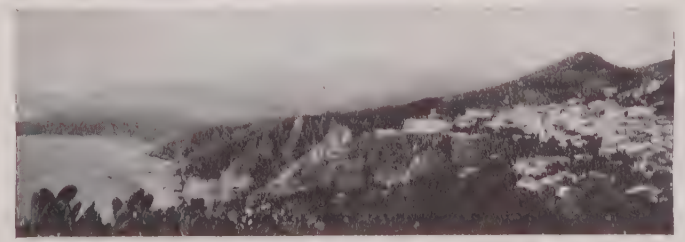
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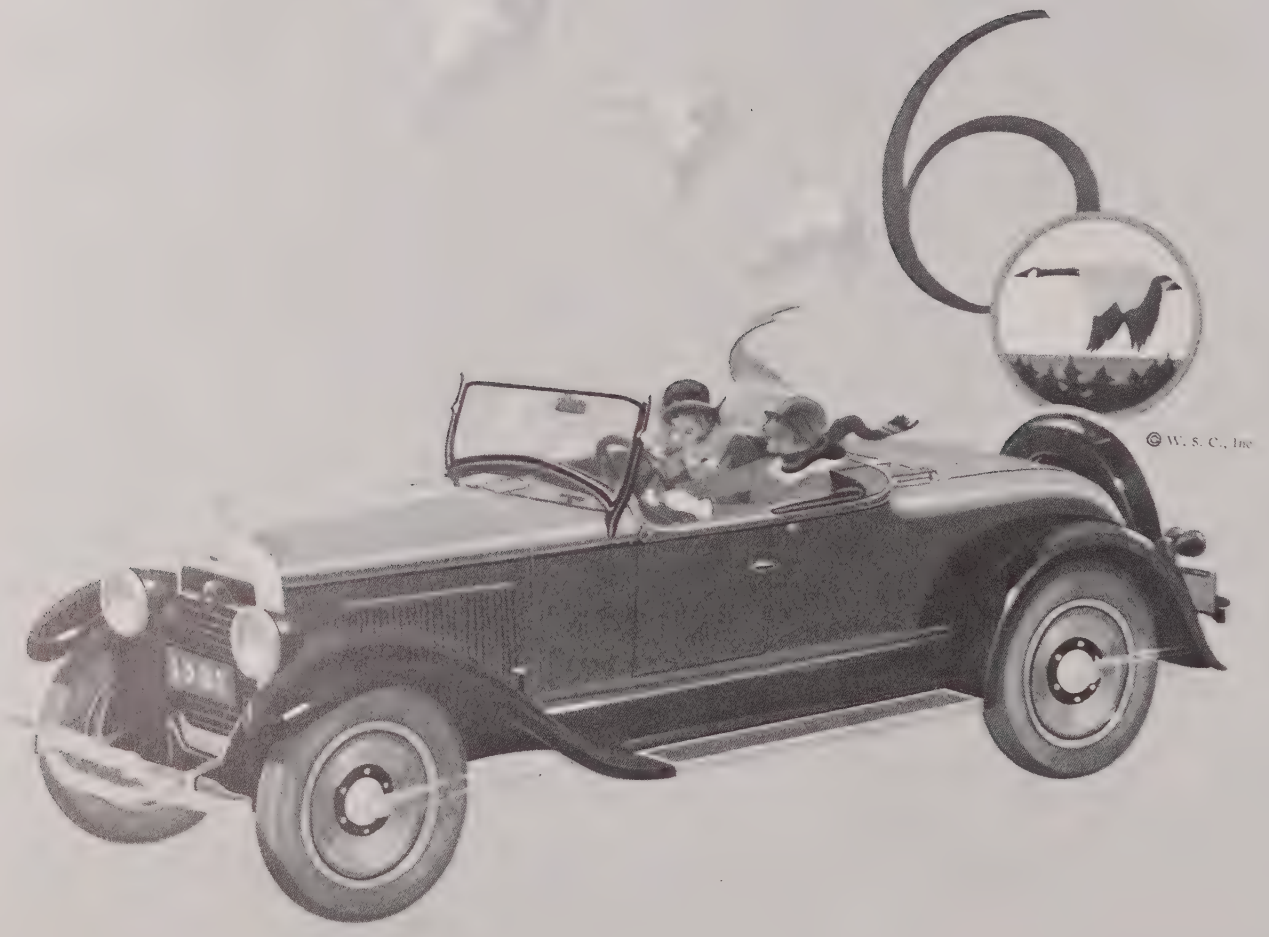
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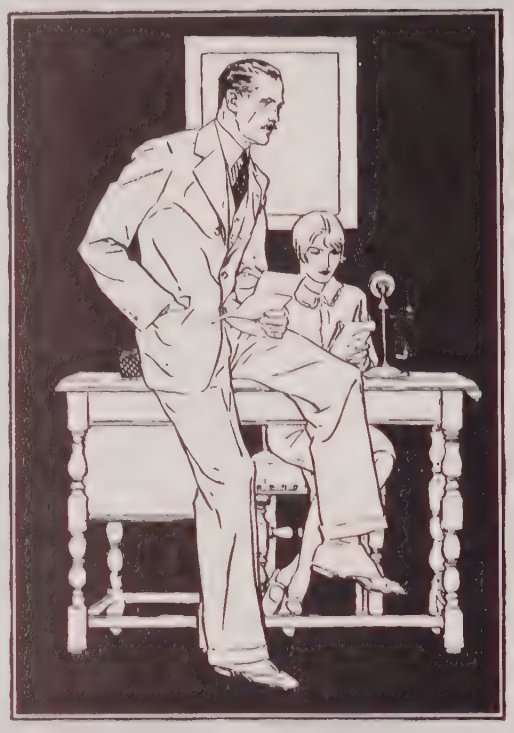
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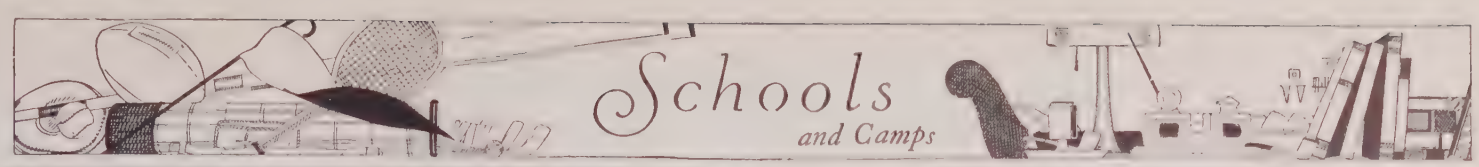
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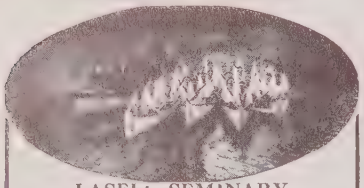
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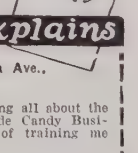


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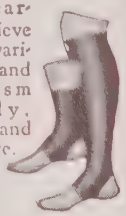
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If, when you buy your next car, you wish the advantages which all-steel construction offers, make sure that the body of the car you buy has a *frame* of steel as well as a surface of steel.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.
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Originators of the Budd All-Steel Automobile Body

Traffic experts acclaim this adoption of Safety Glass



The symbol of Safety

ALL traffic authorities agree that the general adoption of safety-glass all around as regular equipment in passenger automobiles, now pioneered by and exclusive to the New SAFETY STUTZ, will result in a great reduction of motoring injuries.

From the very beginning, every New STUTZ car has had a safety-glass windshield. Then the builders of this surpassingly safe automobile, noting the increasing frequency of newspaper reports chronicling damage from flying glass, decided that the New SAFETY STUTZ should have safety-glass *all around.*

And so, safety-glass has been put into every window, and window-ventilator, every windshield, and windshield-wing of all New SAFETY STUTZ models.

This voluntary adoption of safety-glass, at no additional expense to the car-owner, means that the ultimate step has been taken by the builders of the New SAFETY STUTZ to provide the safest private passenger automobile ever built. And this safety feature is obtainable in no car other than the New SAFETY STUTZ.

The safety-glass feature is naturally pioneered by the designers who were first to radically lower the center of mass weight and so produce an automobile of incomparable stability; who were first to adopt the improved hydrostatic four-wheel brakes developed by Timken; who made their frame the strongest and most rigid built, with integral steel running-boards or "side-bumpers"; who brought steel into the construction of their bodies to give maximum strength and narrow, clear-visioned front corner-posts.

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(Telegraphed from Lake City, Florida)

Just arrived after driving fifteen hundred miles in my NEW STUTZ Vertical Eight Brougham, which I took off your showroom floor in Chicago one week ago today. The performance of this car over Kentucky and Tennessee Mountains on high without shifting gears and through mud and on speedways I consider marvelous. Have had absolutely no trouble whatever and car most satisfactory in every way

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The Sampler satisfies at all seasons. Gives every one in a group of travelers a candy to his taste.

Whitman's Chocolates

IN VANITY FAIR

Freddy's Adventure

In Which the Crime Wave Proves to be Not Without Some Beneficial Aspects

FREDERICK HENDERSON, despite his long and by no means uneventful residence in the city, had never before encountered a genuine hold-up man, although he had seen a theatre ticket speculator or two. Thus it was not at all strange that Freddy was taken somewhat aback when one evening a man stepped from a doorway and told him to "Stick 'em up!" Freddy knew the approved methods of escaping from a social difficulty or *impasse*. He could steal with the utmost *sang-froid* from the boredoms of Mrs. Bottomley's box at the Opera, or wriggle unreproved from the Terpsichorean embrace of the season's prize wall-flower, but a bandit,—well, that was something else again. So Freddy merely raised his hands over his silk-hatted head.

The bandit was speaking now, softly, urgently, like a salesman with ten minutes to close a contract and catch a train, as he felt through Freddy's pockets.

"Where's yuh dough, huh? Oh, here it is! What? Oney t'ree bucks an' a half! Say, an' you ain't got no watch, neither, I s'pose."

"No," said Freddy.

"Well, I'll be damned. You look like a dude, too, an' here all I get is t'ree fifty."

The bandit disappeared into the mist.

IT was almost a year later that Mrs. Ashley gave her annual dance at her magnificent country palace on the South Shore of Long Island. Mrs. Ashley, long before, had given specific instructions to the architect who built the house. As a result, there was a garden, so large and intricate that none could hope, in a single evening, to explore all the manifold mysteries of its hundred walks, nooks, crannies, pagodas and arbours. It was replete with spots ideal for love-making, for the utter defeat of weariness and *ennui*,—if only one could find an unoccupied corner. Inside the Italianesque house, there was dancing by those who felt that the hilarious orchestra imported from New York should not be allowed to go to waste. And the sumptuous sofas on the terrace had as much appeal. A strange raucous noise proclaimed the location of the punch-bowl to those few to whom Mrs. Ashley had forgotten to mention it as they came in the door. Everywhere there was chiffon and starch, rouge and the flush of sun-burn, bobbed locks and sleek parted hair, high giggles and the staccato bark of male laughter. Everywhere there were couples wishing desperately to be Wild, and prevented from realization only by the presence of so many others with exactly the same desires. And there was Freddy, the correct, the dignified, the coldly impervious, to his finger-tips the prince royal.

"There," said the older women, "is that darling boy, Freddy Henderson."

"There," said the younger women, "is that adorable man, Freddy Henderson."



DRAWING BY HANS STENGEL

THE HOLD-UP

In the uncertain light, the bandit loomed large and menacing. So Freddy politely raised his hands very high over his head and fervently wished himself at home

"There," said the men of all ages, "is that excellent egg, Freddy Henderson."

Shortly after midnight, when the punch-bowl was nearly empty for the fifth time, and Freddy was reluctantly bestowing distant nods on the eager, fluffy *débutantes* who constantly watched him for some little sign of encouragement, Mrs. Ashley appeared in the doorway. With her, chatting easily, was a man. Instantly, the ladies were agog with fluttering excitement, the men plucked nervously at their ties, and the palpitating gaze of the *débutantes* swung in a wide arc away from Freddy, to settle on the newcomer, for he was extraordinarily handsome,—and distinguished. From the moment of his first appearance, there were two princes royal in the room,—Freddy and the stranger. Tensity vibrated in the air, as Mrs. Ashley, in her own inimitable way, advanced across the floor, with her *protégé*.

"Freddy, my darling," she burbled pleasantly, "this is my very dear friend, Mr. O'Brien." And with that, she patted Freddy on the arm, and bounced away.

"How d'ye do," said Freddy, without warmth, as he glanced casually at this man, with his noble bearing and his high, intelligent forehead. As he looked, there rose irresistibly from the deep vaults of his memory a shadowy picture: a foggy summer night in New York, a darkened doorway, and a bandit with a most persuasive pistol. Then he knew that this O'Brien was the bandit of a year earlier, here, perhaps, to filch the justly celebrated Ashley family jewels! O'Brien was talking, his voice the slow, sonorous drawl of cultivation. He was telling of a new find,—a hitherto undiscovered Goya canvas, unearthed in an obscure art shop near the Battery. Freddy stifled the impulse to expose him,—there was something he did not understand. This man was the bandit, and yet, he was not. So Freddy drew him to that loosener of tongues, that liberator of hearts, that passport to whatever truth there is in a man: the punch-bowl.

THEY drank, and conversed, and when there was a momentary cessation of talk, O'Brien suggested that they adjourn to the terrace, where the night was cool. They wandered together over the yielding lawn, smoking peacefully, watching a silver sea-fog creep silently in, over the dormant surf. For a long time, neither of them spoke, fearing, perhaps, that they might somehow, scratch the beauty of the night. There came a blare of strident music from the house, and the sensitive fog seemed to recoil before the shock.

"Were you," suddenly inquired O'Brien, "ever held up in New York?"

"Yes," said Freddy, startled, "once."

"You lost, on that occasion," asserted the other, "exactly three dollars and a half. Here it is. Take it. I was that bandit."

"Yes," replied Freddy, "I know."

"And you didn't expose me. Why?"

"Because," said Freddy, "I would much rather talk with you. You seem to have changed, since our last meeting."

"Yes, I have changed," said O'Brien. "I have changed a great deal. A year ago, I was a miserable misfit, an apparently hopeless man. Then I committed my first and last crime. I held you up, and took exactly three dollars and a half. Ah, magic sum! It was the means of changing me from one of life's drab caterpillars to what I am today."

"But how, how in the world," asked Freddy, incredulously, "did you accomplish all this on three dollars and a half? What marvellous elixir—"

O'Brien smiled: "It was not really difficult at all. I simply spent the money on a year's subscription to VANITY FAIR."

F. P. D. JR.

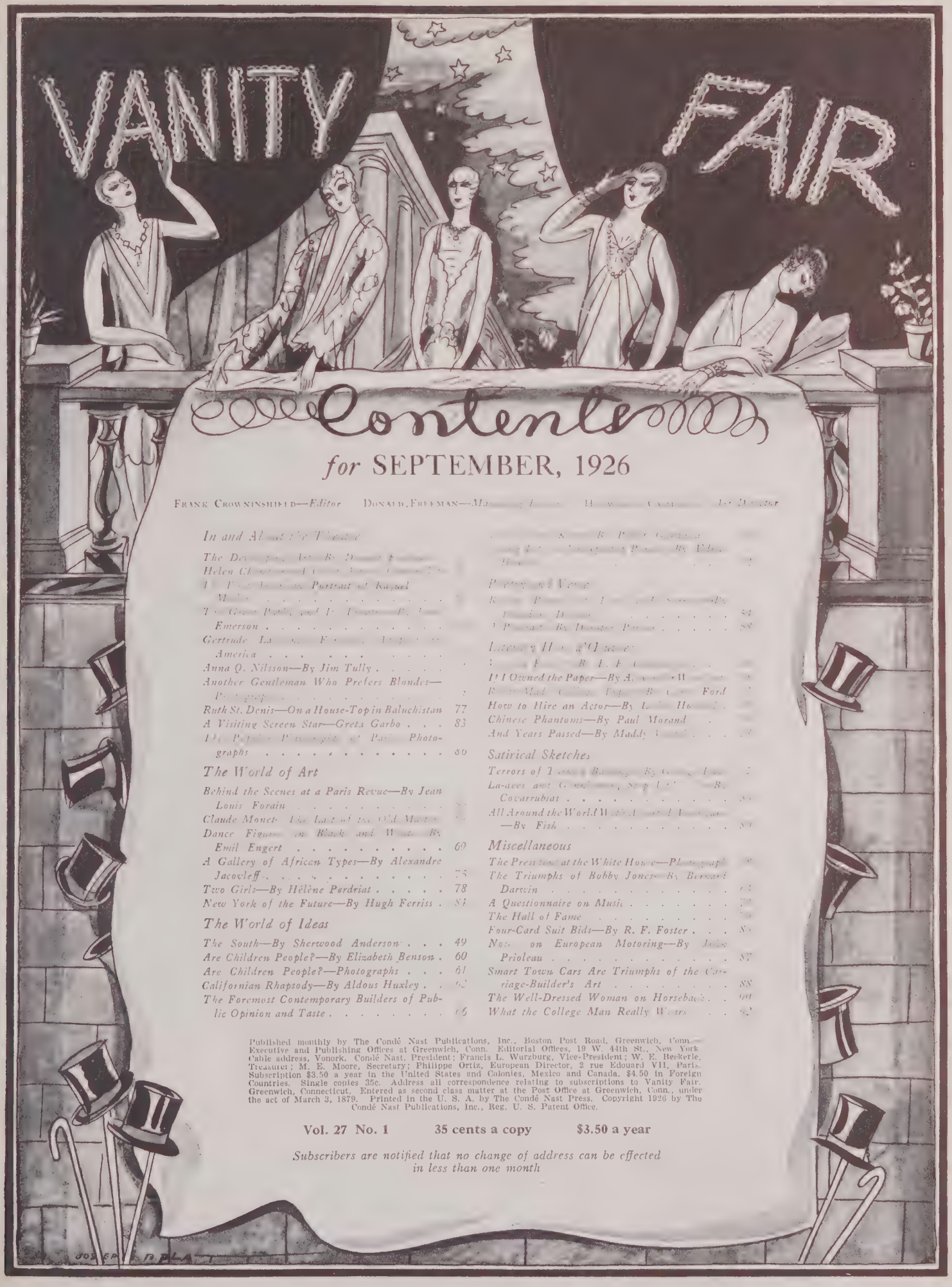


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The President at the White House

A Recent Portrait of Calvin Coolidge Taken in Washington by Nickolas Muray

CALVIN COOLIDGE, thirtieth president of the United States, is now entering upon the fourth year of his administration—Mr. Harding having died on August 2, 1923. Under Mr. Coolidge's leadership, the nation has enjoyed a period of unparalleled prosperity. Taxes have been greatly reduced, and general economies effected in matters governmental. It is interesting to note that he has successfully diverted public attention from the purely political phases of his administration. Never in the history of the United States has the citizenry become so little interested in the nation's political problems and trends. Whereas formerly it was claimed to be a desirable thing to interest the people in political issues, Mr. Coolidge seems to have discovered the value of public *dis*interestedness. No really serious international problem has as yet arisen to test the President, finally, as a statesman, but it is conceded—even by the opposition—that, in domestic affairs at least, few Presidents have been more forthright, constructive or astute

Vanity Fair



The South

The Black and White, and Other Problems Below the Mason and Dixon Line

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE white race is one great family, the black another. In the far east—yellow men. Families of brown men, scattered over the Pacific—living on islands.

The American Pacific Coast grew alarmed at the way yellow men pushed in and managed to squeeze them out.

Suppose you have, living in the family, in the house with you, a man or woman who wins your affection. There is a reason why you cannot sit with such a one at table, marry, make love with such a one.

Something strange—a strange kind of relationship between men and women—men and men—women and women.

Something tender—often brutal, often fine—making white men something they would not otherwise be—making black, brown, high-brown, velvet-brown men and women something they would not otherwise be.

I have had in mind, for some time now, trying to write several articles about sections of the country in which I have lived. No one will take what I say too seriously. It does not matter. Writing may clarify some of my own thoughts and feelings.

I AM living now on a mountain, cutting the north off from the south and can roll down either side. One roll into West Virginia, another into North Carolina. Of these particular places I shall say nothing. There has been in me always something calling from the north, a voice calling from the south. In regard to the Negro I am southern. I have no illusions about making him my brother.

I have just come from the south, have been living there for two or three years. The heat and mosquitoes drove me out. When it grows cooler I shall drift back down there.

Southern nights, soft voices, New Orleans, Mobile, the Mississippi, live oaks, ships, forests—Negroes—always the Negroes—setting the tempo of life.

Here I find myself sitting at my desk, trying to write of the south—wanting to do it.

Liking Negroes—wanting them about—not wanting them too close. In me the southern contradiction so puzzling to the north.

To a man like myself—that is to say to the artist type of man living in America—there is something tremendously provocative in the American south, in all the life of the south. The south is to me not just a place—it is an idea—a background.

Laughter perhaps—leisure—a kind of warm joy in living.

Born in the middle west—a youth spent as a wanderer and factory hand—after years of struggle, trying to be a successful man of affairs in industrial northern cities—I went south for the first time when I was well into middle life.

Something had drawn me south—something I had felt since boyhood. It may have been the reading of *Huckleberry Finn*—or the talk of my father.

He was a man southern bred and proud of it.

ALL southern men, men whose people came from the south, tell you about it at once. The notion of a southern aristocracy persists. Whether or not it is justified is another matter. I have always had difficulty deciding just what an aristocrat is.

Innumerable Americans have had the experience of a first southern trip—by train . . .

The little miserable towns, the badly kept plantations, lean hogs in the streets of towns, lean white men, shabbiness.

Niggers.

Shiftlessness.

I got it all that first time south and landed at last in the old city of Mobile. This was in the month of February. I went to a hotel.

I did not intend to stay there. I had saved a little money and wanted to live cheaply, while I wrote a novel. We high-brow writers have to live low.

It rained—a soft patter of rain in the streets. I put my bags in my room, ate hastily and went out into the night—my first southern night.

For how many hours did I wander, sometimes in lighted streets, where white men lived, sometimes in little dark Negro streets? At once I felt—how shall I explain? There was something friendly—in dark figures passing in dark streets, in buildings. Something friendly seemed to come up out of the warm earth under my feet.

In northern industrial towns at night as you wander thus through streets of small houses, there is always something tense and harsh in voices coming out of houses. Something nervous—irritable—in people.

Life is too difficult. Everything moves too fast.

The tenseness was in my own voice, that first night in the south. I had gone south hoping to get it out.

Softness in voices, laughter, an easy careless swing to bodies of men and women. I walked in a soft cloud of words, not clearly caught, feeling warmth in sounds, in people.

There was a negro ballad I had once heard Carl Sandburg sing, a ballad about the boll-weevil.

"I like this place,
This'll be my home."

I went murmuring the song—not being a bold singer—have been murmuring it to myself these last four or five years—while I lingered in the south.

Being northern, I yet never went south without a feeling of gladness, never have turned back northward without some feeling of inner fear—of sadness.

I got the nigger craze. All northern men—of the artist type—who go south, get it.

WELL, for those of us who tell tales, sing songs, work in colours, in stone, the Negroes have something—something physical—rhythm—something we want to get into ourselves—our work.

I had not gone the length of wanting the Negro to replace the white. I hadn't even gone with Abe Lincoln who said, "Just because I want to see justice done the black is no sign I want to sleep with him." I wasn't thinking of justice. That wasn't my lay.

When it comes to that there are a lot of whites I never much yearned to sleep with.

Being in the south, what I most wanted was a decent sort of relationship with white southern men. In Mobile, New Orleans, Baton Rouge—other towns of the south—there is always a difficulty for the northern man to overcome.

It concerns the blacks.

You are in the south and would like to know—because you are a writer, interested in the life about you—something about the relationships of black, brown, yellow and white.

The Negro race in the south is so apparently getting lighter. How does that happen? What's going on? White blood constantly creeping in from somewhere.

Northern travellers can't do it all.

Many of the Negro women seen in the streets, in cities, on country roads, on river boats, about houses where you go to dine—splendid creatures.

People always whispering things. "Such and such a white man has a touch of the tar pot." It doesn't come in through white southern women. You know that.

I went walking with southern men, eating, drinking, talking with southern men.

Men are what the civilization in which they live makes them.

Be careful now.

A good deal of fear, everywhere in the south, of cheap, snap northern judgments. One of these fellows hot on justice goes south. He sees the Negroes doing all the work with their hands—sees them wearing ragged clothes, eating in fence corners like dogs, gets indignant.

He can tell you all about everything in ten days.

I DID not want to do it like that. The Negro problem is the vast overshadowing problem of the south. No man questions that.

Try down there, to associate with the Negro. Sit with him, eat with him, talk with him.

You would learn nothing. A white man of the right sort will tell you everything better—more clearly. You would get nothing but the contempt of both whites and blacks. Chances are you would deserve it too.

Some days I sat for hours on the docks—watching Negroes work. That wasn't for the Negroes' sake. It was for my own sake. The Negro had something I wanted. All sensible white men want it. There is a kind of closeness to nature, trees, rivers, the earth—more primitive men have that men less primitive are all seeking. We want to have the cake and eat it. I know I do.

I remember a morning. I went before daylight to conceal myself in a lumber pile, lay hidden all day, Negroes at work all about me.

Later many talks with southern white men. They began to open up a little—saw I hadn't come down there to tell them anything. Some grew immediately angry, flared up. Others got my point of view—seemed to like it.

Suppose strangers always coming into your house to tell you where to hang your pictures, how to place your chairs, how to treat others in your house.

In what bed to sleep. The south has had to stand a lot from the north—God knows.

YES it happens—boys in the country—in the cities—brown girls.

How are you going to help that?

To say it does not happen—constantly—is foolish. If it did not happen there would be no problem and there *is* a problem. If the Negro were just an animal. He isn't. Often he is a tremendously attractive man—or alas—woman.

If you think you, being northern, a Puritan perhaps, would run your house better, be more truly what you call "moral", you're a fool.

I remember a brown man laughing. He was sweeping out my room in a house in the country. "White man and brown woman gets the fun in this country. White woman and brown man gets left."

Well, I have stressed the problem. I like to accept life as it comes up to me. Nothing in the life of the south shocks me. I would take my chances with southern white men and women. Given the same problem I could not handle it better.

It seems to me that what the south needs most now is the artist—not visiting artists—its own, but there is a difficulty.

The south needs southern expression of all phases of southern life in song, prose, painting, music. To get that it needs acceptance of itself—more frankness.

It needs to begin to escape the nonsense about spotless white womanhood, insisting too much upon a kind of purity that is humanly impossible. It needs most of all to wipe out fear of ugly Puritanical northern judgments.

The south has got to clean itself of the fear of facing itself.

Not an easy job.

THE southern problem—that of a race living so intimately with the white race—not living with it at all—fear of race mixture—is the hardest problem any section of the country has to face.

Having lived in the south I believe southern white men handle it as well as northern men ever could—perhaps better.

Chicago, talking of southern violence.

If you go on the theory that exact justice is a human possibility everything is wrong. I do not subscribe to any such theory.

I have a notion that injustice has a place of its own in the scheme of life.

As for the Negro, I am sure he is better off in the south than in the north. There at least injustice is often tempered by real affection.

The land belongs to the blacks. White men own legally the railroads, the land, the boats on the rivers, the rivers, forests, swamps, but they are nigger boats, nigger rivers, nigger swamps, forests, railroads.

It can't be otherwise.

Any intelligent southern white would agree—laughing—"What of it?"

THE Negro does the work, the dust of the fields and the water of the rivers and swamps runs through his fingers. No white man anywhere has ever done what the Negro has done with the railroad.

Songs of railroads, dreams of railroads—voyages from town to town—a chicken for frying tucked under the arm.

"Have you got your ticket bought?
O, Lord!
Have you got your ticket bought?"

Railroads into a nigger Heaven.

The land really the Negro's land because he works it, sings of it, loves it.

What of it?

The white man isn't going to let him take it away.

The white man of the south getting at his problem, sanely on the whole. Having to put up with violent fools in his own race, having to be father to innumerable black children.

The blacks remain children.

In the country—in the south—in many households in cities, the conditions of slavery days not much changed.

A relationship between the races not frankly faced but faced more than the north suspects.

All sorts of subtile angles—loyalty, tenderness, attempts at justice that do not show on the surface.

The Negro unbelievably cunning—"cute" is the word.

Getting for himself—in the south—so much the whites do not get and that does not appear on the surface.

The south—the white south—getting bolder. Southern white life will yet express itself—really—in song, prose, painting, music.

The Negro contributing—doing too much of the contributing now. A second rate Negro poet or artist always getting twice the credit of an equally able white man. That's northern sentimentality.

It is a difficult, delicate job to see the southern white man's angle and see it whole, but the northern man will have to do it if he wants to draw nearer the south.

To go black—think all the hope of future cultural development in the south is in the southern black, because he sings, dances, produces jazz—is hopelessness.

THE puzzle remains—two races that when they meet to produce blood mixture must meet in secret, in shame.

The southern problem is the most difficult problem in America. The attitude of the north has never helped much.

I spent a few days at a southern plantation. There were several thousand acres—a village of blacks.

The seasons were long, land cheap.

Two white women owned and ran the place.

We came in the late afternoon and dined in a great room of the old house.

The management of such a house would drive a northern white woman crazy in a week.

The two southern women were handling it easily—naturally.

Delicious food—in vast abundance—dogs, cats, niggers—men, women and children.

Life squirming and writhing everywhere underfoot—nigger life, insect life, animal life.

The niggers worked the land on shares. The arrangement would be called "peonage" by a northern reformer.

Sure, all the niggers in debt to the two women, always in debt.

WHAT grows on the place belongs to everyone on the place. The niggers eat, sleep, sing, make love, work some.

As we dined one of the women told me of hogs, chickens, eggs, turkeys—always being carried off secretly to be consumed in some cabin.

She had to know her blacks.

If a man stole a hog, needing it—having children to feed, having been ill—having been a good nigger when times were better—she said nothing—laughed and let it go.

She had to know what nigger stole the hog and why.

She managed to let him know she knew without too many words.

There's a way.

Cunning, creeping life all about the two women. They did not dare be afraid.

I stayed four days and went back on "settlement" day.

That is the great day when the negro squares up for his year's work.

Not much chance for the whites to cheat.

(Continued on page 138)

Terrors of Turkish Bathing

Sample Sufferings, Hot and Cold, We Not Only Endure, But Pay For

Drawings by
GEORGE LUKS



ON THE BRINK

Is any moment more awful than that just before the plunge into the icy tank! Five times Mr. Kedgett has advanced, resolved to hurl himself into the flood; five times he has backed away like a jumpy maiden filly



FOR HIS SINS

The hot room is another Turkish trial. This well-known college graduate (name on request) has just returned from New Haven where he attempted to drink the Yale Bowl dry. The steam is 7½% alcohol



LOOK AT THE CLOCK

A daily disappointment of the bath addict is reading the scale dial which tells him that despite his fancy ablutions he has gained four pounds. Mr. Girthwaite is so depressed that he decides to forget it all



FEROCIOUS FRICTION

No Turkish tribulation is harder to bear than the merciless masseur who keeps fit by rending his patients limb from limb. Mr. Tweemys, who is on the slab, can stand being beaten and pounded but he certainly did not know that he was to be scrubbed with a wire brush



THE ORDEAL BY STEAM

The last phase when cooking a human, *à la Turque*, is the steaming process by which the epidermis is parboiled and made tender. The first five minutes hurt. After that you lose consciousness



READY TO SERVE

If he has survived all the foregoing trials, the complete Turkish bather should now be laid on his side, in a cool, dark place where he will dream that he has been on a personally conducted tour of Hell with Mr. Dante

The Developing Art

The Sad State of American Films—With a Note on "Variety" and the Censors

By DONALD FREEMAN

THE battle for, or against, the motion picture is endless. Since that baffling device, the motion camera, was first dedicated to the pictorial regurgitation of fiction, charges of imbecility have been hurled against the craftsmen of the new industry in America. The critics of motion pictures (not the goodly film reviewers who, with a few commendable exceptions, are subsidized press-agents or mental defectives) perennially allege that American motion pictures have sunk to an aesthetic level so low as actually to threaten the public taste of the nation; that, inasmuch as the foreign markets are flooded with miles of our celluloid bilge, we, as a people, are made ridiculous in the eyes of other races. The producers, of course, make a gallant defense, recalling a first principle of economics, the Law of Supply and Demand. Having supplied a digestible quota of seduced (but later regenerate) heroines, murder mysteries, and rhapsodies on maternal devotion without visible protest, the producers consider (as who would not?) that they have satisfied both the greater public and the stockholders and they accordingly plan for the future on the optimistic theory that the present formula is good for another year.

IT is, despite these noble protestations, impossible for the film-makers to evade the responsibility. After all, the banalities which are distributed into a year's output, emanate from their own studios, under an elaborate monogram, supposed, I take it, to attest to the firm's approval. And it is certainly true that, in foreign countries, America is regarded by the film-going public as a startling but thoroughly impossible nation. In England, the curious manners of our film-folk are looked upon as an index to our national taste. There, the narrow escapes from disaster and the extravagant rescues of American heroines are regarded tolerantly, while the pathetic attempts, in our so-called "society pictures", to portray snobbishness evoke a ripple of derision bordering on contempt. In Vienna, which gorgeous city is the receptacle of all the bad films which are frankly unsaleable elsewhere, there is even an expression deriving from the films "in the American manner" to describe dramatic insanities of various sorts. Thus, in the Viennese journals, the phrase is used to report any stupendous and highly improbable occurrence,—*i.e.*, a triple suicide.

The distribution of American films in foreign countries is so very well organized that unfavourable reactions to them become really dangerous. In Hollywood, the one thought is to meet the demands of a domestic market. That done, the far-reaching effect of a falsely psychologized extract from American life is never considered. French films, for instance, are so incompetently devised, and so infantile in every respect, that few of them ever reach an American screen,—fortunately for France. If we, as a people, were provided with a steady diet of photoplays of French manufacture, it is much to be feared that our opinion of that eminent nation would suffer a severe decline. English films are little better, and I have seen—one might believe representative—motion pictures in Russia brimful of tortures and excruciating human torments such as would make Torquemada seem a novice. In almost every country, sporadic attempts have been made to compete with American film-producers with the most abortive results imaginable. Seldom do such efforts transcend the borders of the country of origin, and, in the majority of instances, result either in a small gain or a financial loss. America's position is so formidable, so unapproachable, in the world's motion picture market, that it well behooves our film *entrepreneurs* to take steps to correct the erroneous impressions of American life which they have been instrumental in fostering.



CONTINENTAL FEATURES

EMIL JANNINGS

In *Variety*, Jannings gives a brilliant and highly impressive performance in the rôle of Stephan Huller. At times, during the film, he uses no make-up whatever. Incidentally, Jannings will soon come to America to make films

Of no consequence, you say!

Take, then, the instance of the admirable German-made film called *Variety* recently exhibited in the United States. This ingenious work was a credit to E. A. Dupont, the director, and to the organization which sponsored it (subsidized, by the way, with American gold). It was, however, everywhere acclaimed as an achievement in *German craftsmanship*. Few American films have ever scored a better box-office record. A masterpiece in celluloid, *Variety* has basically the same shop-worn material as the average American "movie", but the superb artistry with which it depicts life gives the film a genuine aesthetic consequence. Based on a second-rate novel by Felix Holländer called *The Oath of Stephan Huller*, the story is the stereotyped eternal triangle complication, unembellished by any of the supposedly adroit subterfuges adopted on occasion by American scenarists, who thereby fondly hope to mislead the uneducated imagination. Yet this trite theme—which I have noted is repeatedly harped on in films with a sickening sameness *à la* Hollywood—reveals itself, in *Variety*, as an introspective, adult and frequently thrilling story, full of subtly sophisticated touches and deep searchings of the human heart. Technically, I think it very nearly reaches perfection.

GIVE the same uneventful rubber-stamp story to any of six American directors I could mention (names on request) and the result would be deplorable. Doubtless, a kittenish and highly unintelligent young lady would at once be found as a foil to the great and sinful passion of Stephan Huller in place of the picturesque, self-effacing and wholly admirable performance by Miss Lya de Putti in this film. Several sanctimonious sub-titles would properly designate the aforesaid passion as sinful, and moralize profusely on the purity of women and the ties which bind one to home and mother. Several other captions, in the usual windy fashion, would herald the several dawns to which the photographer of *Variety* has given particular attention. During the picture, every angle of the triangle—wife, husband, and exotic maiden—would have full opportunity to hold the hand for a protracted period over the heart, which gesture, be it said, indicates, in the language of Hollywood, true, ardent or eternal love or, on the other hand, consideration for the follies of a weaker human vessel.

The Germans are exceedingly skillful film-makers and their method is that of complete realism. Without romance, it enables one to peek at life through the keen lens of a Pathé News camera, while in American films life is either distorted, or revealed in glamourous soft-focus. The book shelves are teeming with material that needs representational, realistic treatment to which sentimentality is deadly. Hence, it ought not to be difficult to find innumerable stories from which films considerably better than *Variety* might be constructed. After all, there is nothing particularly un-American about the film, except that it mirrors with more than the usual accuracy the fitful drama of three lives. If, in a superbly hypocritical nation, the conventions of the native art-form must be obeyed, *Variety* fills the needed requirements. Adultery is punished by death and disaster; crime ends in disgrace and imprisonment and, what is more important to the piously-minded, the story teaches a profoundly moral lesson. And such stories may be found with little search—for instance, *Madame Bovary*.

(Continued on page 134)



CHARLES SHEELER

Helen Chandler

A Child Actress

Now Grown Up

WHEN, a season or two ago, the Actor's Theatre put forth a notable production of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, critical attention was focused upon the subtle and extremely effective performance of *Hedwig* by Helen Chandler, a newcomer to the New York stage. But the newcomer, although at that time only fifteen years of age, was already an old stager, having begun her theatrical career way back in 1919 as the young *Duke of York* in John Barrymore's unforgettable production of *Richard III*. *The Wild Duck* definitely established Miss Chandler as one of the up-and-coming actresses in the American theatre. Few celebrated players of recent years have appeared so consistently before the public in such a variety of rôles as has the youthful Miss Chandler. In the theatrical season of 1925-1926, for instance, she appeared, *seriatim*, in four plays and has crowded the repertory of a seasoned actress into a single year. Unprofitable as these ventures undoubtedly were, the invaluable experience has made Helen Chandler a veteran actress at eighteen. So much a veteran, in fact, that, according to persistent rumours, she plans to appear in a dramatization of *Maggie—A Girl of the Streets*, an epic and almost unknown novel by that prodigal son of America, Stephen Crane



DECORATIONS BY LEO KOBER

Recent Poems of Love and Sorrow

By THEODORE DREISER

LOVE PLAINT

I have sought to fetter love,
To bind it.
But love is like the wind
Stirring in the tall grass at night
Under great trees
In the dark.
It may not be seen or fettered
But only felt.
Or,
Again,
Love is like a distant voice
On sea or land,
In fog or storm
That calls and calls
And speaks of need.
A sweet voice that would give.
Or love is like a perfume
That the wind brings
But that one cannot place
Or know,
A rumour of old things that were
Or yet maybe are,
But that one may not hold.
It dwells where shadow is
And song
And dream,
And sings
Or weeps
Or calls
And oh, the ache
Of that elusive call.

But I,
I sought to bind love
And it fled.
And now the scaring day has come,
And blare and crash of life,
The long hot day of want
And now the grit and dust
Of life's hard, thundering wheels
Are on my lips
And in my eyes
Inflamed and yet made tender
By Love's lips.



LOVE AND WONDER

The little flowers of love and wonder
That grow in the dark places
And between the giant rocks of chance
And the coarse winds of space.

* * * * *

The little flowers of love and wonder
That raise their heads
Beneath the dread rains
And against the chill frosts:
That peep and dream
In flaws of light
And amid the still grey places
And stony ways.

* * * * *

The little flowers of love and wonder
That peep and dream,
And quickly die.

* * * * *

The little flowers of love and wonder.

THE LAST TRYST

Walking by the stream with her, the fairest.

* * * * *

How shall I tell him that I love him not?

* * * * *

This grassy path that rises to the hill,
We shall take this.
Your face is beautiful.

* * * * *

Ah, dare I take the love-light from his eyes?

* * * * *

These pretty flowers:
I kneel upon the hill,
Kissing your hands.

* * * * *

My heart! my heart!
I have been sorrowful,
But now the years are gone.
The yearning years are dead.

* * * * *

Tomorrow, tomorrow
I will tell him that it may not be.

THE BEAUTIFUL

They think it easy to be a woman,—
To love and be loved,
But I know better.
Again and again I tell you
I know.
I understand.
Perhaps, of all men,
I alone understand.

I know about her because
She has crossed my path.
I know her struggles
And her defeats.
It is because of her defeats
That she is to me
The lovely one.
For out of her defeats
Has been born
A new quality in woman.
I have no name for that
But, I have a name for her.
I call her
Beautiful.

I have made up the name
Because before it
And before the thing in her
That it represents,
My own vile body
And my weary soul
Bow, and bow reverently.
She is to me
The quality of being strong to be loved,—
Of needing and being capable of
Complete and ceaseless
And insatiable and yet generous
Love.
Of loving fatefully.
And yet not destroying
But healing,—building.

It is the one thing men need
From women,—so many men—
And that
They do not find.



Vive la Folie!

An Analysis of the "Revue" in General and the Parisian Revue in Particular

By E. E. CUMMINGS

IN the old days—not the very old days either, but the long-lost days of a few years ago—your correspondent was no more addicted to the so-called "serious drama" than he is at present. Although at that time, even as now, inhabiting Paris (which metropolis takes the serious drama super-seriously) he never willingly met an honest-to-God footlight face to face. But this does not mean that he neglected the theatre. Far from it! There were and are, in Paris, plenty of dishonest-to-God footlights, plenty of plotless dramas, plenty of "light" spectacles—and our article is devoted to a few of their many seductions and intricacies.

Be it added, that, to employ the adjective "light" with reference to the art of the *Concert-Mayol*, the *Casino de Paris*, the *Moulin Rouge* and (last but far from least) the *Folies-Bergère*, is to be guilty of a somewhat atrocious inaccuracy. For the type of spectacle which flourishes within said temples of mirth and amusement and which is universally designated by the word "revue" is extremely fundamental—no more light, forsooth, than the stupid trickeries and clumsy alexandrines of a *Théâtre-Français* are dramatic. Nor do we speak as the scribes; having for some years, more or less, devoted ourselves to the glorious art of the plotless drama in general and of the Parisian revue in particular.

During these highly agreeable years, we have frequently asked ourselves "what is the revue?" And justly so; since the revue, like everything else worth while, is constantly changing. In the aforesaid old days, for example, a typical Parisian revue was a jumble of extraordinarily ill-staged "sketches", of sumptuously indecent ditties, of highly confused convolutions on the part of a tastelessly costumed chorus and—finally—of incredibly immobile nudes, the least ponderous of whom looked as if she could very easily quell an eruptive volcano merely by sitting on it. What women! Not even the Old Howard, of Boston, Mass., could furnish their rivals in ugliness, nor were Billy Watson's *Beef Trust* Beauties to be compared with them on the score of avoirdupois. One was reminded slightly of Rubens, more of the Eden Theatre in Madrid and most (ah, most) of the Oedipus Complex.

As a matter of fact, these old time nudes differed absolutely from the stupendous ladies in the canvases of Rubens. The essence of Rubens' females being their hurled weight, their velocity and momentum, whereas the essence of the Parisian nudes was their immobility. The naïads of Rubens' *The Debarkation of Marie of Medici*, for instance, copiously squirm as we watch them. The dryads of the old Parisian revue—and the woods were full of them—only stood around.

That was in the old days.

Et ça change. Gone are the snows of yesteryear. The hippopotami have melted: each has become a dozen fashionably formed and alluringly moving gazelles. Vivid, occasionally precise scenery has everywhere replaced the uncertain planes and flyspecked tones of the ancient music-hall scenery. That typically French, or rather Latin, rhythm, the 3/4 throb or waltz, is submerged in the 2/4 patter or rivetter rhythm of "*le Jazz*". Maurice Chevalier (supported by "*les Dolly Sisters*", who for some unknown reason think they can Charleston) sings many a song at the *Casino de Paris*, but the song which he sings best is unquestionably "*Pour être heureux*" *(Then I'll Be Happy)*. The girls at the *Mayol*, who were always well above the average as to pulchritude, have improved 150%, all over. Again, the marvellous Mistinguett and her Yankee dancing partner, awkward Earl Leslie, have promulgated a brand-new eye-tickler at the *Moulin Rouge* which, for splendour, size and nudity, knocks our American revues into a cocked hat.

But the latest and most astounding development of the Parisian revue is announced, by a Parisian journal, called *Eve*, in these terms:

"The Negro is more than ever in favour since the invasion of jazz and American dances. In the new revue at the *Folies-Bergère* called *La Folie du Jour*, there is a Negress, Josephine Baker, who is the great *vedette*. In truth, when one looks, one sees a mulatto with the sleek figure of the Anglo-Saxon, yet the face, the gestures, the dances, even the voice, retain all the rhythm and all the strangeness of her original ra[ce]." And, as the immortal Bert Savoy would have said, "You don't know the half of it, dearie."

Josephine Baker will immediately suggest, to all addicts of the plotless drama, one peculiarly [fi]ne spectacle entitled *T[he] [Ch]ate Dandies*. For it was this revue which gave Mi[ss] Baker a microscopic, but notable, opportunity to "strut her stuff". As a member of the *Dandies* chorus, she resembled some tall, vital, incomparably fluid nightmare which crossed its eyes and warped its limbs in a purely unearthly manner—some vision which opened new avenues of fear, which suggested nothing but itself and which, consequently, was strictly aesthetic. It may seem preposterous that this terrifying nightmare should have become the most beautiful (and beautiful is what we mean) star of the Parisian stage. Yet such is the case. The black star, "*aux formes élancées* [illegible]", has accomplished precisely this transformation, and at the tender age of twenty.

Miss Baker, it seems, came to the *Folies-Bergère* after participating in a Negro show which was taking Paris by storm. But when *les girls* of this show appeared "as is" and then "shook that thing" the good Parisians (than whom no people on earth can be more respectable) objected, and objected so strenuously that *les girls* were compelled to don a respectable semi-nudity. At least so the story goes. Anyhow, Miss Baker escaped to the *Folies-Bergère*. And at the *Folies-Bergère*, as your humble servant can testify, there is nothing in the least respectable, semi-nude, or otherwise unsatisfactory about Miss Baker's get-up—which consists of a few bananas and not too much jewelry. In brief, the *Folies-Bergère* permits Josephine Baker to appear—for the first time on any stage—as herself.

Herself is two perfectly fused things: an entirely beautiful body and a beautiful command of its entirety. Her voice (simultaneously uncouth and exquisite—luminous as only certain dark voices are luminous) is as distinctly a part of this body as are her gestures, which emanate a spontaneous or personal rigidity only to dissolve it in a premeditation at once liquid and racial. She enters the show twice: first—through a dense electric twilight,

(Continued on page 116)



BERNHEIM JEUNE

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A PARIS REVUE

This portrait of a familiar social type in Paris—the elderly beau with a penchant for dancers and ladies of the ensemble is by Jean Louis Forain, now the most distinguished of living etchers, lithographers and draftsmen. Forain, who is in his seventy-fourth year, is an unrivalled master of irony and satire

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FREAKS, FIERCE AND FUNNY

When at Coney do not fail to visit the Stupendous Congress of Queer People, right off the boardwalk, within a frankfurter roll of Zoltner's Casino. Two of the members of Congress, shown above, are Tongola, the Senegalese fire-eater, and his wife, Betty, the Human Bulkhead, who doesn't mind sitting so near her husband's act that the fat, practically, is in the fire

La-dees and Gennlemen, Step Up!!!

See the Sights of Our Own Coney Island with Covarrubias



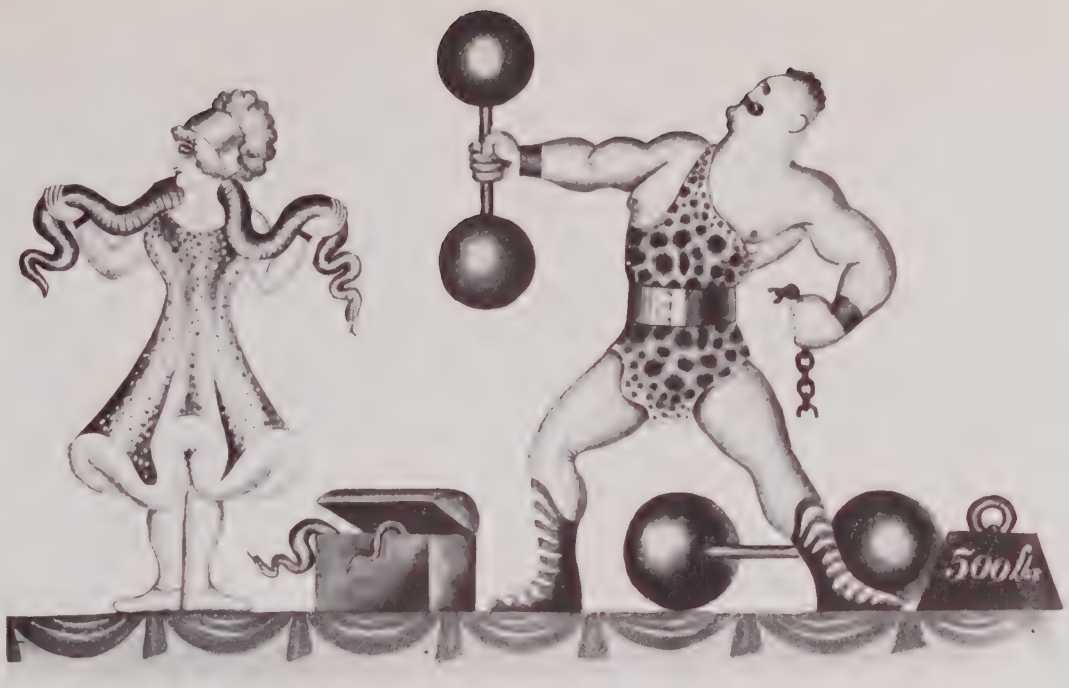
ROCKING THE BOATSWAIN

Jack ashore finds many a snug craft ready to pilot him about the dance floors of the Island where the smooth going is in such contrast to the rough-ridged sea that he treads warily until the twin beacons of his lady's eyes tell him that his course is plain



DALLIANCE

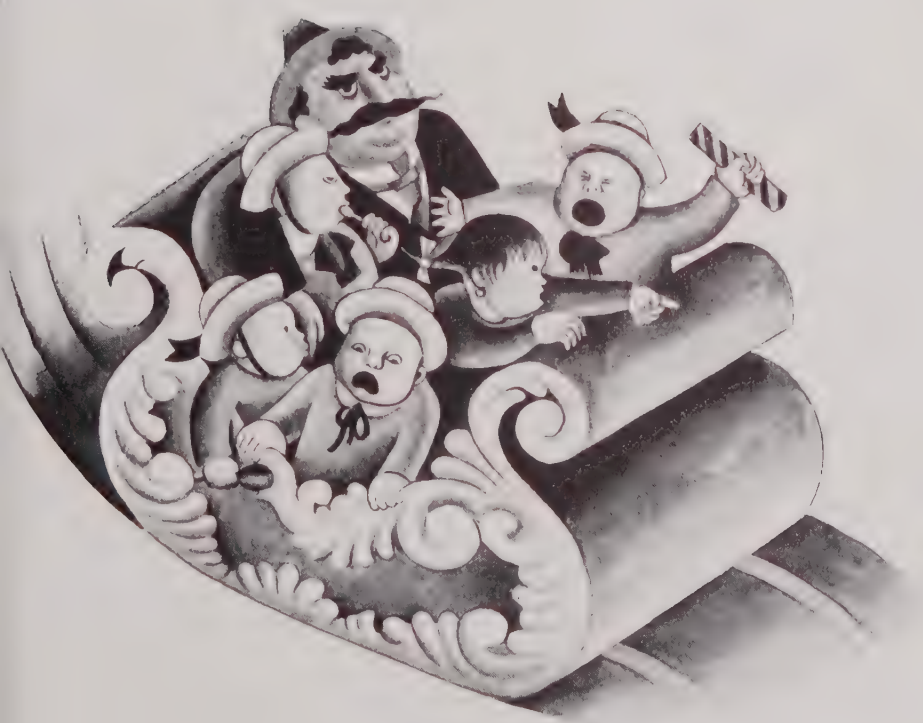
On Saturdays during the Summer Doc Pfeister hermetically seals his dental parlour and takes Miriam, his secretary, down to the Island for a dip among the sea-fruit, animal and vegetable. Between splashes he rests his dogs while she eats hers, surrounded by sun, sand, and sentiment



FATAL LOVE

Few people know that when Hugo Hackwitz, the strong man, lifts his weights and snaps his chains, it is done mainly in the hope of attracting at least a glance from his neighbour, Vera, the seductive snake charmer, whose bait--box is packed with adders, subtractors and other reptiles. Alas, Hugo's hopes are vain, for Vera's heart belongs to Hans, the glass eater





THE BARKER

No one enjoys doing his stuff more than the barker, who, by sheer lung power, sells his show to the goggle-eyed public. "From the megaphone to You" is his slogan. And don't try to kid him, for he has a devastating retort ready for any emergency and will make you a part of his show if you don't watch out

THE CHUTES

The chute-shooting season is now open and in the spirited view at left we see Silvio Silvestro, the canteloupe-and-*chianti*-king, taking part of his family down the aqueous slope. His wife follows with the four youngest, including Battista, aged 4 months, who doesn't mind a dash of water

If I Owned the Paper

Being a Lamentation Over Some Missing Chapters and Some Misty Whereabouts

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

NOT long ago, Sir Edmund Gosse sighed, "Oh, dear, I do wish I could hear some more about Lizzie Borden!"

As who, Sir Edmund, does not? The mystery which enveloped as in a pillar of smoke that mean New England house on the sultry morning in 1892 when old Mr. Borden and his wife were battered to a pulp, has lost none of its savour for those who followed each step of the trial in the newspapers of the time. Then the interest of a succeeding generation has been ensured for Lizzie Borden by the incomparable statement of the case against her wherewith Edmund Pearson opens his *Studies in Murder*. Thirty years after that grisly morning, I once heard Booth Tarkington argue in her defence as freshly as though the blood were still wet on the walls and ceiling of the Borden dining-room and not long ago that zany Robert Benchley, the dramatic critic of *Life*, stayed over a boat in Fall River just so he might loiter wistfully around the bleak, shuttered house wherein the younger Miss Borden settled down to enjoy the considerable fortune which fell to her after the sudden and (by them, at least) unforeseen deaths of her father and step-mother. Mr. Benchley, like Sir Edmund, yearned to hear something more about Lizzie Borden.

FOR, in the lore of American murder, the figure of the Maid of Fall River towers over all her sisters in suspicion, just as, the Britons (men like the late Andrew Lang, for instance, and that fine, austere snooper, William Roughead) have a warm spot in their hearts for the dauntless Madeleine Smith. *There* was a girl for you. Comely, genteel, she indulged herself in a hearty, clandestine love affair with a lowly but handsome and romantical clerk named Emile l'Angelier. When, however, Madeleine felt that the time had come for her to settle down in a match more suitable to her fond parents' social position in Edinburgh and Helensburgh, her "own, sweet pet husband, her darling little Emile" proved tenacious, holding her to her impassioned pledges and declining flatly to return the letters which, eventually spread upon the minutes of the High Court of Justiciary, have since diverted a multitude of readers. In the face of such stubbornness, the fair Madeleine's tone changed, the new asperity gave way to the old fondling phrases and once more her sweet pet resumed his secret midnight visits to the window of her bedchamber at the house in Bothwell Street, tasting, as of yore, the hot cocoa and other delights which his lady would prepare for him. Shortly thereafter he died in agony and the doctors found him oddly full of arsenic. By one of those Scotch "Non proven" verdicts, an entranced jury acquitted her of the murder and it was a *chic* and sunny defendant who swept them a pretty curtsey in acknowledgment of their amiability. As she tripped out into an engulfing world, she paused long enough to thank her counsel for his eloquence and to ask him, if so minded, to drop in some afternoon for a cup of tea. He would, he said, be more than pleased. "But," he added, "no cocoa."

The lovely Madeleine Smith gave a rippling little laugh, for she could enjoy a neat quip at her own expense as well as the next one. Thus gaily she vanished through the court-room door and out of the world's sight. But her legend remained to animate many a suburban Sunday dinner and years later—in the 'seventies—you might have heard it all threshed out again in the drawing-room of a certain Bloomsbury house, wherein a merchant from the city was wont, of a Sunday evening, to cruise a bit along the sea-coast of Bohemia. It was one of those abundantly upholstered drawing-rooms abounding in the "Piccadilly Weepers" of the period, the dear, slightly deaf grandmammas and the goddesses with bustles who used to see themselves so agreeably reproduced every week in Punch by the tireless pen of that delightful Mr. Du Maurier. According to the tale as it is told now by Charles Kingston in his *Gallery of Rogues*, the subject of the memorable Madeleine was brought up by "a certain celebrated dramatic critic" who, like most of his craft (and the neurologists should really look into this) satisfied a gnawing bloodthirst by long, heady draughts of murder lore. Everyone present had some notion of his own to air on this *cause célèbre* and Mr. Du Maurier, who had drifted into the conversation, unbosomed himself of an old indignation at the sentimentality and weakness of head which permitted such prisoners (if only they were young and personable) to walk out scot-free. One would have thought the obliterated clerk was some kin to Du Maurier the way he raved on, but doubtless it gave him relief and he was feeling in fine fettle as he swung off across Great Russell Square with the break-up of the party. His companion changed the subject.

"A deuced charming woman, our hostess," he observed casually.

"Charming," Du Maurier assented.

"Do you know who she was before she was married?"

"No idea," Du Maurier answered, cheerfully. "One meets so many people nowadays. Lord, how they come and go!"

"Don't they," his friend assented. "I rather thought you had not known her in the old days. You see," he added, "she used to be Madeleine Smith."

It is related that Mr. Du Maurier did not revisit that Bloomsbury drawing-room. In his place, I could hardly have kept away. I might, perhaps, have partaken with some misgivings of any little snack the fair hostess set before me. But I would have gone back just the same.

IT is one of my dissatisfactions with the newspapers, which I wash down with three cups of coffee every morning of the year, that they never do tell me what becomes of Madeleine Smith. Melodramas as engrossing as that one in which she played the leading rôle are unfolded as breakfast serials for a few mornings, then drift off the front page into the inner fastnesses of the paper, and vanish at last forever in a flutter of small type near the want-ads. They break off like those detective novels which you not only read on the train, but, in a most maddening fashion, leave on the train, to the presumable delight of some undeserving porter. Indeed, so often the fine romances which the dailies spin are like that most fascinating exasperation in literature, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. They remain, that is, unfinished.

If I were the city editor, I would make it a standing assignment for one of my more ruminative reporters to prowl these disused footways, expecting him to bob up of a Monday morning, say, with some treasure trove picked up on a forgotten scent. I wonder, for instance—indeed, I am always wondering—whatever became of that Ethel Le Neve, the English girl who (clad in breeches hitched, as Dr. Pearson told us recently in these very pages, with safety pins) decamped from London with that mild-mannered but effective murderer, Dr. Crippen. And whatever became of Albert T. Patrick, that astounding Texan who was finally released from Sing Sing after serving a score of years for the murder of poor old Mr. Rice? And where is that bald, imperturbable Jack Rose whose deadly narrative on the witness stand sent Charles Becker and the four gunmen to the chair? And what is Mrs. Becker up to these days? And where are those two chorus girls who were once booked for a week at Hammerstein's because they had endeared themselves to the public by taking potshots at the late W. E. D. Stokes? And where is the little house painter from Patchogue who was so confidently predicting the end of the world no longer than a single year ago?

(Continued on page 100)



A PORTRAIT

By Dorothy Parker

Because my love is quick to come and go—
A little here, and then a little there—
What use are any words of mine to swear
My heart is stubborn, and my spirit slow
Of weathering the drip and drive of woe?
What is my oath, when you have but to bare
My little, easy loves; and I can dare
Only to shrug, and answer, "They are so"?

You do not know how heavy a heart it is
That hangs about my neck—a clumsy stone
Cut with a birth, a death, a bridal-day.
Each time I love, I find it still my own,
Who take it, now to that lad, now to this,
Seeking to give the wretched thing away.



PACH BROTHERS

The First American Portrait of Raquel Meller

The Reigning Spanish Deity Is Returning Here, in October, For an Extended Concert Engagement

Are Children People?

A Child's Thoughts on the Age-Old Feud Between Children and Grown-Ups

By ELIZABETH BENSON

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Elizabeth Benson, the author of this article, *Are Children People?*, is only twelve years of age, the youngest of the contributors to *Vanity Fair*. She established a world's record in the Binet-Simon Intelligence Test by scoring 214+, the highest intelligence quotient ever recorded. By this and other tests, Elizabeth was rated (at the age of eight), as a "superior adult". By another test —the Miller Mental Ability Test—at the same age— she qualified to be a teacher in the high-schools of Los Angeles. Incidentally, she will enter Bryn Mawr this autumn. Her precocity is so marked that critics have claimed that her literary work could not be genuine. A jury consisting of Owen Johnson, the novelist, Charles Hanson Towne, Editor of *Harper's Bazar* and Guy Lowell, the well-known architect, recently made tests of Elizabeth's ability at impromptu literary composition in the offices of *Vanity Fair*. The jury's findings, after reading her essays on haphazard themes, suggested by themselves, were such as to bear out the conviction of the Editors of *Vanity Fair*, that Elizabeth Benson is an unquestionably authentic genius.

ARE children people? Real people—not "kiddies", or "little folks" or "little ones", or what have you, in the way of patronizing tags for us human beings who are not yet old enough to be accorded the sacred privileges of grown-ups?

Do *you* think we are people? You say "Yes!" very loudly, all of you, but I don't believe you. I don't believe there is one adult in a hundred or a thousand, who really thinks of children as people—real persons, with individuality; with rights to opinions and to self-expression.

When I was five years old I entered school. Adults for me, up to that time, had been represented almost entirely by my mother, with whom I lived, the two of us alone and completely satisfied with each other. I didn't know, before I started school, that she was quite different from other parents; that I had always been treated a little differently from other children.

But I soon found out.

Teachers, other children's mothers and fathers; in fact almost all the adults with whom I came in contact, treated me—along with the other little children with whom I went to school—as if I were anything but a thinking human being.

I soon found out that if I expressed an opinion frankly—and I remember that I had decided opinions, even at the age of five, for Mother had insisted that I think for myself —I was called "forward" or "impertinent". If I shut up like a clam, after a rebuff for being myself, my privacy was torn at by prying fingers; with some such patronizing and criticizing remark as "Cat's got her tongue!"

It was at the age of five that I began to dread meeting grown-ups, for, almost invariably, their first words were something as follows:

"My! What a fat little girl! What do you feed her on? She's very fair, isn't she? Does she take after her father? Not exactly pretty, but she looks very bright. Come and give me a kiss, honey. I'm sure we shall be friends!"

And how I squirmed then, and how I still squirm! For I am still not considered a person, for I am only twelve. Not until I'm eighteen will I be admitted to the mystic shrine of grown-ups, where people treat each other with tact and courtesy.

Even when I was much younger than I am now, I used to have an impish desire to strike back at our visitor, to turn to Mother and say something as frank and unmindful of sensitive feelings as the visitor had said about me:



CHARLES SHEELER

ELIZABETH BENSON

This article is the first of a series by Elizabeth Benson—twelve years of age—which will reflect the attitude of the younger generation on matters which most concern it

"How thin and wrinkled she is, Mother! I wonder if she's starving herself to keep fashionably thin? It's a wonder she doesn't get a facial. And what a horrid shade of henna she uses on her hair! But she has pretty eyes, hasn't she?" Then, turning to the lady, say to her in her own manner, "But I think you are very nice, in spite of your faults, and I am sure we are going to be great friends."

Do you think we should be friends after that? Hardly. But she probably would sweep out of the house in a fit of indignation after speaking a few well-chosen words on the subject of rude children in general, and rude me in particular.

I am sure that the adults who, on meeting children, discuss them as if they were pet dogs or animated dolls, do not mean to be discourteous or unkind. They have so far forgotten their own childhood and its humiliations that they haven't the faintest conception of the antagonism which is aroused in a child's breast when he hears himself discussed, criticized, analyzed and tagged, as if he had no emotions, no heart, no net-work of shivering nerves reaching to the remotest corners of his youthful being.

But it was not only the grown-ups who surprised and shocked me when I first went out into the world, at the age of five. The children, too, watched me furtively, sensed something different about me. Not that I was clever or anything like that, but that I admired my mother and enjoyed her society. You think that's funny? But don't you remember, when you were a child, that you belonged to an unnamed, secret society, made up of all the children you knew, whose purpose was to outwit parents, to hide all their true feelings and opinions from them?

GROWN-UPS, to us children, fall into three enemy classes: parents (and other relatives); teachers; and meddlers who haven't any right to boss us, but who try to do so anyway. In the last group come all the adults whom children are forced to meet, and who talk down to us in a manner much like this:

"And how old are you, little girl? Seven? My, what a big little girl! Almost a lady now, aren't you? And do you like school? Do you love your teachers? I'm sure you're a good little girl. What do you like to do—play or help Mother around the house? What are you going to be when you're a big, big girl?"

Now, I ask you! What can you expect from a child when you talk to it like that? Do we unfold our minds and let our personality blossom under such a barrage of banal questions? Hardly! Of course we feel sorry for our mothers, who sit watching us and hoping that we'll say at least one bright, original thing, but we really can't do a thing about it. Mothers just have to suffer, if they *will* have friends who talk to children as if they were morons.

There is a variant of this type of adult visitor, who says vivaciously to the child's mother: "I just *love* children! Children and animals! Why, cats and dogs follow me on the street! And children—why, all the dear little kiddies in my neighbourhood just swarm to my place! Come here, darling! What a *beautiful* child!" (And the child knows she's lying!) "Wouldn't you just *love* to come over to my nice big house and play with my kitty-cats and pick my pretty posies and eat my lovely, lovely ginger cookies, and—" (voice lowered to a seductive whisper here)—"play with the precious dollie that I had when I was a teeny, tinsy little girl, just like you?

(Continued on page 106)



NATHALIA CRANE

Now thirteen and celebrated as the author of *The Janitor's Boy* and other books of verse. Nathalia Crane began her literary career at nine. She has been a frequent contributor to the magazines for the last three years, thereby gaining more fame and certainly more profit than did her distinguished kinsman, Stephen Crane



SAMUEL RZESCHEWSKI

This fourteen-year-old wizard of the chess-board played intensively for three years, and then, at the age of eight, defeated twenty champions in a Paris contest. In 1921 he toured America, demonstrating his uncanny mastery of the game. Now, he is waiting for new strategists to challenge him



PAMELA BIANCO

Eighteen—the daughter of an Italian bibliophile and an English writer, Pamela Bianco began to draw at the age of seven. Her first show, when eleven, in London (of illustrations for the poems of Walter de la Mare) startled the English critics. In America she gave a "one-man" show at the age of twelve and another at sixteen



JOSEF HOFMANN

World-famous at fifty, Josef Hofmann was, in 1883, concert pianist and composer at seven. When he was ten he made a tour of America. He grew up to be one of the most celebrated pianists in the world



ABBÉ

JACKIE COOGAN

The eleven year old film star. First discovered by Charlie Chaplin, and famous for his acting in *The Kid* at the age of six, Jackie Coogan has been for years the most popular child-actor on the screen



EFREM ZIMBALIST

Now thirty-seven, Zimbalist was first violinist in an orchestra and soloist at eight. At seventeen he made his first concert tour of Europe. Today he is ranked as one of the three great living violinists

Are Children People?

Child Prodigies Who Have Developed Steadily as Personalities and Artists of Distinction

Californian Rhapsody

A Writer's First and Crescendo Impression of Hollywood in C Major, Fortissimo

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

FIRST MOVEMENT

DAYLIGHT had come to the common folk of Hollywood, the bright Californian daylight. But within the movie studio there shone no sun, only the lamps, whose intense and greenish yellow radiance gives to living men and women the appearance of jaundiced corpses. In a corner of one huge barn-like structure they were preparing to "shoot". The camera stood ready, the corpse-lights were in full glare. Two or three cowboys and a pair of clowns lounged about, smoking. A man in evening dress was trusting to his moustache to make him look like an English villain. A young lady, so elegant, so perfectly and flawlessly good looking that you knew her at once for the Star, was sitting apart, reading a book. The Director—it seemed a waste that such a profile should be *au-dessus de la mêlée* instead of in the pictures—gave her a courteous hail. "Miss X," he called. Miss X looked up from her literature. "It's the scene where you see the murder being committed," he explained. Miss X got up, put away the book and beckoned to her maid, who brought her a comb and a mirror. "My nose all right?" she asked, dabbing on powder. "Music!" shouted the Director. "Make it emotional."

The band, whose duty it is in every studio to play the actors into an appropriate state of soul, struck up a waltz. The studio was filled with a sea of melodic treacle; our spirits rocked and wallowed on its sticky undulations. Miss X handed back her powder puff to the maid and walked up to the camera. "You hide behind that curtain and look out," the Director explained. Miss X retired behind the curtain. "Just the hand, first of all," the Director went on, "clutching. Then the face, gradually." "Yes, Mr. Z," came the quiet voice of the Star from behind the hanging plush. "Ready?" asked the Director. "Then go ahead."

THE camera began to purr, like a genteel variety of dentist's drill. The curtain slightly heaved. A white hand clutched at its edge. "Terror, Miss X," called the Director. The white hand tightened its clutch in a spasm of cinematographic fear. The Director nodded to the bandmaster. "Put some pep into it," he adjured. Pep was put in; the billows of treacle rose higher. "Now the face, Miss X. Slowly. Just one eye. That's good. Hold it. A little more terror." Miss X heartrendingly registered her alarm. "That's good. That's very good. O.K." The camera stopped purring. Miss X came out from behind the curtain and walked back to her chair. Reopening her book, she went on quietly reading.

We moved on and, after halting for a few moments on our way to watch some more terror being registered (by a man this time and under a different Director), penetrated into the secret places of the studio. We pronounced passwords, quoted the Manager's permission, disclaimed connections with rival companies, and were finally admitted. In one room they were concocting miracles and natural cataclysms—typhoons in bathtubs and miniature earthquakes, the Deluge, the Dividing of the Red Sea, the Great War in terms of toy tanks and Chinese fire crackers, ghosts and the Next World. In another they were modelling prehistoric animals and the architecture of the remote future. In cellars below ground, mysteriously lighted by red lamps and smelling of chemicals, a series of machines were engaged in developing and printing the films. Their output was enormous. I forget how many thousands of feet of art and culture they could turn out each day. Quite a number of miles, in any case.

SECOND MOVEMENT

EMERGING, I bought a newspaper. It was Saturday's; a whole page was filled with the announcements of rival religious sects, advertising the spiritual wares that they would give away, or sell, on the Sabbath. "Dr. Leon Tucker with the Musical Messengers in a Great Bible Conference. 3 Meetings Tomorrow. Organ Chimes, Giant Marimbaphone, Vibraphone, Violin, Piano, Accordion, Banjo, Guitar and Other Instruments. Wilshire Baptist Church." The Giant Marimbaphone was certainly tempting. But in the First Methodist Church (Figueroa at Twentieth) they were going to distribute "Mother's Day Flowers to All Worshippers". (On Mother's Day you must wear a red carnation if your mother is alive, a white one if she is dead. The florists are everywhere the most ardent of matriolaters.) Moreover they had booked the exclusive services of Dr. James H. Maclaren, Dramatic Orator, who was going to give his well known stunt, "Impersonations of Lincoln and Roosevelt". "Dr. Maclaren," we were informed, "comes with a unique, original, eloquent, instructive and inspiring Message concerning two of our Great Presidents. Uplifting and inspiring. It will do your soul good. The wonderful Messages of these two Great Presidents will be brought home with new emphasis and you will feel that you have spent the evening in the company of Great Spirits. Hear the great organ, Quartet of Artists and Vested Chorus." At the Hollywood Congregational Church there were to be moving pictures of Jackie Coogan in his crusade to the Near East; the prospect was a draw. But then so was the photograph of Miss Leila Castberg of the Church of Divine Power (Advanced Thought); her performance might not be very interesting—she was scheduled to preach at the Morosco Theatre on Divine Motherhood—but the face which looked out from her advertisement was decidedly pleasing. Less attractive, to the devout male at any rate, were the photos of Messrs. Clarke and Van Bruch; but the phrasing of their ad. was enough to counteract in the mind of the reader the effect produced by their portraits. "IT'S ON, FOLKS, IT'S ON," so the announcement ran. "The Tide is rising at an OLD FASHIONED REVIVAL. Every night except Monday, 7:30 p.m. Soul-stirring sermons and songs. Special tonight! Hear 10 Evangelists—10. Van Bruch-Clarke Evangelistic Party."

Jazz it up, jazz it up. Keep moving. Step on the gas. Say it with dancing. The Charleston, the Baptists. Radios and **Revivals.** Uplift and Gilda Gray. The pipe organ, the nigger with the saxophone, the Giant Marimbaphone. Hymns, and the movies and Irving Berlin. Petting Parties and the First Free United Episcopal Methodist Church. Jazz it up! "N. C. Beskin, the CONVERTED JEW, back from a successful tour, will conduct a Tabernacle Campaign in Glendale. 'WHY I BECAME A CHRISTIAN' Dressed in Jewish garb. Will exhibit interesting Paraphernalia." Positively the last appearance. The celebrated Farmyard Imitations. 10 Evangelists—10. The finest troupe of Serio-Comic Cyclists ever. *Onward Christian Soldiers. Abide With Me. I'm Gonna Bring a Watermelon to My Girl Tonight.*

THIRD MOVEMENT

MOTHER'S Day. (Mr. Herring of Indiana, "The Father of Mother's Day".) But why not Flapper's Day? It would be more representative, more democratic, so to speak. For in Joy City there are many more Flappers—married as well as unmarried—than Mothers.

Nunc vitiat uterum quae vult formosa videri,
Raraque in hoc aevo est quae velit esse parens.

Thousands and thousands of flappers, and almost all incredibly pretty. Plumply ravishing, they give, as T. S. Eliot has phrased it, a "promise of pneumatic bliss". Of pneumatic bliss, but of not much else, to judge by their faces. So curiously uniform, unindividual and blank. Hardly more expressive—to the foreign eye, at any rate—than any of the other parts of that well-contoured anatomy which they are at such pains to display.

On the beaches of the Pacific that display was indeed superb. Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties by the hundred. They gambolled all around us, as we walked up and down in the windy sunlight along the sands. But we were three St. Anthonies—Charlie Chaplin and Robert Nichols and I—three grave theologians of art, too deeply absorbed in discussing the way of cinematographic salvation to be able to bestow more than the most casual attention on the Sirens, however plumply deserving.

FOURTH MOVEMENT

COCKTAIL time. (We've dealt with the same bootlegger for upwards of two years now. A most reliable man.) Ice rattles in the shaker—a dance of miniature skeletons—and the genuinely reliable liquor is poured out. *A boire, à boire!* Long live Pantagruel! This is dry America. We climbed into our host's car and drove, it seemed interminably, through the immense and sprawling city. Past "movie" palaces and theatres and dance halls. Past shining shops and apartments and enormous hotels. On every building the vertical lines of light went

(Continued on page 102)

The Triumphs of Bobby Jones

Second Thoughts on the American Prodigy's March to the British Championship

By BERNARD DARWIN

THE winning by Bobby Jones of the American Open Championship has probably dimmed a little the recollection of his earlier triumph at St. Anne's, when the British Open was added to his long string of championships. In looking back at that remarkable victory, certain second thoughts come to mind. When the championship cup was handed to him at St. Anne's, the cheers could not have been more spontaneous and could hardly have been louder if he had been a British player who had just snatched the prize out of an American's grasp. This was, of course, a tribute to his personal popularity, and he has made himself enormously popular wherever he has gone in England or Scotland.

But it was also something more. It was the expression of a conviction that he was the best golfer in the field. Before the Championship began, and with increasing fervour during its progress, many Englishmen hoped that Bobby would win because he deserved to. They could not endure the thought that one who was so clearly the finest player of golfing strokes, should not win. "May the best man win" is one of the seediest commonplaces in the language; it is generally an entirely insincere wish, into the bargain. This time it was a genuine expression of feeling.

And when Mr. Jones had done it, one heard on all sides, "Well, the best man has won. He's the best golfer in the world." I am sure that if one British professional said that to me, a dozen did so. I can think of no more striking testimony to his supreme skill.

MR. JONES is the greatest magnet that has appeared on our courses since Harry Vardon was in his prime and scattering all before him. The man in the street wants to gape at his shots; the golfer wants to analyze his methods. The British professional (for all that he has been told that he is too lazy to win a championship) is yet as a rule an earnest student of the game; and the professionals swarmed round Mr. Jones like wasps round a honey pot, trying to discover the secret of that perfect movement of his. There is only one golfer of my acquaintance who can seriously challenge Mr. Jones in point of flawless accuracy of stroke and smoothness of swing, and that is Miss Joyce Wethered. She watched him play his two rounds of 66 and 68 at Sunningdale, stood behind him, whenever she could, in order to study his swing, and went away declaring that she had found out the secret and was going to remodel her own style accordingly. I have no doubt that many much less illustrious persons are at this moment practising in their back garden and wondering, in trembling hope, whether they have recaptured something of that faultless rhythm.

So much for the effect produced by our new champion, and now for a brief summary of his progress through the country—a triumphal progress whether he won or not. He began at Sandwich in the competition for the St. George's Cup and he began, for him, badly, as did most of the Americans. The wind was so bitterly cold that, for players hardly yet rid of their sea legs and accustomed to golf in warm weather, it must have been unendurable. Mr. Jones told me that his hands were absolutely swollen by the cold. Then followed matches at Woking and Rye, in which he played well but not overpoweringly well, and then came Muirfield and the Amateur Championship. I have written something of this before and will not say it all again. After some comparatively sketchy golf in the early rounds, Mr. Jones played an astonishing round against our reigning champion, Mr. Harris, beating him by eight up and six to play, and then, when it seemed that nothing could prevent his reaching the final, came his defeat by young Mr. Jamieson to the tune of four and three. Admittedly in that match he played poorly and he began with a stiff neck, which probably lost him the first two holes; but Mr. Jamieson played extraordinarily well and no explanations can rob him of his glory: he played so well that he never allowed his enemy to get back into the stride he had lost.

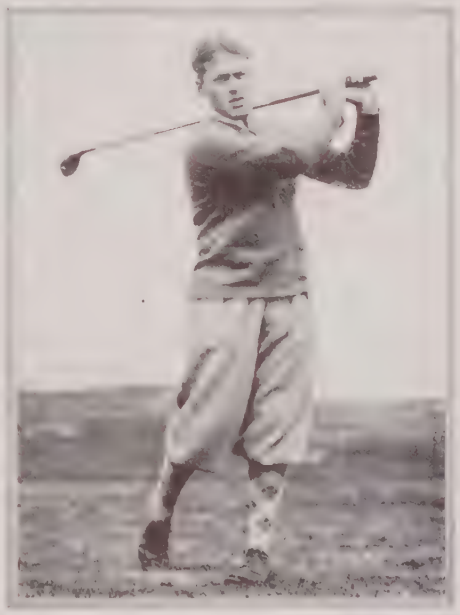


PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS, LONDON

BOBBY JONES

These photographs, taken in England, show Bobby Jones, holder of the American Amateur Championship, in the course of winning the British Open Golf Championship. He subsequently captured the American Open as well

NO doubt if that match had been one of thirty-six holes, as in an American championship, Mr. Jones would have won it and herein lies a point of some psychological interest. Mr. Jones is so well used to thirty-six hole matches that he does not like those of eighteen holes. He is, I think, too much inclined to regard eighteen holes as a short sprint in which it is not possible to catch a man who beats the pistol and gets a flying start. I fancy,—perhaps I am wrong,—that he had some such notion in his head when Mr. Jamieson ran off with the first two holes. Yet eighteen holes constitute a match of golf. A great deal can happen in the course of them, and to a player of Mr. Jones's parts they afford plenty of opportunity of beating his man.

However that may be, Mr. Jones was beaten and we were robbed of what might have been a great final between him and Mr. Sweetser. Then came the Walker Cup Match at St. Andrews, and here he began to play, more consistently, his best game. With his protegé and pupil, Mr. Watts Gunn, for a partner, he beat Mr. Tolley and Mr. Jamieson very comfortably in the foursomes and then ate poor Mr. Tolley without salt in the singles, beating him by twelve up and eleven to play. Given a flying start by his opponent, who hardly hit a shot in the first five holes, he played all day like the most perfectly oiled machine. He had, I think, a 71 in the morning and a corresponding seven holes in the afternoon.

There is one thing for which we, over here, and perhaps Mr. Jones himself, should be grateful to Mr. Jamieson. If he had not lost that match, I fancy Mr. Jones

(Continued on page 122)



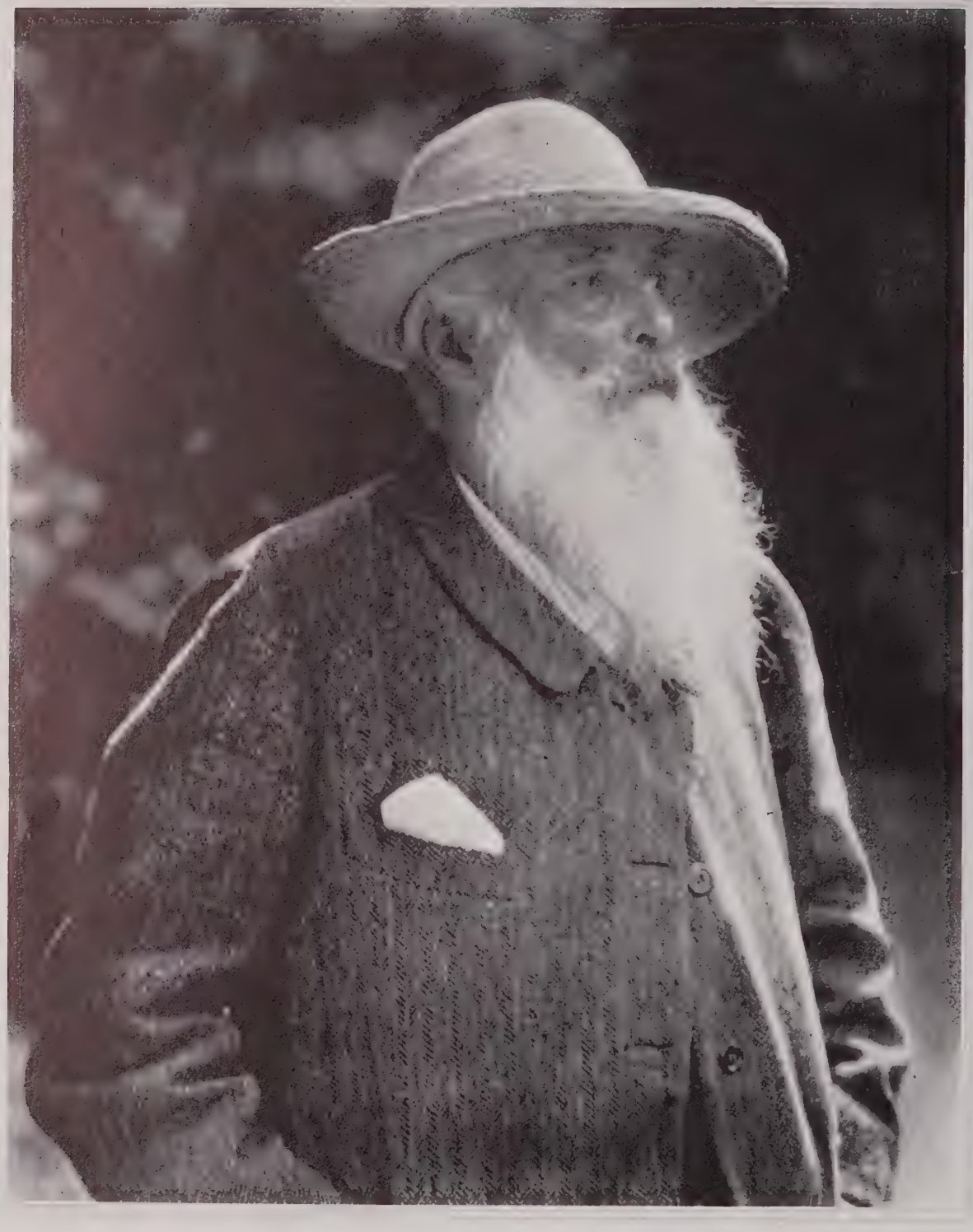
DRIVING

There is a grace and apparent lack of effort in Jones' swing which, experts agree, has never been equalled by any other golfer, yet he consistently drives nearly 300 yards, and with unusual steadiness



APPROACHING

Jones is a master of the high approach shot to the green which leaves the ball within an easy putt of the hole. He is shown here making a difficult mashie shot in the British Open Championship



A PHOTOGRAPH MADE ESPECIALLY FOR VANITY FAIR BY NICKOLAS MURAY, AT GIVERNY, FRANCE, JUNE, 1926

Claude Monet—The Last of the Old Masters

The French Painter, Now Eighty-Six, Who Founded the Impressionist School of Painting

WHY is it that the important movements in art are greeted always, at their inception, by derision and scorn? Search the history of art as you will and always you will find this to be true. There was the laughter that greeted Claude Monet, the founder of French Impressionism—the first school of art to study the vibration of light. Fortunately for Monet, he was able to marshal on his side, while all the world was still jeering, such masters as Manet, Pissarro, Sisley, Degas, and Renoir, a group of which Monet remains the sole survivor. He is finishing his years in the secluded village of Giverny, near Rouen. He suffered the ridicule of the world in the same proud and silent manner as he accepts, today, fame, fortune and the world's applause

The Great Public and Its Theatre

The Sixth Article in a Symposium on the Future of the American Stage

By JOHN EMERSON

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In its effort to throw light on the situation created in the American theatre by the competition of the films, and the threat of motion picture control of the spoken drama, John Emerson, President of the Actors' Equity Association, who is familiar with all phases both of the theatre and the motion pictures, was asked by *Vanity Fair* to contribute his views to a symposium on the general subject of the future of the American theatre. They are worthy of much attention. Mr. Emerson does not mince matters, hedge or qualify. He has a low opinion of public taste, and regards any removal of this taste from the theatre as a blessing to the real drama. He regards the drama, now as always, as an aristocratic art, to be supported by the minority, and needing subsidy. The motion pictures are, he says, compelling us to realize this, and steps are already being taken in many places to support the real theatre above the competition of commerce and the moronic demands of public taste. This is the final article in a series of six written by authorities on various phases of play-producing and film-making. In the October issue of *Vanity Fair*, WALTER PRICHARD EATON, a reformed dramatic critic, will weigh and summarize the views of the other contributors to this symposium in the concluding article.

HAVE the growth and popularity of the Motion Pictures injured the Spoken Drama?

Financially—yes, decidedly!

Artistically—No—just as decidedly!

What's that? Do you mean to say that the great mass of "bilge" which the Movies have spewed out over our fair land, has not lowered to an alarming degree our national taste for what is fine and beautiful?

Certainly not—for the simple reason that neither now nor at any other time has there ever been any "national taste for what is fine and beautiful". Why charge the poor old Movies with degrading Public Taste, when, as a matter of fact, it is Public Taste which has degraded the Movies. It is Public Taste which, in all times and in all places, degrades any art which it in any sense or to any degree, takes unto itself. For example, consider the matter of house furnishing and decoration. Do we ever see in the homes of the Great Public anywhere the slightest appreciation of the beauty which the artists of Italy or Spain or France or England, or even early America, managed to get into the articles of everyday use in a home? Certainly not! The Grand Rapids caricatures are much more to the taste of the Great Public than a good reproduction of a charming original, even at the same cost. And so with the Movies. It is not their cheapness alone which has made them popular, but the fact that the great mass of people prefer a claptrap movie to the finest spoken drama, just as they prefer a bad movie to a good one. The bad one they understand—the good one is over their heads. And it is characteristic of the untutored mind to abominate the thing it cannot understand.

And this is equally true of all times and all places. In spite of the glamour which insists on clinging to certain periods in the world's history, and in spite of the mistaken notion that in those periods the appreciation of Art was generally diffused throughout a whole race of people, the fact remains that there never was a time nor a nation in which the production and appreciation and preservation of all things beautiful did not rest in the hands of a comparatively small minority. For example, in the Golden Age of Greece, or in the most fecund period of the Renaissance, it happened that a larger number of artistic geniuses were produced than had been usual in the same length of time in other ages, but the whole art-producing business was in the hands of the few, and the great mass of the people were as totally guiltless of the slightest understanding or appreciation of contemporary Art as is any Kiwaniser or Rotarian in the year of grace, 1926.

So it is not in any way a reflection upon our time or our people that the films which are put forth for their instruction and amusement are much superior to those who look at them, and would be very much better still, if the producers could only do what they would like to do.

A few weeks ago Mr. Jesse Lasky, at a luncheon of the National Board of Review in New York, gave public expression to his grief over the fact that every effort of his firm to produce better and more artistic pictures had met with complete and utter failure. They had made an honest, sincere attempt to give their public a series of really intelligent, worthwhile films of fine artistic content, but in every instance had met with great financial loss. Mr. Lasky concluded his remarks on the subject by saying: "The problem lies, not with the motion picture producers, but with the public itself, and until our audiences are educated to higher standards, I don't know how they are going to get better films."

MR. LASKY, of course, is right. There have been shown in America in the last few years a considerable number of really meritorious films, such as *The Blue Bird*, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Last Laugh*, *Siegfried*, Asta Nilsson's *Hamlet* and several others, but in every single instance these pictures have been financial failures, from the simple fact that they were far above the intelligence of their audiences.

No firm can go on indefinitely producing financial failures. Does anyone suppose that Douglas Fairbanks enjoys producing a piece of claptrap like *The Mark of Zorro*, when he could be making so delightful and charming a fantasy as *The Thief of Bagdad?* But *The Mark of Zorro* made Mr. Fairbanks a fortune, and he was extremely lucky if he ever came near getting his investment back from *The Thief of Bagdad*.

A few years ago Mary Pickford, who is really an extremely fine dramatic artist, got tired of merely being hauled out of ash cans and soused by street-sprinklers, and made up her mind she would do some really good pictures which would give her an opportunity to utilize her talents as an actress. She started out bravely with *Stella Maris*, undoubtedly the finest thing she has done in her entire career. It was a complete financial failure and Mary was forced by her moron customers to go back to her pigtails and scrub buckets in such inanities as *Little Annie Rooney* and the like.

All this talk about making better pictures is nonsense, and for a very evident reason. It costs from $200,000 to $500,000 to produce an ordinary motion picture, and in order that the producer may make any profit on such an investment, it is necessary for some 20,000,000 people in America alone to pay for the privilege of seeing his picture. Now does anyone assume for a moment that there are 20,000,000 people of intelligence and good taste in America? One-half of one million would be putting it very high. So it would inevitably follow that a producer of successful pictures must ignore the half million potential patrons who are possessed of intelligence and taste, and make his appeal to the millions of morons whose patronage is necessary to his financial existence.

LET us not assume that congenial nincompoopery is a monoply of the rural districts, for there are just as many choice boobs per capita in New York, Chicago or Boston as there are in Waycross, Georgia, or the upper reaches of the Yazoo river. Nor has America a monopoly in morons. The average cheese maker of Rouen is mentally and emotionally as muscle-bound as any soap maker of Pittsburgh, and compared with a Tyrolean yodler, an Arkansas farm-hand is a mental Hercules. Jayhawkery is a practically universal complaint, for which no remedy has ever been found—nor ever will be this side of the millennium.

No one knows this better than the Bard of Baltimore, and it will save the uplifters and developers a lot of time and energy if they will only grasp it.

"For that's the way they are today,
And that's the way they'll be for aye—
You cannot civilize a jay,
Nor from his whiskers pluck the hay,
Alas, alack, alackaday!"

IT seems to me we should cease mourning the loss of the true theatre to our great moron population, and indulge in a little jubilation instead. For the Great Mass never patronized the theatre because they liked it, but only because no other form of amusement was offered them. And they were never of any help to really good drama. For let us not forget, in all this sentimentalizing about the disappearance of the one-night stand, that there never were enough intelligent people in the one-night stands to support good plays. It was always the tawdriest and least worth-while "shows" that caught the fancy of the small town crowd, and the intelligent people of those places waited for their theatre-going until they visited the larger centres, just as they do today.

"But," you will ask, "how is it that the great mass of people should be so undiscerning in theatrical matters, when they show so much intelligence and mental keenness in other directions?"

In what other directions, please!

They still read such masterly publications as the *Dearborn Independent;* Prohibition is still

(Continued on page 96)



BARTON WOOD CURRIE

Who followed Edward Bok as editor of the successful *Ladies' Home Journal* and general adviser to thousands of American women in all matters domestic



DR. ALBERT SHAW

Veteran founder and editor of *The American Review of Reviews*, helping busy men to keep posted on events and to form their opinions



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Grandson of Garrison the Abolitionist, inheritor of *The Evening Post*, he now edits *The Nation* as an intelligent fighting liberal weekly



HENRY LOUIS MENCKEN

L'Enfant Terrible of American letters, he has made *The American Mercury* hated by the neo-Puritans and vastly enjoyed by Americans who resent pious bunk



GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

He recreated Benjamin Franklin's *Saturday Evening Post* and made it Philadelphia's chief industry, the marvel of magazines, a volume of good stuff for a nickel, America's favourite



EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE

Her entire career has been with *Vogue;* since 1914 as its Editor-in-Chief, guiding women who would be smart in the ways they should go and in the tastes and manners which they should cultivate



WILBER LUCIUS CROSS

Dean of Yale's Graduate School, professor of English, authority on the 18th century novel, editor of *The Yale Review*, a quarterly which achieves scholastic weight without literary snobbery

The Foremost Contemporary Builders of Public Opinion and

An Imposing Galaxy of Prominent Magazine Editors Whose Policies, Dictates and Whims



THOMAS B. WELLS

He is the voice of *Harper's Magazine*, singing a new song. Fond of pungent controversy, he has made that placid family magazine into a modern forum



ARTHUR WILSON PAGE

Son of our War-time ambassador to England, he fittingly edits the *World's Work*, a magazine concerned with international politics



ROBERT BRIDGES

Since 1887 an editor of *Scribner's* (and now its chief), this beloved man upholds the older traditions of magazine literature and illustration



HERBERT CROLY

Once editor of *The Architectural Record*. Since 1914 he has weekly lit the candle of *The New Republic* to shine out and illuminate this naughty world



ELLERY SEDGWICK

Of a noted literary family, he owns and edits *The Atlantic Monthly*, monument of the great New England school of letters, and keeps it up to date without the sacrifice of any literary dignity



MERLE CROWELL

Youthful down-easter and ex-newspaper man, his job, as editor of *The American Magazine*, is to tell the young men of America How to Prosper, How to "Put over" an Idea, or How to Be Successful



RAY LONG

Here is the over-lord of the Hearst magazines, from *The Cosmopolitan* and *Good Housekeeping* to *Harper's Bazar*, but his specialty is picking fiction with —well—a punch, but not *too* sexy

Taste in Every Department of American Life and Thought

Exert the Most Powerful Influence on the National Manners and the National Mind

The Citizen King

Concerning—Not Louis Philippe of France, But Mr. Stanley Baldwin of England

By PHILIP GUEDALLA

ONE of the most engaging of human fallacies is the undying belief that great events must, somehow or other, produce great men. Our own age, indeed, goes almost further and proclaims with every headline and every hoarding at its command, that great men grow on every bush that flourishes along every single walk of life. For greatness, if press announcements and small handbills can be believed, is the badge of all our tribe. In a life of average length I cannot remember having listened to a pianist who was not a Great Pianist. Nor is the keyboard the sole avenue to superhuman eminence. For the mere touch of a bow, the feel of a fiddle under the jawbone seems to confer Greatness in an instant; and the same gratifying effect appears to follow the briefest acquaintance with the harp, the 'cello, and even (in extreme instances) the wood-wind. Similarly, I have rarely turned a drowsy eye upon a morning paper without learning with pleased surprise that the speech, which ensured my perfect night, was a Great Speech.

And readers of fiction will, I think, bear me out in the cautious statement that we never read less than six (though rarely more than twenty) Great Novels in a year. Indeed, I understand that some publishing houses make it a rule never to issue more than four each season.

THE tide of greatness rises upon us with a terrifying rapidity and begins to fill us with some of the emotions which rose in Noah, as he heard the diluvial rain drumming against his windows, packed his bundles, and went out to look for two of everything. For the great, you may almost say, we have always with us. They are everywhere, and growing greater every day. But I am struck suddenly by the reassuring thought that these alarms are possibly ill-founded. Perhaps I overrate (I hope I do) the humble superlatives of advertisement, the simple-minded enthusiasm of press-agents. Perhaps they are not really all so great. I am sure I hope not.

But there is still one sphere in which the process of factitious greatening is quite shamelessly carried on. The great event seems almost irresistibly to set us searching for great men; and then, if there are none in sight, we select a man of ordinary dimensions and magnify him. What more vivid example than the Great War? Soldiers and statesmen of normal (and sometimes less than normal) calibre have been magnified out of all recognition, simply because the accident of birth, a coincidence of party politics, or just their wretched luck involved them in a first-rate historical incident. Fate has inflated their tiny reputations, like the banknote-issue of an insolvent Balkan state. Some still survive in this uncomfortable condition. But most of them have burst under the strain; and historians are already busy piecing together the fragments to ascertain what size they really were.

As the Great War, so the Great Strike. I have already done my best to state the issues and the outcome. But that singular event was no less remarkable in its effect upon individual reputations. Since it was a great event, we all began instinctively to look for a great man. For there had never been a great event without a great man. Did it not say so in the history books? The Labour side was not, it must be confessed, unduly rich in figures apt for greatening. We knew too little of Mr. Swales, too much of Mr. Thomas, to erect them into magnificently Satanic figures, Princes of Economic Darkness. Few capitalist infants were rocked to sleep with the menace that Mr. Citrine would catch them if they didn't. But scarce as such figures were on the other side, they were still scarcer on our own. One could not wield a fearless truncheon in a bâton-charge with the heartening cry of "St. George and Lord Birkenhead". The official intimation that Sir William Joynson-Hicks expects that every man this day will do his duty struck few sparks from constabulary bosoms. So we made Mr. Baldwin do.

THE fame of Mr. Baldwin is, to the historical student, quite the most interesting product of the General Strike. His personal prestige became immense. Wholly apart from the respectable facts that he was Prime Minister and leader of the most numerous party in the country, he suddenly became a figure of enormous power. The raw material for greatness was not conspicuously promising. Known to grateful shareholders as an industrialist and to a more limited circle as a determined agriculturist, he had become Prime Minister for the simple reason (it seemed sufficient at the time) that he was not the late Lord Curzon. Three years ago, when that sudden rise left England a little breathless, I remember writing in a slightly fevered effort to appraise the new luminary that "Pigs and a brisk, determined geniality were the banners behind which Mr. Baldwin marched into office". And that was very nearly all that we knew about him. Since that time he had, it must be confessed, been guiltless of any particular achievement. A few months after his promotion a sudden impulse made him fling his Party into a wholly unnecessary election on the one issue upon which they were quite certain to be beaten. They were; and for nine months of Opposition he bore their resentment, until the Socialists with almost equal imbecility flung themselves out of office. Then he returned; and his second reign began with a striking speech upon good-will in industry. He became almost at once the apostle of good intentions. His simple honesty had already been advertised almost to satiety and in a slightly invidious tone which seemed to imply that all other public men were pickpockets or incendiaries. This was the least attractive feature in the public building of Mr. Baldwin's reputation. Perhaps his own part in it was small, although his elaborate modesty (and frequent pipe) seemed to lend countenance to a slightly distasteful propaganda.

But his tone on industrial questions found a wide welcome. The younger Liberals had faced for years the problem of industry; and even the common citizen was beginning to realise that all, between master and man, was far from well. So it was pleasant to discover a Prime Minister whose intentions, at least, were good. But long before he could find means to carry them out, his life—and every life in England—was interrupted by the General Strike. Then, quite unexpectedly, his good intentions became a public asset. For it was vital, if we were all to be united in defence of the state, that it should be clear beyond all doubt that we were not asked to unite in defence of Big Business. We knew, indeed, that Mr. Baldwin was a large employer. We knew also that his Party included all that was Biggest in the nation's Business. But, fortunately, we knew a little more than that. Had he not told us of his good intentions? We had believed him—and, still more significant, Big Business had believed him, too. Those shrewder judges, who see life from board-room windows and sit high in Tory counsels, had listened with obvious concern to their leader's views upon industry and regarded him in consequence with faint suspicion. That was his own passport to public esteem. We had heard the stiffer kind of reactionary call him "a sort of Socialist"; we saw the hands of Interests raised when his name was mentioned; we knew that the great employers felt a little unsafe beneath the vague menace of his good intentions. That was the best sign of all. He was not a "hard-faced" man; no Geddes he; we learned with audible relief that there are certain industrial purposes for which gentlemen prefer Monds.

THAT realisation in the public mind gave him his strength during the crisis. The common man, who was invited to drive a lorry or carry a truncheon, felt that he was not being made the tool of Big Business in an aggressive war against the worker. And the worker, who would have preferred to gesticulate at some monstrous emblem of Big Business, saw in Mr. Baldwin the embodiment of the common man. That fact lent half its strength to the civic effort against the Strike and removed the sting from half the speeches of excited agitators.

I think we all believed in his good intentions. We certainly believed his word—and that was something, when it came to negotiations. How far he can impose those intentions on a rebellious and triumphant following is another and a more arduous question. But all of us believe that he will try. In the struggle itself he emerged a little as King Louis Philippe emerged upon the French imagination, sickened with the long parade of kingship, as a Citizen King.

We are a little weary of heaven-sent ministers, with their pretence of inspiration and their arrogant parade of "first-class brains". We think, to tell the truth, that we could all do nearly as well ourselves; and we are a little cheered by the sight of one of ourselves trying his hand. For we have been deafened by the claims of greatness. Now, Mr. Baldwin is not Great: perhaps they *never* are.



SPEAR DANCE

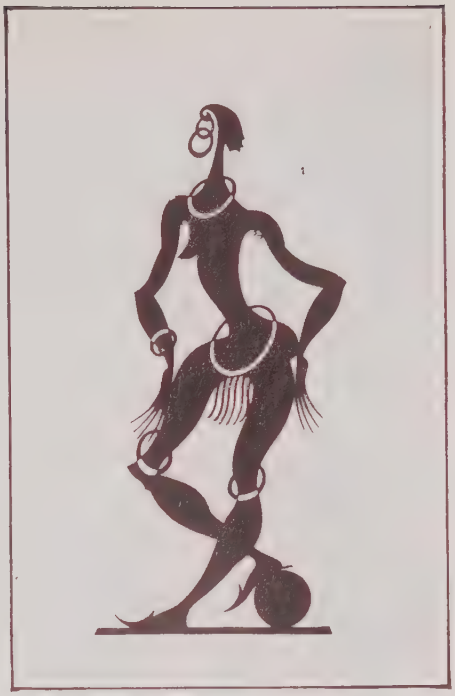
Note here how skilfully the artist has distorted anatomy—a distortion just sufficient to give us a slight exaggeration yet adhering to a solid and correct anatomy, bearing out Saint-Beuve's contention that only a true artist can solve exaggeration



MIRROR DANCE

A formalized and slightly exaggerated impression by Herr Engert of a dancer caught in one of the familiar moments of the mirror dance pantomime



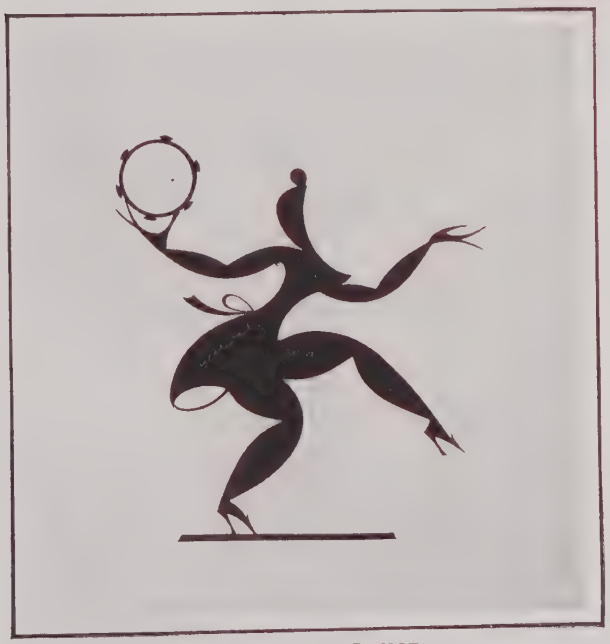


ABORIGINAL DANCE

In the reproduction of this drawing a little of the effect which the artist achieved in the original has been lost, due principally to the fact that the black paper cut-out is raised. Note how admirably the spirit of the Kongo has been caught here

THE FACE AND THE MASK

This figure illustrates one of the wholly remarkable features of Engert's art, namely that the silhouettes are, as a rule, made directly with the nail-scissors, without the help of any preliminary drawing whatever



TAMBOURINE DANCE

In this figure the artist has tried deliberately for absurdity and humour. The conception is, of course, preposterous, unbelievable. It is a situation which is exactly what the artist attempted to bring about. Note, however, that the figure, however incredible, in point of view of anatomy, still achieves a very beautiful and well modulated design



THE TANGO

This might almost be called a slow-motion picture, the artist's purpose having been to indicate as best he could with black paper, the slow, almost arrested movement of dancing couple when performing the Argentine Tango. Herr Engert, it should be explained, is a two-sided genius—half of his time being devoted to painting and half to silhouettes

Dance Figures in Black and White—By Emil Engert

One of Central Europe's Most Gifted Painters Proves His Skill with the Nail-Scissors



STEICHEN

Gertrude Lawrence—Formally Adopted by America

The English Star of Charlot's Revue Will Soon Appear Here in a Gershwin Musical Comedy

Anna Q. Nilsson

The Sixth in a Series of Twelve Interviews with Motion Picture Personages

By JIM TULLY

SHE is the Cinderella of fact and—the heroine of a stranger yarn than any she has ever portrayed in the films. She arrived in New York a penniless Swedish girl of fourteen.

A beet picker in Sweden, and later a working girl in New York, she became in time the "Penrhyn Stanlaws Girl", and one of the most beautiful models in the world.

She has no illusions about her career, and says frankly, "It was handed to me on a silver platter." And as she talks, you wonder. There is much to be said for those who survive. They have the same weaknesses of those who fail.

Strawberry lips, a lithe form, a piquant air and a complexion as lovely as dappled sunlight, will take a girl either one way or the other. All in all she must travel carefully and wear heavy nails in her shoes. The pavements were ever slippery for beautiful maidens.

Much might have been handed to Anna Q. Nilsson on a silver platter, but much more, in character, was handed to her out of the centuries. No doubt some old Viking ancestor had learned endurance in the freezing *fjords*. It was merely a part of his destiny at the time, but all unconsciously he prepared the soil for a flower which he was never to see.

Anna Q. Nilsson has survived fourteen years in motion pictures. The names of many film stars have been heralded across the nations in that time and are heard of no more.

Born in a remote village of Sweden, she early dreamed of America. When she was eleven years old two young neighbours had left for the promised land. The blonde girl decided that she also wanted to go to America.

It was far distant. She was very young. Her parents were poor. Even if wealthy, they would not let her travel alone to such a far country.

With the aim of saving money for the journey, she worked at odd tasks . . . weeding gardens, and doing neighbourhood chores.

AT the age of twelve she contracted to take care of an acre of sugar beets for a year. She received for this labour the equivalent of eighty dollars. The ground had to be prepared, the beets planted and picked, then brought safely to market before the money was paid. The little girl whose face and figure were to adorn the pages of so many magazines, now worked from early dawn until late at night to achieve new purpose.

Working in the beet fields was none too easy for a young girl in warm weather. But the work made her hands blood-raw and numb in the freezing weather. She did her task well enough to be given another contract for the next year at a slight increase in salary.

When she was fourteen the young neighbours returned from America, for a visit. The little field labourer secured their permission to allow her to accompany them back to the United States. Her parents, of strong metal, gave their consent, providing that the young couple would send her home in six months. She had saved enough to travel, not luxuriously, but with the high heart of youth and without boredom.

Before the six months were up the future film beauty had decided to defer her return to Sweden. Her friends were afraid of her parents' wrath, and told her firmly that she would have to return to Sweden. So she ran away from the Swedish colony, where her friends were living.

Menial service had always been frowned on by her people, but she could not speak English and so was forced to become a servant girl for a German family here. She worked for her board and clothing.



ANNA Q. NILSSON

Miss Nilsson is one of the few stars in filmdom who have remained consistently in popular favour over a period of years. Her most recent photoplay is *Miss Nobody*, in which she enacts the rôle of a girl "hobo"

Once, while she was riding on a street car in Brooklyn, she lost her car-fare, and started to get off. The conductor, with a detachable necktie at a right angle on his rubber collar, bade her remain seated and dropped a nickel in the fare box. He was blond and short and talked English none to well. "I bane from ol' countree, too," he said, and carried the girl to her destination. When she left the car he handed her an envelope in which there was a note with his name and address at the end of it.

The girl returned the money to the man afterwards. He knows that she later became Anna Q. Nilsson. He was not a White Slaver in disguise. She still writes to him. With the irony of fate, this man, with the streak of kindness in his heart, is now a New York subway guard.

Anna Q. Nilsson is one of the few women on the screen who sees life clearly. She has none of the smaller vanities of women, and is today not too proud to remember the lean days of her girlhood.

New York was none too kindly to one who had but a smattering of English and the years and wonder of a child. She did—as many would under like circumstances—the best she could. She tried one job after another, working in basement stores at five dollars a week.

Once after she had lost a bad job but one which was her only means of earning a livelihood, she bought a newspaper and asked a passing girl to help her decipher an advertisement. The girl was an artist's model, and had just left a building in which many leading American artists had studios. As they talked, the late Carroll Beckwith, the portrait painter, passed. He spoke to the model, and then looked carefully at Anna Q. Nilsson. It was her clothing which struck his fancy. He asked her if she would like to pose for him. She did not understand, but finally agreed when he and the model had carefully explained things to her. For some time she posed for Beckwith, and later for such artists as Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Grey Fisher, Clarence Underwood, James Montgomery Flagg, and, finally, Penrhyn Stanlaws.

IN her early career as a model Miss Nilsson often posed for advertising photographs to eke out her existence. She had a friend who was also a model, and who became, and still remains, one of the loveliest personalities on the screen. Her name is Alice Joyce.

An advertising photographer became a motion picture camera-man and persuaded Miss Joyce to try acting. She soon became successful in two-reel pictures, and in turn persuaded Miss Nilsson to try the same career. Thus an unknown photographer started two girls on a silver highway.

Within a short time Anna Q. Nilsson scored a success as *Molly Pitcher*, the Revolutionary war heroine. She has played many widely different rôles, her best known characterization being that of *Desmond* in Cynthia Stockley's South African story, *Ponjola*. She also played (with splendid verve) the most lifelike of Rex Beach's characters, *Cherry Mallotte* in *The Spoilers*.

Her work ranges from the seductive Viennese lady of easy virtue in *The Viennese Medley*, to the male disguise in *Ponjola*. Her work in both these pictures was of extraordinary merit. In all she has played nearly two hundred rôles.

Artists have declared that she has the most captivating profile in the world. She is the first statuesque blonde to hold her place on the screen, for in spite of everything said to the contrary, decided blondes are not as popular on the screen as brunettes. Many people say that as a rule they register coldly.

Kathryn MacDonald, a decided blonde, was widely publicized and was soon a memory. Miss Du Pont had a similar fate.

It is true that Mae Murray holds her place, after fifteen years of acting, but she is a

(Continued on page 118)

Ready-Made College Types

"You Can Always Tell a Harvard Man; But You Can't Tell Him Much!"—Old Saw

By COREY FORD

THIS is the story of how a Mr. and a Mrs. Minnerly (or Mr. and Mrs. Average American Citizen, if you want to call them that) went into a big Department Store and selected the right College for their son Harold, much as you or I might have selected a suit of clothes. They simply stepped up to the Head Salesman and said: "We should like to send our son Harold to some College; but before we decide upon which one, we thought we'd like to look around and see what Type fits him." So the Head Salesman showed them.

And it may as well be confessed right here at the outset that this whole story is entirely fictitious. There are no such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly. And there is really no Department Store that sells College Types like that; so of course the Minnerlys never went there at all. What is more, they never even *needed* to go there; because they have no son whatsoever named Harold, and consequently it would be quite idle to send him to College, even if they had.

But our Colleges have finally settled into their respective Types; they are standardized at last. Each campus has developed its characteristic accent, manner, flair, a certain cut to its clothes, a feather in its hatband, a typical handshake, details that are its brand and its trade-mark. You would know a Yale man if you met him in Patagonia; or a Columbia man if you met him at the Ritz. You can always recognize a Princeton man—usually in the nick of time.

AMERICAN Colleges have been at it for years. They have weeded and they have pruned; they have selected and they have regulated. By Entrance Tests and financial hurdles, by iron-clad traditions, by Freshman rules and Sophomore Clubs, by Ideals and influences and that mysterious, jingoistic, indestructible, aggressive, all-pervasive College Spirit, they have managed to achieve their final expression in a Campus Type. Each College has evolved for itself a Model Collegian, a mold from which to cast more and more Model Collegians, all recognizable products of their respective Alma Maters, and all as similar as a standard make of automobiles or a brand of chewing gum. They dress alike, act alike, talk alike; and last but not least, they think alike.

It has not been an easy job, this matter of standardization. There would be occasional gawky individuals who ran to brains, hollow-chested youths with no social ambitions whatsoever, and no desire to be any more typical of one college than another. It took a great deal of discreet snubbing and suppression to eliminate these offensive individuals, and to obtain the tranquil, unbroken monotony that prevails today. In matters of religion and race it required considerable tact, you may be sure. Even now these unfortunate exceptions are forever cropping up in the College Annuals or the *Phi Beta Kappa* lists, to the acute embarrassment of the true sons of their Alma Mater.

Happily these sporadic growths are few and far between. The average College Man is a uniform product, a standard grade, typical of his College. You can pick him out much as you would select, say, a suit of clothes. In fact, much as Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly selected a College for their son Harold by stepping into a Department Store, provided there had been one, and asking the Head Salesman to show them what College Types there were. The Head Salesman rubbed his hands and nodded.

"Have you anything special in mind?" he inquired solicitously. "Any College that appeals to you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," admitted Mr. Minnerly. "I just thought that if we saw the more popular models . . . "

"Something smooth, perhaps? High-polished? Well-finished?" with a bright smile. "Or perhaps something a little more rugged and durable would appeal. . . ?"

"I don't know," repeated Mrs. Minnerly pettishly. "Suppose you show us four or five of your standard college types, and let us select our college from those."

"With pleasure," agreed the Salesman politely, clapping his hands; and as Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly stared in surprise, the curtains rose suddenly on a small raised dias, which was furnished simply with a huge easy chair, a mandolin, College Pennants, pillows, and a battered bureau decorated with bright-coloured neckties, actresses' pictures, several Art Studies in the nude, four pipes, and another mandolin.

"This is one of our most conservative models," indicated the Salesman approvingly. "Made in Cambridge."

A YOUNG man was sprawled in the easy-chair, his legs thrust out listlessly across the floor, a cigarette drooping from his limp fingers. He was tall, lean, pale and cadaverous, and he wore tortoise-shell spectacles, which gave him a cultured and studious look. His white sport-shirt was thrown open at the neck; and as he rose easily to his feet, Mrs. Minnerly noted that he wore tennis flannels and battered sneakers autographed with his class-numerals and initials. He surveyed Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly with a superior, detached air, as befits one who moves in the wealthy Back-Bay circles; and then, apparently spying someone over their heads, he called in a high-pitched, drawling voice: "O, I say, Cha'lie, half a mo' till I cut another notch in my sheik belt."

"That is the first type," whispered the Salesman. "Very exclusive; you can't go wrong with him. The broad 'A' and low-cut 'R' have always been special features of this model," he added.

Slowly the young man descended the stairs, swinging a tennis-racket aimlessly. He pirouetted languidly, advanced toward Mr. Minnerly and dangled his hand, grasping the tips of Mr. Minnerly's fingers for the fraction of a second and mumbling: "Cha'med." Then with a swooping, lymphatic motion he glided out through the door.

"What do you think, dear?" asked Mrs. Minnerly anxiously; but Mr. Minnerly only shook his head, and wrung out his handkerchief significantly.

At this moment a short, stocky, heavy-set young man in a raccoon coat vaulted the arm-chair and landed with a bang on the front of the platform. There he balanced for a moment on his square-toed brogues, a stout pipe clamped between his teeth, his jaw thrust forward, nervously fingering a Senior Society charm and glancing about cautiously.

"That's the second type," whispered the Salesman, "Made in New Haven. Very smooth, don't you think?"

Whistling over his shoulder to a huge Bull-Dog, which followed him down the steps on a leash, and which resembled him in many ways, the young man stripped off his fur coat and displayed beneath it a long yellow slicker, covered with names and drawings and a prominent Bull-Dog in a blue "Y" painted just between his shoulder-blades. Advancing toward Mr. Minnerly in two short strides, he paused, studied him under scowling eye-brows, and then swooped up his hand suddenly from his side in a quarter-arc, grabbing Mr. Minnerly's hand and jerking it toward him as he muttered: "Hiya?", turned, and strode from the room.

THEN, from the distance there sounded the low moaning of a saxophone and the primitive beat of a tom-tom; and a strange couple advanced slowly through the door of the showroom, pressing close to each other and wriggling their bodies convulsively now and then to the far-off jazz. Over the white shoulders of the little blonde girl, peered a pale, bored, sophisticated, cynical, sad young man in a Tuxedo, a dead cigarette clinging to his lips. He studied Mr. Minnerly disdainfully through half-shut eyes, and danced slowly down the steps.

"He owns a yellow racer," explained the Salesman rapidly under his breath, "and he drives it all over New Jersey. They say it has a great pick-up."

"Tell him to move up his hand a little," grumbled Mr. Minnerly, craning his neck, "so I can see the girl."

Silently the sad young man removed a soft felt hat with a tiny orange-and-black feather in the band and extended his palm, at the same time making a noise in his throat that sounded like: "Aaa." As Mr. Minnerly seized his hand, the young man drew it back again slowly; it slipped from Mr. Minnerly's grasp like a dead fish. Then as the music began once more, the couple undulated slowly out through the door.

"That is one of our most popular college types," said the Salesman. "With the women," he added.

Suddenly there sounded a terrific clatter outside the showroom; and with a wild yell a clean-limbed, clear-eyed young man bounded through the window, his rosy cheeks glowing with health. He stamped his feet, brushed the snow from his collar vigorously, laid down a pair of skis, a pair of snow-shoes and a football, and then took off his sheepskin Baa-baa Coat with a prominent tag "Made in Hanover". Beneath it he wore a checkered lumber-jack

(Continued on page 116)



NICKOLAS MURAY

GRETA NISSEN

A blonde and Scandinavian beauty who beguiled New York a season or two ago in *Beggar on Horseback*. Greta Nissen has returned to the stage after a year in films—this time *chez* Ziegfeld, in a pantomime number for which she wrote the text and designed the costumes



DE BARRON

CLAIRE LUCE

A most decided blonde, Claire Luce is also a decidedly gifted "Follies" girl—except that Mr. Ziegfeld no longer calls his revue *The Follies*



JAMES HARGIS CONNOLLY

EDNA LEEDOM

Now in her fourth Ziegfeld season, Miss Leedom is chief among the lady cynics. In song, she comments disparagingly on men of amorous intentions



DE MIRJIAN

HELEN O'SHEA

A youthful toe-dancer who is diminutive and skillful. Miss O'Shea is one of the revue's blandest and blondest spots and she can dance to perfection

POSTSCRIPT

Below are five blonde show-girls from the Ziegfeld revue who lend further proof to the theory that this is a profitable year for blondes



GLADYS GLAD



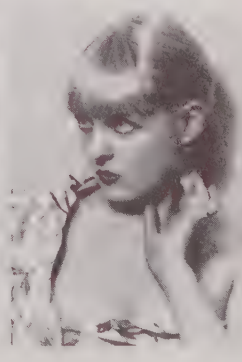
JEAN WILLIAMS



MARJORIE SHAW



KAY ENGLISH



ADELE SMITH

Another Gentleman Who Prefers Blondes

Pictorial Evidence That Mr. Ziegfeld's Reincarnated "Follies" Is a Light-Headed Entertainment

How to Hire an Actor

A Report of a Thespian's Personal Encounters with Two American Managers

By LESLIE HOWARD

I DARESAY that the layman—that overworked individual who has to listen to the grievances of professionals of all descriptions—has no idea of the harrowing experiences an actor goes through at the hands of managers who are contemplating engaging him. Perhaps the layman is pining to know. And if he isn't, he ought to be and I insist on telling him two of my personal experiences.

The first concerns a celebrated manager whom I shall call Mr. A, because his name escapes me at the moment—and then again he might offer me another engagement some day. Mr. A is famed for his Shakespearean revivals, and his realistic productions of plays depicting intense biological problems have made his name a household word.

Years ago, when the present generation of stars were in their cradles (nearly five years have passed since then) and even I was a struggling young actor, Mr. A sent for me. Well, you may imagine my excitement when, on the fateful day, I presented myself at his office wearing a perfectly clean collar and with my one suit of clothes nicely brushed. I first was ushered in to see Mr. A's manager.

"Mr. A," began Mr. A's manager in the hushed tones employed whenever the name of the illustrious chief was mentioned, "Mr. A has had his eye on you for some time—and you know what *that* means."

"Oh—I *do*," I whispered eagerly.

Of course I really wasn't at all sure, but I hoped it meant an engagement (or "job" as they call it nowadays), for in those days life was much sterner than it is now, and at that time no food had passed my lips for *weeks*. Suddenly I was shown into Mr. A's room. Alarmed as I was, I nevertheless observed that Mr. A was wearing the most gorgeous morning coat and grey trousers, and looked very like a venerable archdeacon.

"Sit down, my boy," he said simply, and then walked around me a good many times, gazing fixedly at me and murmuring "Yes—yes" to himself. He then went into the next room and left me alone for a long time, returning eventually with an enormous man with a red beard. Finally the bearded stranger said with a very foreign accent, "Not a beet like eet", and abruptly walked out. The identity of this gentleman was never made known, but evidently Mr. A didn't think much of his opinion, for he smiled benignly upon me and said "Perfect" five times in succession. Then Mr. A proceeded to tell me about a wonderful play he was going to do with a famous star whom I was to play opposite, and how he hadn't been able to do it before because he couldn't get hold of *me*, and Jack Barrymore would have been all wrong in it, and now he'd found me he was going to keep his eye on me. He described this marvellous part briefly, and said that as far as salary went he'd give me what I wanted, he never argued about money. I was feeling quite warm and comfortable by now, and was pleasantly nonchalant about the salary. Mr. A now brought some papers out of a drawer and studied them closely. He was obviously preparing the contract, and realising suddenly that I was well-nigh starving, I contemplated asking for a bit in advance directly I had signed it.

"Let me see," said Mr. A carefully, "I start rehearsals twelve months from Tuesday at eleven o'clock in the morning. The day before—that is Monday twelve months—I want you to meet me here at four o'clock in the afternoon to sign the contract. Good day."

So I staggered into the street with nothing but my Nordic courage between me and the East River (National Bank).

THE second experience which I insist on recounting occurred a year later. This concerned another well-known theatrical manager who shall be known, for various reasons (what with one thing and another), as Mr. Z. I call him Mr. Z because his methods are so far removed from the methods of Mr. A. I don't mean they are better—or worse. They are just different. Well, I had just got back from seeing a motion picture test of myself, and was naturally in a very depressed condition, when the telephone rang and I was asked to go at once to Mr. Z's office. As it was eight o'clock at night I felt it must be important, so I got into my car and ordered the chauffeur to hurry down town. As I stepped out of the taxi in front of Mr. Z's theatre, I ran into a man in strange, baggy clothes, a terribly black slouch hat, and a picturesque cigar. It was none other than Mr. Z himself, the most active producing manager in all America. He had at the time eight productions running on Broadway, nine on the road, and five more in rehearsal. He was at that moment on his way to Chicago to buy three theatres he had just heard about. He was emerging from a drug store, where he had bought his luggage for the trip, which consisted of a large toothbrush.

"Say, kid," he shouted, waving his luggage at me energetically, "I just read a play a guy brought me in this afternoon. It's the thirteenth I read to-day, so I'm going to put it on for luck. I've got to get a cast together in time to rehearse ten o'clock tomorrow morning and open a week from Monday. There's a part for you, kid. It's a good part and I can't see you in it in a million years. In fact I think you'll be lousy in it, but I can't think of anybody else, we've got to make it snappy, and I like you, kid—apart from your acting. Is it a go?"

"Yes, Mr. Z," I said gratefully.

"Fine. Rehearsal to-morrow at ten. Good bye."

And I went home feeling that there is nothing so good as a man whose actions are almost as quick as his thoughts. But I had rather a shock when I found a telegram awaiting me which read:—"Mr. A terribly shocked at your failure to keep appointment with him to-day please call at once." I regret to say I had completely forgotten the date I had made with Mr. A a year before. I dashed down at once to his theatre. His offices were all lighted up and there was an awful uproar going on. His manager met me. He was white and nervous.

(Continued on page 126)

A QUESTIONNAIRE ON MUSIC

By Deems Taylor

How Many of These Can You Answer?

1. Give three meanings of the word "symphony".
2. Who was:
   (a) The famous singer who lived to be more than 100 years old?
   (b) The great composer who had 19 children?
   (c) The composer who wrote a violin sonata which, he said, had been played to him by the Devil in a dream?
   (d) The composer who used to put on his best clothes and offer up a prayer before sitting down to work?
   (e) The composer who retired at the height of his career and devoted the remaining 39 years of his life chiefly to cooking?
3. What famous international marriage was also the occasion of the inauguration of a new epoch in musical history?
4. Distinguish between: (a) English horn and French horn; (b) cornet and cornett; (c) organ and organum.
5. Who wrote the better part of Gounod's *Ave Maria?*
6. Name six American grand operas that have been produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company during the past fifteen years.
7. Who invented the saxophone, and about when? Where is he now?
8. Who said, "A tenor voice is a disease"?
9. What was Wagner's first name? How many operas did he write? How many are still performed?
10. What is "absolute pitch"?
11. How many keyboards has the average church organ, and what are they called?
12. In what opera did the song, *Home, Sweet Home* originally occur, and in what opera is it now frequently sung?
13. Who was the composer of: (a) *Onward, Christian Soldiers;* (b) *My Country, 'Tis of Thee;* (c) *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia;* (d) *Nearer My God to Thee;* (e) *The Philadelphia Centennial March?*
14. What foundation, if any, is there for the current orchestral tradition that all tuba players are fat and all oboe players are crazy?
15. What is *opéra comique?*
16. Who was Guido d'Arezzo, and what did he do, and about when?
17. Who was the first great orchestral conductor?
18. What two immensely popular modern operas were failures at their premières?
19. Where did the piano get its name?
20. Name:
   (a) A great English composer who was a German.
   (b) Three great French operatic composers who were Germans.
   (c) A great German composer who was a Dutchman.

(Answers Will Be Found on Page 134)



MGOGO BOY (UGANDA)

The French trans-African mission, recently led by the scientists, Georges Haardt and Haudouin Dubreuil, succeeded in passing through the wildest and most desolate portions of the dark continent, having traversed the Sahara, the Sudan, Mozambique, Nigeria, the Belgian Congo and Madagascar



MANDJA WOMAN (SUDAN)

One of the most interesting of the types portrayed by M. Jacovleff. The sitter's name was Aona: her habitat, Jalinga, in the British Sudan. Especially interesting is the effective tattooing executed with flesh in high relief



HANSSA WOMAN (NIGERIA)

Jacovleff, who acted as painter to the mission, succeeded in making a very considerable gallery of portraits. A score or more of these are now being shown at the Charpentier Gallery in Paris, where they have aroused much interest. The entire collection was sold after the third day of the exhibition



MAGEMMA

The leader of the Sultan's horsemen in Maradi. Alexandre Jacovleff, the Franco-Russian painter, acted as the official artist of the mission



CONGO WOMAN (Right)

Molendé, daughter of Eki-Bondo, Mangbetou chief, in the Belgian Congo. This portrait created an unusual degree of interest in Paris



A NATIVE (BELGIAN CONGO)

Portrait of a native of Ababoua, in Bambili. This is a crayon sketch, of which Jacovleff brought back quite a number. The artist has here employed sepia, pastel and sanguine. An interesting feature of Jacovleff's work is the great beauty of his draftsmanship. Few painters in the world today are more meticulous in modeling and anatomy

A Gallery of African Types—By Alexandre Jacovleff

The Official Artist of the French Trans-African Mission Brings in Some Portrait Trophies

Chinese Phantoms

Two Absorbing and Ghostly Anecdotes as Related to a Young Lady While Motoring

By PAUL MORAND

"THERE once was a time," I said to Dorothea, while motoring, "when ghosts were the fashion. Now the influence of the ghost, especially the vampire ghost, is becoming weaker and weaker everywhere. Scotland and Ireland, two countries that once supplied the entire world with them, have seen a distinct lessening in their exports. The beautiful day of the Gothic castles, *à la* Walter Scott, is no more. Ghosts, reactionary by nature, have left Germany in the wake of the landed nobility—in spite of the immense and fictitious exploitation that was made of ghostly chronicles by the German cinema. And if in the United States one should hear once more the clanking of chains in the middle of the night one might be quite sure that it was not caused by any spectre but by a Ford returning home late at night.

"In Asia phantoms are numerous. But they are mostly the souls of women who have loved love over-much during their lives, and these ghosts do not appear except to very young men."

"In Europe, they do not wait until they die," observed Dorothea.

I continued: "Japan had its phantoms—and Lafcadio Hearn has turned them marvelously to account—but they owe much to the Chinese legend.

"The last ghost has fled from our all too material world and the phantoms have taken refuge in China, where they may sleep during the day and are still free to go abroad at night in a country where they are not frightened away by electricity, for the arc-light, which can make plants grow, chickens hatch and roosters crow, has scared the ghosts, who are very timid—very provincial in their notions and inveterate early-to-beds."

I BELONG to a generation that does not believe in anything, neither in phantoms nor in anything else. Dorothea, who is ten years younger than I am, belongs to a still more immoral generation, because her generation pretends to have faith again in all those things which we have thrown into the discard, such as late-Victorian lace work, ships in bottles or miracles and things supernatural. Where is this mania for antiques and *bibelots* going to lead to! When Dorothea greedily insists that I tell her ghost stories, it makes me feel as if I were an old dotard, sitting in his accustomed chimney corner, and not an up-to-date young man, driving a motor with a pretty woman by his side.

"I am not a story teller," I said. "And to prove it, I am not going to build up an effective climax. Instead I shall start with the one which has the best idea. The story might be called *The Two Peonies*.

"Under the Mongolian dynasty of the Yuans, it was a custom to illuminate the streets very brightly during the first five nights of the first moon. This is the period when the sky, at last rid of destructive, thunderous and long brewing tempests, is revealed again in clear spaces here and there, like a beautiful garment freshly ironed out.

"Lamps as numerous and of a more reddish glow than the stars, big lanterns made from the bladders of pigs and embellished with large vermilion symbols virtually set the streets on fire. All those who had slept or worked during the day came out to enjoy the night air. The children ran about in the dusty streets; ladies of quality passed by, hidden in their blue chariots; young men and women strolled along, enjoying the bright lights. One night, about the fifteenth of the year, Keng-tzen, a young student by the name of K'iâo was seated on the verandah in front of his door watching the passers-by. He was sad, because he had just lost his wife, and he was contemplating the solitary life that was awaiting him, an old age without children, a funeral without relatives. It was past midnight and the crowd was dispersing. Suddenly the young man espied a maid-servant carrying a lantern which had two peonies painted on the sides and which lighted a path for a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years, who was dressed in a red wrap which she wore over a blue dress. The girl was walking westward. In the light of the moon, the young man saw that she was very pretty, and his heart caught fire. He set out to follow her, then deliberately passed her to catch a better glimpse of her face. The girl noticed it. She turned her head, smiled at the young man and spoke to him:

"ALTHOUGH we had not promised to meet each other, it cannot be mere chance which brings us together in the moonlight . . . '

"Young K'iâo bowed and answered:

" 'Will you honour my cottage with a visit?'

"Without replying, the girl called to the servant, who was walking ahead.

" 'Come back, Kinn-Li-En,' she said. 'Light the way for us . . .'

"The young man took the girl's hand and led her into his home. He asked her where she came from and what her name was.

" 'I am called Fu-Li-King,' said she. 'My father was the judge at Hoa-Tshe-U. My parents are dead. I have no brothers. I live alone with my *amah*, Kinn-Li-En, in the Hu-Si quarter.'

"They spent several hours of the night together, taking tea and engaging in most affectionate pursuits. The girl left before the break of dawn. In the evening, after dark, she returned . . . Every night she returned.

"Shortly after, young K'iâo, who had been very careful not to tell anyone of his good fortune, received a visit from a neighbour. The latter confessed to him that, made curious by the comings and goings of the girl, he had spied on what went on and had peered through the slits of the door. There, to his amazement, he had seen K'iâo—yes, K'iâo himself—engaged in supping and frolicking with a person who had on her shoulders a rouged and powdered death's head!

" 'You have been entertaining a corpse,' he said. 'Take care, or some disaster will overtake you. In time she will consume your living spirit, or else some day she will breathe on you, and you know that the cold breath of the dead kills. . . '

"The young man, in his fright, made up his mind to go the very next day and verify the information the girl had given him of her own accord about herself. According to what she had told him he went to the Hu-Si quarter. There nobody knew Miss Fu-Li-King. Returning to his home he passed the famous pagoda of Hu-Sinn-Sen. He entered. He found an isolated room, decorated in black and gold lacquer, and there, on a raised gallery in the rear, stood a coffin, one of those temporary caskets, without doubt, in which the provincial dead await removal to a permanent burial place . . . K'iâo had paid no particular attention to it until his eyes suddenly fastened on the inscription: Fu-Li-King, daughter of Judge Fu, of Hao-Tshe-U. By the side of the coffin stood a paper image, such as are used at funerals and which symbolize the servants of the deceased. The words Kinn-Li-En were written on it. That was the name of the nurse who on the first evening had accompanied his friend. As a final proof, there was a lantern in front of the coffin with two peonies painted on it. This last touch convinced him.

"K'IÂO was a student, but he had a soldier's faint heart. He had no sooner made his discoveries, than he fled without once looking behind him. He hastened to tell his neighbour of the misadventure that had befallen him; that he had indeed been the victim of a girl phantom's amorous attentions.

" 'Do not pass again in front of Hu-Sinn-Sen's pagoda,' said the neighbour, who was somewhat versed in sorcery and such things. 'Nail this charm in your alcove, and I am certain that you will receive no more nocturnal visits.'

"He handed K'iâo some papers on which he had inscribed a Taoistic exorcism.

"And indeed what the neighbour predicted was so. All went well for a month. Neither the girl nor her servant appeared again. But one evening, having been successful in his examinations, K'iâo, celebrating his promotion in the company of some friends, had drunk too deeply. He went reeling home, and forgot the warnings he had been given. He passed in front of the fatal pagoda and found Kinn-Li-En, the nursemaid, awaiting him at the door.

" 'My poor dear Mademoiselle has been longing for you for a long time,' she said. And she heaped K'iâo with tender reproaches.

" 'Come, let us go in!'

"Inebriated, K'iâo, the student, followed her into the pagoda—through the gallery, to the lacquered room. The girl, all paint and powder, was waiting, seated on the coffin. She opened her arms to him.

" 'You had forgotten me, ungrateful one,' she said to the young man. 'And I thought

(Continued on page 98)



Ruth St. Denis—On a House-Top in Baluchistan

THIS picture of Miss St. Denis was taken, in the month of March, in Baluchistan, just west of India and south of Afghanistan. It is a fitting photograph, for, if ever an American woman reflected the soul of India and typified its spirit, that woman is certainly Ruth St. Denis. For twenty years she has successfully evoked its spirit for us: perfected herself in its arts, its literature and, more particularly, its dances. For the past few months she has been appearing in the Orient. In India her success was particularly striking, the people of Calcutta, Bombay, Rangoon, and the smaller cities having responded enthusiastically to her dances, especially those that were native to India. Her warm reception there was perhaps due to the fact that the stage in India has retrograded sadly; in sharp contrast to the stage of Japan, which has become so sturdy and so necessary a part of the life of the Japanese people. Coming, as she did, as a great artist to the Orient, with a competent company and elaborate settings, it was not surprising that the native audiences felt her power. India in particular loves dancing but, curiously enough, has produced very few great dancers. Faulty as Miss St. Denis' little sketches might have been, as exact interpretations of Indian life, she still aroused an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm in India

And Years Passed

How Two Girls Swore an Eternal Friendship—and What Befell the Oath

By MADDY VEGTEL

ONE summer evening, on Lake Geneva, the two girls swore each other an eternal friendship. The oath was witnessed by that "beautiful gesture of the Lord", Mont Blanc. They were seated in a tiny blue-and-white striped boat and were drifting idly along the lake, letting the oars skim the water as they would. They were dressed in the fashion of the day—the mode of 1900; and, in their white muslin dresses, with pale sashes; their hair faintly shadowy, their lovely young faces a little eager, a little sad, they made a charming picture *à la* Whistler—Betty and Claire, two girls from the Netherlands, finishing their course at school.

"And," continued Betty (the fairer of the two), "even if we *do* marry some day, we'll never let it make any difference between us—will we, Claire?"

"I hope it won't," answered Claire, "but you never can tell, Betty. Anyhow I don't think I will ever marry. I want to be free, I want to do just what I like—and one can't ever do that with a husband—Oh! isn't it glorious out here! I'll never, never forget this evening."

"Neither will I; oh! Claire, please recite something to me now; I love to hear you so; that passage from Verlaine's *Sagesse*."

"Yes? shall I?"—and Claire, coughing ever so slightly, folded her hands, fixed her eyes on Mont Blanc and commenced to recite Verlaine. Just as she had spoken the words: *Voici mon sang que je n'ai pas versé*, a church-bell started to ring. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Betty, "that's nine o'clock, and we promised Mademoiselle Roche to be back at the landing by nine. We must hurry—let's row, quickly—"

From the landing they walked back, Claire and Betty, together with a dozen other young girls, two by two, forming a row of couples, led by Mademoiselle Roche. The sky, by now, had lost its brilliance and had become a strange greenish-blue; a star trembled in the sky. The perfume, sharp and sweet, of thousands of acacia blossoms, drifted through the air.

"I love somebody at last," thought Claire.

"I have a friend," thought Betty.

Their hands joined.

II

NEAR the river, in the shade of a chestnut tree, a man behind a cart was selling lemonade. Claire, from under her red parasol, watched him eagerly. "Oh! Dennis!" she suddenly exclaimed to the man standing next beside her, "do get me some of that stuff to drink,—I am dying with thirst."

"But, darling," the man replied, as he twirled his little dark moustache, "you wouldn't like it. Why not go back to the hotel and we'll have our tea there on the balcony, and admire Mont Blanc."

Claire looked up at him, adoringly, "Yes, dear, that's a good idea; let's go. Call a victoria. I wonder if they still sell those delicious chocolate cakes in that little shop opposite the station."

"What shop?" the man asked, surprised.

"That little shop; oh—I never told you, did I, that I went to school here, that I lived here for two years! But it all seems ages ago."

"No, you never told me. But, darling, let's go. Here, driver, driver!"

Then they jolted along the streets of Geneva, side by side in the shade of the red parasol; over the bridge, past *l'île de Rousseau*, that immense bouquet floating on the water, and then, after a while, they went back to their hotel.



J. B. NEUMANN GALLERIES

TWO GIRLS

A painting by Hélène Perdriat, one of the most popular of the present-day French moderns. Mlle. Perdriat is a celebrated specialist in feminine portraiture. *Two Girls*, a well-known work, has recently come to America

"What are you thinking about?" asked the man as he watched Claire, silently staring straight ahead.

She turned her face towards him. "I was," she said, "realizing that I am now a woman of thirty, and I was thinking about life and how I used to talk about what I was going to do with it, how I always said I wanted to be free, free to do what I liked, I always said I'd never marry—and—" the man flushed a little, after which Claire, checking herself impulsively, put a hand on his knee and said: "I won't say more about it—I know it's foolish of me to talk about it. And Betty! I was thinking of Betty. She was my dearest friend. Oh! she was so sweet and pretty—I'd love to see her again. Oh!, dear, I've never been so thirsty in my life, do hurry the coachman. Do you think that the Paris papers will have arrived? I am so curious to hear the very latest news about Madame Caillaux." (For this was in those days, just before the war, when public interest, in France, was centered so largely on that lady.)

But later, much later; after they had dined and were back in their room and Claire lingered in front of the opened balcony doors, Dennis took her in his arms and kissed her and whispered, "You don't feel thirty now do you?"

No, no, not now—but, with her arms around his neck, and her mouth on his, her eyes, over his shoulder, gazed far out beyond, at the white mountain curve of Mont Blanc, a curve as white as moonlight itself.

III

THE Dutch mail had been brought in and Betty, on the verandah of her home in Java, lay reading her letters. Betty's figure had, by this time acquired Rubensesque proportions and, because of the intense heat and because she was lazy, she seldom covered herself with more than the native women did, a white cotton *kabaya*, fastened at the neck with a gold pin, and a colourful *sarong*, straight in its outline and tight around the hips.

As she lay in her hammock, her feet bare, her hair parted, a handsome ring on each hand, she looked indeed like a lady fed daily on the fat of the land.

In one hand she held a glass of sherry; in the other a letter. It was about this letter that she lay thinking. The letter was from Claire! Such a surprise! She hadn't heard from Claire for six or seven years and now, suddenly, Claire had written. And what for? For no reason; for no reason whatever, save that she had been to Geneva.

The letter said: "The other day I passed our old school near the lake, and, oh, Betty it did bring back to me so much of our happy days together! How are you, dear: and how do you like it out there in Java? Isn't it frightfully hot? I am enclosing a snapshot of myself, and hope to receive one in return. I wonder if you have changed?"

It was this snapshot that Betty did not particularly like. It showed Claire in some garden or other, beautifully dressed in the latest French fashion with a lace *jabot* at the neck and lace *ruches* at the wrists. She was leaning very gracefully on a parasol. The photograph showed Claire's face; not beautiful, hardly even pretty, but charmingly *chic* and youthful.

"Of course," mused Betty, "I was always really the prettier of the two—but now, after my having had four babies—and she isn't even married—well, it's no wonder that she still looks like that. How strange that she never married, but, of course, she always said she wasn't going to. Well, Claire had always been a little strange—even in those far-off days; always reciting Verlaine's poetry and talking

(Continued on page 114)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



H. G. WELLS

Because he is one of the most adroit of the modern philosophers; because he has written sixty-three books since 1895; because he is a best seller in England and America; but chiefly because his latest novel, *The World of William Clissold*, is an analysis of contemporary life



GEORGE KELLY

Because he is a brother of Walter C. Kelly, known in vaudeville as "The Virginia Judge", and "Jack" Kelly, the single scull rower: because he wrote *The Show-Off;* and finally because his play *Craig's Wife* won the Pulitzer Prize for the season of 1925-26



JOSEPH URBAN

Because his stage designs for the Ziegfeld *Follies* were an inestimable aid to the glorification of the American girl; because in his youth he was an architect of distinction; because he is chief scenic designer for the Metropolitan Opera; because, at the age of sixty-four, he has returned to architecture and finally, because, although an Austrian, he has lived and worked in America since 1911





MORGAN J. O'BRIEN

Because he was, for twenty years, a Justice of the New York Supreme Court; because his services to the state and country have been immeasurable; because he is one of the most expert of the Senior Golfers; because he is a *Chevalier* of the Legion of Honour; and finally because, he has recently undertaken the chairmanship of the newly created Committee on New York City Planning and Survey

EWALD ANDRÉ DUPONT

Because he is a former Editor of the Berlin liberal daily, the *Morgenpost*, the *B. Z. am Mittag;* because he was the first motion picture critic in Germany; because, although only thirty-five years old, he is unquestionably one of the three greatest film directors in the world; because he directed the remarkable film *Variety;* and finally because he has recently arrived in America to direct a new feature motion picture

All Around the World With Assorted Americans

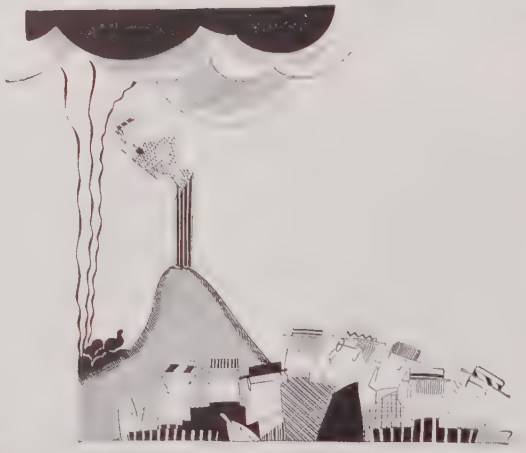
The Annual Exodus of Our Globe Trotters



Travelogue by FISH

DESCENDANTS OF ATTILA (Above)

Hey, hey, for the Summer Travel Bureaus! Now is the time for all good Americans to indulge in trans-Atlantic travel. One of the prime points of interest for them is invariably Rome (Italy). Above we see the long suffering City, being over-run (for the 37th time in history) by a horde of barbarians. This time it's the lads and maids of the Kansas State Normal School



CRATER-SNATCHERS (Left)

Here we see the Newark Chapter of the American Engineers' Association inspecting Vesuvius, and not thinking much of it. "For the lava Pete," says intrepid Mr. Brown, balanced on the *very brink*. He begins to wonder about God as he looks into the first circle of the crater's Dantesque Hell. Old Vesuvius, a little bored, assumes his foulest odor, but does not perform a genuine eruption

SUCH DEVILTRY (Below)

It is the duty of all Americans in Europe to visit places that are said to be wicked. That is why our Baptists flock to the *Hölle*, in Vienna, an underground cabaret where the food, which is hellish, is served by beautiful red devils, with tails and everything. One of the features of the *Hölle* is a dance by a young lady (not shown in our picture) who has forgotten to bring her costume

AUX FOLIES-BERGERE (Below)

There is nothing nicer, abroad, than meeting someone who knows all the people *you* know. Only fancy, Mrs. Bemis (of Scarsdale) ran right into Mrs. Pettner (of White Plains) at the *Folies-Bergère*—of all places. Of course they had so much to say to each other that they paid no attention whatever to the lyrics of Mlle. Gavroche, which is just as well. Their husbands were wiser









THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (Above)

Now that Abd-el-Krim has promised to be a good nomad, Northern Africa is again coming into its own. No spot is more thoroughly visited than the garden made famous by Robert Hichens. Mr. Pilaff, of St. Louis, finds it arid and over-rated, but Mrs. P. gets a real thrill out of her sheik guide who insists upon chanting his stuff in his native tongue. The only objectors are the semi-concealed spooners



THE LAND O'CAKES (Above)

The McTavishes, of West Seventy-Second Street, New York, have gone the full distance in the matter of a summer abroad. When Pa McTavish, the well-known roller towel baron, discovered that he was a lineal descendant of The McTavish of Tavish, who used to shave Robert Bruce, he rented the ancestral castle of Drumgooglie with a complete set of kilts, tartans, sporans, cairngorms, claymores, and everything else

AT HOME, BUT ABROAD (Below)

How ironic to think that we are forced to go abroad (Paris, in fact) to enjoy the intimate charm of our own invention, the American Bar! Yet it is true. It is at such bars that we find all the nicest Americans. In this gathering we see, from L to R, those well-known New Yorkers, Murray Hill and Astor Park, sipping Gallic Manhattans, while Gladys Gettem, a Ziegfeld débutante does a balancing act with young Gramercy Schuyler

NOW I'M CLEOPATRA (Left)

Of course that cute little cut-up, June Darling of Hollywood, couldn't miss this chance of rehearsing some of the big moments in her forthcoming film *The Tom-Boy of the Ptolomies*. Her director, Ernest Speevick, is getting a series of corking pictures of his star, perched right on the bean of Egypt's most massive ancestor. But hist!, note the sinister form of one of the Sahara Camel Corps, shinning up to arrest her, in the name of Publicity



Seeing Life in Unexpected Places

An Indian Scientist Discovers Human Characteristics in Plants and Metals

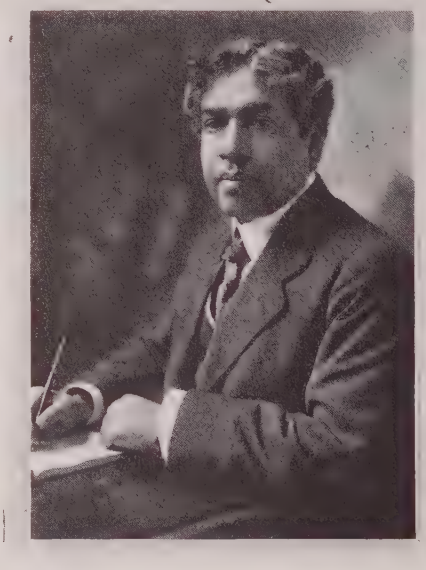
An Excursion in Popular Science, by ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE experimenter's is a curious and special talent. Armed with a tea canister and some wire, with silk, a little sealing wax and two or three jam pots, Faraday marched forth against the mysterious powers of electricity. He returned in triumph with their captured secrets. It was just a question of suitably juxtaposing the wax, the glass jars, the wires. The mysterious powers couldn't help surrendering. So simple—if you happened to be Faraday.

And if you happened to be Sir J. C. Bose, it would be so simple, with a little clockwork, some needles and filaments, to devise machines that would make visible the growth of plants, the pulse of their vegetable hearts, the twitching of their nerves, the processes of their digestion. It would be so simple—though it cost even Bose long years of labour to perfect his instruments.

At the Bose Institute in Calcutta, the great experimenter himself was our guide. Through all an afternoon we followed him from marvel to marvel. Ardently and with an enthusiasm, with a copiousness of ideas that was almost too much for his powers of expression and left him impatiently stammering with the effort to elucidate methods, appraise results, unfold implications, he expounded them one by one. We watched the growth of a plant being traced out automatically by a needle on a sheet of smoked glass; we saw its sudden, shuddering reaction to an electric shock. We watched a plant feeding; in the process it was exhaling minute quantities of oxygen. Each time the accumulation of exhaled oxygen reached a certain amount, a little bell, like the bell that warns you when you are nearly at the end of your line of typewriting, automatically rang. When the sun shone on the plant, the bell rang often and regularly. Shaded, the plant stopped feeding; the bell rang only at long intervals, or not at all. A drop of stimulant added to the water in which the plant was standing set the bell wildly tinkling, as though some record-breaking typist were at the machine. Near it—for the plant was feeding out of doors—stood a large tree. Sir J. C. Bose told us that it had been brought to the garden from a distance. Transplanting is generally fatal to a full-grown tree: it dies of shock. So would most men if their arms and legs were amputated without an anaesthetic. Bose administered chloroform. The operation was completely successful. Waking, the anaesthetized tree immediately took root in its new place and flourished.

But an overdose of chloroform is as fatal to a plant as to a man. In one of the laboratories we were shown the instrument which records the beating of a plant's heart. By a system of levers, similar in principle to that with which the self-recording barometer has made us familiar, but enormously more delicate and sensitive, the minute pulsations which occur in the layer of tissue immediately beneath the outer rind of the stem are magnified—literally millions of times—and recorded automatically in a dotted graph on a moving sheet of smoked glass. Bose's instruments have made visible things that it has been hitherto impossible to see, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope. The normal vegetable "heart beat", as we saw it recording itself, point by point, on the moving plate, is very slow. It must take the best part of a minute for the pulsating tissue to pass from maximum contraction to maximum expansion. But a



CLINEDINST

SIR J. C. BOSE

A recent portrait of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, head of the Bose Institute in Calcutta. Sir J. C. Bose has attracted much attention in the scientific world by his experiments proving that plants and metals have distinctly human traits

grain of caffeine or of camphor affects the plant's heart in exactly the same way as it affects the heart of an animal. The stimulant was added to the plant's water, and almost immediately the undulations of the graph lengthened out under our eyes and, at the same time, came closer together: the pulse of the plant's heart had become more violent and more rapid. After the pick-me-up we administered poison. A mortal dose of chloroform was dropped into the water. The graph became the record of a death agony. As the poison paralysed the "heart", the ups and downs of the graph flattened out into a horizontal line half way between the extremes of undulation. But so long as any life remained in the plant, this medial line did not run level, but was jagged with sharp irregular ups and downs that represented in a visible symbol the spasms of a murdered creature desperately struggling for life. After a little while, there were no more ups and downs. The line of dots was quite straight. The plant was dead.

The spectacle of a dying animal affects us painfully; we can see its struggles and, sympathetically, feel something of its pain. The unseen agony of a plant leaves us indifferent. To a being with eyes a million times more sensitive than ours, the struggles of a dying plant would be visible and therefore distressing. Bose's instrument endows us with this more than microscopical acuteness of vision. The poisoned flower manifestly writhes before us. Its last moments are so distressingly like those of a man, that we are shocked by the newly revealed spectacle of them into a hitherto unfelt sympathy.

Sensitive souls, whom a visit to the slaughter house has converted to vegetarianism, will be well advised, if they do not want to have their menu still further reduced, to keep clear of the Bose Institute. After watching the murder of a plant, they will probably want to confine themselves to a strictly mineral diet. But the new self-denial would be as vain as the old. The ostrich, the sword swallower, the glass-eating fakir are as cannibalistic as the frequenters of chop houses, take life as fatally as do the vegetarians. Bose's earlier researches on metals—research which shows that metals respond to stimuli, are subject to fatigue and react to poisons very much as living vegetable and animal organisms do—have deprived the conscientious practitioners of *ahimsa* of their last hope. They must be cannibals, for the simple reason that everything, including the "inanimate", is alive.

This last assertion may seem—such is the strength of inveterate prejudice—absurd and impossible. But a little thought is enough to show that it is, on the contrary, an assertion of what is *a priori* probable. Life exists. Even the most strict and puritanical physicists are compelled, albeit grudgingly, to admit the horridly disquieting fact. Life exists, manifestly, in a small part of the world we know. How did it get there? There are two possible answers. Either it was, at a given moment, suddenly introduced into a hitherto completely inanimate world from outside and by a kind of miracle. Or else it was, with consciousness, inherent in the ultimate particles of matter and, from being latent, gradually extrinsicated itself in ever increasingly complicated and perfect forms. In the present state of knowledge—or ignorance, put it how you will—the second answer seems the more likely to be correct. If it is correct, then one might expect that, within limits, inanimate matter would behave in the same way as does matter which is admittedly animate. Bose has shown that it does. It reacts to stimuli, it suffers fatigue, it can be killed. There is nothing in this that should astonish us. If the conclusion shocks our sense of fitness, that is only due to the fact that we have, through generations, made a habit of regarding matter as something dead; a lump that can be moved and whose only real attribute is extension. Motion and extension are easily measured and can be subjected to mathematical treatment. Life, especially in its higher, conscious forms, cannot. To deny life to matter and concentrate only on its measurable qualities was a sound policy that paid by results. No wonder we made a habit of it. Habits easily become a part of us. We take them for granted,

(Continued on page 118)



ARNOLD GENTHE

A Visiting Screen Star—Greta Garbo

A Study of the Young Swedish Actress Who Has Recently Completed Ibanez's "The Torrent"



New York of the Future

A Prophetic Glimpse by Hugh Ferriss at the Topless Towers of Marvellous Manhattan

ONCE more Hugh Ferriss dips his prophetic pen in the inkwell of the Future and shows us the logical development of our sky-scraping city, influenced by the latest thing in zoning laws. He has chosen a point of view, of fifty years hence, midway between earth and sky at the hour when the city lights flood upward from the canyons fifty stories below. It is interesting to note the emphasis he places on strong vertical lines, the upshooting ribs of masonry which cover and yet express the steel bones of the buildings. This is real Architecture, vital, imaginative and beautiful. Along such lines as this America is already creating an architectural style of its own, so much so that we are prone to accept, as a matter-of-course, what Europe always applauds as extraordinary. The towered effect of the future city will not be its only development. Horizontal lines will be added to the composition, not only by bridges connecting the elements of a single building but also by aerial thoroughfares for pedestrian and vehicular traffic, at levels far above the madding crowds which now make our traffic such a problem. On huge flat roofs will be parking spaces for automobiles . . . and airplanes! From sub-way to sky-way we shall have a new and marvellous Manhattan

Four-Card Suit Bids

Their Advantage as Alternatives to No-Trumpers on Bad Suit Distributions

By R. F. FOSTER

GOOD bridge players have always been willing to bid four-card minor suits, clubs or diamonds, if they measure up to the modern rule of four tricks in the suit, or in the whole hand, counted on the double-valuation system. This bid has always been limited to the dealer, or to the second hand if the dealer passes. Minor suits are not bid with any idea of insisting on them for the trump, unless the player is willing to bid four or five, but rather to show the partner that there is more than average strength in the hand so far as trick-taking is concerned, and the old rule still holds: Minor suits offer assistance; major suits ask for it.

Here are two interesting examples of four-card minor-suit bids, both played in important duplicate games:

A	♡ Q 10 8 6 ♣ A K 6 2 ◇ 10 8 7 2 ♠ 7	B ♡ 10 6 5 2 ♣ K 6 4 ◇ A Q 10 3 ♠ 4 3

On A, the only player who started with a club bid was E. V. Shepard, the author of several books on auction bridge. His adversaries went to five spades over his partner's five hearts and the club lead set the contract two tricks. Every other pair in the room lost a grand slam in spades, as the opening lead was a heart.

On B, the only player that bid a diamond as dealer got a diamond lead against a contract to make three spades, doubled and redoubled, and set the contract one trick. Every other table made four spades.

Some of our advanced players have long been in the habit of bidding four-card major suits, but it is only lately that the bid has become generally known to the great mass of bridge players. This is undoubtedly due to the example set by original players like Mr. Eli Culbertson, who was the first to insist on the importance of considering the *general suit distribution* of the hand *as a whole*, rather than the high cards in any particular suit. His theory was fully explained in the January, 1923, number of this magazine.

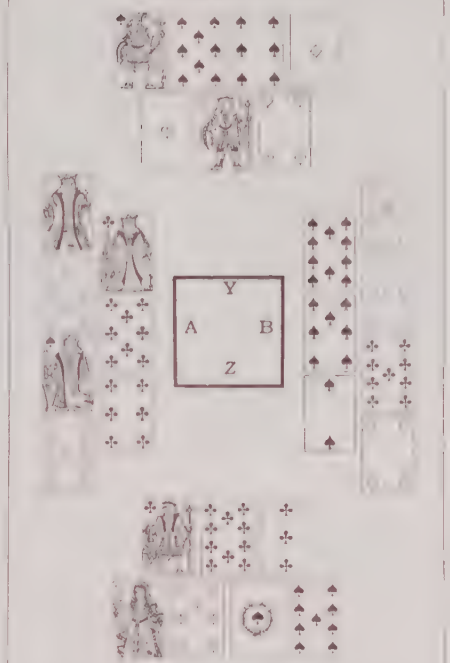
SUIT OR NO-TRUMPS?

ONE of the first results of the introduction of bidding on suit distribution was that it called attention to the weakness of such no-trump bids as those in which there was more than one suit of only two cards; or singletons, or a wholly missing suit. This restricted the average no-trump bid to one of three suit distributions:

4 3 3 3 4 4 3 2 5 3 3 2

The distribution 5 4 2 2 is classed as a border-line no-trumper, and at least one of the short suits should be headed by a sure trick, ace, or both king and queen, the five-card minor suit not promising as good a chance for

PROBLEM LXXXVII



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want all seven of these tricks. How do they get them? Solution in the October number

game as no-trumps. The same is true, in less degree, of the 6 3 2 2 distribution, in case the minor suit of six cards does not promise game. If both the short suits are stopped, no-trumps is the better bid. Here are examples:

C	♡ A Q ♣ Q J 10 4 2 ◇ A J 10 4 ♠ A 3	D ♡ 6 4 ♣ A K Q 8 4 2 ◇ A 6 2 ♠ A 5

It would be unwise to waste either of these on a club bid, which would almost certainly be left in, as the average of two tricks in the dummy will not reach game in clubs, while it would at no-trumps.

As the five distributions given above are more common than any others, and comprise nearly two-thirds of all the hands held by a dealer, or by second hand if the dealer passes, (637 out of every 1,000 by calculation) we get down to a choice between bidding a suit or no-trumps, provided the hand as a whole is strong enough for a no-trumper, with three suits stopped.

The rule now generally followed seems to be that if there is no five-card major suit and only one short suit (two cards) there is no necessity to prefer a four-card major suit to a no-trumper, unless the major suit contains at least three high honours. If there are two short suits of two cards only, both safely stopped, the same rule applies. If they are not both stopped, bid the suit.

Here are two hands in which there might be some doubt in the bidder's mind:

E	♡ A K 4 3 ♣ A 5 3 ◇ K J 10 4 ♠ 7 6	F ♡ A K 4 3 ♣ A 5 ◇ K J 10 4 3 ♠ 7 6

In E no one can find fault with either bid, hearts or no-trump; but in F, with only one stopper for the two short suits, the heart is the better bid. If partner denies the hearts with spade, then this is a no-trumper. If the adversaries bid spades, the best defence has been indicated.

If the suit distribution is unfavourable for no-trumps, the choice between a four-card major suit and a five-card minor should be in favour of the major suit if it is headed by what would be rated as three tricks on the double-valuation system; that is, not weaker than A J 10, as A Q is more of a border-line bid.

G	♡ K 2 ♣ K Q J [illegible] ◇ 6 2 ♠ A J 10 4	H ♡ A 4 3 2 ♣ 6 3 ◇ A K [illegible] ♠ A Q

G is too good for a club and bad suit distribution for no-trumps, but is a sound spade bid. H is too weak in hearts for a four-card bid, and too good to waste on diamonds. With one short suit safely stopped, bid no-trump.

As an example of the change that the transposition of one or two small cards may make in the selection of a bid, take these examples:

J	♡ A J [illegible] ♣ K Q 9 ◇ 4 3 2 ♠ A [illegible]	K ♡ A J [illegible] ♣ K Q 9 3 2 ◇ 3 ♠ A [illegible]

IN J, the distribution is excellent for a no-trumper, and there is no objection to the heart bid. No one can dogmatize that either bid is better than the other. In K, on the other hand, the singleton is a danger signal, although it would not have been so regarded a few years ago, and the heart is better than clubs.

FOUR-CARD SUIT OR PASS?

The modern system of bidding four-card suits in preference to no-trumps on certain types of hands has led to bidding four-card major suits on many hands which have no pretensions to being no-trumpers, and which would have been passed up without a bid by the majority of bridge players before suit distribution was studied.

These modern bids are still governed by the qualification that was published in connection with all four-card suit bids fifteen years ago: "Any deficiency in high cards or length must be made up for by winning cards in other suits." These are still called "compensating tricks", as they were then.

It is now generally conceded that if one has any five-card suit headed by two sure tricks, such as ace-king; ace-queen-jack; or king-

(Continued on page 124)



ROBERT DE FLERS

Like most Gallic writers for the stage Robert de Flers is exclusively a collaborator. He first worked with François de Caillavet and now he shares his labours with Francis de Croisset. Best known to America by *The King*, a ribald farce in which Leo Dietrichstein once played, he is also an editor of *Le Figaro*, and a politician of chauvinistic persuasion



PAUL GERALDY

Three of Paul Geraldy's fragile comedies, *The Nest*, *To Love*, and *She Had To Know*, were sponsored here by Grace George, star and translator of the last two. Always popular as a playwright, Geraldy became a best-seller with his volume of verse, *Toi et Moi*, in which he retains his intimate charm and loses some of his theatrical and provocative cynicism

CONTINENTAL FEATURES

The Popular Playwrights of Paris

A Group of Gallic Dramatists Whose Plays Are Known Beyond the Frontiers of France

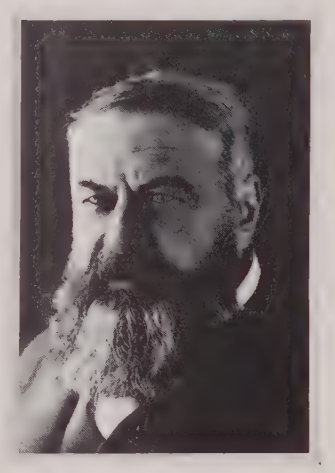


MARCEL GERBIDON

The inveterate and inseparable boulevardiers, Armond and Gerbidon, glorify the Parisian *demi-monde*, professionally and profitably. The keen wit of Gerbidon was evidenced in *The Gold Fish*

TRISTAN BERNARD

Dean of the slap-stick humorists, Tristan Bernard looks like and is, the proverbial Frenchman. His hilarious comedies, of which the most celebrated is *Le Petit Café*, have won him a great reputation





ALFRED SAVOIR

Being a typical Parisian, Alfred Savoir is, of course, a Pole. This fertile *farceur* has become famous in these parts as a concoctor of star parts in such successes as *Blue Beard's Eighth Wife* and *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter* for Ina Claire and Elsie Ferguson



HENRI DUVERNOIS

Author of *Embers*, made from his *Après l'Amour*, which marked Henry Miller's last appearance in New York, Henri Duvernois is also a bibliophile and a novelist of note



JEAN SARMENT

Few Americans have heard of Jean Sarment, a recent discovery of the continental connoisseurs, and an ardent disciple of Freud. *The Shadow Fisher*, the play which made him a leader of the young intellectuals, introduces psychoanalysis as a dramatic force

Notes on European Motoring

Motorists Again Turn to Racing and a New World's Record Is Established

By JOHN PRIOLEAU

THE principal event which has aroused European interest during the past month in automotive circles has been the astonishing feat achieved by J. G. Parry Thomas, the racing driver, in reaching an official speed of over 178 miles an hour. The car upon which he accomplished this terrific speed (which easily shatters the previous world's record) is a 400 h.p. racing car, most of which was designed by himself. Its engine i a twelve-cylinder, fitted with four carburettors, and its thirst requires a gallon of gasolene for every four miles. The flying mile was covered at 172 m.p.h, 20 m.p.h. faster than the previous world record.

The trial was carried out on the Beach at Pendine, which was flooded here and there. A spectator described the start as follows:

"When the car sped away, all that you could see from the rear was a traveling water spout; but you could get a good impression of speed by watching the crowd. So fast was the speed of the car that the heads of those trying to follow its course turned with a jerky motion. The monster zig-zagged like a streak of lightning."

During part of the trial, Thomas drove with one hand only, owing to his having to maintain the fuel pressure with the hand pump. Thomas is confident that he will be able to add just those two miles more, which will give him a speed of three miles a minute.

There has been an interesting show of the cars of all nations at Milan, the leading French firms, one American, three Germans, some Austrians and one English, being represented. Those responsible for the show maintain that they exhibited the greatest mechanical novelty produced in Europe for many years. This was the twelve-cylinder 1100 c.c. front-wheel drive Itala, which has cylinders measuring no more across than a liqueur glass, and having a cubic content of even less.

Another interesting production of last month is the farm tractor built by W. R. Morris, which is easily convertible into a one man tank. It is stated that the Army are interested in this vehicle as, in addition to being able to travel over any kind of broken country such as trenches and ditches, it will also put up a speed of 30 miles an hour on grass.

Hungary has also contributed something new to the list of novelties in Europe in the shape of the Fejes car, an extremely interesting attempt on the ideal of £100 passenger car. A four cylinder motor is a small one, having a cubic content of only 1250 c.c. but the unladed weight of the entire car is only half a ton. Very original method of construction have been employed, and I have no doubt that we shall hear a good deal more about this car in the near future. It underwent an official trial under the auspice of the Royal Automobile Club at Brooklands, where it achieved a speed of just under 60 miles an hour, over the measured half mile, and climbed a famous test hill which has a gradient of 25 per cent, from a standing start, in low at nearly 15 miles an hour. It then covered a distance of 52 miles at an average speed of 51½ miles an hour. Its fuel consumption worked out at over 40 miles to the gallon.

From France comes a novelty also, in the shape of a four passenger two door sedan, weighing under 5 cwt., which is being produced at a competitive price on production lines by the Voisin company. Aluminium is used in place of sheet steel or fabric leather. The principal feature of the body apart from its extraordinary lightness is the careful distribution of weight. The passengers in the rear seat are well ahead of the rear axle.

The Voisin company has also produced a double reduction gear for application to the 12/40 h.p. model, in order that heavy loads of passengers and luggage may be carried over the steepest roads. Normally there are only three gears in the Voisin box, but with this new reduction gear the driver has practically six speeds. In effect, the device resembles that used before the war by Cadillac.

Italy is about to change the rule of the road. At present the general rule in the country is to keep to the right and overtake on the left, except in certain towns, where the rule is reversed. The proposal now is to make the right hand rule universal. In view of this it may be of interest to Americans touring on the continent this summer, to know what rules the various countries have adopted. The right hand rule obtains in Algeria, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Egypt, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Luxemburg, Morocco, Norway, Poland, Roumania, Russia, Serbia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Tunisia, while the left-hand rule of the road is followed in Great Britain and Ireland, Czecho-Slovakia, Portugal, Croatia, and Slovenia.

The biggest motor race track in the world is now in process of construction in Germany, not far from Cologne, over 17 miles round, with many corners and a number of severe gradients, says *The Motor*. The width of the track will measure at least 26 feet with an extra allowance on each side, so that the total breadth will be about 30 feet at the minimum. Every 200 yards round the course recesses will be constructed in which cars that have broken down in the course of a race may be placed out of the way.

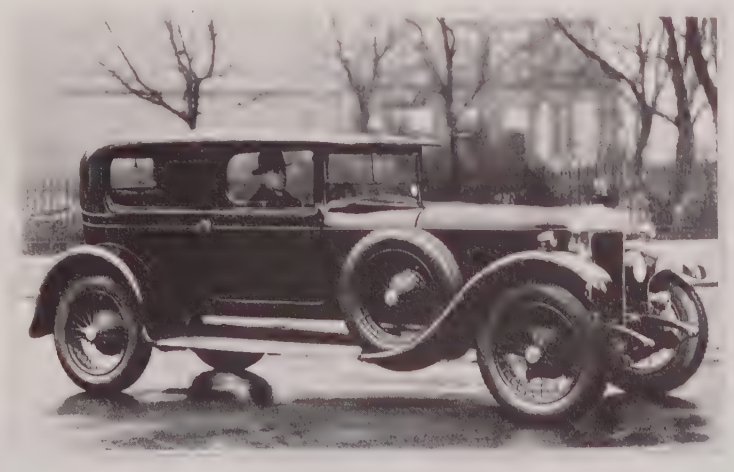
The plans for the course have been elaborated so as to allow the use of three courses differing in size as well as in degrees of difficulty they present. The large course has a length of 17.39 miles, the medium course, which is a part of the larger one, about 13.6 miles, and the smaller has a lap distance of about 5.6 miles.

A special testing course is being built, the steepest gradient of which amounts in places to 17 per cent. (1 in 6). This can be increased to 25 per cent. (1 in 4) if it is later found necessary. The steepest descent measures 1 in 9. This will make it possible to have almost Alpine trials on the course. At the start and finish there will be absolutely level stretches well over a kilometre long on which international short-distance records can be attempted.



ENGLISH DAIMLER

The body on this runabout is a type that is increasing in popularity with every season. Note the stream line at the rear which is also appearing in some of the latest American cars



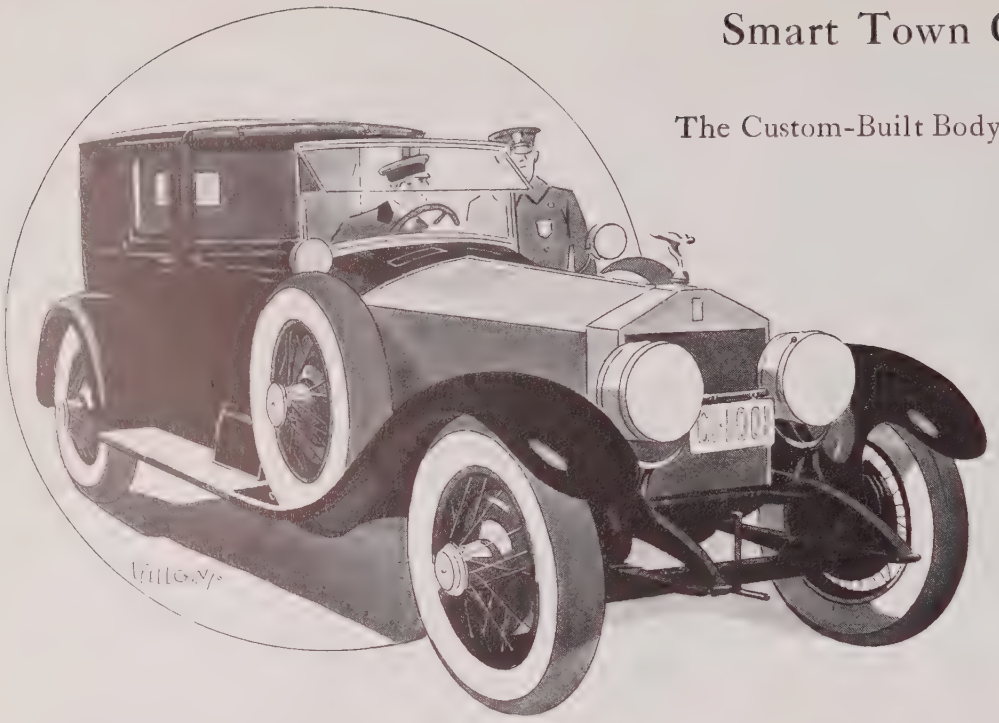
DAIMLER SEDAN

On a six-cylinder 70 h. p. Daimler, an interesting two-door sedan body finished in natural wood finish has recently been supplied to the Marquess of Queensbury. This is becoming a popular type of body abroad

Smart Town Cars Are Triumphs

The Custom-Built Body Is Designed For Beauty and

Illustrations by

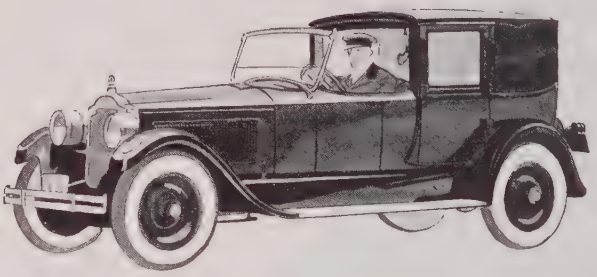


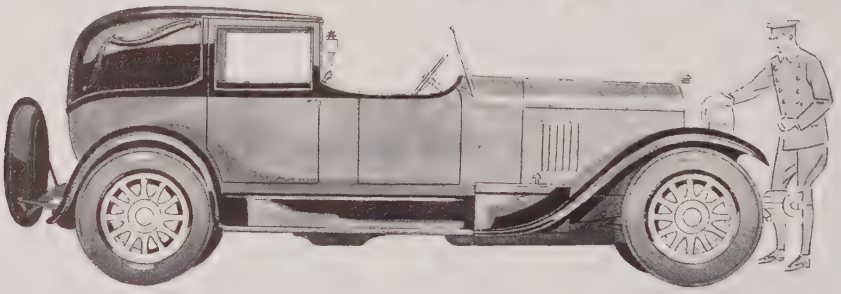
ROLLS-ROYCE

Brewster thinks that the smartest town car for a woman's use should follow the classical lines of the old horse-drawn brougham and should be finished in glossy black with buff cloth lining and upholstery. This is the only type of car today which should be manned by a chauffeur and footman on the box, and it is a vehicle essentially designed for a woman's use; especially an elderly woman

PACKARD

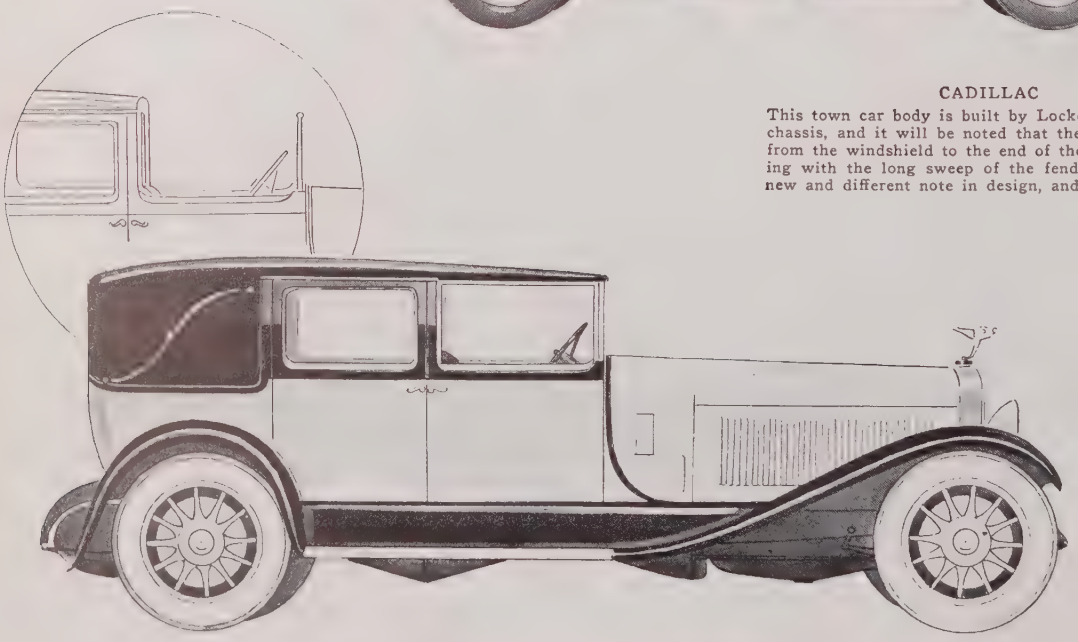
The small Packard Six, with a town car body by Holbrook, also constructed along the classical lines of the old brougham, painted a maroon colour, lined with buff cloth and kept with well whitened tires, is one of the fashionable cars often seen on the streets of New York





CADILLAC

This town car body is built by Locke, on a Cadillac chassis, and it will be noted that the graceful curve from the windshield to the end of the body, in keeping with the long sweep of the fenders, is a rather new and different note in design, and a pleasing one



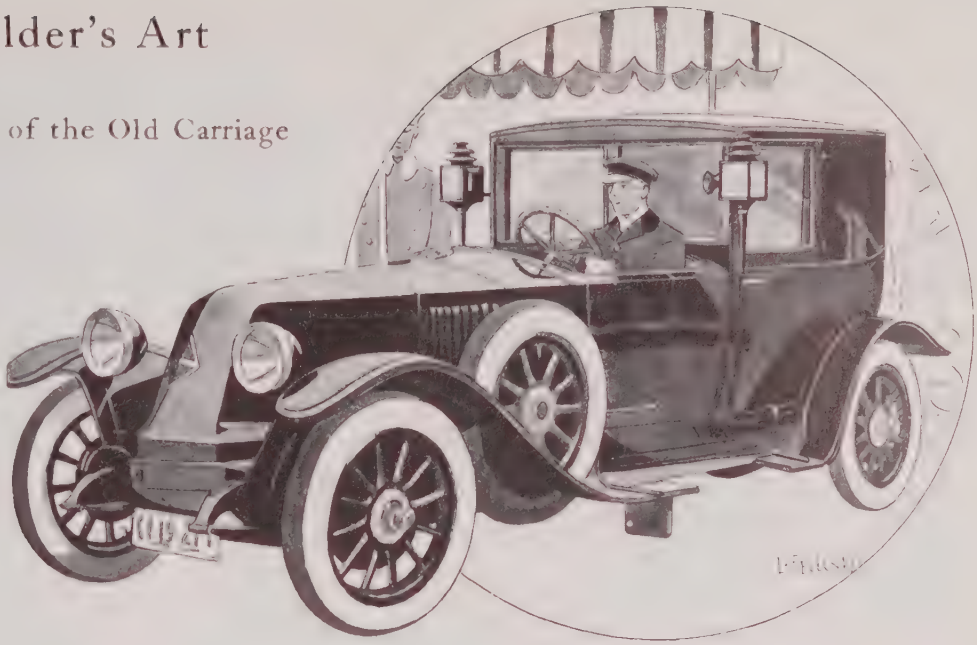
ISOTTA FRASCHINI

A body by Fleetwood for the Isotta Fraschini chassis is constructed along the latest lines of the convertible town car which is so made that the section over the driver's seat may be opened or closed at will, giving the car the appearance of either the regulation town car or else the inside-drive limousine

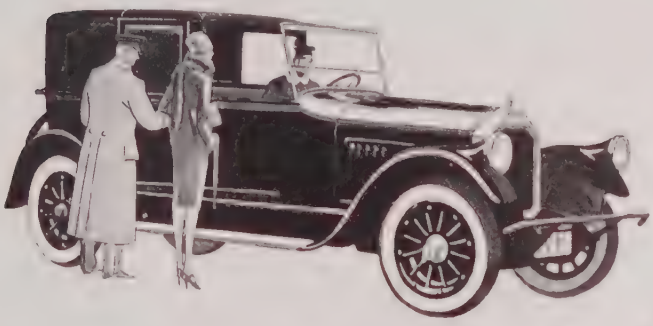
of the Carriage-Builder's Art

Comfort Far Excelling That of the Old Carriage

LAURENCE FELLOWS



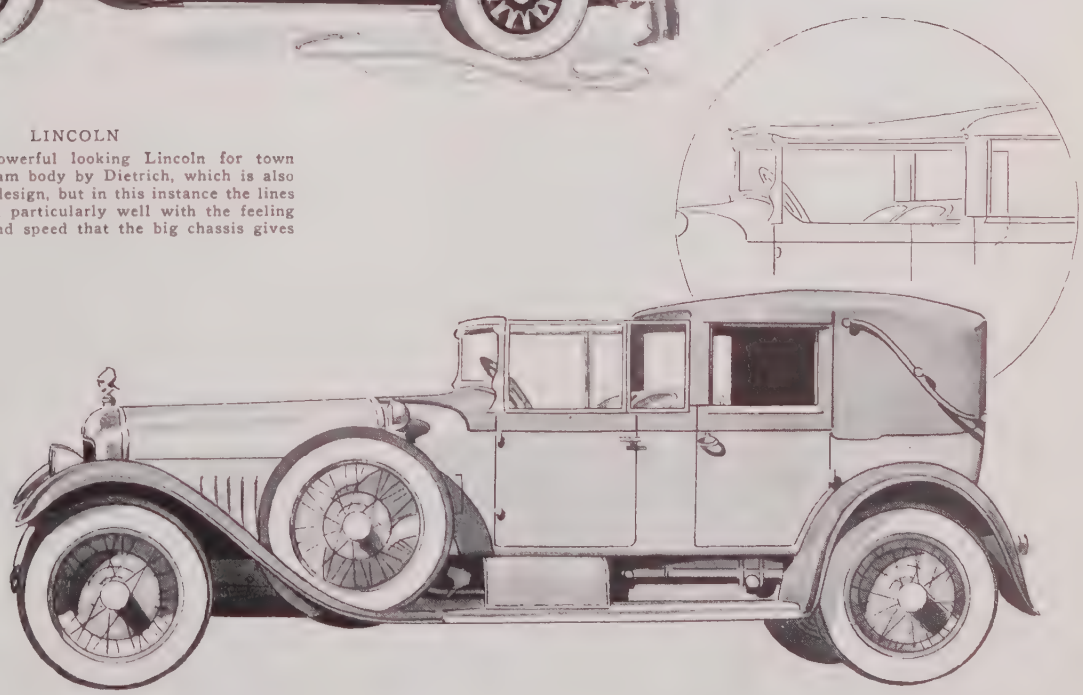
PIERCE-ARROW (Below)
At a glance one can distinguish the Pierce-Arrow from other town cars, by the unique situation of the lamps on the fenders and the simplicity of design of the body, which is carried out in a very dignified manner, adhering wherever it is possible to the beauty of the straight line



RENAULT
Renault suggests a town car for the fashionable woman which as nearly as possible resembles the horse-drawn brougham of other days, with its carriage lamps and graceful curving fender ending in a covered step which opens automatically with the door. Notice that there is no running-board and no windshield in front of the driver, though protection from the weather may be easily arranged



LINCOLN
The beautiful, powerful looking Lincoln for town use has a brougham body by Dietrich, which is also very classical in design, but in this instance the lines of the body fit in particularly well with the feeling of great power and speed that the big chassis gives



MINERVA
A Minerva town car, painted in light colours, shows a very interesting arrangement of glass screens to form a protection for the driver's seat, which has a disappearing hood that may be used with or without the glass panels, or completely done away with so as to give it the appearance of a brougham town car



A RIDING PARTY AT THE MEADOW BROOK COUNTRY CLUB, LONG ISLAND

The equestrienne at the left who is celebrating "Be Kind to Animals Week" wears a habit with a new and smart combination of colours—Oxford-grey coat, black derby, black boots, and breeches in a red-brown shade, the shade described as "tan" in England and "brick" in America; from Bernard Weatherill. The mounted figure in the centre maintains the regulation traditions in the lines of her side-saddle habit, but makes the smart departure of selecting navy-blue for its colour, instead of the usual more sombre hues affected by American horsewomen. This habit is of whipcord. The coat has a two-button front and two-button sleeves; from Hertz

The well-dressed spectator who prefers to take her riding in her motor-car wears a beige suède coat of skillful cut with beaver collar and cuffs; from Bonwit Teller. The young person upon the step of the motor will not join the hunt, both because of her youth and her costume, for her outfit, which consists of jodhpurs and a tweed coat, is correct for "larking" about the countryside, rather than formal riding; from Nardi. The astride habit illustrated at the right has the prestige of royal favour, for its original was designed for the Duchess of York by Busvine of London. It is of tan tweed with a large overplaid design; from Bonwit Teller

The Well-Dressed Woman on Horseback

Following the Hounds, "Larking" Over the Countryside, or Riding Across the Dude Ranch—the Woman of the World Has a Perfect Outfit for Any Occasion



DRAWINGS BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

AT VALLEY RANCH IN WYOMING

The smart sportswoman on the dude ranch keeps her costume rigorously simple. The coat on the rider who has just dismounted owes its importance to its fabric—imported sun-proof cloth for mid-summer and bramble-proof tweed for autumn—and its practical extension pockets; from Bernard Weatherill. The young woman who has been practising her shots at a target wears a Norfolk suit of gabardine with a brief skirt. This is the type of costume that a few of the most correctly dressed women still include in their wardrobes which are otherwise, in the most masculine manner; from Nardi



RIDING MADE SAFE FOR AUTOCRACY

If a woman rider like the Prince of Wales falls from her horse occasionally, this cork-lined derby will be an important factor in preventing anything more serious than her vanity from being wounded. Hat guard and hunting-veil are necessary accessories for those feminine riders who hunt often; from Hertz



FROM OLD ENGLISH STOCK

This white piqué stock—which is much wider than the average—was copied from an old English hunting stock. It is a markedly *chic* and distinctive accessory to a habit. The gold hunting-crop pin is worn slanted upwards, with the head down, in the approved fashion for the well-equipped huntress; from Hertz

A BOLD FRONT

Horsewomen who have become adept in appropriating the best of the masculine mode for themselves go to their husband's or father's shirt maker, where they have strictly masculine shirts, varied only by the lowering of the stiff collar, made to their order in finely striped material. The striped flannel tie is for ranch riding; Doyle and Black



WHAT BOOTS IT

Should these be mistaken for a pair of Congress gaiters, let it be explained that they are in reality the best solution of the right shoe to be worn with jodhpurs. Elastic inserts instead of straps are very practical with the long trousers; from Nardi. For week-ends, this folding jack with its flat surface proves very valuable; from Bernard Weatherill



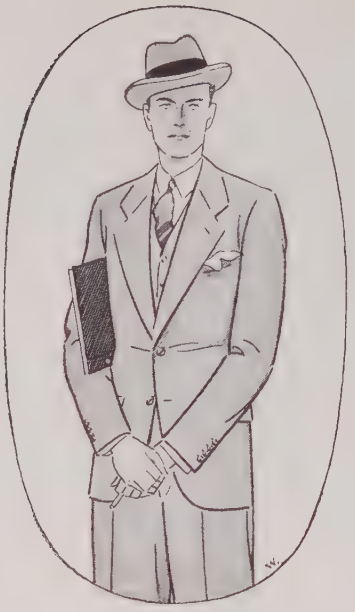
SOFT HATS

The soft felt hat battered almost beyond recognition into a shape never conceived by hat manufacturers, is an important adjunct to the undergraduate at Harvard



CAPS

The vogue of the cap is supreme at Yale. Closely resembling the English school cap, it is perhaps the most distinctive part of the typical Yale man's turnout



AT PRINCETON

On those occasions when he comes into town, the Princeton student is usually seen wearing a lounge suit of a conservative cut

What the College Man Really Wears

With an Introductory Note on So-called "Collegiate" Clothes

FOR some time *Vanity Fair* has been interested in the distinctive note achieved in dress by a certain flamboyant type of American youth, seen everywhere and originating, apparently, from nowhere in particular. Certainly, the sartorial practices of these younger men could not in any way be reconciled with American standards of good taste. This type of youth, curiously enough, is commonly termed "collegiate."

In an endeavour to find out if this "collegiate" type were representative of college students in general, *Vanity Fair* made a survey this Spring of the clothes worn at the three leading universities, Yale, Harvard and Princeton. As a result of this investigation it may be stated with authority that the so called "collegiate" youth has absolutely no connection nor anything in common with the college man. With the exception of certain characteristics of dress which have to do with long-established traditions of the various universities, and which are confined to the college grounds, the college man, at least in Yale, Harvard and Princeton, is notable for his frequently smart but always conservative dress.



THE FRESHMAN

A black skull cap and a black tie are the outward visible signs of the Princeton Freshman

The outstanding characteristic of the garb falsely termed "collegiate" is in the cut of the trousers, which are technically known as Oxford bags. The way they bag around the ankles, all but smothering the crude but generous square-toed shoes, is a subject about which much might be written. There is very little shoe visible at all because the back cuff of the trousers rests so loosely upon the ground that the sagging super-structure seems in imminent danger of falling down completely. These strange trousers are usually made of a grey material which, when they are viewed from the rear, completes the illusion of a departing elephant.

Sagging socks, the above-mentioned broad, blunt, square-toed shoes and a felt hat of the snap brim variety (quite incorrect, by the way, for town wear) sometimes battered, but always worn well down over the nose, complete the characterisitc features of the ensemble of the "collegiate" young man.

Considerable revenue must be derived from selling such clothes, because so many of them are seen about, and we think that the retail clothiers and haberdashers are largely responsible for a popularity gained under false pretenses. In his eagerness to surround his youthful customer with the aura of what he considers appropriate for college wear, regardless of whether his poor victim is in college or not, the shopkeeper of Main Street has foisted upon the unsuspecting youth of the country a style of dressing which falls lamentably short of its well-meant purpose and which has succeeded only in making the misguided young man look ridiculous.

Vanity Fair (and its staff artist) on their recent visit to Yale, Harvard and Princeton, established beyond a doubt the fact that the curious "collegiate" species in question has absolutely nothing to do with college. It is simply trying in its own peculiar way to look "collegiate", with merely ludicrous results. *Vanity Fair* proceeds herewith to report, authentically, on the clothes that are actually worn in college and in town by the well-bred young American college man.

PRINCETON

The first port of call was Princeton, so pleasantly situated amid the fields, with the Orange Mountains, in the background, providing just the right setting for this campus,

(Continued on page 94)

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!





QUALITY!

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With what subtle skill they blend their Ox Tail Soup, with its meaty, marrowy ox tail joints, nourishing cereals, fresh herbs and dainty condiments! A masterpiece in soup-making.



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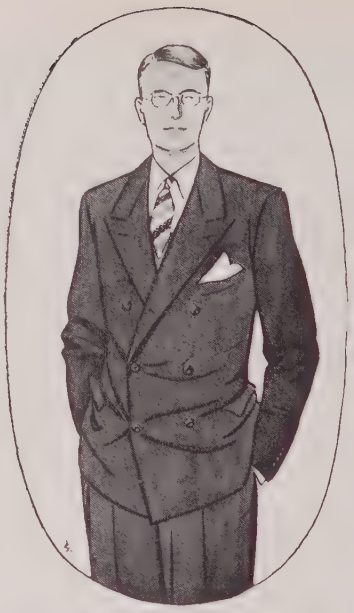
KNICKERS

Knickers may be worn only by Juniors and Seniors at Princeton and sweaters displaying letters or numerals are worn, ordinarily, with the insignia turned in



THE "BEER" SUIT

The young men seen around the Princeton Campus wearing white denim overalls and jackets are not really plasterers, or even masons but members of the Senior Class



LOUNGE SUITS

It is not unusual for college men to patronize the leading custom tailors of New York. The double-breasted lounge jacket is worn at Yale and Harvard



SOFT SHIRTS

The popularity of the soft white shirt with collar attached is universal in college circles, and when the ends of the collar are not buttoned a pin is worn

with its old world charm. Quite in keeping with the character of these surroundings, the undergraduates of Princeton, we found, were dressed for the most part in typical country clothes. Suits of homespun and tweed and unfinished worsteds and cheviots were worn practically to the exclusion of any other material, and in shades of tan and grey, because country roads are dusty, and your practical-minded college youth realizes that these colours are more appropriate than the darker colours of blue and grey. Nor was the cut of the suits such as to attract unusual attention. Two- and three-button single-breasted sack coats were more in evidence than double-breasted jackets, and "Oxford Bag" trousers were conspicuous by their complete absence. Trousers were cut on the wide side and were generous in their fullness, but in no wise could they be called extreme, and were only long enough to "break" a trifle at the instep. Of course, cuffed trousers should not break on, but should hang just short of, the instep.

The mention of country clothes, or "sports" clothes as they are so frequently called, at once brings to mind a man dressed in a gaudy sweater, plus fours and equally gaudy golf hose. But at Princeton knickers were not so much in evidence, nor was the Fair Isle type of sweater featured. This is due to the fact that among the choice traditions of the college is sobriety, and only the Juniors and the Seniors are permitted to wear knickers. Another interesting custom, of the Freshman Class at Princeton, is the wearing of a little black skull cap, poised, rakishly, somewhere on the head—the further away from the forehead the better—and the black tie.

One of the prerogatives of the Senior at Princeton is the "beer" suit. These suits are nothing more nor less than overalls and jackets made of white denim. They are the same as the outfits worn by plasterers and masons. They make their appearance in the early spring, and are worn only by members of the graduating class. Each year the back of the jacket of the "beer" suit has stenciled on it a drawing depicting some incident of college interest. These "beer" suits are never laundered, and by commencement time this is evident.

HARVARD

Here we found that comfort was the keynote of the students' dress even though it did not extend to the wearing of knickers, which was quite at variance with the impression that shopkeepers give us that all college men wear knickers on any and all occasions. Knickers were seen but, unlike Princeton, there is no custom limiting their use to any one particular class. At Harvard, as at Yale, the men wearing knickers did so because it was their intention to play golf some time during the day and it was only natural to wear them until after they had returned from the golf course. At Harvard the typical dress of the undergraduate was the single-breasted two and three button suit with normal shoulders and a straight back, soft white shirts with collar attached, and knitted club ties. Brogue shoes and *crêpe* soled or rubber soled shoes with a saddle of contrasting leather were greatly in evidence. The one outstanding feature of the Harvard undergraduate's dress was his hat, which was generally of the soft felt variety, but bent and twisted and folded almost out of recognition. Apparently new soft hats at Harvard are saved for town wear and when a new hat is purchased the old "best" hat is at once subjected to a cruel and inhuman treatment which promptly robs it of its bloom of youth and makes it look quite prematurely ancient and worn. Such is the general affection for these battered hats that any number of men in the Graduate School proudly boast of the fact that their favourite hats are the same ones in which they entered the freshman class five years before.

(Continued on page 133)



KING ALBERT—*by the Master Craftsmen*

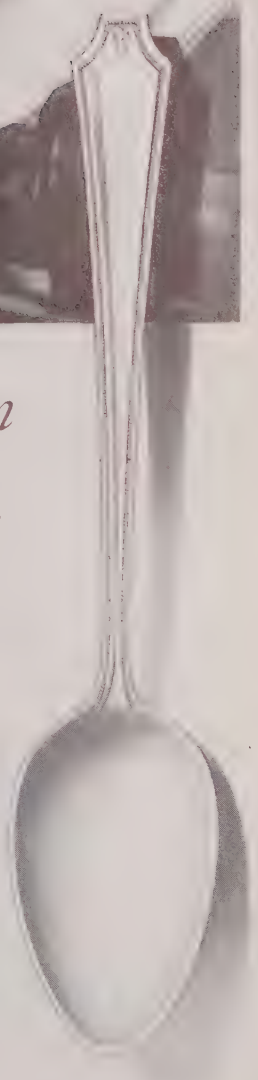
Simple in outline, with lovely decoration, you never will tire of King Albert's beauty. After years of association its charm is always new.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you King Albert as well as other creations by the Gorham Master Craftsmen.

ALBERT SCHOU, *for 20 years a Gorham Master Craftsman at the Durgin Division, Concord, N. H., finishing a King Albert waiter.*

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The Great Public and Its Theatre

(Continued from page 65)

defended and fought for by a majority in both our legislative halls, not because the law-makers don't know better, but because their constituents (the Great Public) still insist that the Anti-Saloon League is an honest and sincere organization and that those two apostles of light and leading, Henry Ford and William Jennings Bryan, were right in declaring that Science and History are bunk; Mr. E. Y. Clarke, of Atlanta, Georgia, an exleader of that liberal-minded, forward-looking Christ-like organization known as the Ku Klux Klan, has recently organized a new inquisitorial society called *The Supreme Kingdom*, the object of which is to banish the teaching of the theory of Evolution from the public schools of America, and to substitute therefor a compulsory belief in the Divine inspiration of the Books of Moses; Senators Borah and Johnson and others of their ilk are still sent to Washington to lead the fight in preventing the richest and most powerful country in the world from performing any part of its duty to the rest of mankind; that obnoxious, uncivilized, egotistical, muscle-bound abomination, "One hundred percent Americanism", still stalks the land; Harold Bell Wright and Ethel M. Dell still rank among the best sellers in England and America; Wayne B. Wheeler, John Roach Straton and Canon Chase are still looked upon as seers and prophets by thousands of our people; and I am reliably informed that other thousands still read and seriously ponder the play reviews published daily in the *New York World*.

And these are but a few among thousands of examples of the congenital and incurable stupidity of the Great Mass.

"For that's the way they are today,
And that's the way they'll be for aye,
You cannot civilize a jay!"

So why not leave the "Great Public" alone to stew in its own juice? It is quite satisfied with itself, which is, of course, the prime reason for its being what it is. It has taken the "movies" to its heart as its own particular "Nize Baby", and the "movie" producer with any sort of ideals has already capitulated to it, perforce. The real theatre is much better off without it, and should let it go without a qualm, and build a new and better temple in the minds and hearts of the superior minority, the sutures of whose skulls have not prematurely grown together and thus permanently shut off all possibility of mental growth and development.

The loss to the real theatre caused by the defection of the Great Mass is only a financial one. Artistically the theatre has gained enormously. No longer having the Great Mass as patrons, the theatrical managers have been obliged to produce plays with an appeal to the select audience—the intelligent minority. And when the managers themselves have failed to see the way, it has been pointed out to them by independent producing groups, such as the Theatre Guild, the Greenwich Village Group, the Actor's Theatre, the Stagers and others in New York and throughout the country. In fact, there are many signs on the horizon of a real Renaissance of the Art of the theatre, which might never have appeared but for the desertion of the great uncivilized majority.

So for this desertion we should give much thanks, and bend our energies toward continuing to give mental, emotional and spiritual nourishment to the intelligent minority who are left to us, and for whom the real theatre exists.

How best to accomplish this might be open to discussion, although it seems to me the first fact we must face is that no theatre which puts the artistic worth of its productions ahead of their commercial appeal can live without endowment of some sort, whether it be in the form of state subsidy, private guarantee by the wealthy, or subscription lists of the moderately well-to-do. Why should we assume that in this commercial age the higher forms of Art should stand on their own feet, when they have never been able to do so, any time or anywhere?

The creative artists of ancient Greece were enabled to live only because of both state and private subsidy; those of the Renaissance would have fared slimly without the help of the Church, in addition to private patronage; the opera houses and repertoire theatres of Europe have always been subsidized by the State; our own opera, symphony orchestras, art schools and galleries would have ceased to exist long ago, but for the financial help of such men as Otto Kahn, Clarence Mackay, J. Pierpont Morgan and other wealthy connoisseurs.

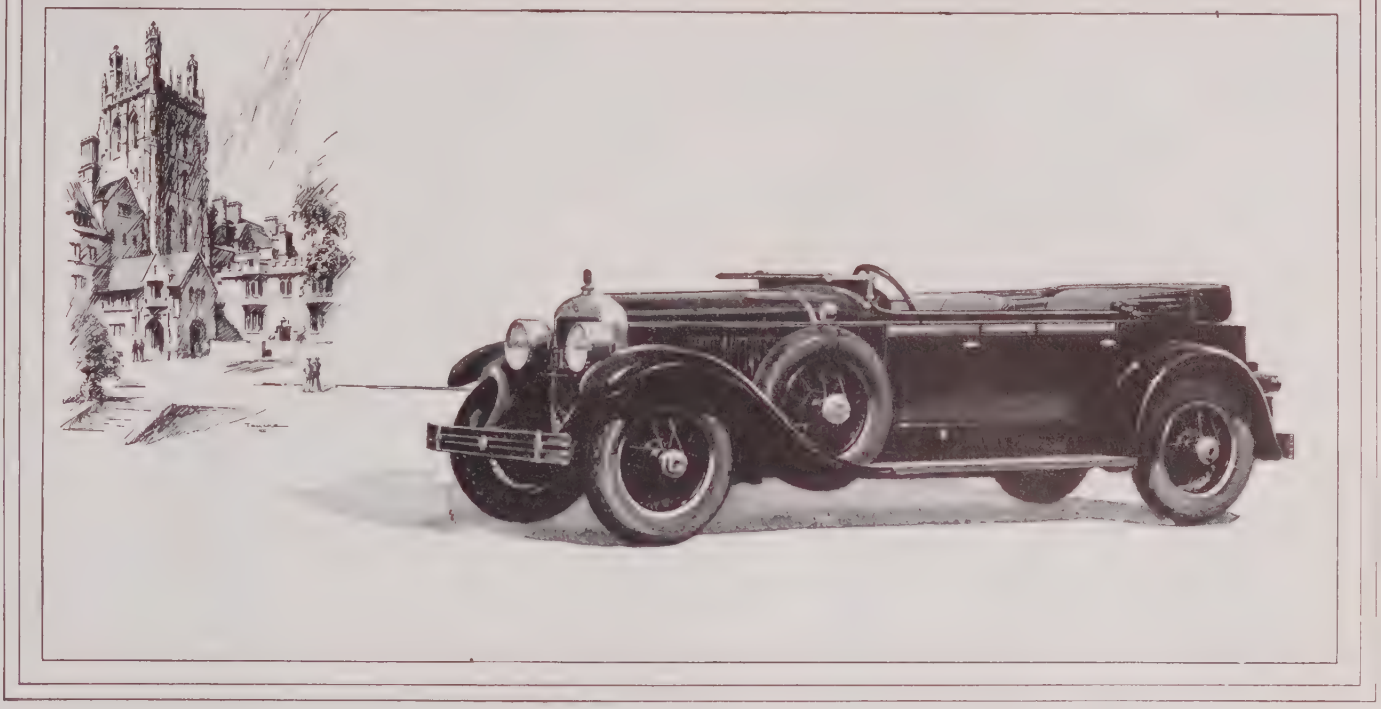
Yet for some inexplicable reason we seem to expect the theatre, the real theatre, the Art Theatre, the forward-looking experimental theatre, to live solely by its own efforts. This simply cannot be done.

It has until recently been a habit in hard-headed America to look upon acting, especially among men, as a profession about on a level with tea-tasting or the painting of batiks, and among women as simply a toboggan slide to moral degradation and the nether depths of hell.

This quaint idea, however, is rapidly changing, even our Methodist friends having struck from their Book of Discipline the ban against card-playing, dancing and the theatre, which was making their Sect ridiculous, as very few of their members ever thought of observing so absurd a regulation.

To be sure, there are a few Dr. Stratons left, but they are almost extinct, and, after all, we must have something in the world to laugh at.

The locally owned and locally managed theatre, adequately endowed, with its own regular company, alternating, as will be possible under such a scheme, with visiting organizations from Broadway, will, as I see it, bring the theatre back to a position far beyond its former state, inasmuch as its appeal will be only to the intelligent minority, under whose patronage alone is conceivable the higher development of any of the Arts.



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Chinese Phantoms

(Continued from page 76)

that I had pleased you. . . Did I not belong to you?'

"K'iâo, in his drunken state, received a thousand caresses and kisses—not on the mouth, though, which is the immodest custom among the whites, but in the Chinese manner, which consists of a noisy inhaling against the skin.

"'And now,' she added cynically and with a grating voice which was strange to him, 'now I have you; I shall not let you go again!'

"She seized K'iâo by his coat. The slab of the coffin suddenly tilted and swallowed them up. Then it closed over them . . .

"Noting the young man's disappearance, his neighbour became anxious. A posse of friends started in search of the young student. Unable to find him, it was someone's idea to visit the pagoda of Hu-Sinn-Sen. There they discovered that a piece of a man's coat had been caught between the coffin and its lid. The priests were notified, and the casket opened. The corpse of a girl, intact, was holding in her arms the body of the student K'iâo, which was still warm . . .

"Now, it is generally assumed that a corpse which is not decomposed is a public menace. It becomes covered with white or black hair and turns into a vampire.

"It was decided that the presence of a vampire ghost had sullied the pagoda. The two lovers were taken to a vacant lot outside the city, beyond the fortifications, and buried there. Since that time, on stormy nights, belated caravans, arriving after the gates have been closed and thus forced to camp outside the city limits for the night, sometimes see two shadows passing, preceded by a servant woman who carries a lantern that has two peonies painted on the sides . . ."

Dorothea was clapping her hands.

"And then . . . ?"

"Then? That is all. The story also has it that those who encounter this trio are seized with a burning fever the next day."

"That's just the sort of tale I like," Dorothea said. "In the first place, it starts as in real life: The girl makes the advances. What follows is sentimental and, at the same time, terrifying. Put Sherlock Holmes into the neighbour's place,—Scotland Yard; then a ghost arriving by motor, wearing rubber gloves so as to avoid leaving finger prints; dressed up in this up-to-date fashion it might easily make twenty episodes or a very nice *pièce de résistance* for Hollywood. And particularly the final fade-out: The *amah* recedes from view and only the two peonies remain on the screen . . . But your young man would have to be very good-looking. Women adore handsome spectres with black eyes . . . "

"Yes, but gentlemen prefer blondes," I commented, pressing against her, pretending that it was necessary for me to take a sharp turn in the road.

"I have another story," I went on. "This one was told me by a Chinese actor. When you are more grown up, Dorothea, and have found out that all stories of Chinese actors are improper, you will thank me for having gone no further than I will go with this one.

"This actor belonged to a traveling troupe of comedians whose financial affairs were in bad shape. The summer season at the *Great World*, Shanghai's Coney Island, had wound up with an empty cash drawer. In short, each one of these actors was to take up winter quarters, to carry the beautiful embroidered dresses, the magnificent wigs, the false beards and the opium pipes to the pawnbroker's and to eke out an existence by those insignificant, more or less legitimate activities which constitute the supplementary occupation of a Chinese actor, when one evening a fast messenger arrived by rickshaw at the office of the theatre and said to the manager of the troupe:

"'Your services are wanted immediately. You are to sing a comedy at a certain house outside the Nankin gate. The pay is very good.'

"Presently the troupe was thrown into a state of mobilization. One went in search of the old actors in the opium dens, the acrobat was found in the pagoda where he had already started his retirement, and the women—for this troupe carried them, being a company of comedians—were brought back from the various cabarets where they were working very hard to entertain drunken old tradesmen. All these people, together with the stage settings and properties, were crowded into three Fords, and the city was left behind on their way to the place that had been described to them. Night was falling. They passed the American schools, on their right. They crossed the French concession and reached the open country. Soon, beyond the collieries and gas tanks, there appeared a house with windows brightly lit and filled with a crowd of people. Although they were in the heart of a modern district, the house was of ancient design and its guests appeared to be poor and were dressed in wrinkled, old-fashioned clothes.

"When the actors had gotten out of the cars, a *duenna* appeared who said:

"'The owner of this house is a rich heiress. She is the daughter of one of the big Shanghai rice merchants. Her name is Miss M'u. She desires that only love scenes be enacted before her and her guests and she requests particularly that no *djinn* (a *genie* of well doing) appear in the performance and that as little noise be made as possible, if you would be so kind, my dear comedians.'

"The old actor, who told me this story and who acted as stage manager, arranged his program according to these instructions. Under a shed and in semi-darkness they erected a makeshift stage. There was no electricity; only lanterns. The comedians sang from midnight to the break of dawn, without being assisted by an orchestra and without being offered either wine or cakes. A feeling of uneasiness filled the hall . . . Nobody ever applauded. The audience was most extraordinary; neither the ladies seated in screened boxes, hidden by the traditional wicket, nor the gentlemen in the stalls, ever raised their voices audibly.

(Continued on page 100)





And best of all she likes the gift of Cannon towels



HAPPY days are these for the bride-to-be! Parties galore! Showers of china—showers of aluminum, showers of this and that. But, most of all, she likes her friends to give the shower that includes a gift of Cannon towels.

A gift of Cannon towels means another treasured addition to that snowy heap of handsome linens in the hope-chest. It means towels she will be proud to have in her new home—towels that will give good service for a long, long time.

And the giver of the gift will have the great satisfaction of knowing she has made a "good buy." For every dollar, or fraction of a dollar, invested in Cannon towels brings the exceptional values for which the Cannon brand is famous.

Cannon towels give you these remarkable values, because the Cannon mills produce more than half the towels sold in America. This tremendous production means lower manufacturing costs which are reflected in the lower prices of Cannon towels.. Just how important are the savings on Cannon towels is indicated by this: Most good hotels buy Cannon towels in preference to other brands—because they know they will suit the most exacting requirements. Naturally, they are a sound and economical investment for the home.



The new "Blowing Whale" towel

Make sure of getting *Cannon* towels, by asking for them by name and looking for the Cannon label. Practically all dry goods and department stores carry the Cannon line, which includes every type of towel in a wide variety of styles, patterns and colorings. Everything from great luxurious bath towels of extra heavy weave, beautifully bordered, or patterned in fast colors, to splendid huck towels for hands and face.

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A distinguished coat of Eastern Mink featuring a slim silhouette and a graceful collar made in one with the wrap. Worn by Miss Beatrice Roberts. An original Bergdorf-Goodman model.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
616 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

If I Owned the Paper

(Continued from page 58)

There was one story on which I toiled as a reporter some fifteen years back which has thus nagged me ever since with wonder as to how it all came out—plagued me as will some novel which gets carried away before one can finish it. The story began when a certain rich man died—one Edwin Hawley—and great was the scurrying in all directions when it was found that among all the papers he left behind him, there was no will. There was no will to shut out the banished nephew who had been turned out of Hawley's office and Hawley's favours a dozen years before because he had married a pretty telegraph operator. There was no will to protect the inscrutable Miss Cameron who, though no kin of his, was, when Hawley died, *châtelaine* of his town house in East 61st Street and of Effingham Towers, his great place at Babylon, Long Island, which he had built for himself in some delusion of grandeur. She had come to Effingham Towers as a school-girl with her hair down her back, the daughter of some woman with whom Hawley had gone to school as a lad back in Chatham, N. Y. The childless man adopted her. Now, while the fruitless search for a will went on feverishly behind closed doors, it seemed to the onlooking reporters that the hour of midnight was striking for this woman, her carriage turning into a pumpkin before our eyes, the prancing steeds to mice.

We raced, then, to find the lost nephew. We tracked him through the city to the unsightly tenement where he was living with his children swarming on the floor. His first official act as an heir apparent was to send down word to a stevedore firm on the riverfront that they need not expect him around for work on Monday. But what of his wife? What of the pretty telegraph operator at the bidding of whose eyes he had incurred his uncle's displeasure and with whom he had gone out into the world to make his way unaided? Well, it seems she was out of town at the moment and we were busy picturing the pretty scene of her homecoming when we stumbled on the disconcerting item that, for the nonce, she was incarcerated on Blackwell's Island, to which some unromantic magistrate had coldly despatched her for disorderly conduct.

For a time, for a few days, that is, the newspapers held in beautiful suspense the breath-taking peripeteia which the intestacy of that old man had thus thrust into the drama of these two women's lives. Then, in stray notes of probate, out-of-court settlements, divorce proceedings and the like, the story trailed off into obscurity and so out of our ken. But how did it all end? What became of the two women in the Hawley case? We did not hear. We never do hear.

Of course, it would not be fair thus wantonly to track unhappy people into the privacy they and the years had drawn around themselves. Often the story could be decently re-opened only by leaving certain facts blank. And oftener still the old trail would be difficult to pick up at all. Thus recently the reporters and photographers of one of our dandy little tabloids closed in melodramatically on a shanty near Yonkers occupied by a solitary and rather peevish old woman who was immensely fluttered by the attention but rather put out when she learned that, through some delusion, they thought she was the celebrated Nan Patterson—Nan Patterson who, a quarter of a century ago, was graduated from the Floradora sextette into one of the gaudiest murder trials that ever set a country by the ears and who, like Madeleine Smith, walked out of the court-room into the obscurity that engulfs us all.

Chinese Phantoms

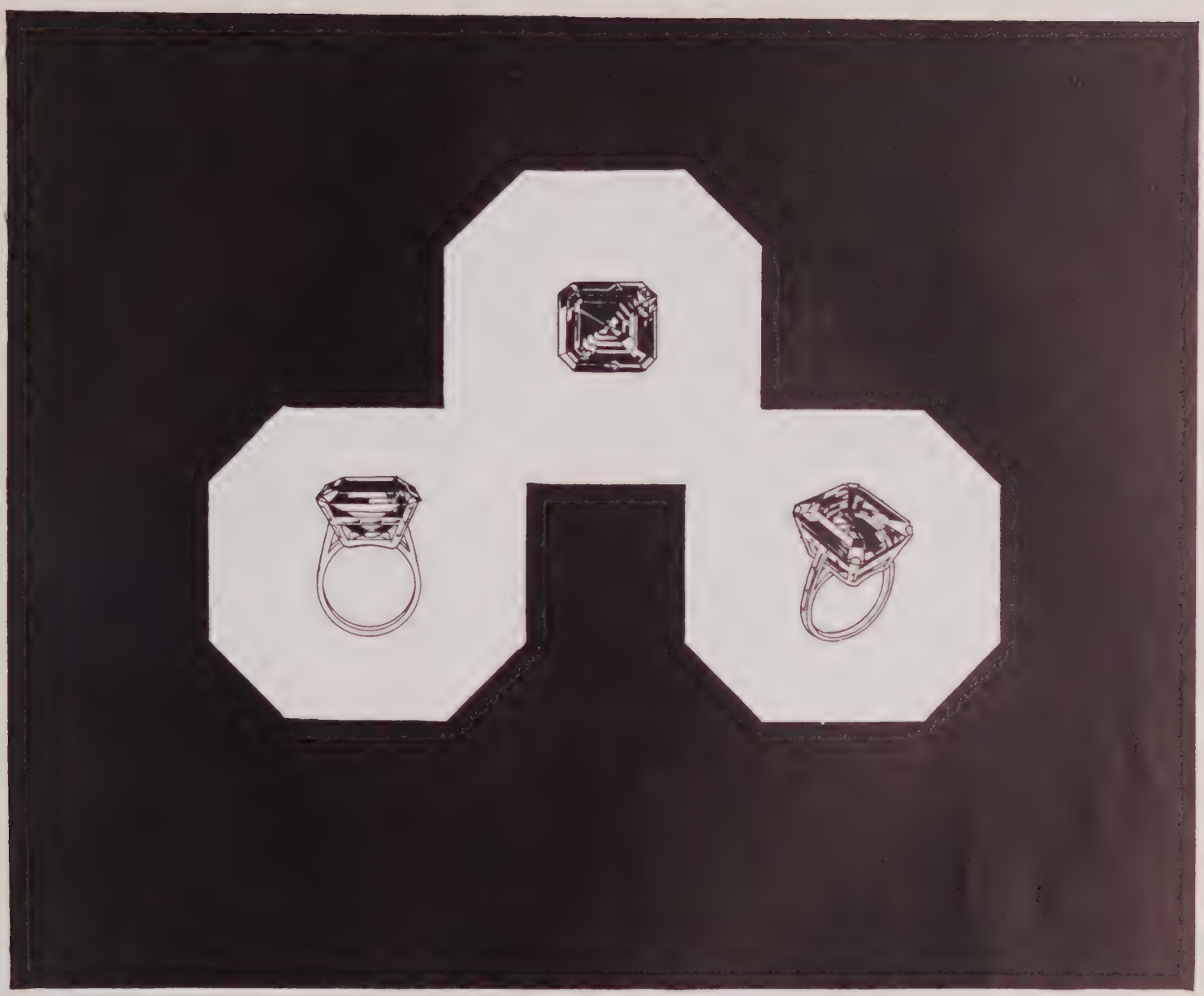
(Continued from page 98)

They were all whispering, and it was impossible to understand a single word. Besides, the request not to have a *djinn* appear was contrary to all traditions of Chinese drama. The *djinn* is commissioned, in a manner of speaking, to keep order in this world and in the nether regions. He is the enemy of spectres, escaped and vagrant spirits, foxes and phantoms with evil intentions, which all dread and avoid him . . . At the same time he is an indispensable character in the Chinese theatre, a sort of *deus ex machina*, without whom a comedy cannot very well be brought to a fitting conclusion.

" 'My comrades,' the stage manager said to me, 'were the same mixture of stupidity, professional solidarity and vanity which characterizes the calling of actors the world over. They plotted with one another to violate the injunction given. They gave the cue, and the *djinn* (that is, one of the actors in the rôle of that good spirit) entered upon the stage, brandishing his sword in both hands. This entrance was accompanied by a frightful din of drums and cymbals. There were flashes of lightning, and I thought the earth would burst open. At the same moment complete darkness enveloped us. Not another sound was heard. Day was breaking . . . '

"The comedians, so the stage manager assured me, found themselves alone in some brush, before a tomb. They folded up their stage sets, gathered their properties and costumes as fast as they could, and when they reached the city again the sun was rising.

"People of that vicinity were questioned, but did not know what to answer. They had seen nothing; they had heard nothing. The only thing that could be learned was that the tomb, in front of which the actors had stopped, was the burial place of a Miss M'u, an ancient and famous actress of the latter part of the eighteenth century."



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THE FINEST LARGE EMERALD · · · This stone, a recent acquisition, is the finest large emerald that has been offered for sale in the 116 years of our experience. The intensity and depth of color in this large stone are perfect. The ring setting in which we are displaying the Black, Starr & Frost Emerald is unusual in design, and worthy of this magnificent jewel. Courses of baguette diamonds are used throughout the mounting. Weight: over 18 carats · · · Price: $175,000.

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Early Fall

Sport Clothes with a spirit as new as the Season itself—gay, brilliant and fascinating—enlivening the activities of Fall—for Motor, Travel, Town and Sports . . . . Ready now at your favorite Shop!

DEL MONTE-HICKEY
246 WEST 38TH STREET, NEW YORK

Californian Rhapsody

(Continued from page 62)

up like rockets into the dark sky. And the buildings themselves—they too had almost rocketted into existence. Thirty years ago Los Angeles was a one horse—a half-horse—town. In 1940 or thereabouts it is scheduled to be as big as Paris.

And what joy! The joy of rushing about, of always being busy, of having no time to think, of being too rich to doubt. The joy of shouting and bantering, of dancing and forever dancing to the noise of a savage music, of lustily singing. The joy of loudly laughing and talking at the top of the voice about nothing, (for thought is barred in this City of Dreadful Joy, and conversation is unknown). The joy of drinking prohibited whiskey from enormous silver flasks, the joy of cuddling provocatively bold and pretty flappers, the joy of painting the cheeks, of rolling the eye and showing off the desirable calves and figure. The joy of going to the movies and the theatre, of sitting with one's fellows in luxurious and unexclusive clubs, of trooping out on summer evenings with fifty thousand others to listen to concerts in the open air, of being always in a crowd, never alone.

And oh, how strenuously, how whole-heartedly the people of Joy City devote themselves to their Good Time! The Good Times of Rome and Babylon, of Byzantium and Alexandria were dull and dim and miserably restricted in comparison with the superlatively Good Time of modern California. The ancient world was relatively poor; and it had known catastrophe. The wealth of Joy City is unprecedentedly enormous. Its light-hearted people are unaware of war or pestilence or famine or revolution, have never, in their safe and still half-empty Eldorado known anything but prosperous peace, contentment, universal acceptance. The truest patriots, it may be, are those who pray for a national calamity.

On and on we drove, through the swarming streets of Joy City. (One automobile, sir, to every three and a quarter inhabitants.) The tall buildings impended, the lights whizzed up like rockets. On and on. Across an open space there suddenly appeared a great white building, as high as St. Paul's, magically shining against the intensified blackness of the sky behind. (Just finished, sir. The Temple of the Elks.) From its summit the beams of half a dozen searchlights waved to heaven. They seemed the antennae of some vast animal, feeling and probing in the void—for what? For Truth, perhaps? Truth is not wanted in the City of Dreadful Joy. For Happiness? It is possessed. For God? But God had already been found; he was inside the shining Temple; he *was* the temple, the brand new, million-dollar Temple, in which at this moment the initiates of the venerable Order of Elks were congregated to worship, not the effetely aristocratic Lady Poverty, but plain American Mrs. Wealth. Five or six hundred motor cars stood parked outside the doors. What *could* those luminous antennae be probing for? Why, for nothing, of course, for nothing! If they waved so insistently, that was just for fun. Waving for waving's sake. Movement is a joy and this is the great Joy City of the West.

FIFTH MOVEMENT

The restaurant is immense. The waiters sprint about, carrying huge dishes of the richest food. What Gargantuan profusion! Great ten pound chops, square feet of steak, filets of whale, whole turkeys stewed in cream, mountains of butter. And the barbarous music throbs and caterwauls unceasingly. Between each juicy and satiating course, the flappers and the young men dance, clasped in an amorous wrestle. How Rabelais would have adored it! For a week, at any rate. After that, I am afraid, he would have begun to miss the conversation and the learning which served in his Abbey of Thelema as the accompaniment and justification of pleasure. This Western pleasure, meaty and raw, untempered by any mental sauce—would even Rabelais's unsqueamish stomach have been strong enough to digest it? I doubt it. In the City of Dreadful Joy, Pantagruel would soon have died of fatigue and boredom. *Taedium laudamus*—so reads the triumphant canticle of Californian joy.

The restaurant is suddenly plunged into darkness. A great beam of limelight, like the Eye of God in an old engraving, stares down from somewhere near the ceiling, right across the room, squinting this way and that, searching—and at last finding what it had been looking for: a radiant figure in white, the singer of the evening. A good, though not superlatively good, singer in the style of Ethel Levey or Jenny Golder.

You gotta feed a chicken corn,
You gotta feed a seal fish,
You gotta feed a man (significant pause and *Œillade*) *Love.*

And so on. The enthusiasm which greets these rhymed lectures in elementary physiology is inordinate. Being enthusiastic is a joy.

There is a final burst of applause. The divine eyelid closes down over God's shining eye. The band strikes up again. The dancing re-begins. The Charleston, the fox trot. "There is only one first class civilization in the world today. It is right here, in the United States and the Dominion of Canada." Monkeyville, Bryan, the Ku Klux Klan. "Europe's civilization is hardly second class, and Asia's is fourth to sixth class." Jazz it up, jazz it up! And what did the late, great Ambassador Page have to say? "The whole continent (of Europe) is rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. I wouldn't give Long Island or Moore County for the whole continent of Europe."

It is almost midnight. A few minutes and it will be the Sabbath. A few hours and the Giant Marimbaphone will be proclaiming the glory of the new billion dollar God. At the Ambassador Hotel (alas, too expensive for me to stay at) Dr. Ernest Holmes will be preaching on *The Science of Jesus*. It is time to go home. Farewell, farewell. Parting is such sweet sorrow. Did Tosti raise his bowler hat when he said *Good Bye?*



THE DIFFERENCE?

. . . . *perhaps fifty thousand dollars*

TWO strings of pearls may have the same weight, and may be of the same size. They may present, to the amateur, much the same appearance. Yet one may be fairly valued at $100,000 and the other at much less. Why?

Those who have studied pearls know that, through many centuries, certain standards have become well established. These standards of coloring, size, symmetry, weight and other qualities determine their value. The attributes of a really fine pearl are not matters of opinion. They are definitely and easily recognizable—but only by experts. And yet a surprising number of people buy pearls without the advice of those who have been trained to judge this exquisite jewel. Even more regrettable, many such purchases are made through those who cannot and do not assume the responsibility for such important transactions.

Year after year, a growing number of people find that the word of Marcus & Company is considered authoritative, and that their pearls and precious stones are not only fairly priced, but in many cases are priced at sums that are less than one would expect to pay. As for the responsibility that should attend any transaction in jewels, Marcus & Company assume it as a matter of course. Many distinguished men and women consider it adequate surety for their most important purchases.

There may always be seen at the store of Marcus & Company a wide assortment of extraordinarily beautiful pearls. Singly or in perfectly graded strings, they are easily comparable to the finest pearls to be seen anywhere in the world. In fact, this store has become so well known for its large stock of fine pearls, and has sold so many famous strings, that it may almost be said to specialize in their selection and sale.

Strings of pearls from $200,000 *to* $200. *A large selection of loose pearls to add to necklaces, priced from* $20,000 *to* $10. *A distinguished collection of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires in many exclusive settings and designs.*

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

At the corner of 5th Avenue and 45th Street, New York City

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Automobiles

The New York

VOL. LXXV No. 142 Copyright, 1926 SUNDAY, JULY

CHRYSLER adopts BUDD-MICHELIN wheel equipment on all models...

Offers demountable steel discs on the "50", the "60", the "70", and the Imperial "80", now on display in show rooms.

New wheels bring greater safety, cleanliness, make tire changing easier, and enhance beauty of car.

The Chrysler organization, noted for progressiveness, has scored again through the announcement that Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels have been adopted as equipment on all models of the four types of Chrysler cars—the "50", the "60", the "70", and the Imperial "80"

This will be good news to the large body of motor car buyers who are alive to the advantages of all-steel construction, and have followed its progress during recent months. In many respects the structure of the wheels is most vital to safety, as the collapse of a wheel, in skidding against a curb, or in a collision with another car, is a mishap that no motorist cares to face.

Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels are the only automobile wheels approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. They were developed during the War, when the conditions of the roads near the front in France made necessary a sturdier type of wheel than had before been available. The Budd-Michelin was adopted by the French Government for all official cars, and solved one of the vital problems of war-time transportation.

After the War, the engineering advantages of Budd-Michelin Wheels, and their beauty—the beauty of clean stream-lines—appealed to European motor car manufacturers, with the result that they are now used on more than half the cars in Europe, including such famous makes as Rolls Royce, Delage, Panhard, Peugeot, Renault, Fiat, and Isotta-Fraschini.

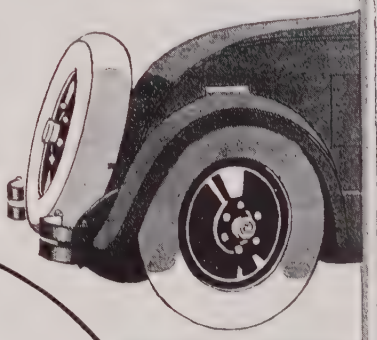
These wheels also won immediate recognition in America, and are now used on a dozen American makes.

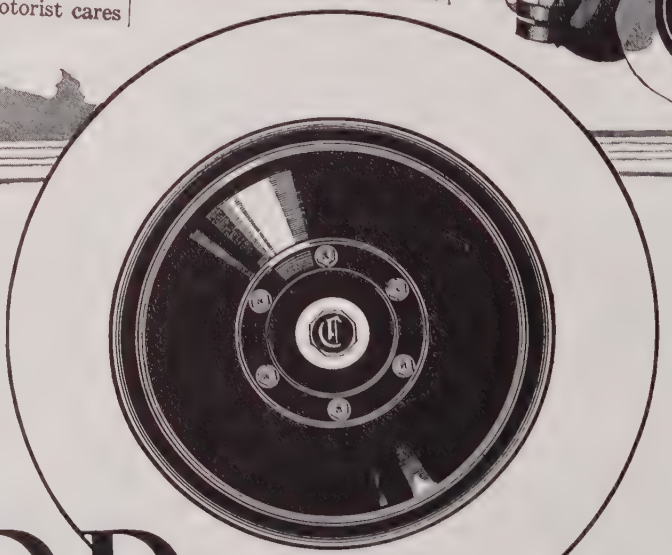
Five wheels per car

Each set of Budd-Michelins includes an extra wheel that carries the spare tire. It is usually mounted on the back of the car, and adds much to the attractiveness of the car's appearance from the rear. When a tire is punctured, the wheel with the flat tire is removed by unscrewing the cap nuts around the hub, and the spare wheel is put in its place. This operation takes only three or four minutes for a person of ordinary ability.

Budd-Michelin Wheels hide the brakes from view, and protect them from mud, water, and dust. Because of their smooth surface, they are easily cleaned, and tend to keep clean.

They are the last step in bringing to the motor car the safety and durability of all-steel construction—the type of construction which has made a passenger on a fast express train safer than in his own home.



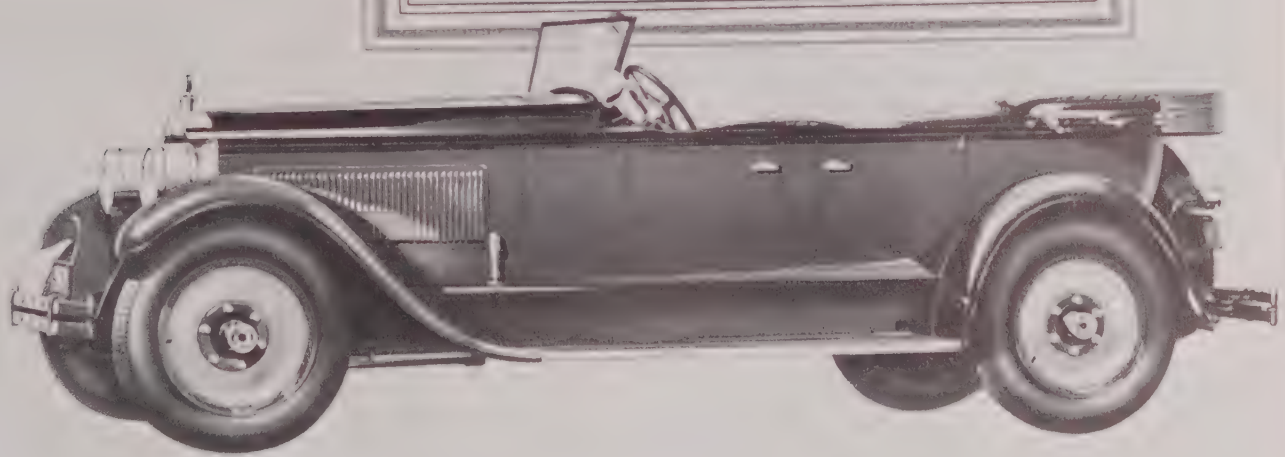


BUDD WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit — *Also makers of the Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheel, which fits the same hub as the Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheel* — Philadelphia



"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."



A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

Performance · Performance is usually the first quality considered by the buyer of any fine car.

Though comfort, beauty, distinction, and a host of other requirements must be satisfied — the motor car must first of all meet easily every demand of travel and traffic.

Packard performance is supreme. Closed car speed is the true criterion. Even the largest of the improved Packard Six and Packard Eight closed models, fully loaded, ask no odds of any car built — either in traffic or on the open road.

The top speed of Packard cars is too great for safe use anywhere off a speedway. But the power is there — reflected in a new standard of traffic agility and hill-climbing ability — the marvel of new owners.

P A C K A R D

DANDRUFF?





Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp.

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

Unless checked and properly treated it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Listerine does the trick

DANDRUFF is not only an unsightly nuisance but it is a danger signal of more serious scalp trouble —loss of hair, sometimes actual baldness.

Women as well as men encounter this trouble. The present feminine vogue of wearing the hair bobbed has revealed to many women that they have dandruff, where they never were aware of it before.

Dandruff is a germ disease that no intelligent person will neglect.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



The sheer joy of Chrysler dependability

To be sure, the Chrysler "70" possesses undeniable charm, grace, beauty, luxury, comfort—attributes which invariably appeal to discriminating feminine taste.

But the essential virtue of dependability is one of the chief reasons why women everywhere are constantly turning to the "70" in greater numbers.

For they have been quick to discover that they may rely upon the Chrysler "70" not only to carry them to their destination, but to bring them home safely, easefully, over the most rugged roads or through the most trying intricacies of metropolitan traffic.

In driving the Chrysler "70", you will experience a restful sense of security, a refreshing freedom from mental strain that is indispensable to the complete enjoyment of motoring.

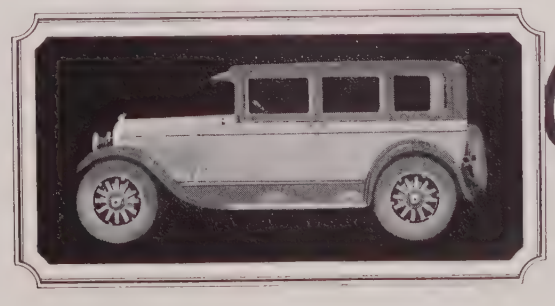
You will drive it with the enviable consciousness that it will not fail you—in any respect—in any emergency; for you will know that it is absolutely dependable.

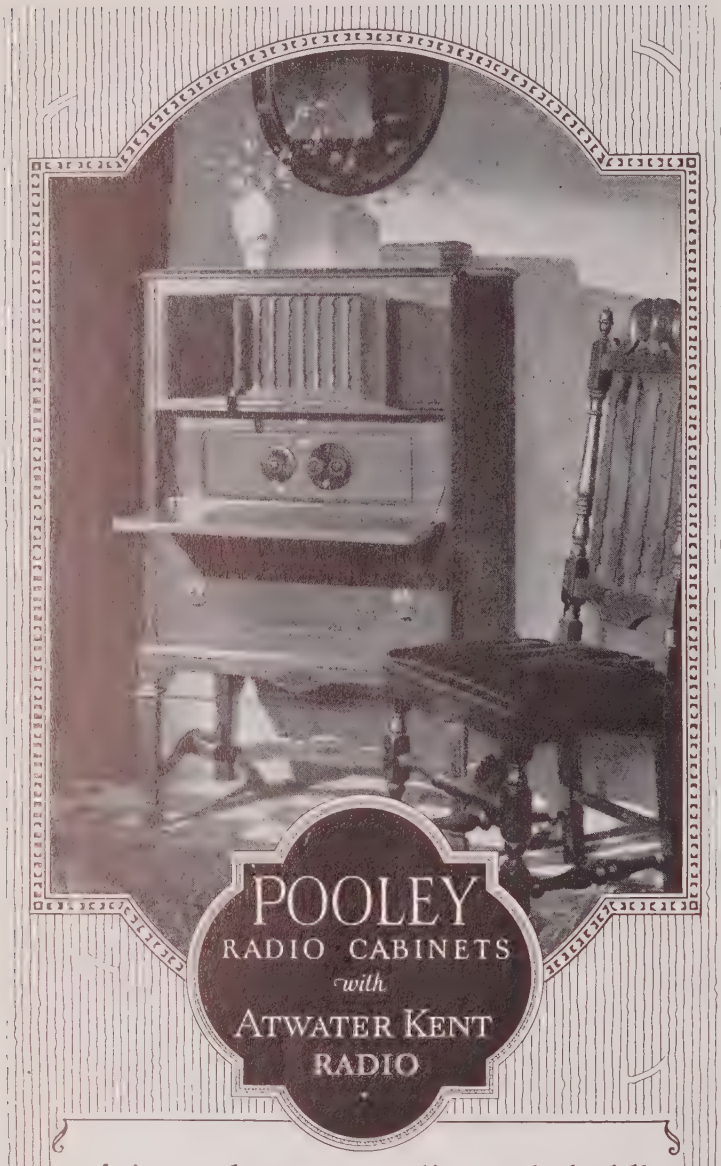
Easy to ride, easy to handle, perfectly balanced, alertly responsive, with an amazing reserve of speed and power for the occasion that demands it, the Chrysler "70" has proven itself the ideal car for the woman who does her own driving.

Priced from $1395 *to* $1895 *f. o. b. Detroit. Eight body styles*

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "70"





A joy to hear—as well as to behold!

Read what the maker of Atwater Kent Radio says:

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT

POOLEY Radio Cabinets to the manner born—ready to adorn or entertain! Theirs is a double loveliness, satisfying to a fine degree. They boast the finest things in radio—the Atwater Kent receiver, factory installed—the built-in Pooley (patented) floating horn.

Truly a masterpiece, this horn! Designed by acoustical experts, exceptionally large and sturdy, and built of selected spruce, it produces a tone of golden richness.

The cabinets are charming period models, fashioned for beauty and for strength. Batteries are hidden in roomy compartments; wires concealed. This is cabinet radio as it should be—exquisite in appearance, exemplary in performance, inimitable in voice.

The beautiful Pooley Radio Cabinets and Pooley Speakers are shown and fully described in our new catalog.

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1694 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Model 1700-R-2 (shown above)

Finished in English Brown Mahogany or American Walnut, with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries, $240 to $320. Other Pooley Radio Cabinets, equipped with Atwater Kent Radio, from $125 to $390. Pooley Cabinet Speakers, which will accommodate Atwater Kent Sets, $40 to $60.

Beware of imitations—look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada

Are Children People?

(Continued from page 60)

Wouldn't we have *fun!* And you can call me Aunty Baker! There! Won't that be *nice!*"

Yes, it will not!

Of course children *do* have friends among grown-ups, I have scads of them myself—real people, who treat me as if I were a friend, a person, an individuality. But I'm talking now of the great majority of grown-ups, not of the dear, charming exceptions who have made my life so wonderful. I'm sure my mother's attitude toward me has coloured the attitude of everyone who has ever visited us. She's as frank and friendly and casual with me as if I were the same age as she, or—which is more nearly the case—as if she were the same age as I.

If children *are* people, they should be given the three great gifts which make life for grown-ups so pleasant: namely, courtesy, justice and a tolerant understanding.

I've talked a lot about courtesy, because it seems to me that the most distressing thing about being a child is that adults have no true conception of courtesy—from the child's viewpoint. But there are graver wrongs that children nurse against parents and teachers and the world of grown-ups in general.

Is ordinary justice rendered to children? Grown-ups will answer that they protect children with child-labour laws, compulsory education, court rulings that compel fathers to support their children. They will also point with pride to the fact that, in this generation particularly, children get a "square deal"; that parents strive to give them the material comforts—the best of food, sanitary homes and good clothing. I grant all these evidences of justice for children. But I'm thinking of justice in a more personal sense, as between parents and children in every-day matters.

Take the matter of punishment, for instance. Even the best of parents are tyrants, sole arbiters of our fate, a court of justice—or often injustice—in which the father or mother is the judge and the jury and the prosecuting attorney. There is no attorney for the defense. The defendant is seldom allowed to take the stand in his own defense. He is arrested and taken to the whipping post, where he is punished before he knows what it is all about. Many parents punish first, then hold court later, if at all.

"But what did I *do*, Mama?" Johnny begs, between sobs.

"You know good and well what you did! I don't want to hear another word out of you! And stop that howling! The neighbors will think I'm killing you! Ask me what you did! You *know* you tracked mud all over my fresh-scrubbed kitchen! You *know* you went into the ice box and ate up every bit of that chocolate cake I was saving for dinner! There! (swish!) And there! That'll teach you to—"

But what's the use of going on? Every child knows the story and every parent—or almost every one—will recognize the scene and be able to furnish the climax to it. Sometimes it develops—too late, from the child's viewpoint—that it wasn't Johnny at all who tracked up the kitchen and ate up the cake, but his brother Sammy, who (because Mama's anger has been expended in whipping Johnny) is let off with a scolding. And does Mama apologize to Johnny or try to soothe his wounded spirit, which is smarting more than his flesh? She does not! She may feel sorry and guilty, inside, but she tosses her head and says to herself: "Oh, well! He's probably done something just as bad, or worse, that I don't know about! And I didn't spank him last week when I said I would."

Justice? I almost believe "there ain't no such animal" in the average home that is "blessed with children". Judging by the way some parents lord it over their children, you'd think the saying ought to go, "cursed with children".

If, smarting at an injustice, Johnny turns on his mother and says, "It ain't fair! You haven't any right to beat me before you know whether I did anything wrong or not!", his mother is horrified; stunned at such impertinence. Then she bursts into tears and tells him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, talking to his mother like that; he doesn't appreciate her and all her sacrifices for him—his lovely home, his doting mother, his wonderful school, his brand-new suit which she really couldn't afford to get for him, all the luxuries which she didn't have when *she* was a child. She cries and cries and makes Johnny feel like a dog, until he cries too, and tells her that he didn't mean it, and that she's the grandest mother in the world.

But Johnny doesn't forget.

This is an extreme example of injustice, but it is a type that is found in some degree in every family. My mother is frequently unjust, for she is quick to anger. But never, in all the years that we have lived together, has she been unjust to me in this way without acknowledging her error, and asking me to forgive her. And she never makes me feel hopelessly dependent by reminding me of all the wonderful things she does for me, as do nearly all the mothers and fathers of the other children I know. Another thing: she has never broken a promise to me in her life. Broken promises cause more unhappiness among children than adults ever dream of. Parents make promises too lightly—"If you'll do this or that, I'll take you to the movies," or, "You can spend Saturday with the Browns in the country". Then the most trivial excuse serves most parents for breaking these lightly given promises that the children have taken so seriously.

It may be a broken promise, or an undeserved punishment, followed by no apology or admission of error on the part of the parent, that sows the first seeds of distrust and dislike in the heart of a child. These seeds may bear the bitter fruit of actual hatred or open rebellion when the child is old enough to make his own way in the world. In the meantime, the unjust parent may wonder why his son doesn't confide in him, why he would

(Continued on page 108)



It is Sterling
~more can not be said

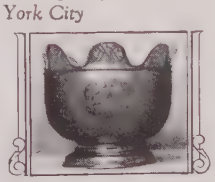
When good bridesmaids get together

There is intrigue here—glorious intrigue. Hushed whispers over the sheer beauty of their intended gift, its finely wrought design, its everlasting loveliness—rapturous prophecies of how thrilled their October bride will be.

And how thrilled she will be by their lovely gift of Sterling—genuine as the warm friendship that incites its giving, desirable as the true love it will ever convey.

May there always be intrigue, glorious intrigue, and gifts of nothing less than Sterling—solid silver through and through.

STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA
20 West 47th Street, New York City



Justly proud of her home was Mrs. James Alexander, social leader of Colonial New York—for first among her treasures was this magnificent solid silver bowl. The possession of Sterling has ever been prized—and gifts of Sterling ever cherished. Today, more lovely than ever is the selection at your jeweler's.

Only when silver is stamped "STERLING" is it genuine solid silver—one metal through and through.



New Flannels & Light Weight Worsteds

The suit illustrated is ready for wearing, modelled from an original by a leading London tailor. It is available for summer in the newer shades of flannel and light weight worsteds of distinctive patterns

Separate waistcoats of linen as illustrated in a new backless model. Gray and fawn

The leghorn hat is the newest model, extremely light in weight and in the newest shade

Plain colored crepe cravat

The new shape collar—JERMYN STREET

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

Are Children People?

(Continued from page 106)

rather be anywhere else than at home, and why he so resents his father's attempts to participate in any of his sports, pleasures or excursions.

Tolerant understanding—the third major prerogative of a child, if he is really a person—is of course a result of justice and courtesy. It cannot exist without their having paved the way. Since justice and courtesy are rarely found in any great degree in the relationship between adults and children, what wonder that so little understanding exists between the two? How many adults show any tolerance for, or sympathetic understanding of, the myriad make-believes and gossamer fancies that float about in the mind of a child and sometimes find their way into awkward, fumbling words? Parents who believe themselves kindly and good are too prone to label these childish expressions of make-believe as nonsense, and to send the child off on some practical errand when he tries to explain what is seething inside his imaginative mind. Or else they call it lying and punish the bewildered and terrified child. Have adults completely forgotten that children often live in a world of make-believe, constructed as a place of retirement from the realities of misunderstood childhood? The cobweb fancies of this world of refuge are as real as school and parents and home-life. It is a great compliment to an adult—parent or teacher or outsider—when a child lifts the veil and reveals some of these delicate fancies of his. If the adult laughs or scoffs at them, the sensitive soul of the child may close up like a pitcher plant and remain closed for years.

On the more practical side, adults show just as little tolerance for the small miseries that children suffer. When Mary goes shopping with her mother and timidly begs for a broad-brimmed hat, trimmed in just such a way—the mode of the moment in what Mary deems the most desirable circle of school society—her mother has not the slightest conception of the agony that is Mary's when a plain, serviceable, narrow-brimmed hat is forced on her drooping head, with the words: "You'd look a *sight* in any broad-brimmed hat with that thin face! Now, I don't want to hear another word out of you! Mother knows *best!*" If Mary is sensitive—and where is there a child who isn't—she hates the new hat with a venomous hatred and in her heart there burns a dull resentment against her mother. Doesn't her mother *know* that it's just as hard on Mary to wear an unfashionable, serviceable hat as it would be on Mary's mother? Those are the times when Mary sulks, won't eat, wishes she were dead, and pictures her mother being sorry when it's too late.

Adults laugh at the tragedies of childhood, and make family jokes of them, with the best intentions in the world. But, to the suffering child, there is little humour in such jokes.

Many mothers say with pride: "My children have everything in the world they want. Why, when I was a child, I was tickled to death to get two new dresses a year, while Mary here has a dozen. And, besides, she has fifty cents a week for an allowance. Of course I try to make her save it, for I do think every child should learn to *save*."

How many heart-aches are twined around that fifty cents a week that Mary gets—theoretically! There are a myriad little social distinctions in any set of people, and the "society" of childhood has rules as important and as complex as those of adult society. There are circles within circles, in school society, and a girl can feel social ostracism as keenly as her mother can. If she does not "treat" the crowd, when her turn comes, she is cruelly but perhaps justly edged out of the inner circle. If she does not invite them to her house for parties, if she doesn't entertain them in accordance with their rigid standards she may be dropped. Her mother would laugh at the idea if her daughter told her that she had been ostracized socially. As if children had "society"! The idea! Why, society is reserved and patented for adults! And, just because many a mother does not understand these things, and laughs at such distinctions among children, many a little girl lives a lonely, unhappy life.

Why can't she tell her mother all about it, you wonder? Every so often beautiful articles in women's magazines remind mothers that they must confide in their children and invite their confidence in return. Maybe this particular little outcast from the inner circle of school society has been taken upon her mother's lap half a dozen times in her life and told:

"Now, darling, Mother wants you to feel free to tell her everything—just anything and everything! You will, won't you, darling? And Mother will tell you secrets, too!"

But "darling" isn't fooled. She has tried that confiding game before and it hasn't worked so well. If she confides something precious, out of her innermost heart, Mother may not understand, may smile involuntarily, even laugh; or, if she does not approve of the pearl of confidence that "darling" has brought from her mental treasure-chest, she may be gently scolded by a shocked, hurt mother.

Do you remember Ernest's experiences in this respect with his addle-pated, sentimental mother, in Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh?* Ernest quickly found that his mother was simply laying traps for him; that, when she had learned all that she could learn from him, she used her information against him—and the others concerned in his confidences—with a ruthless cruelty, masquerading in the guise of maternal duty toward him, his father, his school, and society in general. Like Ernest, a child may be trapped once, twice, three times, but, eventually, he learns to shun the trap. And how few real confidences does a child ever get from a mother or father who promises a fair exchange?

If I didn't have my own life with my mother, by which to contrast the usual relationship of parent and child,

(Continued on page 110)

When Indian summer days are come—when with gay companions you saunter over the friendly fields
—have a Camel!



WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—*have a Camel!*

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellowy mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. All Camel days are happy days, for they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Money doesn't enter into Camel enjoyment. No matter how much you are able or willing to pay, you'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road—as it seems that no other day or place could be so restful, so friendly—

Have a Camel!



No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

1926



Radiola 30, complete $575. For use on 50 to 60 cycle, 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit.

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Inside a fine cabinet, the unsurpassed eight tube Radiola super-heterodyne. The power speaker that can give you, undistorted, almost any volume of music you can want. And a power supply device that does away with all batteries.



RADIOLA 30

Plug in on the house current. Call in the station you want with a single finger's tuning. And add to the attraction of your home the music of orchestras that in past years played only in the great hotels—the singing of artists who once sang only on the concert stage. A Radiola 30 transports them to you—*real!*

Operates on 50 to 60 cycle, 110 volt A.C. circuit.

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Huyler's
COCOA CHOCOLATES
NEW YORK



From an original teapot by William Ball
Philadelphia Silversmith, 1752—1782

Philadelphia Silver

MANY of the choicest specimens of finely wrought silver were made by the Colonial silversmiths of Philadelphia.

A distinct style was established—rare, inspiring, with the charm of simplicity, of graceful lines and seemly decoration.

Existing examples, with few exceptions, are privately owned and when obtainable are almost priceless.

In the Caldwell world-wide collection of fine silverware, reproductions of Colonial styles figure importantly. The oval teapot with vertical sides by William Ball was used as a model by Caldwell in developing the tea set as illustrated.



J. E. CALDWELL & Co.

CHESTNUT STREET BELOW BROAD, PHILADELPHIA

Are Children People?

(Continued from page 108)

I should not dare to write so frankly of the small injustices and humiliations which keep childhood from being the halcyon period that adults think it is. If my mother were the average mother, I wouldn't dare show my face at home after this article comes out in print. But my own childhood *has* been happy, because the reverse of all that I have written has been true in my own case. From the time I was a baby, my mother has treated me as a person, a friend. She told me everything that happened in her busy days, made a real *confidante* of me, not in a condescending way, but as one friend to another. And, of course I told her everything that happened to me. I still do. I can't imagine having a secret from Mother, and I don't believe she has one from me, unless it is something that concerns someone else—a secret which she is not at liberty to divulge. When anything particularly exciting or depressing comes up during her day, she telephones me, and "gets it off her chest". I do the same. Her friends do not talk down to me; they do not snub me, or act as if they thought that children should be seen and not heard. I have been admitted to every sort of discussion that can possibly go on between interesting, creative people, since I was old enough to talk. I have been allowed to choose my own clothes, and, because I do not *have* to take it, I nearly always take Mother's advice in choosing my clothes, for she has better taste than I have. But she understands all about fads and schoolgirl society and such things. My allowance is mine to do with as I please, and no questions asked. I can make engagements with my friends, and be sure of being allowed to keep them, since the independence which has been allowed me all my life has made my judgment quite dependable. Mother recognizes my right to privacy; she does not open my mail or ask to see my letters after I have read them. Because she doesn't ask, I usually show her my letters, but if for some reason I don't, there is no resentment on her part. She shows me letters from our mutual friends, if she likes—and usually she does—but it would never occur to me to ask her to show me a letter which she had not given me to read.

For as many years as I can remember we have treated each other as two very close friends; with courtesy and tact. She never betrays my confidences, and does not use them against me. I believe it was her discovery, when I was a baby, that children *are* people, that was largely responsible for my rapid progress through school. Just because she did regard me as a person, she insisted that I must think for myself, take care of myself physically, and develop myself morally and spiritually *from within*.

In short, I had from infancy the freedom which adults have, and which children so bitterly envy them. And I do not think I have abused that freedom any more than the average right-thinking adult does.

As for grown-ups, I have a little private theory about them. I believe that their treatment of children is a sub-conscious effort to wreak vengeance on life for their own miseries and humiliations when they were children. I believe it all comes from the thought that children plant in their minds when they are smarting under injustices at the hands of grown-ups: "When *I'm* grown-up, I'll get even!"

The pity of it is that they get even with life by hurting their own children, just as they themselves were hurt so long ago.

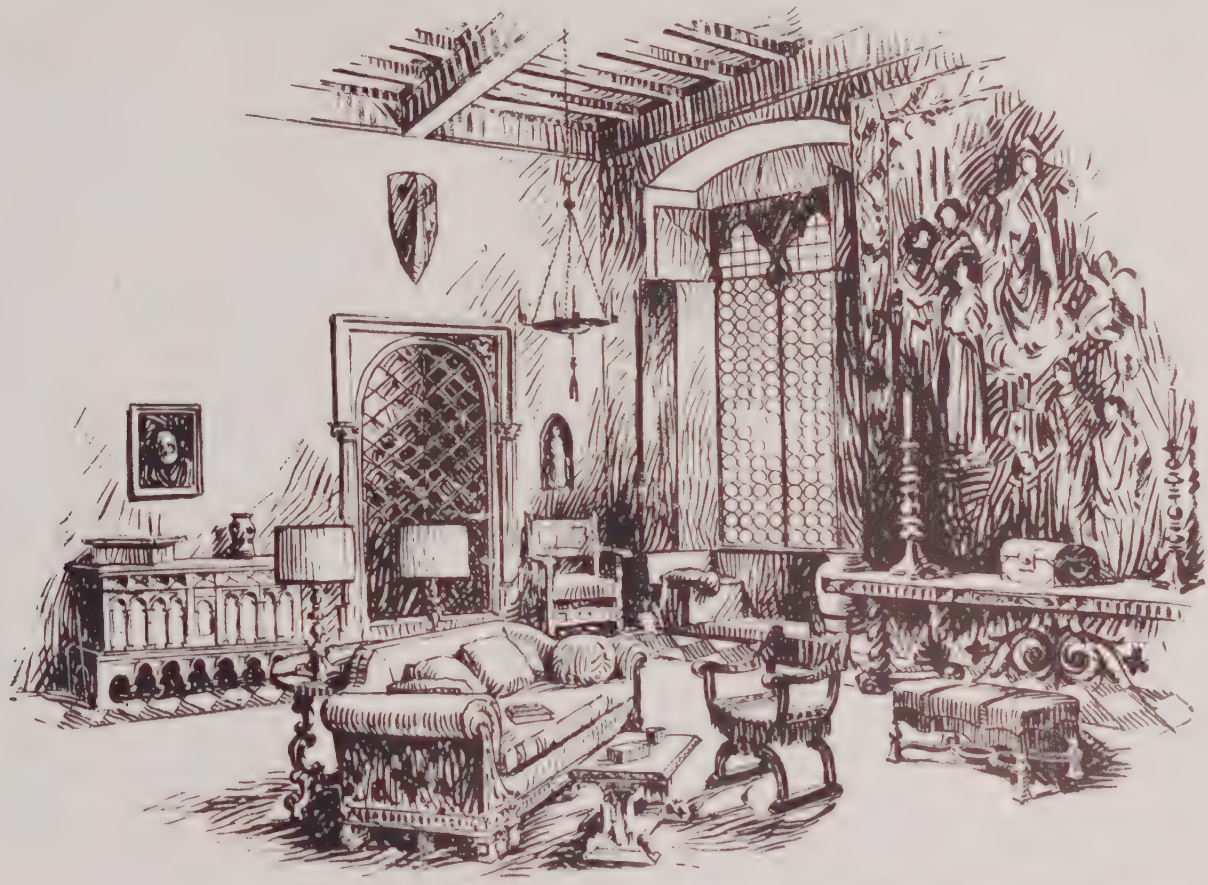
As an observing spectator of both child and adult life, I've come to the conclusion, along with Christopher Morley, that there are no grown-ups, *really*. There are just children who are doing the things they wanted to do and couldn't do when they were children in point of years. The middle-aged man who capers about ridiculously and plays silly practical jokes on his friends is the grown-up version of the little boy who was repressed by the parents who didn't understand him. And yet he, in turn, will give his own son a whipping for doing exactly the sort of thing that he, as a grown man, is doing as a practical joke. It's a vicious circle, isn't it?

It isn't half so ridiculous as it is pathetic to see adults acting like children—or rather, as children would like to act if they could get away with it. And the spectacle of children playing "Mama and Papa" isn't nearly as funny as it is pathetic. If you grown-ups want to know what children really think of you, you should watch a couple of children playing a game of "Mama and Papa". The little girl, dressed in her mother's clothes, caricatures her mother with a preciseness of detail that is really startling. She whips her dolls with harshness for the most trivial of make-believe offenses; she talks in mincing, affected tones; she whispers to the child playing "Papa" the most astonishing scandals about the neighbors; she complains of the servants in her mother's exact tones; she dolefully relates her numerous symptoms of ill health. She pats the doll that is portraying the *rôle* of visiting child, and patronizingly discusses its bad and good points, telling it to be "a nice little girl and mind your mama".

The imitation is perfect. But the little girl who is giving such a realistic performance probably has no malice in her heart. She is merely anticipating the gorgeous time that is coming when she too will be grown-up and can act just the way her mother does. If grown-ups do it it must be right, and the sooner she's old enough to do likewise, the happier she will be!

That's the reason why I wish fathers and mothers, and all other adults, would begin to think of children as people—so that the next generation of children will have a little more chance.

That vicious circle ought to be broken!



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There is perhaps no more interesting phase of architectural and decorative expression in America today than the enchanting villas inspired by the Spanish and Italian Renaissance.

¶ With their broad wall spaces of stucco, relieved by deep reveals and touches of wrought-iron and brilliant color, there is an atmosphere of dignity and repose about these XVI and XVII Century interiors which provides a distinguished background for the formalities of modern social activities.

¶ Thus, it is not strange that the architecture and decoration of these epochs are enjoying a revival, not alone in our country villas but in the town houses of those who are happy to pay homage to the charm of the Renaissance.

¶ A predilection for this exotic environment may be gratified in each detail of the background, furniture and decorative accompaniments by recourse to these Galleries —where reproductions of historic cabinetry and related objects are grouped with treasures of an age immortalized by the beauty of its arts.



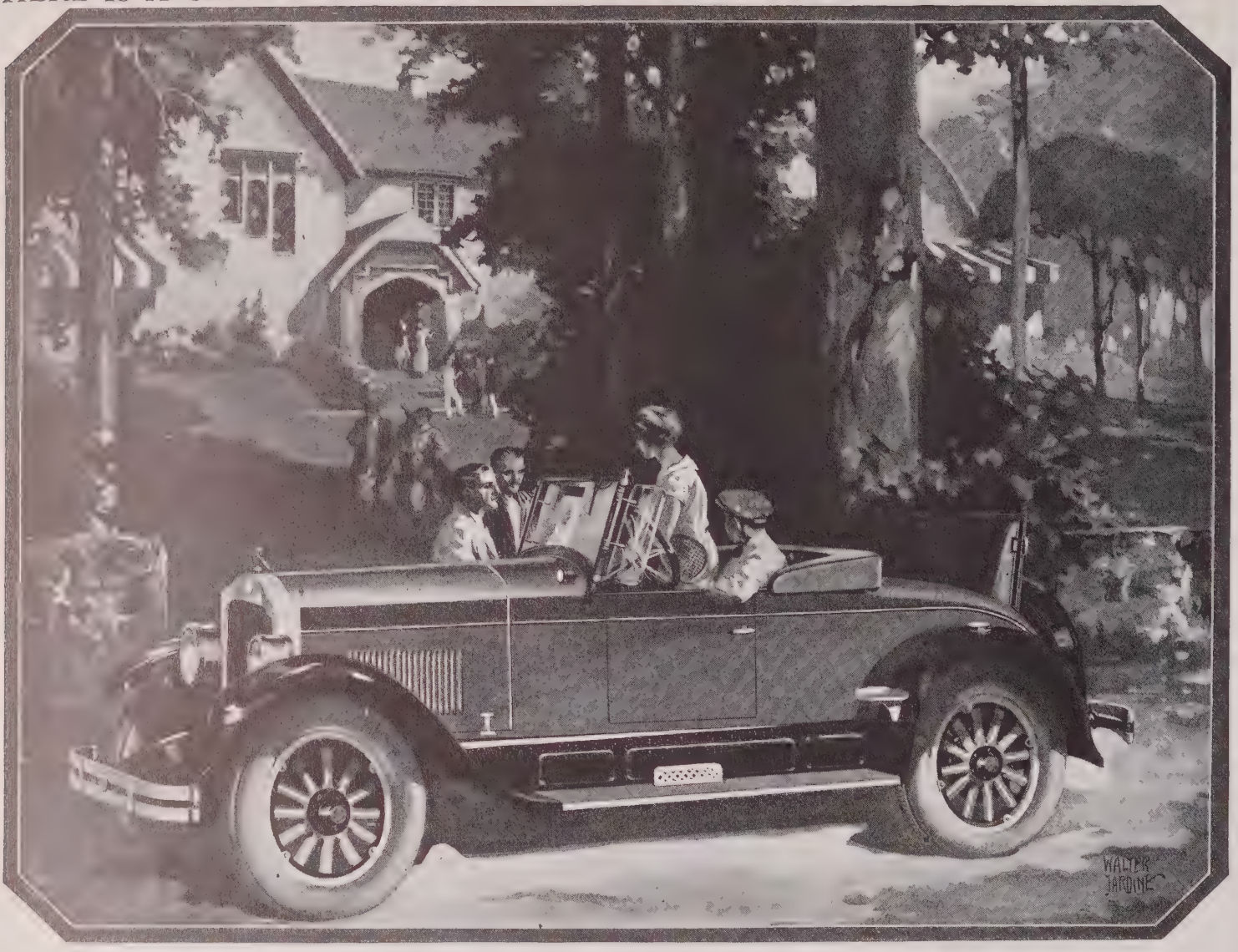
New York Galleries

INCORPORATED

Madison Avenue, 48th and 49th Streets

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THE more accustomed you are to really fine fabrics, the more you'll enjoy WAMSUTTA PERCALE *sheets and pillow cases. Their smoothness is a good-night caress, their lightness a benediction. Woo sweet sleep with these finer sheets and pillow cases. You'll find them at stores that delight in showing the best.*

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Quite naturally Pendleton Indian Blankets have warmed their way into the heart and room of the college student. Picturesque for adornment and serviceable as a couch cover or on the sleeping porch, they also afford protection and romance for every outdoor adventure.

"Pendletons" were originated by this pioneer industry of the Far West many generations ago for barter and trade among the Indians. And by their colorful beauty and their durability, they have remained the Indian's most prized possession — emblematic in his ceremonials and indispensable in his daily life.

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PENDLETON INDIAN BLANKETS

PENDLETON

And Years Passed

(Continued from page 78)

about wanting to be free, free. Gerard, is that you?" She had heard a man's step on the verandah.

"Yes, dear," answered her husband as he sat down beside her and unfolded a newspaper.

"Look," said Betty, and she gave him the snapshot, "this is Claire, the girl I used to go to school with; didn't I ever tell you about her?"

"Charming; very charming," said her husband as he looked at the picture admiringly.

"Oh! yes, she always used to be charming," said Betty, "but I think she looks quite old in that—a little faded; and she never had much of a complexion. I'll write her tomorrow." But she put off writing that letter for two days, two months, and then finally forgot all about it.

IV

One beautiful autumn afternoon at The Hague, a carriage, with two horses, stood waiting in front of the palace entrance. A shiny black carriage with two stiff, top-hatted gentlemen on the box, who held their arms folded six inches in front of, and three inches above their chins. Some hundred yards away—leaning against the statue of Willem of Orange—children, messenger boys and a group of women were waiting to see the Queen of the Netherlands ride out for the air.

"*Mon Dieu!*" thought Claire, who was passing, "isn't it amusing to see them waiting for her, just as they did when I was young. I wonder what she looks like now?" But Claire had no time to wait and so walked on through the quiet streets of The Hague, past the small clean houses and shops, those shops *de luxe* that blazon heavy coats-of-arms above their doors; past the villas surrounded by tiny grass lawns and bright beds of purple asters and scarlet geraniums, on and on until she came to the house of a friend, whose reception day she was about to attend.

In the salon, furnished elegantly in the period of Louis XVI, half a dozen blonde and bland Dutch ladies sat sipping their tea and nibbling their cakes. They all knew each other intimately. Several of them knew Claire. They shook hands with her and said: "How do you do, dear?" and then stared at her. And they admitted that for a woman of her age, forty-five, wasn't it, she—"no, no, not as old as that—about forty—why, now that is ridiculous—forty-three at least—yes, about forty-three—" she was extremely "well preserved".

Claire had always been thin, but now she was altogether too flat. She was smart, and her hair was cut just like a boy's. It suited her, although, of course, it was a little too extreme for The Hague, and her dress, and those pearls—not real, of course, but *chic* all the same—yes, undeniably Claire looked younger and smarter than anyone present.

And Claire herself sat gracefully in a chair, talking to this lady and to that, answering the eternal question, "How does it seem to be back in The Hague?" And then, from a far corner, her hostess came over to her bearing on her arm a lady to whom she wanted Claire to be introduced. But, before she had time so much as to mention a name, two voices exclaimed at once:

"Why, Betty—"

"Claire—you! What a surprise!"

V

Slowly, very slowly, on her way home, Claire passed the villas, the houses, the shops, and the Queen's Palace. And then she strolled back to her hotel.

"Poor, poor Betty!" she was thinking. "How she has altered; how fat she has grown: monstrously fat—and her clothes—that unspeakable hat—and her voice—she spoke Dutch like a half caste—it was pitiable—that was what twenty years in Java had done for her! Poor Betty.

"Those far off evenings on the lake, those pretty frocks that she used to wear—that enchanting voice. And how she used to row—like a boy—how on earth has she got so fat—it is a shame, but, oh! it had been nice to see her again." Claire was soon back in her room and sitting down near the open window. "I never thought anybody could change so—how many children did she say she had? four—yes, four children—but those ankles! Merciful Heaven, how did she get such ankles?"

Someone knocked at the door. It was a page carrying a long box of roses. The boy put it on a table and handed her a man's visiting card, one corner of which was bent inward.

Claire got up and untied the flowers—she was so accustomed to receiving them—a smile of pity for Betty still lingering on her face. Her hands touched the flowers and lay motionless for a moment on them; then, as she repeated once more the words, "four children", her smile altered a little, and took on a little note of wistfulness.

VI

And Betty, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of cake in the other, sat thinking "Ah, *what* a surprise! Poor Claire. So she had really never married. No children, nothing. All by herself in a dreary hotel in The Hague. Well, no doubt it was Claire's own fault—I must tell my husband about it tonight. How funny to meet after all these years—she hadn't really changed much—I would have recognized her anywhere—only thinner, much thinner. How horrible to be thin like that for a woman, thin, no husband, no home, no children. Yes, some people seemed to have everything, and others nothing at all."

But suddenly, Betty stopped munching at her cake and put it down.

"Now, really, I am going to stop eating them—and tomorrow, if I have time, I am going to see that woman about a massage."

The Early American Style



To love fine silver is an American tradition. Back before the 1800's happy brides and gracious hostesses treasured their few pieces above everything else. And well they might, for nothing finer in the work of Early American craftsmen is to be found than wrought by these old master silversmiths. But today the few pieces that remain are almost priceless.

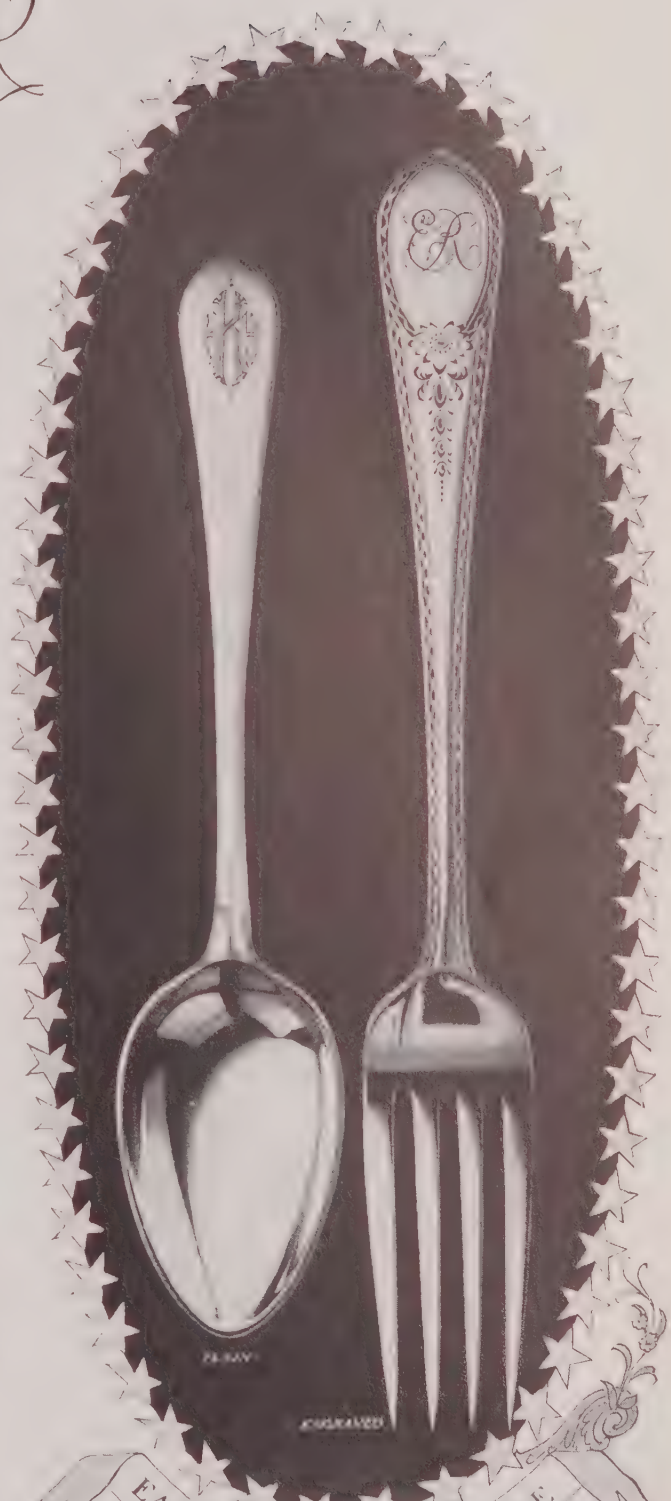
It is directly to the two most famous collections of Early American Silver—in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, and the Boston Art Museum—that we have gone for the inspiration of our new pattern. Its name—the Early American—is a tribute to the old silversmiths and a suggestion to the brides and hostesses of today, who want their homes to express the decorative spirit of early American days and ways. In such homes the Early American Style in Treasure Solid Silver is a final note of lovely harmony with all its surroundings. Every requirement of the most complete service has its matching piece—plain or engraved, as you choose. And the same precious metal through and through, as a gift, or for yourself, it is an investment in genuine beauty.

See the "Early American" at your jeweler's, or write us for illustrated brochure.

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Scheyer Tailored

SCHEYER, INC.

NEW YORK · PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO

Ready-Made College Types

(Continued from page 72)

shirt, corduroy breeches, hob-nailed boots and a dumb collegiate expression. As he stood for a moment on the platform with husky legs spread apart, grinning broadly, he spied Mr. Minnerly; and clumping down the stairs he hailed him with a cheery: "Hi, brother, how goes it?" whamming him across the back and bringing tears to his eyes.

"Very tough and durable," admired the Salesman. "Just feel that grip. Why, he'll last forever."

"My," said Mr. Minnerly, working his fingers slightly.

Abruptly, behind the stage, there sounded several voices in excited conversation; then the door was flung open with a slam, and a tall, lantern-jawed, sandy-haired young man entered, clad in light grey tweeds and checkered golf-socks. He did not linger on the platform, but hurried down the stairs at once with a business-like, Babbitt intensity, shook hands swiftly with Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly and rapidly repeated: "Whaddye say, kid, whaddye say, Oscar, whaddye say, heh?" smiling affably. His air was breezy and flashy, as he continued without pausing: "Hurry up, kid, got to be getting back to Chicago, got a big proposition out West, let you in on the ground floor, think on your feet, well, so long, Oscar!" and then swerved and vanished through the door. Several pieces of paper lifted and fell in his wake, rocking in the draught.

"Good, durable, middle-west stock," admired the Salesman. "He could stand a lot of knocking around."

"Couldn't he, though," agreed Mr. Minnerly, mopping his forehead. "Are there any more?" anxiously.

"Well, there's one more," hesitated the Salesman, "but I'm not sure whether he could be called a real College Type or not." And he pointed to an inconspicuous stunted figure with black curly hair and unshaven chin, who pushed his way through the crowd carrying a brief-case and umbrella.

Mr. Minnerly glanced at his wife, and shook his head. "Frankly," he said glumly, "I'm afraid we didn't see just what we had in mind."

"Is this what you were thinking of, by any chance?" asked the Salesman suddenly; and all at once he produced a figure resembling all the other men, yet somehow exaggerating them all. He wore Oxford bags, a white turtle-neck sweater with a prominent letter, a huge pipe with silver numerals, and a Varsity Hat with insignia; and in his hand he held a foaming beer-mug, which he waved aloft as he sang a College Song. Mr. Minnerly's eyes widened with pleasure and astonishment.

"That's it," he yelled with delight. "That's my idea to a 'T'. Where did you find him?"

"I cut him out of a newspaper," confessed the Salesman modestly. "He is a Comic-Strip College Boy."

"That is just what we would have selected for our son Harold," sobbed Mrs. Minnerly gently, "provided we *had* a son named Harold." And then she wiped her eyes and smiled bravely through her tears; because both Mr. and Mrs. Minnerly, although sincere enough in their recent efforts, realized perfectly well that they were only fictitious characters in a satirical sketch about Colleges in general, and consequently should not take themselves too seriously.

Vive la Folie!

(Continued from page 55)

walking backwards, on hands and feet, legs and arms stiff, down a huge jungle tree—as a creature neither infrahuman nor superhuman, but somehow both; a mysteriously unkillable Something, equally nonprimitive and uncivilized, or beyond time in the sense that emotion is beyond arithmetic. This stark and homogeneous glimpse is isolated, heightened and developed by a series of frivolously complicated scenes *(Whose Handkerchief Is It? The Language of Flowers, Oh, the Pretty Sins, Bewitched* and *A Feast at Versailles)* whereby we are swiftly and surely conducted to that unique phenomenon of noise and naughtiness, the Intermission.

And still we find ourselves remembering the jungle.

Nor does the jungle release us from its enchantment until the middle of Act 2; when a vast egg very gradually descends from the topmost ceiling of the theatre to the level of the orchestra, opens, and emits a wand of golden flesh—a wand which struts and dances, a lithe and actual wand which blossoms unbelievably in authentic forms of love and death. Whereupon, from all parts of the audience, surges a gigantic wave of protest. Cries of "disgusting" mingle with gasps of "how shocking!" and wails of "how perfectly disgusting!" Horrified ladies cover their faces or hasten from the polluted environs. Outraged gentlemen shout, stamp or wave their arms angrily. And still Josephine Baker dances—a dance neither of doom nor of desire, but altogether and inevitably of herself.

Such, or nearly such, being the inexcusably alive protagonist of the revue at the *Folies-Bergère*, we have at last found an answer to our question: "What is the revue?"

The revue is not (as Earl Carrol and most European producers think) a mammoth exhibition of boudoir-paintings-come-to-life and is not (as F. Ziegfeld, Jr., pretends to believe) a "glorification" of some type of female "beauty". By the laws of its own structure, which are the irrevocable laws of juxtaposition and contrast, the revue is a use of everything trivial or plural to intensify what is singular and fundamental. In the case of the *Folies-Bergère*, the revue is a use of ideas, smells, colours, Irving Berlin, nudes, tactility, collapsible stairs, three dimensions and fireworks to intensify Mlle. Josephine Baker.

And the sentiment which we beg to add is: Long live *la Folie!*



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Even as you would never consent to go back to cheap cars after owning a fine one, so you will never be satisfied with cars built on ordinary principles after once experiencing the performance of the Franklin.

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Yet these ills can be entirely prevented and can, in most cases, be overcome even when long established.

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This simple daily care destroys dandruff infection and keeps the scalp circulation vigorously active, nourishing the hair at its very roots. Your hair will stop falling out and start to grow again with greater vitality than ever before.

The difference in appearance after even a few days of this treatment will astonish you.

Kept up regularly, this simple treatment will restore your hair to health and make it thick, strong and vigorous.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

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ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Seeing Life in Unexpected Places

(Continued from page 82)

as we take for granted our hands and feet, the sun, falling downstairs instead of up, colours and sounds. To break a physical habit may be almost as painful as an amputation; to question the usefulness of an old-established habit of thought is felt to be an outrage, an indecency, a horrible sacrilege.

Crains dans le mur aveugle un regard qui t'épie. It was all very well from a poet. One could smile indulgently at a pleasing and childish fancy. But when it came to laboratory experiments and graphs, things, it was felt, were getting more serious. It was time to make a protest.

Personally, I make no protest. Being only a literary man, and not one of those physicists, whose professional interest it is to keep matter in its place, with only such attributes as render it amenable to mathematics, I am delighted. I love matter, I find it miraculous, and it pleases me when a serious man, like Bose, comes along and gives it a certificate of merit.

In the philosophy books matter is generally spoken of slightingly, as something lumpish and crude. To the subtlety of their own minds, on the other hand, the metaphysicians can never pay a sufficiently glowing tribute. But in reality—if I may be pardoned the philosophically gross expression—it is to matter, not mind, that the attributes of subtlety, fineness, complexity belong. Our mental picture of the world and its component parts is a crude symbolical affair, having about as much relation to the original as a New Guinea idol to the human body. It is precisely because it is so crude and simple that the thought-picture is valuable to us. Reality—again I apologize—is infinitely too complicated for our understanding. We must simplify. But having simplified, we ought not to say that those Papuan images of the world, which are our philosophical and religious systems, our scientific hypotheses, are subtle; they are not. They are crude, compared with the original, and it is, precisely, their crudeness which gives them value, for us.

Year by year our world picture becomes increasingly complicated. More details are noted in the original and are incorporated, symbolically, into the image. If the mind of man develops and grows more subtle, that is due to the fact that each succeeding generation is brought up with a progressively more complete and elaborate thought-picture of the world and all its details. We think, we also feel, more subtly and multifariously than did the ancients. To our posterity, a thousand years from now, our subtleties will seem, no doubt, most barbarously crude. Perfection will be attained when mind has completely understood matter and is therefore as delicate, as complex, as variously rich as it. That is to say, perfection will never be attained. . . .

Anna Q. Nilsson

(Continued from page 71)

distinctly different type. She is the heroine of the jazz morons.

Claire Windsor, a beautiful blonde, is used on the screen more for decorative purposes than for anything else.

Mary Miles Minter is another fair-haired actress of memory. Producers gave her a million dollar contract for five years with the hope of making her another Mary Pickford. She failed dismally as a "box-office attraction". It was, perhaps, the one contract the producers could not break. Mary drew her thousands each week and became wealthy and fat. For months at a time she did not work. She has long since passed to the limbo of forgotten things, and is only remembered by the Judean gentlemen who signed the checks.

Mary Pickford remains one of the very few petite blondes to make a world wide success on the screen.

But Anna Q. Nilsson has long been a screen favourite. In an international voting contest held by cinema critics, exhibitors, and the public, she was chosen as one of the five most popular players in the world. It is interesting to note that Lewis Stone, who has been so many times co-featured with Miss Nilsson, was also among the five.

Victor Seastrom, Anna Q. Nilsson's fellow countryman, is her favourite director. He directed Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped* and Selma Lagerlöf's *Stroke of Midnight*, and other notable pictures. He is a man of genuine talent and compassion.

The volatile Chaplin once called Seastrom "the greatest director in the world". It is likely that some of his earlier pictures will remain landmarks long after most American films are forgotten. He, and Lubitsch, and Emil Jannings and Pola Negri have made the foremost European contributions to the screen. But, like Lubitsch and Negri, his work has suffered the taint which usually follows in the wake of too many American dollars.

Miss Nilsson returned to her native country, several years ago, for a visit. Reporters travelled from Stockholm to interview her in the village of her birth. The wandering daughter presented her parents with the largest house in the village. She has not informed them how much money she earns in the new country. She knows that people used to frugal ways of living would not comprehend how a child of theirs could earn far more than the President of the United States. They still wish her to return and settle among them.

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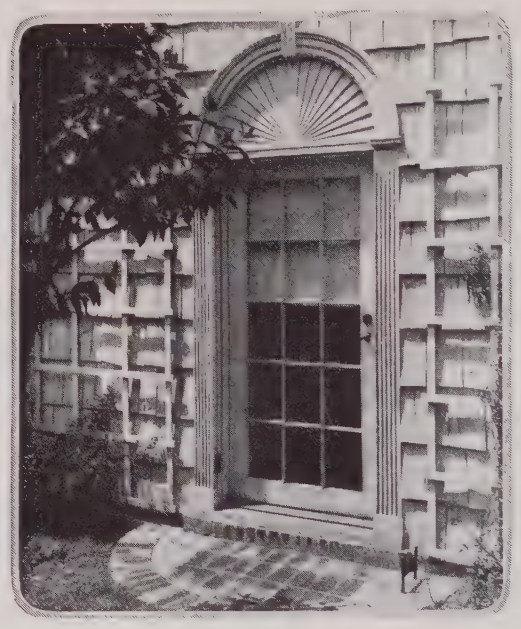
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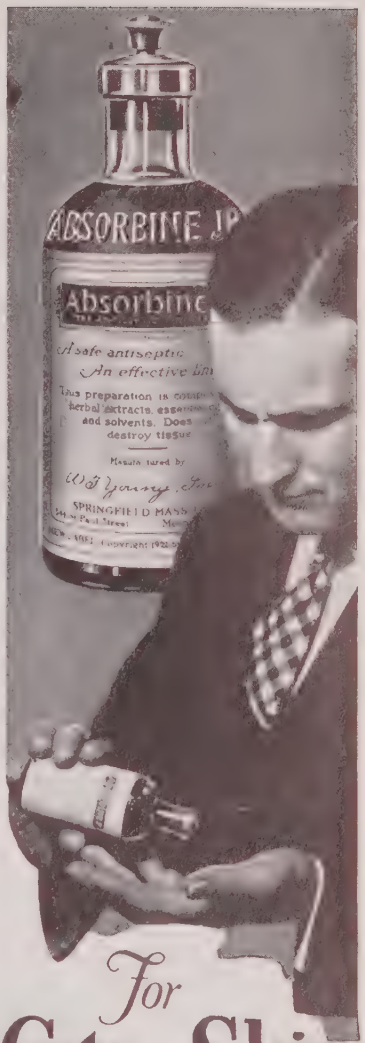
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V. F. 9

The Triumphs of Bobby Jones

(Continued from page 63)

would have sailed for home after St. Andrews. As it was he stopped on to show us that he was not "sore" after his defeat. Nobody would ever have suspected him of such a thing, but, if it made him stay longer, I am glad he thought so. He had a rest and then came to Sunningdale for the qualifying round of the Championship. We heard that he had done two consecutive rounds of 66 in practice and a good many people shook their heads and said, "Oh, we know those practice rounds, he won't do that in the real thing." But he did. As if to disprove those remarks, he had the glorious impertinence to do that very same score—"incredible and indecent" as I ventured to call it elsewhere—of 66. It was an astonishing performance, but the really astonishing part of it was that he did not do better still. He was constantly putting for threes, and the ball was all round the hole and seldom dropped. There was just one faulty shot. An iron shot pushed out at the short thirteenth into a trap, and from that trap he laid the ball a yard from the hole. Next day he actually put two tee shots into the heather and so far forgot himself as to take five on one hole. Some humorous gentleman, whose message appeared on the tape machine in the London Stock Exchange, wrote: "Mr. Jones quite failed to maintain his form. His score was 68."

Now, at last, I get to St. Anne's and here I think the astonishing part of his victory was this, that he won without being at his best. Few people can do that, but I am sure I am right, that Bobby Jones was finding the game rather hard work and was afflicted at times by a strong desire to kick himself. He is an artist with a reverence for his art and sets himself, in consequence, a standard which would be for other people impossibly high.

That was certainly far too severe a criticism, but Mr. Jones did have his bad moments in that first round, and the fact that he emerged successfully was evidence of an indomitable spirit, and went far toward winning him the Championship. He went out in 37 which was not too good with a strong wind helping him, particularly when we heard that Mehlhorn had done a 70 and MacLeod and Watrous were out in 32 and 33 respectively. It looked as if Bobby would have to be content with a 75 or a 76 which would not quite put him out of court but would leave him considerable leeway to make up.

Then he set his teeth and came home against the wind in 35. His 72 was vastly different from 76 and made an ideal beginning on the long trail of four rounds. On the second day he did it again and headed the field level with Mehlhorn at 134, one stroke ahead of Hagen who had squandered a golden opportunity by adding 77 to his first round of 68. On the third day, when all the cumberers of the ground 15 strokes behind the leader had been cleared away, two rounds were played. Bobby was paired with Watrous who was but two strokes behind him. They started early, whereas Hagen brought up the rear an hour and a half later. Bobby likes setting the pace and Hagen likes knowing what he has to do. So each man had his heart's desire.

I do not suppose, however, that Mr. Jones (I really must not fall into this familiar Bobby habit) likes being drawn with so near a rival as Watrous nor that Watrous likes being drawn with him. It is next to impossible in such circumstances that the two men should not make a fight of it between themselves, and, in fact, these two were not playing medal golf at all; they were engaged in a deadly and prolonged duel by match-play. It was tremendous fun for the onlookers but it nearly broke both combatants, and all through the afternoon round, one had the feeling that they would just make one slip too many and let Hagen catch them in the end. On the first two days Mr. Jones, though he had done two 72's, was hardly playing golf of that calibre, but had saved himself some valuable strokes on the green. On the third day his scores were 73 and 74 but his play up to the green was distinctly better; on the other hand the putts did not drop in so often and in the last round he had a spell of downright bad putting which nearly cost him the Championship.

Watrous' morning round of 69 was magnificent, and though Mr. Jones began two strokes ahead and ended two behind, he had no great cause for regrets. Everybody thought that he could still catch Watrous and he had several great chances. When, however, at the eleventh hole, he took three putts on the green for the third time, heads began to shake. He did not look like a winner; he looked still less like one when Watrous became two strokes up with five to play, and he himself did not then think much of his chances. But with victory almost within his grasp, Watrous suddenly wavered and weakened. Twice running, he took three putts, not as a nervous man usually does by being short, but by overrunning his long putts. With two holes to go Watrous drove like an arrow down the course and Mr. Jones hooked into a sandy wilderness. It fell to Watrous to play the odd. I was watching with an American friend and he, thinking of all the reward Watrous would reap if he won, whispered to me, "This shot for twenty-five thousand dollars."

Well, Watrous put the ball on the edge of the green but he did not win, for Bobby, fortunate in a clean-lying ball in sand, played a wonderful and glorious shot over all sorts of terrors onto the very middle of the green. It is an interesting little piece of secret history that when he played that shot he did not know where his enemy's ball was, because he had refused to look. With a moral courage of which few golfers would be capable, he had turned his back on Watrous. As he honestly said, he "hoped he was in a trap" but he did not know. In all the circumstances it was one of the great shots of golf and it killed Watrous stone dead. He took two fives, his adversary had two fours and the great duel was over at last. Hagen looked like catching the leader for a while but faded out.



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The Tie of a Thousand Knots

Four-Card Suit Bids

(Continued from page 85)

queen-jack, that is a good bid in itself, regardless of the rest of the hand. Counted on the double-valuation system these two sure tricks will average four in the play of the hand.

It is a simple matter to count the bidding value of any hand on this system, but we have to make a double adjustment for suits of only four cards. First, to be sure that the entire hand would be worth four tricks if there were five cards in the suit, and then to compensate for the missing cards in the trump suit.

W. H. Whitfeld, for many years card editor of the London *Field* and noted for his many contributions to the mathematical probabilities in auction bridge, found by experiment and calculation that any extra trump should be regarded as replacing what would otherwise have been a losing card in the hand. Conversely a winning card should be regarded as replacing a missing trump.

Suppose one holds five hearts to the ace-king and two losing clubs. If we take away one of those clubs and replace it with a trump it is obvious that we have only one losing club, and if there are still trumps enough to justify the bid after calling one of them a club, that extra trump is worth a clear trick. Count these hands:

	♡ A J 10 6 4	♡ A J 10 6
L	♣ K 5 3	M ♣ K Q 5 3
	◇ 7 5 3	◇ 7 5 3
	♠ 8 6	♠ 8 6

In L, the ace-jack-ten is worth 3, the club king 1, total 4, and therefore a sound heart bid. In M, the hearts are still worth 3, and the king-queen of clubs 2, total 5. The extra trick in clubs makes up for the shortness in the trump suit. One must either bid the suit or pass. A timid player might bid a club on M, in order to hear from other bids. They call this "an approaching bid".

If Whitfeld's analysis is correct and the double-valuation system is dependable, we get the following simple rule for the difference between bidding on four-card major suits and waiting for five:

For a bid on five trumps we require a minimum of four tricks in the hand, at least two of which should be in the suit named.

For a bid on four trumps, we require a minimum of five tricks in the hand, at least three of which should be in the suit named.

In the examples repeatedly given by some writers on the game we find that only half of them comply with this simple rule, the others being all above or below the standard. Here are two examples:

	♡ A Q 4 2	♡ K Q 4 2
N	♣ A 3 2	O ♣ A Q 2
	◇ 4 3 2	◇ 4 3 2
	♠ 4 3 2	♠ 4 3 2

In N, if we take away the ace of clubs and put a small heart in its place, there is no sound heart bid on the five cards, as the hand is worth only two tricks. The same is true of O, because if we replace the ace of clubs with another heart the whole hand is worth two tricks only, instead of four.

SOME CLOSE DECISIONS

There are undoubtedly many hands in which the player's judgment is as good as any rule when it comes to deciding whether to bid a four-card major suit, or a minor suit, or to pass, but a few examples may help the reader to see the general principles underlying all these bids.

	♡ 10 4 3 2	♡ 3 2
P	♣ 7 4	Q ♣ A K 3 2
	◇ J 8 2	◇ J 8 2
	♠ A K Q 2	♠ A 4 3 2

In P, the added queen of trumps is about as good as two small ones, with the added possibility of partner's having a fourth honour to score. In Q, the spades are too weak. Bid the club.

	♡ A K 3 2	♡ A J 10 2
R	♣ 3 2	S ♣ 3 2
	◇ J 8 2	◇ J 8 2
	♠ A J 10 2	♠ A 4 3 2

In R, the usual rule about bidding the higher ranking of two equally good bids holds. Start with the spade. But in S, the hearts must be named, as the spades have not the requisite intrinsic strength for a free bid.

	♡ A K 5 3	♡ K J 10 7 3
T	♣ 3 2	U ♣ 4 3
	◇ J 8	◇ A 5
	♠ J 10 9 6 4	♠ A J 10 2

In T, we have not the full strength for an original heart bid, but as it is the dealer's intention to bid the spades if he has an opportunity, he must show the suit in which he has the sure tricks while he has the chance to do so cheaply. In U, we have three possible bids, all of which were made at various tables in a duplicate game. Those who started with a spade got the best results, going game, as the partner supported it over clubs as an original bid, but did not support it as a secondary bid.

The following are not sound four-card major suit bids, although that bid was made upon them at several tables in the same duplicate game:

	♡ A Q 6 4	♡ 8 5
V	♣ 5 4	W ♣ K 10 8 2
	◇ 10 9 3	◇ 7 4 2
	♠ A 7 5 2	♠ A J 10 4

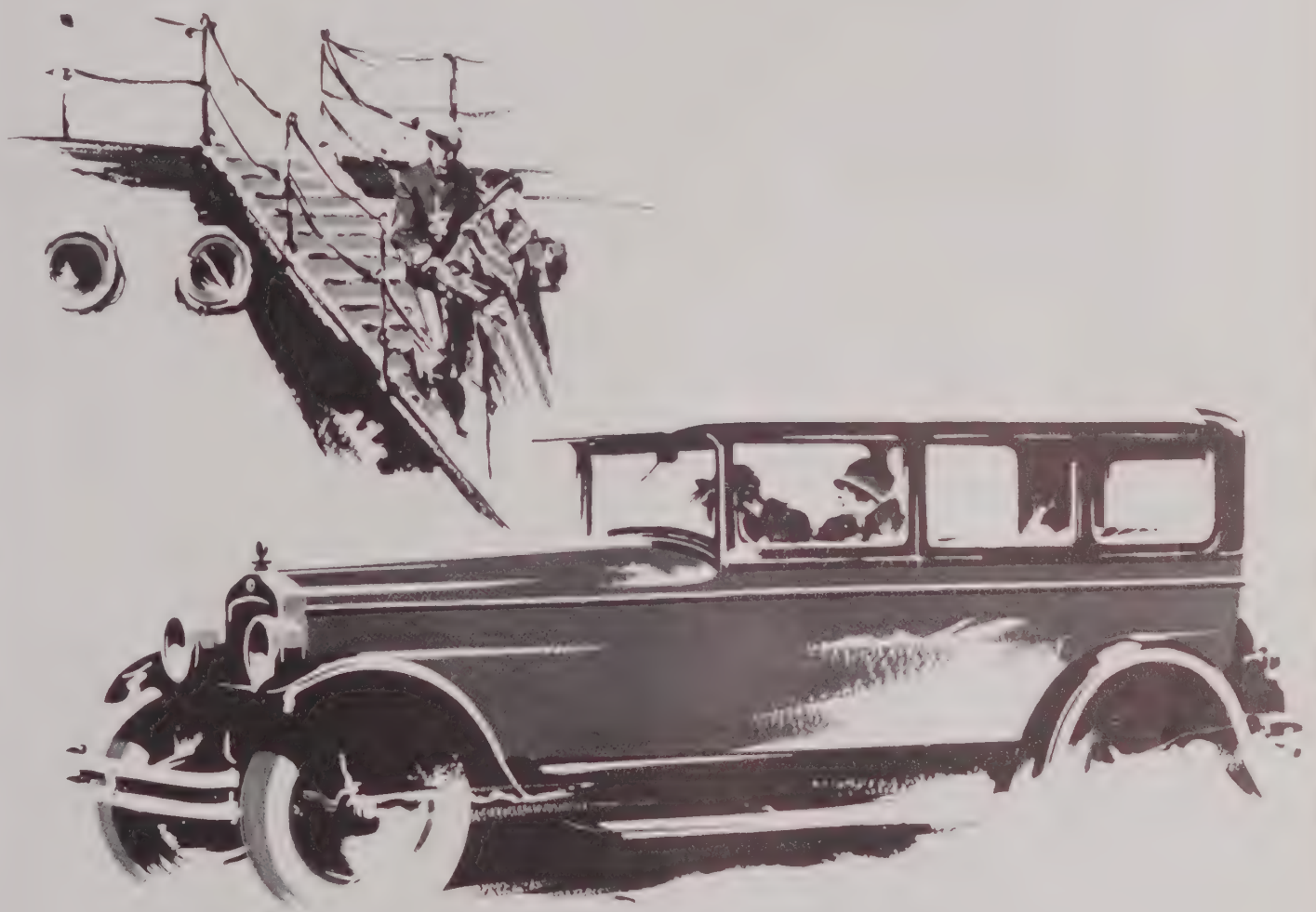
In V, the hand is worth four tricks only, and if we replace the spade ace with a trump, the hearts are worth only two. In W, if we call the club king equal to a trump, the spades are worth three only.

THE PARTNER

The partner cannot tell when a bid is on four cards only, and must assist and deny as if it were the usual five. It is the dealer who will not know what to do when it comes to going on, the danger being that his partner

(Continued on page 126)

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Four-Card Suit Bids

(Continued from page 124)

has two only. Seven times out of ten he will have three, or more, and one-third of the time he will have four, or more.

When dummy has four, it is a stronger hand than if the trumps were divided five and three, as either hand can ruff without weakening the other. But when dummy has two only, the dealer four, care must be taken to get the first force on the adverse four-trump hand. The hand shown in example J was played in a duplicate game, and one dealer, who was an expert player, bid a heart. At other tables, bidding no-trumps, the dealer was taken out with two spades and on the play made five, but the honour score left the result in favour of the heart bid, as both went game. Here is the play:

DUMMY

♡ K Q
♣ 9
◇ A 7 6 3
♠ 10 9 8 7 6 4

MRS. FOURBEST *MR. FINESSKY*

♡ 8 6 4 3 ♣ K J 8 7 6 ◇ J 10 ♠ Q 5	Y A B Z	♡ 9 7 5 ♣ A Q 10 5 ◇ 8 5 4 2 ♠ K J

♡ A J 10 2
♣ 4 3 2
◇ K Q 9
♠ A 3 2

THE EXPERT

The club seven was led, and Mr. Finessky made an entirely unnecessary finesse (by the eleven rule) winning with the ten and returning the ace, which dummy trumped, marking Mrs. Fourbest with three clubs left.

The obvious play is to lead the king of trumps, get in with a diamond, draw the trumps, and trust to the diamonds being split. The expert did not play the hand that way. He kept dummy's trump to stop the clubs while he tried out the diamonds. When the ten fell, it could hardly be a false card, so he credited Mr. Finessky with four diamonds to the eight, if not five to the jack, and switched to the ace and another spade. The second spade was won by the king.

This marks Mrs. Fourbest with the four-trump hand, three clubs and one diamond, the jack. The end-game, therefore, resolves itself into a neat little eight-card problem, the declarer and dummy to win seven of the remaining tricks against any defence.

ANSWER TO THE AUGUST PROBLEM

This was the distribution in Problem LXXXVI:

♡ 9 8 5
♣ 8
◇ none
♠ Q 9 8

♡ none ♣ J ◇ 10 9 6 5 2 ♠ J	Y A B Z	♡ none ♣ none ◇ A 8 7 ♠ A 5 4 3

♡ none
♣ none
◇ K Q J
♠ K 10 6 2

Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want six tricks. This is how they get them:

Z leads a diamond, which Y trumps. Y then leads the spade queen, and B ducks it. Z overtakes the queen with the king and leads another diamond and again Y trumps. Y now leads the spade nine, and again B ducks, allowing Z to overtake the nine with the ten, leading the third diamond, which Y trumps. This allows Y to lead the eight of spades, and it is impossible for B to make anything but the ace.

The idea of this problem is to exhaust B's diamonds, so as to compel a spade lead eventually, in case B holds off the spades until the third round. As will readily be seen, if B wins the first or the second spade lead, he immediately establishes the rest of the suit for Z, so that the spade ace (or the club jack) is the only possible trick for A and B.

How To Hire an Actor

(Continued from page 74)

"This is the first time in fifty years," he gasped, "that anyone has failed to keep an appointment with Mr. A. He is very upset and has his doctor with him. Sign this contract quickly and it may be all right."

"I'm awfully sorry," I objected, "but I have promised to rehearse for Mr. Z tomorrow."

The manager took one horrified look at me and rushed into the next room. I trembled as I heard an indescribable din going on in there. Finally the door opened and Mr. A appeared surrounded by a crowd of managers, stage managers, authors, and secretaries. He was almost papal in his angry dignity.

"Now, my boy," he said, "I can't stand much more of this. Just sign this contract and tell me you are sorry."

A paper was pushed at me.

"Mr. A," I murmured faintly, "I have promised to rehearse for Mr. Z tomorrow at ten."

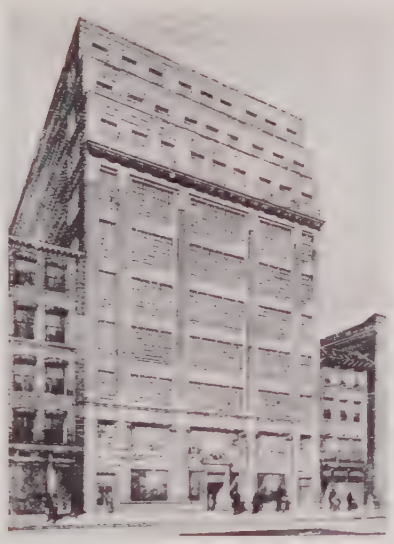
Poor Mr. A let out a frightful yell, which brought all his satellites to his side. Then he said, trembling:—

"If you don't sign this contract, I will never set foot inside a theatre again."

All the satellites gasped, and turned horribly white as they clustered round the chief. I took advantage of their preoccupation to escape. Leaving my hat behind I ran down the stairs out of the building, up the street, and never stopped running till I got home. And all night long I lay awake thinking of what awful things I might have done to poor Mr. A.

The next morning I went to rehearse for Mr. Z. But at the theatre nobody knew anything about any rehearsal. I went to Mr. Z's office. I spoke to his manager.

"That's a pity," said the manager, "I forgot to call you up. That play has been postponed till next season."



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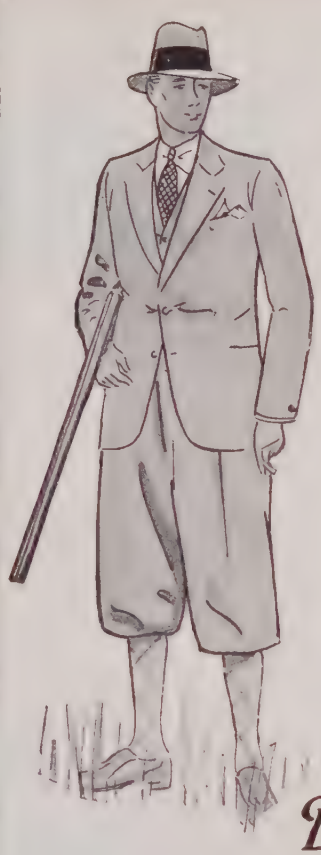
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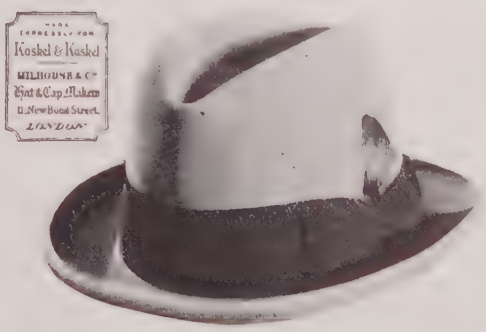


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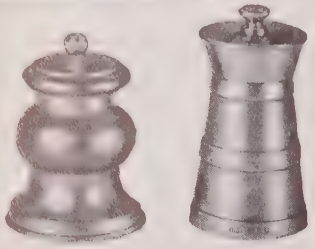
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The Pitfalls of a Great City

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I WANT to warn all ambitious young women about the pitfalls of New York—I who have just returned from there unscathed, thank Heaven! Or perhaps darn it. You who have girded yourselves for the battle against the temptations of a Great Metropolis had better ungird and swap your sword for a microscope. For the world is changing, did anyone ever tell you that? When Mother was a girl, a female of tender years who went to the big city alone came back with at least the Little Bundle. Alas, I stepped off the train in Centerville clutching only a free folder on Birth Control, handed to me as I was leaving New York, and the irony of it has eaten into my soul!

But I must go back. Not to New York, but to the beginning of my story. I can never forget how Mother cried as we parted at the train.

"Daughter, I shall pray that you shall not be led into temptation," she promised.

"Don't, Mother!" I begged, knowing the fight to be hopeless, for, after all, what chance had I against the myriad temptations of a great city?

Yes, I pondered, as I ate lunch in the dining car, why fight? Others stronger than I had gone down in the maelstrom, whatever that was, and sadly I recalled the words of Mother's favourite song:

"Her beauty was sold for an old man's gold,
She's a bird in a gilded cage."

Would I know any happiness after my hands were weighted by diamonds? Would chinchilla and permanent waves compensate for loss of those sweet, homely, little tasks like washing the dishes and dusting Brown's *Killum* on the mattress? Bravely I kept back the tears.

Opposite me sat a leering man. He was a Pitfall. I knew it instinctively.

"Nice day," he said. Yes, I had heard that they started harmlessly.

I nodded, watching him covertly. When I arose to go, there was an unmistakable meaning in his voice as he said, "I'd like to show you some diamonds. Will you come with me?"

Oh, what was the use of struggle? Here, scarcely an hour from Centerville, they were breaking down my defenses, bringing their insidious lures to bear!

Opening a suit case, he brought out tray upon tray of sparkling gems. I trembled as I tried on rings and bracelets and he watched me greedily.

"What price would you demand?" I whispered.

"Them in that tray is two ninety-eight, them in this tray is four fifty. Best little imitation sparklers on the market! Half price to you, girlie!"

. . . . Somehow I found my way back to my own seat.

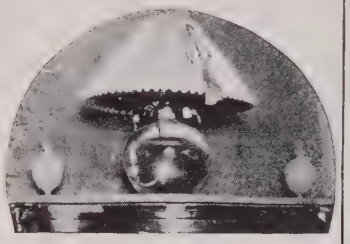
When we reached the Pennsylvania Station, I shrank as I stepped into the scurry and bustle of the great place. A nameless Thing seemed to be lurking here, ready to pounce, and suddenly it was personified in the figure of a man who approached me, a sinister looking man. "Six-thirty," he muttered hoarsely, shoved a card in my hand and disappeared in the crowd.

I was so weak I had to sit down on my suit case, and the inscription on the card swam before my eyes. Five minutes later I was able to read: "Mrs. Murphy's Restaurant, home cooked dinner 85c."

Safe thus far, I decided I would check my bag and stroll up Broadway. Walking along, I came abreast of a very handsome young man. After all, there is much to be said for selection when the plunge is so inevitable. Truth to tell, the delay was getting on my nerves. I walked up to him boldly.

"Hello, kid," I greeted, because I knew he could tell by that I was a sweet, young, country girl.

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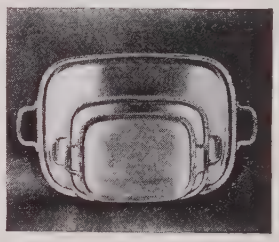


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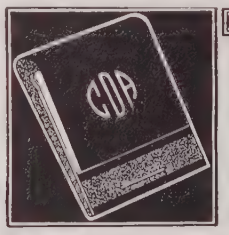
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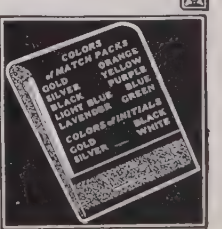
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The Pitfalls of a Great City

He glared at me, then shrilled: "Say, hussy, get on the other side of the street! I know my rights!"

I crossed.

Surely I could not escape danger much longer! Why, I was in a veritable whirlpool of vice, and yet I felt not the slightest undertow. I was getting a little worried. Of course there was always the theatrical manager's office, but I was leaving that until the last. No turning back, once I entered there!

I crossed over to Fifth Avenue. Pitfalls were so much more rampant over there, I had heard, and of a better quality. Was it not wise to walk right into a pitfall and have done with it? Stepping into a famous hotel, I hunted out the wicked Peacock Lane I had read about, and sure enough, before I could sit down, a white haired man came up to me.

"Are you looking—"

"Yes," I told him.

"I am John Astorfeller," he introduced himself. "You might just as well come up to my room now, don't you think?"

I told him, bitterly, that I might just as well. The inexorable lift shot us up, and he ushered me into a bedroom. Trapped!

"Will you—" he began.

"Why not?" I answered lifelessly.

"I am going to pay you well for this, understand," he assured me.

"Oh, take me to Hickson's," I gave in. What was the use? "Deck me in furs, jewels, anything! I'll pay the price!"

"Er—you seem to have rather large ideas," my companion protested.

"Don't you understand?" I cried impatiently. "My soul is for sale!"

"The supply is so much greater than the demand these days," kindly explained the old man, leading the way to the door. "You see, I thought you were the stenographer they sent from the agency."

There was no use wasting any more time, so I took a taxi to New York's most famous producer of revues. I waited nearly three hours before I could see him. The office boy said even then I was lucky.

The great man looked me over and slowly shook his head. "I haven't anything just now," he said coldly. What strategy!

"But am I not young, beautiful?" I begged.

"'And there's a hundred million others like you!'" softly hummed he, turning back to his desk.

It was then that I played my trump card.

"Star me, and I'll—I'll sacrifice *everything!* Don't you understand?" I stammered.

"I've had the same proposition for a place in the front line," stated the manager.

"Won't you even look at my art photographs?" I sobbed.

"Haven't time," he answered. "Give your name and address to the office boy on your way out."

By now I was becoming so desperate that I left that office all but determined to fall for the first temptation thrust upon me. But vaguely there came the suspicion that nobody was thrusting. It might be that I was too retiring. Perhaps I should be more of a go-getter if I expected to be caught in any nets. Remembering that he who speaks right up becomes manager while his life-long friend remains in overalls, or philosophy to that effect, I looked about alertly and saw what seemed to be "a man about town." He had the spats and cane, anyway.

I touched his arm.

"Tell me," I began briskly, "where are all these pitfalls in New York? I know, of course, that no sweet girl from the country can avoid them, but that's what I've been doing nothing else but all day!"

He looked at me peculiarly, I thought. Perhaps he was hungry to despoil my fresh young beauty.

"I'll let you in on a secret," he finally told me. "You take a walk around the block, and when you return I'll have a surprise for you!"

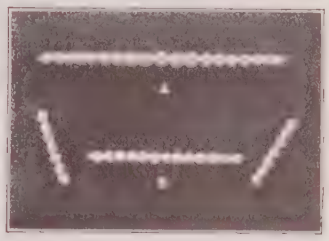
"A pitfall or temptation?" I inquired eagerly.

(Continued on page 132)

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The Pitfalls of a Great City

(Continued from page 131)

"You just wait!" he promised mysteriously.

"I'll be right back," I said, starting away.

"Wait, let me hold your purse. I want to feel sure you're coming back!" He became playfully reproachful.

That sounded reasonable. I was a stranger, and how did he know I would keep my word? I gave him the purse.

"Don't hurry," he called after me.

I slowed down and walked around the block, but when I came back he was gone. I waited some time, but to this day his disappearance remains a mystery. Had he suffered loss of memory and wandered away? Perhaps, forgetful of my purse, some streak of latent decency made him run from the lure of my innocent loveliness. I was beginning to believe there was a great deal of decency in this town!

Nothing was left but to return to Centerville. But how? Though the fare was only four dollars, I somehow imagined it might be hard to get even that much. Returning to the station, I scanned the faces of the ticket sellers, and finally picked one whose Mephistophelian expression rendered him auspicious.

"I am a helpless young girl without a nickel," I told him, appealing to his baser side, if any (I was getting cynical). "Will you trust me for a ticket back to Centerville?"

He thought a moment, craftily planning.

Then—"Well, yes, but you must er—". He seemed embarrassed.

"Oh, anything!" I vowed eagerly.

"You must send me the money before Saturday. My old woman would raise hell if my envelope's short," he finished.

So here I am back home, and please Heaven I shall never again battle with the city's temptations. The struggle is too unequal. You can take that any way you choose.

FASCINATIN' MAMA

By Marjorie Lambkin

Mama, mama, listen to me,
You've got me all outa line,
Mama. Ah'm ararin' to see,
Just what you want with ma time.
If you're just foolin' me, hon,
Can't you pick some other one?

Chorus:

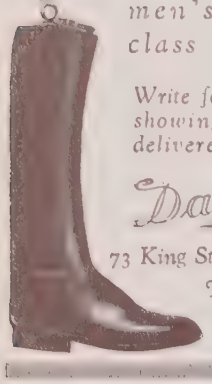
Fascinatin' mama,
Ah'm just a fool about you.
Fascinatin' mama,
There's not a thing Ah wouldn't do.
Ah passes you by an' looks the other way,
But somehow you haunt me, and taunt me night an' day.
Fascinatin' mama, Oh can't you let me alone,
Ah got a wife an' chillun at home.
Ma watch is fifteen minutes fast, it's true,
An' it's just from pesticatin' round with you.
Fascinatin' mama, I'm just a fool about you.

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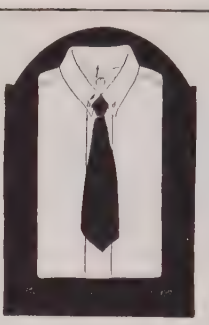
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What the College Man Really Wears

(Continued from page 94)

The most noticeable feature of dress at Harvard that differed from the general every-day attire of the entire student body is the fact that custom requires the Senior Class, from the first of May to Commencement Day, to wear the cap and gown at all times during the morning in the "Yard", and on the way to classes.

Yale, with its campus situated right in the heart of the city of New Haven, presented, in the dress of its students, much the same general appearance to our eyes as Harvard, because, being in the heart of a city, it is but natural for the students to dress as young men ordinarily would in any major city. Again the easy fitting single-breasted sack suit was in evidence, although the double-breasted suit was more in evidence here than at either Harvard or Princeton. The most noticeable part of the Yale man's turnout was the cap which has so prominently become identified as Yale's and which is almost an exact copy of the English school cap. Apparently more importance is placed on dress at Yale than at either of the other two colleges, because the average man's clothes are regularly taken out and pressed by one of the two tailoring services connected with the University, arrangements for pressing being made each year by the student on a yearly contract.

At Yale the Seniors are the only ones privileged to go without a head covering of some sort, and this privilege is so zealously coveted that even in the coldest and rainiest weather Seniors will always be seen bareheaded.

In all the three colleges, the single-breasted overcoat of Oxford grey or some other dark material is favoured. And it is interesting to know that many of the men of these three colleges have their clothes made not only by local college tailors but also by some of the smartest tailors in New York and London.

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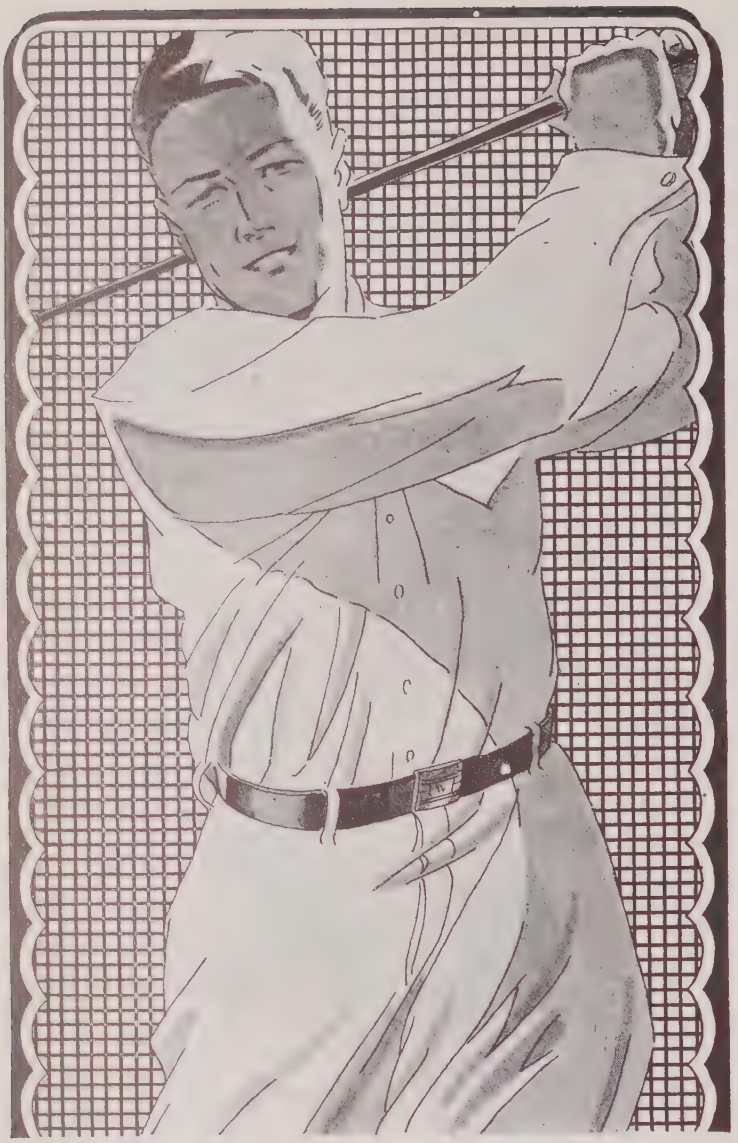
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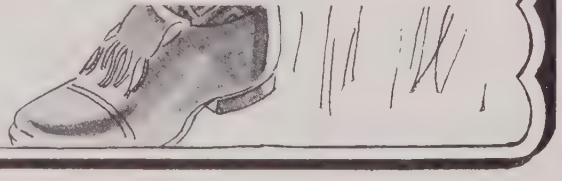
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"Live" Leather Belt

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The Developing Art

(Continued from page 52)

If not exactly what the public wants, *Variety* is what the public will accept. It establishes a standard in film-making from which the American producers, if so minded, could begin in a direction which would eventually provide the public with less sentimental and, pray God, slightly more intelligent pictures. Devotees of the films claim that such a program is impossible, because "the censors are against it". That is, the censors (I surmise the efficacious Mr. Hays is unofficially included in this category) are presumed to exercise such control over the manufacture of American films as to enable them almost to dictate a producing program. Any proposed film, the script of which hinted that an unmarried mother might possibly enjoy her condition, or that tended to expose the fact that in most films the villain is a well-bred gentleman, and the hero an over-dressed imbecile, would be held detrimental to public morals, regardless of artistic intent. This is more than idle rumour, for only recently I came across a *ukase* out of the archives of a large producing organization apparently originating with the censors, which makes it fairly obvious that American films are hung first and tried afterwards. This elaborate edict decrees that no films are to be made which reveal "gambling scenes, *especially showing money*", and it is forbidden for one gentleman to hit another over the head "with a blunt instrument"—presumably a piece of lead pipe—in front of the camera, at any rate. Held, also, as "tending to corrupt morals", and hence to be eliminated is any scene showing "locking the door of a room with criminal intent when man and woman are in the room", while night-dresses (not pyjamas) are claimed unduly to expose the body, hence, *indecent*.

I cannot subscribe to the opinion that such restrictions as these, however childish, seriously threaten the progress of the art of the motion picture and prevent the faithful transfer of a work of literature to the screen. It would, perhaps, be wiser for our moral advisors to see a film first, and then to suggest the removal of any night-dresses that chanced to be unduly provocative. It might be a help in vindicating the now negligible reputation of the motion picture as it is evolved in America.

ANSWERS TO MUSIC QUESTIONNAIRE

ON PAGE 74

1. (a) In the XVII century, any group of short instrumental pieces. (b) A composition for full orchestra, in three or four related movements. (c) In Great Britain, the interlude between verses of a popular song. 2. (a) Manuel Garcia; (b) Johann Sebastian Bach; (c) Giuseppe Tartini; (d) Josef Haydn; (e) Gioacchino Rossini. 3. *Euridice*, by Peri, the first opera ever publicly produced, was first performed at the wedding of Henry IV and Maria di Medici. 4. (a) A low pitched woodwind instrument and a brass instrument with a conical bore and a cup-mouthpiece. (b) A brass instrument of the trumpet family and a bone or ivory instrument with a cup-mouthpiece and finger-holes like a flute. (c) A keyboard wind instrument and a mediaeval method of vocal writing. 5. Bach. The accompaniment is the first prelude from *The Well-Tempered Clavichord*. 6. *Mona; The Legend; The Temple Dancer; Shanewis; The Canterbury Pilgrims; Cyrano*. 7. Joseph Adolphe Sax, early in the XIXth Century. He died in 1897. 8. Hans von Bülow. 9. Wilhelm; thirteen; eleven. 10. The ability to sing or identify any note of the scale, without prompting. 11. Three: The Great Organ, the Swell Organ, and the Choir Organ. 12. *Clari*, by H. R. Bishop. In the lesson scene of *The Barber of Seville*. 13. (a) Arthur Sullivan; (b) Henry Carey; (c) James Bland; (d) The Rev. John B. Dykes; (e) Richard Wagner. 14. The great lung power demanded for tuba playing develops the chest and makes for hearty eating. Owing to the strain on the chest muscles, many oboe players suffer from high blood-pressure. 15. Any opera that employs spoken dialogue. 16. An Italian monk who invented the modern musical staff, about 1020. 17. Felix Mendelssohn. 18. *Carmen* and *Madame Butterfly*. 19. The full name, "piano forte", is derived from the instrument's ability to play soft *(piano)* or loud *(forte)*, as distinguished from the limited dynamic range of its predecessors, the spinet and harpsichord. 20. (a) Handel; (b) Meyerbeer, Gluck, Offenbach; (c) Ludwig van Beethoven.

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It has been said of Archipenko's figures that they are so fully realized, so dynamic, that the air around them shapes itself into vital and significant forms



TORSO
A lovely figure, full of plastic beauty, having the characteristic refinement, even the distortion, of Archipenko's present phase, but also suggesting the classic

Some Sculptures by Archipenko

Recently Exhibited at the Reinhardt Galleries

ONE of the most original and adventurous of the modernist sculptors is Aleksander Archipenko, a Russian sculptor now living in America, a recent phase of whose work has been on exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries, together with paintings of the Russian Ghetto by Marc Chagall. Archipenko, in common with all the modernists, believes that the work of art should have an existence of its own quite independent from that of Nature, and that while Art may use the forms of Nature for its motives, it is in no sense bound to copy Nature. Thus, in the present exhibition, the elongated and sinuous forms may offend the spectator, whose taste has been molded in the naturalistic school; but to the modernist they are justified by the fact that they express an emotion or concept *in their own terms.*

Archipenko was formerly a Cubist; but he has deserted the dogmas of Cubism and now regards them as a temporarily useful, but outworn artistic creed. He is likely to desert all other theories and formulas, even his own, for he is a man whose reactions to life and especially to the life of his own day, are keen, subtle, varied, and ever-changing. At present he is preoccupied with the mystical, especially as mysticism finds a counterpart in the Einstein theories.

Mr. Archipenko has hobbies—one of them is a machine of his invention which gives motion to art and which, although now only an interesting toy, has revolutionary possibilities.

Much more than a hobby is the Art Institute on Fifty-seventh Street in New York, of which he is founder and director. In this institute, working in oils as well as in clay, his students learn both a sound technique and a vigorous, full, and original artistic expression. Mr. Archipenko is extremely enthusiastic over the work of some of his pupils and prophesies for them and for America—through them and others like them—a golden age of artistic achievement.

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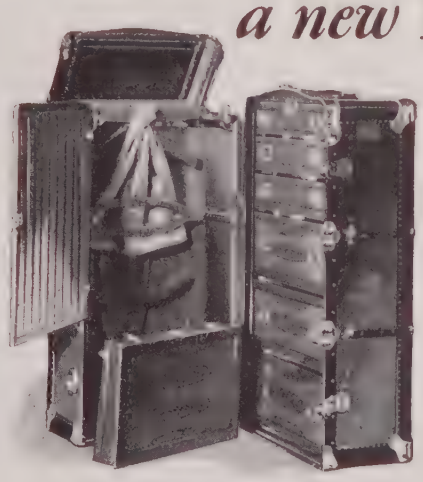
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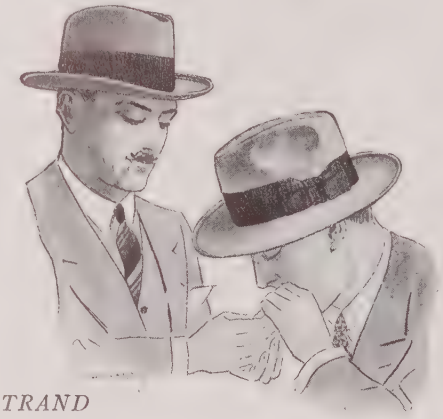
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The South

(Continued from page 50)

If they do they lose their niggers.

The Negro won't go away physically.

Cheat him and he'll live on you all through the next year, doing no work.

He knows how.

Negroes aren't fools either. Trick niggers among them—but a trick Negro is like the trick white workman of the north.

The two women had to know their people.

Niggers on such southern plantations are taken out sometimes and whipped.

I saw a southern white woman whip a Negro man for trying to hit another Negro man with an axe.

It was about a Negro girl they both wanted.

The white woman knew what was coming. She was watching. She stepped in just in time to prevent a murder. Such things are not uncommon in the south.

The two women I visited knew every Negro man, every Negro woman and child on their place as a northern woman might know the children of her own body.

Plenty of southern white men of the same sort—on other plantations about.

The two white women were doing the job because their white men were all dead. Southern white families—the old ones—are dying out. That may be one reason why so many Negroes come north.

Just why the old white families are passing is another story. It may be simply the old south's passing, a new south being born. In southern cities the Negro labour doesn't sing any more. The south may have to industrialize, like the east, mid-America, the far west. Southern city newspapers all say so.

And the dying out of the old families may be due to something else.

The thing not talked about except among intimates—never publicly—in the south.

A gradual loss of personal dignity in white men, due to a condition thrust into relationships too complex and difficult for the generality of men to handle.

At the plantation I visited, the plantation run by two childless women, the last of their particular family, the problem was touched upon during our visit.

After dining one evening we sat on a wide gallery. There was talk of the old days. Always talk of old days, in the south.

Then later a troop of black and brown women came up to the house to sing.

The old work songs, ballads about the life of the Negroes on the plantation, were taboo.

An idea had got abroad among the blacks that it was wicked to sing of work, of play. Only songs of a Baptist or Methodist God permitted.

A few wicked niggers, however. They stepped forward and sang of a wreck on the railroad that crossed on the edge of the plantation, some three miles from the house, of the year when the flu came and so many niggers died.

I have seldom heard the miseries of flu so aptly described.

The wicked niggers have a grand time—singing the ungodly songs—the goodones standing aside and enjoying the wickedness of the wicked.

Puritanism taking hold of the Negroes, too.

The two southern white women half heroic figures in my imagination.

I got a slant on them the next day.

We drove to a small town, a southern market town, and the half-white Negroes were all about.

A girl with straight hair and blue eyes—the hair golden brown.

A young Negro man with Jewish features, plainly marked.

Traces of white blood everywhere—in blacks—making the blacks not blacks but browns.

I dared to suggest to the women tentatively of course—well I asked the question. . . .

Very few of the niggers of that section had ever been twenty miles from home. Few enough northern visitors came that way.

Young white men growing up—getting married—making a new white man's south as a new east, far west and mid-America is always being made.

The woman looked at me with a hard light in her eyes.

"It is true," she said. "It happens. I don't like it.

"One thing I know. You are a northern man and can't judge in such matters, but I am southern through and through." She smiled at me, decided not to be angry.

"What you suggest happens, but southern white men never have anything to do with the matter."

It was the south—all I know of the south. If you of the north lived there do you think you would do the job better?

Southern civilization began with a problem—a war was fought—the problem remains.

It cannot be solved now—in any way I know.

It can be faced.

Facing it may be the one thing needed for the flowering of a truly southern art, a truly southern contribution to an American civilization.

Sherwood Anderson

Writes

Another Story of America

Chicago

in the October Issue

of

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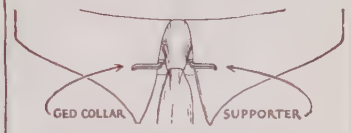
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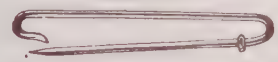


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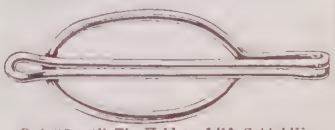
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What Sunday morning proves



NEXT Sunday morning, fathers, note how long it takes the family to finish with the bathroom. You have your shower and shave. Then come the children. Then mother. You all take your time—and a lot of time it takes—but you all feel better for it.

Now consider the week days. You get your shower and shave, but the morning baths of the others usually are omitted. There isn't time, they say—but fact is, there aren't sufficient bath facilities. If you remained home, you would see that congestion in the bathroom often forces neglect of vital health habits by members of your family.

To prevent bathroom congestion is not expensive. In many homes the attractive bathroom shown above would be adequate for every need. Others require an added lavatory, shower, toilet; still others want one, two, or three extra bathrooms.

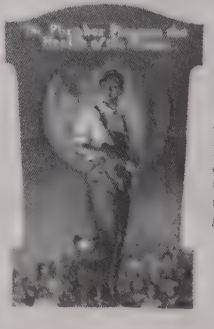
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Quality Beyond Comparison



Results from Chrysler Standardized Quality

By J. E. Fields

There is scarcely a motor car of importance today that does not reflect in either design or practice the influence of Walter P. Chrysler and his engineers.

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The result has been quality beyond comparison and now Mr. Chrysler further emphasizes this quality—makes it more than ever outstanding in all price classes—by his plan of Standardized Quality.

Mr. Chrysler is the first and only large scale manufacturer building four lines of cars under one name and one management in one group of unified plants on a standardized quality basis.

This standardization of quality is the result of an extraordinarily complete co-ordination of engineering and manufacturing facilities and resources.

It governs every minutest operation from the first rough sketch of the engineers, through the working blue prints; it governs the selection of the raw materials; it compels manufacture of even the smallest part as well as the vital units to the most precise standards; it molds even the manufacture of accessories.

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In the past three years the organization of which Mr. Walter P. Chrysler is the head has pioneered more improvements in the automobile than had been brought forth in the preceding decade.

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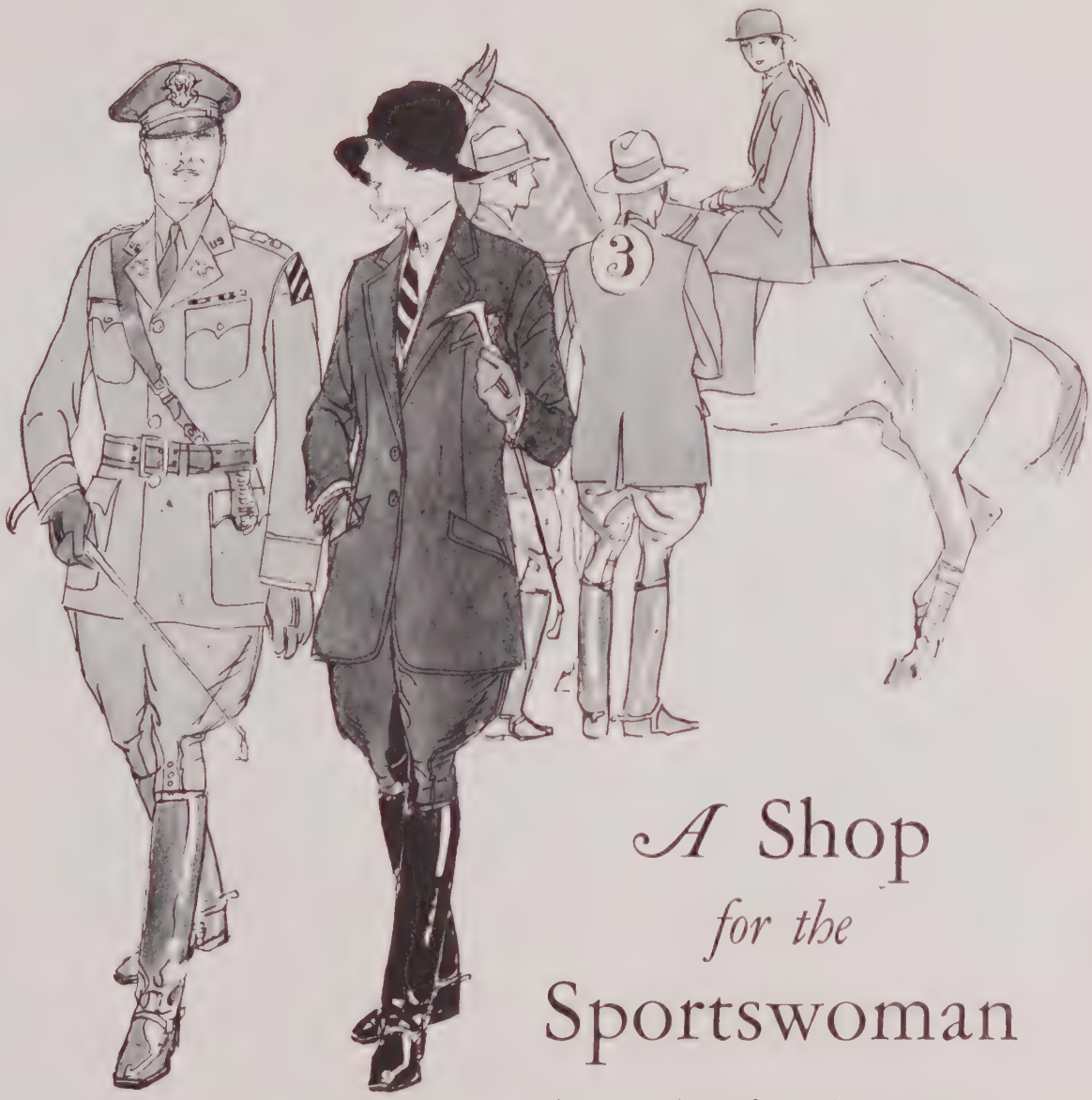
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"Isn't Phil a wonder?" exclaimed Dick at the end of the first chukker.

"Who is the girl who came with him?" was Peggy's counter question.

"He's been out of the game for a year, too," continued Dick, "remember, he fell—"

"But who is the girl with him?" interrupted Peggy.

"For Pete's sake, aren't you interested in the game?" snapped Dick. "What difference does it make who the girl is?"

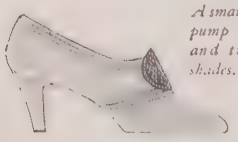
"We must know, dear," interposed Jean tactfully, "we have a bet on her."

"You would have—it takes two women to attend a great polo match and then bet on the gallery!" with which scathing comment Dick rode off.

"Well, never mind, Peg," Jean said sweetly, "you may as well settle now. Even though we *don't* recognize the particular model she's wearing, *I* know they're Pedemodes. A woman dressed as marvelously as she is wouldn't wear any others!"

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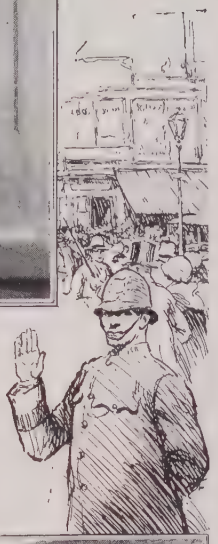
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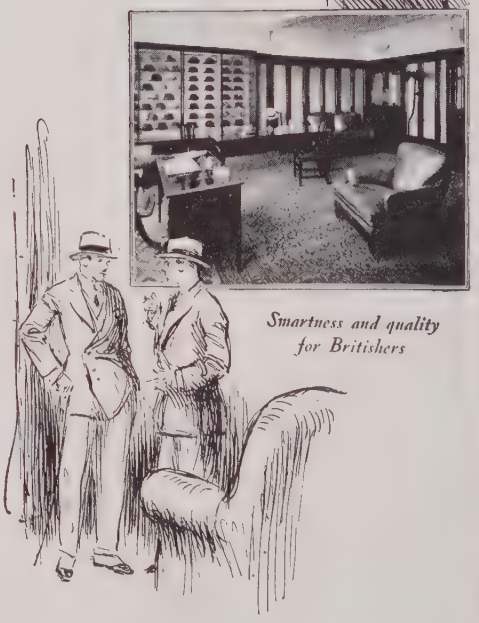
At 70 New Bond Street, in the heart of London's smartest shops, are the Stetson offices. Stetson hats are featured by 45 London retail hatters.



STETSON PRESTIGE IN BOND STREET



THE popularity of Stetsons in London would astonish the casual observer. Well-turned-out Englishmen by the thousands find in these famous American hats that smartness and quality so demanded by British adepts in correct dress. As on Fifth Avenue, the prestige of the Stetson name is acknowledged along Bond Street and Piccadilly.



Smartness and quality for Britishers

Styled for Young Men

STETSON HATS

Luella gets her DUO-ART

SYNOPSIS

A little story of today in which a world-famous performer—the Duo-Art—first entices Luella's Boy Friend away from her, then brings him back, and finally makes everybody happy.

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Perkins — *Mrs. Gilbert*
Luella Perkins — *Mr. Gilbert*
Salesman — *John Gilbert*

ACT I

SCENE—*Gilbert home. Mrs. Perkins and daughter calling.*

MRS. P.: This room looks better somehow.

LUELLA: It's the new Duo-Art piano. Oh, Mom, why don't we buy one?

MRS. P.: Sh—here's Mrs. Gilbert.

MRS. G. (*entering*): Well, you folks *are* strangers. John will be sorry he didn't stay home tonight. Luella, why didn't you amuse yourself with the piano?

MRS. P.: Oh, Luella can't play without her notes.

MRS. G.: She could play this piano. If you don't want to use the keyboard, you simply put in a music roll and the piano does the rest—loud, soft, fast, slow, whatever you like.

LUELLA: I know John's nuts on the Duo-Art. Oh, Mom, why don't we buy one?

MRS. P.: Sh—we have a beautiful piano, Luella.

LUELLA: Beautiful, but dumb, Mom. Jane's folks have a Duo-Art. It does everything but cook. It plays jazz, operas, the classics, just everything.

MRS. G.: Mr. Gilbert likes best the song rolls with the words printed on them.



"IT'S THE NEW WEBER DUO-ART"

MRS. P.: I didn't know your husband sang.

MRS. G.: Neither did he. He just couldn't resist humming the words when he was playing the rolls, and suddenly discovered he had a voice. Now everybody who comes in wants him to sing.

LUELLA: Oh, Mom, let's buy one! The crowd would come to our house if we had one. Now he—I mean they-go to Jane's.

MRS. P.: Sh—Luella, I don't want another piano, and if I did I can't afford it.

MRS. G.: Oh, everybody can afford a Duo-Art. The Aeolian people are perfectly sweet about arranging payments to suit your convenience. They'll even make a wonderful allowance on your old instrument.

LUELLA: Oh, Mom, do buy one!

MRS. P.: We must go. Tell John we haven't seen him for a long time.

MRS. G.: When the boy gets home from work, he says nothing rests him like music, and he just must have it.



"WHY, I NEVER SAW SUCH A BEAUTIFUL PIANO. IT'S LOVELY, JUST AS A PIECE OF FURNITURE."

ACT II

SCENE—*Aeolian ware-room. Mrs. Perkins and daughter interviewing a Salesman. The following day.*

MRS. P.: My daughter dragged me here, but frankly, I'm not going to buy. I'd like to get rid of the piano we have now. It simply doesn't belong in my living-room.

SALESMAN: Wouldn't a period piano solve the difficulty? I'd like to show you some.

LUELLA: Oh, Mom, look at this Florentine. Wouldn't it be perfect with those other Italian things!

MRS. P. (*thawing*): Why, I never saw such a beautiful piano. It's lovely, just as a piece of furniture.

SALESMAN (*seating himself and running his fingers over the keys*): It sounds just as beautiful as it looks. Have you ever heard the famous "Weber" tone before?

MRS. P.: Why, that is perfectly exquisite. It reminds me of a rich contralto voice—so deep and musical. (*A pause*) But we have a piano.

SALESMAN: The Company will make you a very generous allowance for your old instrument.

MRS. P.: I'll admit I'm interested. Please tell me just what "Duo-Art" means and what it is.

SALESMAN: Duo-Art means "two arts"—your art and the art of others. Your art, because you can play the instrument yourself either by hand or with a music-roll that allows you to put in your own expression. Others' art because, with special rolls, you can listen to the actual playing of great pianists like Paderewski, Hofmann and scores of others.

MRS. P.: But is it *really* their playing? That doesn't seem possible.

SALESMAN: I'll admit it seems too wonderful to be true. But look at this. (*Goes to a cabinet and takes out a roll.*) Here's Paderewski's "Minuet," interpreted by Paderewski himself. (*Unwinds roll a little and shows a signed statement printed on it. Reads*): "This music roll is my interpretation. It was recorded by me for the Duo-Art, and I hereby authorize its use with that instrument. (Signed) I. J. Paderewski."

MRS. P.: That sounds convincing. May we hear the roll, and see if it does, also? I've heard Paderewski play this as an encore several times. (*The roll is played. Both Mrs. Perkins and Luella listen raptly. At its close, Mrs. P. is manifestly deeply moved.*)

LUELLA: Oh, Mom, isn't it gorgeous? Do let's get one.

MRS. P.: May I use your telephone? Luella! I'm going to ask your father to take us to lunch and come back here with us afterwards.

LUELLA (*rapturously*): Oh, Mom, you dear.



"IT'S A PARTY EVERY NIGHT NOW, SINCE WE GOT THE DUO-ART"

ACT III

SCENE—*Interior Perkins home. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert calling a week later.*

MRS. G.: We hesitated about coming in.

MR. G.: Yes, we didn't want to intrude on a party.

MRS. P.: It's a party every night now since we got the Duo-Art. "The gang's all here."

MRS. G.: Yes, John told us you had a Duo-Art.

MR. G.: Oh, there's the young rascal now. I see he has on his favorite—"Just a Wearyin' for You."

MRS. P.: John sang it as a solo once this evening and Luella has just put it on again.

JOHN (*coming up*): Hello, folks. You're just in time for a Charleston lesson. Line up!

MRS. P.: They've even got me into it and I haven't danced in years. Somehow I find even I can dance when the Duo-Art plays. You see the dance beat comes in the right place and not where some good-natured player who really wants to dance puts it. Oh, there's the Browns coming in. Excuse me a moment.

LUELLA (*approaching*): Good evening. You people ought to have come earlier. Paderewski, Bauer, Grainger, Hofmann and all the great players were our guests. At least, we had their magic finger work even if we couldn't see them.

JOHN: Yeah, you missed the grand concert. We always have one before we dance. I'm beginning to know the difference now between Debussy and Berlin.

LUELLA (*softly*): I'm so glad you and Mr. Gilbert have come. I'm so happy!

MR. G.: Yes, a Duo-Art does make a difference, doesn't it?

JOHN: We were just getting ready to ask you to give us your Duo-Art for a wedding present.

MRS. G.: A wedding! Why, you blessed children!

MR. G.: You can have John, young woman, but you can't have my Duo-Art!

LUELLA: How funny! That's just what Mom said. She said she'd give me up, but nothing on earth could make her give up her Duo-Art.

JOHN (*impudently*): Well, they haven't stopped making Duo-Arts, have they?

The
DUO-ART
Reproducing Piano
in the
STEINWAY - STECK - WEBER
WHEELOCK - STROUD *and* AEOLIAN
Grand and Upright Pianos
Literature and costs will be furnished, free upon request

The AEOLIAN COMPANY
FOREMOST MAKERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD
AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK
LONDON ∾ PARIS ∾ MADRID ∾ BERLIN ∾ MELBOURNE ∾ SYDNEY



Put your brains on your feet!

NOT every woman has a pretty foot. But any woman can have a smart foot — if she puts her brains on it. And that's what counts today — smartness.

A suave and simple line in your shoes. A leather that keeps its contours—that shows the foot at its sleek, slim, smallest—that wears, and conceals the fact. The right colours always... Vici kid.

Do you know the chic of dull black Vici, the French woman's choice with the new smart black costumes? Not for the majority, but for you—if you're fashion-wise. Do you know the rich golden brown of Vici Polo—the rose-brown of Vici Cinna—the darker tone of Vici Cochin—the deep sheen of Vici Walnut, like an heirloom polished by time—the winter beige of Vici Rosette?

Each of these shades is perfect with one or more of the tremendously popular new browns; each will please you as a note of contrast with the greens, the reds, the hennas, the blues of the winter colour-gamut. Because each was worked out in conjunction with the greatest of the silk and woolen fabric manufacturers—*three groups of experts on every shade!* And behind the colour—Vici quality, the same through changing seasons.

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PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

Believe in your luck; but not till you see it stamped inside your shoes, with the Vici Lucky Horseshoe



THERE *are no duplicates of* "ggg" *Clothes.*
We originate our own fabrics!

A store near you sells "ggg" Clothes; we'll name it. Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., New York City

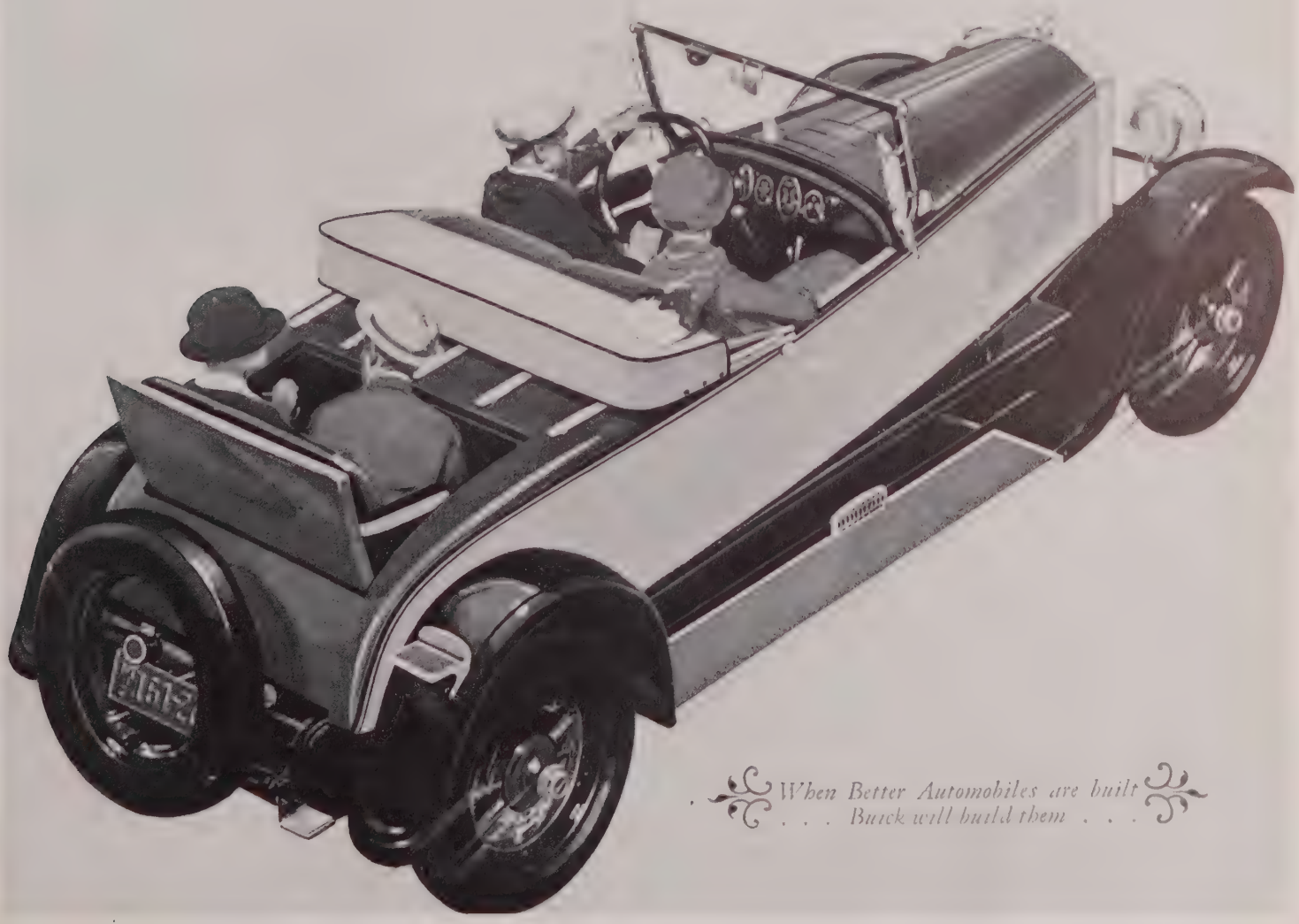
ggg Clothes



Youth is served, splendidly, powerfully, pridefully, and yet economically, by this charming new 1927 Buick. It is princely in its luxury and grace of line, and it has the year's most important contribution to the pleasure of motoring—an engine, *vibrationless beyond belief*

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

Buick



When Better Automobiles are built . . . Buick will build them . . .

ATWATER KENT RADIO



Model 37, ever-ready receiver, with ONE Dial. What could be finer? Dial, in mahogany finish, less tubes, batteries, cabinet and battery cable attached, $70

The shielded cabinet is crystalline-finished in two shades of brown, and trimmed with gold. The plate-glass panel (left) shows a Spanish galleon in bas-relief



Do you know of any other radio set that will do this?

THERE's something new and exciting in Radio. It is Atwater Kent ONE Dial control.

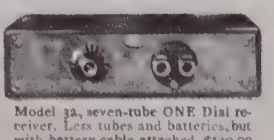
When we say you do all the tuning with ONE Dial, that is exactly what we mean.

Some so-called single dial receiving sets are equipped with subsidiary tuning devices with which you have to fiddle to hear a broadcast program clearly. Atwater Kent sets need none and have none. In them you get genuine ONE Dial control, without an "if" or a "perhaps."

Just turn the single dial until you hear the first station come in. Then turn it a tiny bit farther and hear another. Keep turning and a veritable procession of stations files past you. When you have got the most out of this thrill, turn back to the program you like best. You don't have to search. You get it instantly.

That's a test! Try it with an Atwater Kent ONE Dial. You summon all the stations on the air within range with ONE Dial—with one hand—and the station you want in a split second.

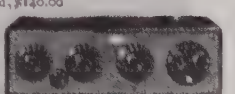
Let an Atwater Kent dealer show you what *real* ONE Dial operation means—in swiftness and ease of operation, in tone, in volume, selectivity, range—in all that Radio should be.



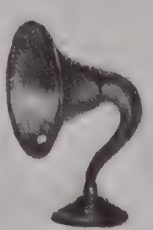
Model 32, seven-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $140.00



Model 30, six-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $85.00



Model 20 Compact, five-tube Three Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $60.00



Model H Speaker, dark brown crystalline finish, $21.00

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies, and in Canada

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9.15 Eastern Time, 8.15 Central Time, through:

WEAF . *New York*	WEAR . *Cleveland*	WCAE . *Pittsburgh*	
WJAR . *Providence*	WCCO { *Mpls.-St. Paul*	WGR . . . *Buffalo*	
WEEI . . . *Boston*		WOC . . *Davenport*	
WRC . *Washington*	WGN . . . *Chicago*	KSD . . . *St. Louis*	
WSAI . *Cincinnati*	WFI. *Philadelphia*	WWJ. . . . *Detroit*	

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4742 WISSAHICKON AVENUE PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To the man who knows what pedigree means



Show him a thoroughbred dog or horse. Almost by instinct he knows it for a good animal—but he wants to know its pedigree, too.

Men who desire and cherish the best that life offers have an intuitive sense that guides them in their buying but never permits them to lose sight of inherent value.

Any man can *look* at a Banister Shoe and *see* in it all the value of worthy materials, of skillful shoemanship and, above all, of exclusive style.

But the man whose father and grandfather wore Banister Shoes, has an even deeper appreciation of these fine shoes. There is something of tradition in it —the pedigree that confirms his most critical judgment.

Briefly, a man expects *finer* shoes from Banister because Banister has made the *finest* shoes for more than eighty years.

If you have never worn Banister Shoes, ask your shoeman about them. Or write to us for style booklet and the name of the Banister dealer nearest you.



JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

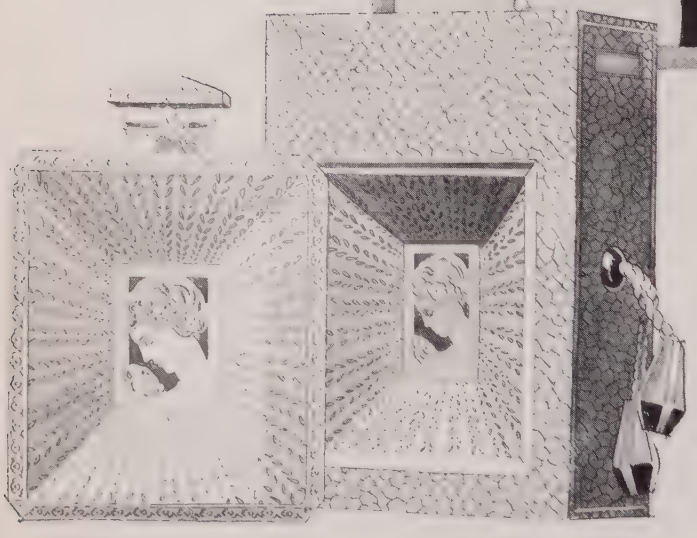
Since 1845 the choice of Gentlemen

BANISTER



SHOES





THE new perfume by Houbigant, La Belle Saison, is the odeur of the patrician taste. It is particularly appreciated by those who like things-out-of-the-ordinary.

It is delicate, rather than insistent, but one does not forget its exquisite, haunting appeal. To women who dismiss imperiously the too-well-known, too-widely-used perfumes, La Belle Saison will come as a refreshing delight. La Belle Saison is twenty dollars.

May we send you [illegible] odeurs, and the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper"? [illegible], 530 W. 45th St., New York

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND MONTREAL



Fall will see no more distinctive hat than this one with rippled brim and high draped crown as created by KNOX. *You may choose between smooth finished felt and* KNOX *satin finished felt, in those newer shades of Blue Fox, Wood Brown, Wallflower, Chanel Red, French Blue, as well as Black, Jungle Green, Burgundy, Parchment and Buff. Priced at $15.00.*

KNOX
THE HATTER
NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE *at 40th Street*
ROOSEVELT HOTEL *(Madison at 45th)*
161 BROADWAY *(Singer Bldg.)*
WALDORF-ASTORIA *(34th St. at 5th Ave.)*
SAN FRANCISCO *(51 Grant Avenue)*

ABREAST of the current season and smartly portraying Fall's latest vogue are these hats bearing —*the label of* KNOX.



It's the cut of your clothes that counts

HADDONS

The new rugged fabrics for heavy duty

They're double-service worsted cheviots. Meaning in simple terms, that they're almost too sturdy to wear out. And of course, being exclusive Society Brand fabrics, they're mighty good to look at. They come in tiled and panelled effects, in combined herringbone and basket weaves —in blues, grays, and deep briar shades. Splendid patterns and colors! Fine pin-stripes add contrast. And all this is quite aside from the correct cut and fine tailoring you find in all Society Brand Clothes. Look for the Society Brand label in the pocket.

Send for Bristol Stripes folder and name of nearest dealer

Society Brand Clothes

FAILLE DE SUEDE

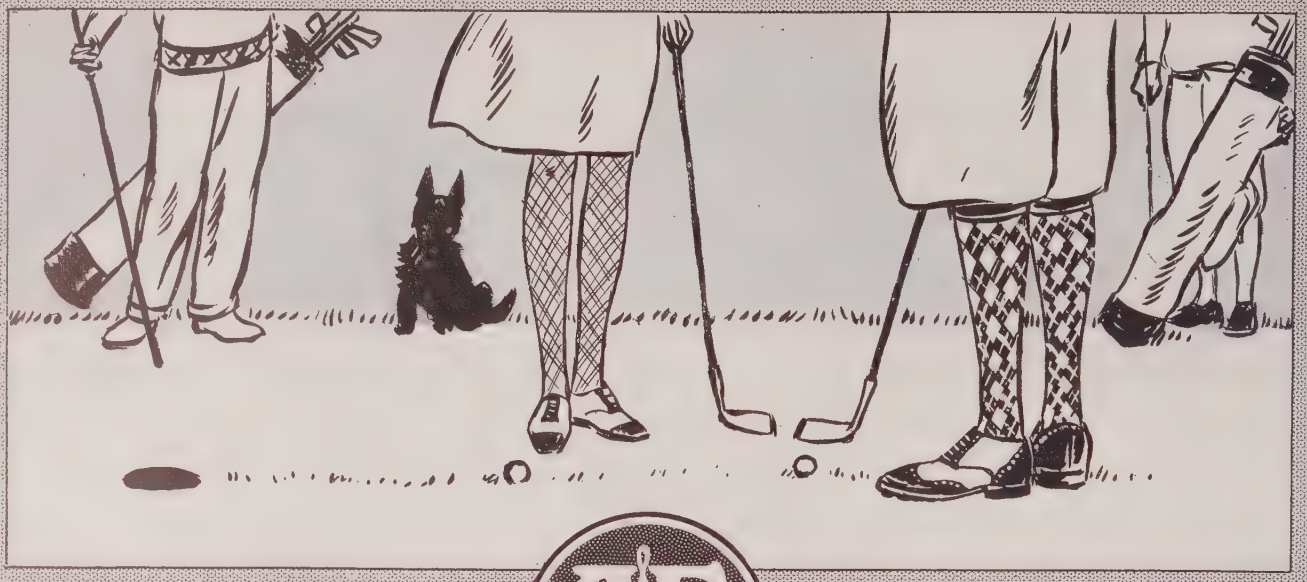


After all, men wear ties to look well. Of course, the quality must be there too, but many men don't buy ties on quality. They do on style.

So Cheney Brothers, while keeping the quality of their Fall cravats as high as ever, lay special emphasis on the expert styling. The colors are this Fall's most popular shades. The patterns are the very latest. The blend of both is always harmonious and the result is a line of cravats to suit the demands of the ultra-stylist. Here we have an example of this.

CHENEY
CRAVATS

CHENEY BROTHERS · 181 MADISON AVENUE, AT 34TH STREET · NEW YORK CITY



Stymied

THERE can be no greater satisfaction in the selection of golf shoes than to find the entire range available at one spot.

This store has "laid a stymie" in golf shoes. For variety and quality, the selection is believed to be unequalled elsewhere in the world.

In the production of each shoe consideration has been given to comfort and firmness of footing, as well as to excellence of material, workmanship and appearance.

"Sport Measured by the Foot," "Brogues and Bunkers" and "Boots and Saddles"—interesting booklets on sport shoes, mailed on request.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

EZRA H. FITCH, President

MADISON AVE. & FORTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK



MEN'S "DRIGOLF" SHOE
(Registered)
Imported Zug Grain
Absolutely Waterproof
Crepe Rubber or Feltred Soles
$14



LADIES' GOLF OXFORD
Light Tan Buckskin
Amber Tan Ostrich Saddle
Light Gristle Rubber Sole
$14



MEN'S WHITE ELKSKIN
GOLF OXFORD
Black Grain Calf Trimmed
Calf-Lined—Ribbed Rubber Sole
$14



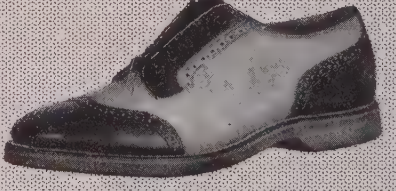
LADIES' OSTEND GOLF
OXFORD
White Buck—Black or
Tan Basket Plaited Saddle
Crepe Rubber Sole
$15



MEN'S GOLF OXFORD
Tan Holland Grain Calf
Stout Leather Sole and Heel
Fitted With Spikes
$14



LADIES' GOLF OXFORD
Smoked Elk—Wing Tip
Nicely Arched—Comfortable
Red Corrugated Rubber Sole
$12



MEN'S GOLF OXFORD
Soft Smoked Elkskin
Bright Tan Calf Trim
Calf-Lined—Crepe Rubber Sole
$14

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

284 *The Book of Hosiery*

MEN who are particular about how their feet are dressed have made this Phoenix number 284 one of the most popular socks that the markets of the world have ever seen. It has had a remarkable success, even for a Phoenix product. Made of pure Japanese silk, and adroitly reinforced, it comes in a variety of smart colors—colors that have given it the season's vogue. Millions of discriminating men choose it because it gives them longest miles of hard wear at low cost—and its elegance endures.

No. 284
75 cents a pair



PHOENIX
SILK SOCKS
MILWAUKEE



MEN'S FALL STYLES

in

Hickey-Freeman
CUSTOMIZED CLOTHES

are now being shown
in leading stores



IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS



HUPMOBILE

THE INEVITABLE VOGUE OF THE EIGHTS IS HERE, AND IN THE FOREFRONT, THE BEAUTIFUL HUPMOBILE STRAIGHT-EIGHT, INEFFABLY SMOOTH AND SILENT IN PERFORMANCE

BEAUTY, COLOR OPTIONS, LUXURY IN SEVEN ENCLOSED AND OPEN BODIES $1945 TO $2595 F.O.B. DETROIT, PLUS REVENUE TAX

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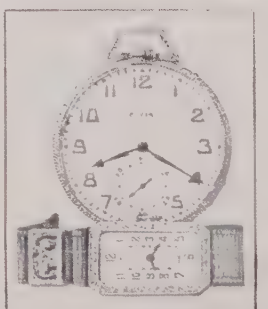


"What shall I give to ME when that extra dividend is declared ?"

THE sweetest of all money is money that comes unexpectedly. That unlooked for birthday check from Uncle John, that extra cash dividend from Amalgamated Oil, that surprise-remittance from a forgotten borrower.

These are velvet dollars. Not hard-earned business dollars to be saved and put to work, but carefree, unreproaching dollars, gaily exhorting you to be a regular fellow and play Santa Claus to yourself.

But because these cheerful and indulgent dollars may be pleasantly spent, they need not be fruitlessly spent. Invest them with your jeweler and get the maximum in day-by-day, year-in and year-out service and satisfaction, while still adding a permanent asset to your "life-estate."



"LOVE and GOOD WISHES for LIFE"

An Elgin is a gift that is a lifelong expression of affection and goodwishes. Every Elgin watch embodies in a measure the precision of Swiss

Invest them in that jeweled ring, that pearl pendant, those platinum cuff links or that Elgin watch you have long coveted . . . Spend the income of your investment in the pride and pleasure of your possession, while retaining the principal in intrinsic and convertible value.

Thus you may eat your cake and have it, too.

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

NAME ADDRESS



University men may be relied upon for discerning taste in dress. T. C. CLARK, '26, chosen as the best-dressed man at Princeton, reflects this taste.

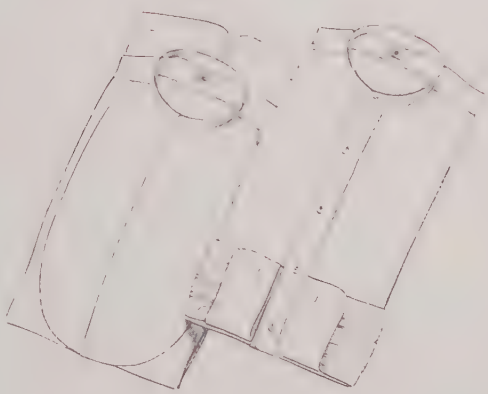
The Linen Worn at Princeton

"Men at Princeton express their taste in dress by being exact in details," says Thomas C. Clark, voted the best-dressed man at Princeton.

"And," continues Mr. Clark, "the collar, shirt and handkerchief are the details that indicate best, perhaps, a man's taste.

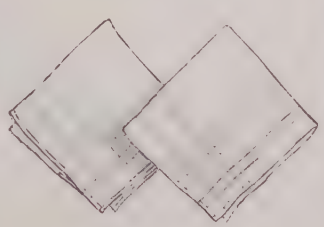
"Collars, in particular, give one the opportunity to present oneself properly. Soft collars are generally accepted only when worn with sport clothes.

"I do not consciously attempt in my dress more than the simple good taste which I think every intelligent man approves. Distinction can be had with simplicity. These features are to be found in the styles of Ide collars, shirts and handkerchiefs for the current season."

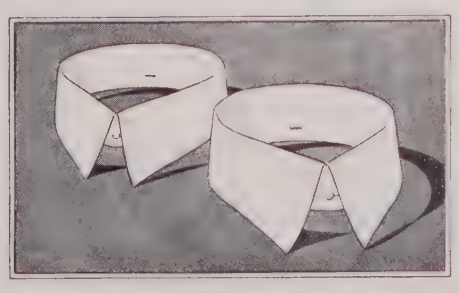


Mr. Clark approved the fine quality of Ide's *Eton-street* shirt in broadcloth and the formal *Harcourt* with starched pique front.

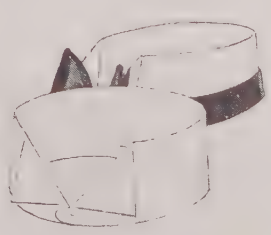
On this page Mr. Clark's choice of Ide haberdashery is pictured and described. In a new booklet which we will send you at your request, we also show the Ide styles chosen by the "best-dressed men," or men voted "most likely to succeed" at Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell, Chicago, Williams, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, Columbia and Brown. Address Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.



The Ide handkerchiefs at the right attracted Mr. Clark by their tasteful self patterns. They are of fine imported linen.



Hoylake and *Glengair* for informal dress were selected by Mr. Clark as the *Ide* collars especially suited to men of his physical type.



Mr. Clark's choice of the *Idebrent* may be an aid to men who find the selection of a correct evening collar a problem.

The Word is Going 'Round

Men by thousands are turning to this smart new type hosiery that wears two or three times longer because it is *Invisibly* reinforced all over by the remarkable

Bi-Spun Process



Special to the Wife!

Darning socks is going out of fashion with wives whose husbands wear Trufab Bi-Spun Hosiery. At the better Department Stores.

MEN first bought Trufab Bi-Spun Hosiery because it is unusually smart and trim looking. Then came the surprising feature—months of extra wear. Before long the word was going 'round that a new type hosiery which lasted two or three times as long as ordinary socks, was available.

Now thousands upon thousands of men know the secret of Bi-Spinning, the remarkable new process that invisibly reinforces the entire hose by doubly strengthening every thread. New life, elasticity and durability have been added. But there is no extra weight or thickness.

For Fall the Trufab designers have created a new series of most unusual patterns and color harmonies. Very smart and in perfect taste, these new designs will gain your instant and unqualified approval.

You will find a huge amount of quiet satisfaction in wearing Trufab hosiery. Perfect fit. Fast colors. And an unconditional guarantee: Trufab Bi-Spun Hosiery must outwear your own expectations—or your money will be promptly refunded.

Go to your favorite shop and ask for Trufab by name. You will find a wide range of patterns and materials, from which to select your fall and winter hosiery. We suggest particularly numbers 193 and 189 retailing at $1.00 and 75c respectively.

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS

Founded 1902 Athens, Georgia

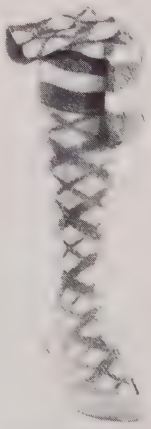
New York Office: 366 BROADWAY

Bi-Spinning

-the amazing new process that invisibly reinforces the entire sock-adding months of extra wear



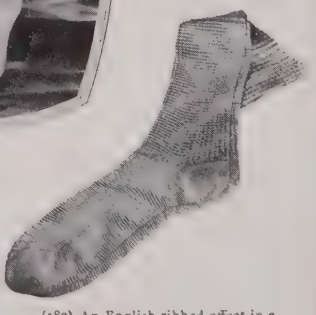
Hosiery has long been reinforced at heel and toe, but instep and leg were left unprotected in old-type socks. Bi-Spinning has eliminated this neglected area from Trufab hosiery—exclusively, guarding against holes above the shoe-line as well as below.



One pattern of the new virgin wool and rayon BI-SPUN Golf hose which wear many an extra round, and which are amazingly attractive, comfortable and practical at $2



(193) A smart French stripe of two tones against the new dull-finish background. Pure virgin wool with rayon at $1



(189) An English ribbed effect in a variety of heather mixtures. Lisle with rayon at 75c

Tru-fab

Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN

Price 35c to $1.00



EXPERIENCE has demonstrated that the Roberts-Wicks Label is a trustworthy guide to formal clothes that are as satisfactory in service as they are correct in cut and tailoring.

ROBERTS-WICKS CO., UTICA, N. Y.

ROBERTS-WICKS

EVENING CLOTHES *and* FORMAL DAY WEAR

McCallum Men's Hose



There is great style in this all-silk novelty hose with stripe-and-check design. It comes in five pleasing color combinations.

Hand-clocks ornament this sheer all-silk half hose which comes in nine of the most wanted colors.



An openwork French clock gives extra style to this light-weight all silk half hose. In black only.



There are eight different color-combinations in which you can get the light-weight ribbed silk-and-wool hose shown below.



The choice of well-groomed men

LOOK carefully at the smartest young bloods at the country clubs—at the most conservative old fellows on the Avenue, at the groomsmen at the smartest wedding of the season—you will see McCallum Hose. Infallibly they are chosen by discerning men; for their style, their quality, their fit, their true elegance is everywhere conceded.

Ask to see the new Autumn McCallum Hose at your favorite dealer's. You will find them the handsomest hose you've ever seen. They are colorful but rich; they have novelty, but restraint—and there are weights and textures for every dress-occasion, sheer silks and accordion-knits for evening, plain and figured silks and silk-and-lisle and silk-and-wool for business and sport. If your haberdasher does not have a complete showing, write to the McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass., and we will gladly tell you where you can see them.



Many men prefer the fine ribbed silk half hose on the left for general wear. They come in ten colors.





The Tux-soc, shown above, is correct for wear with the dinner-coat.

* * *

Contrasting cluster-stripes make this silk-and-lisle hose smart. In eight color combinations.



On the S. S. France—Berg Hats, tailored with a style that distinguishes them in any company.



The new snap brim Fall BERGSTER *(at left) in the popular pastel colors — price $7.00.*

BERG HATS

ALWAYS ASSURE YOU CORRECT STYLE

F. BERG & COMPANY ~ 1107 BROADWAY ~ NEW YORK CITY



PERHAPS Freddie *does* take that "Dress Well and Succeed" slogan a bit too seriously. There are drawbacks, for instance, when one is really fond of dogs, and all the dogs know it.

But it brings results. Take Freddie, for example. He doesn't spend everything he makes on scenery. And he is getting a lot more money than many of the other fellows at the office just because the boss thinks Freddie is as good as he looks.

You'd never guess it, but the coat belongs to last year's suit. The trousers (block-striped flannels are very, very much approved this year, you know) look like a million dollars, but they really didn't come so high. Not much more, in fact, than the price of a tankful of gas for his new roadster. (*)

"10c a Button: $1.00 a Rip" originally was just a slogan—a homely, but sincere expression to the public of honest manufacturing intent. Today, the slogan is a monument to a promise kept unswervingly for more than forty-six years—it is one of the *tangible* differences between Dutchess Trousers and other trousers.

(*) *This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. The series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include:*

"Going On Nineteen" in FLANNELS
"Mr. Tracy" of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS
"Jim will be Voting Next Year" in COLLEGIATES
"Eric, the Engineer" in BREECHES
"Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS
"Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS
"That Darn Bennett Kid" in BOY'S GOLF KNICKERS

DUTCHESS

Trousers & Knickers

POUGHKEEPSIE *(Dutchess County)* NEW YORK

DUTCHESS TROUSERS
10¢ a Button, $1.00 a Rip
NO. OF RAY OFF
WARRANTY
YOU MAY WEAR A PAIR FOR TWO MONTHS
IF A BUTTON COMES OFF WE WILL PAY YOU 10¢
IF THEY RIP WE WILL PAY YOU $1.00
OR GIVE YOU A NEW PAIR



BURBERRYS AND ENGLISH CLIMATE



THE English climate plays a large part in giving Burberry overcoats their world-famous combination of light weight and great warmth. Few people realize this fact—that woolens worked in the moist climate of the British Isles retain certain natural qualities of the raw wool which are lost when the wool is woven in harsher, more metallic climates. Every stage in the making of a Burberry takes place in England, from the first free-swinging design to the last touch of expert tailoring. Burberry smartness is often imitated, but has never been equalled.



Dealers in every important city in the United States and Canada.

BURBERRYS LTD.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND

New York Wholesale Office—14 East 38th St.

By Appointment to  H.M. King George V

THE SCHOBLE POINTER has the dash of youth and the quality of a thoroughbred. A hat of character for well-dressed men. Sold by most fine hatters everywhere.





"THE POINTER"

SCHOBLE HATS

for Style FRANK SCHOBLE & CO., PHILADELPHIA *for Service*

Seven to forty dollars

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



BROAD TOWN

RECOGNIZED AS THE MOST IMPORTANT AND THOROUGHLY INTERESTING DOUBLE-BREASTED STYLE IN AMERICA.

FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS

AND MORE

READY-TO-PUT-ON

FINCHLEY

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street

NEW YORK

The

JOHNSTON & MURPHY

Shoe for Men

Periodically, a gentleman's wardrobe invites new shoe company. New patent leathers. New walking shoes. New golf oxfords.

Always — a pleasurable habit to favor the smartest shoe, made from the choicest leathers of the world.

THE J. & M. JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE

Newark, N. J.



The Mayflower Hotel
Washington, D. C.



Formal Dress Oxfords of pliable Patent Coltskin — trim, aristocratic, distinctive.

The Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise
ROUND THE WORLD

A CRUISE pre-eminently comprehensive and at the same time notably well-balanced—including rarely-visited ports—omitting none of the essential world-cruise countries. The splendid new Cunarder "Carinthia" (one of the most popular of Raymond-Whitcomb cruisers) is conspicuous for her comfort and her luxurious equipment.

The "Carinthia" leaves New York, while capitalists, cooped in sky-scrapers, and old Liberty, ironically nailed to her pedestal, wave "bon voyage" to the perspicacious Raymond-Whitcomb world-travelers.





They cross the Caribbean (after a party at Havana) and obsequiously piloted by prominent "canalists" do the gay towns of Panama, then head north, in the Pacific Ocean for Los Angeles and San Francisco.

They gaze at Kilauea and bathe at Waikiki; they cross the ridiculous 180th Meridian and spend hundreds of happy hours amid the gardens and geishas and the gilded temples and gracious tea-shops of Japan.





They pay a special visit to Korea, the Hermit Kingdom, whose rarely seen capital—Seoul—is a lounging-place for haughty chaps, crowned with fly-trap hats and gowned in immaculately starched white linen.

They come to Peking with its mandarins and coolies, "Forbidden Cities" and shrines, and travel further to the Great Wall, a giant serpent of masonry forty feet high and fifteen hundred miles long.





After Peking, Hong Kong—then the Philippines, with busy Manila and authentically idyllic Zamboanga, whose houses stand on stilts and whose motley townsfolk stand just as infrequently as it is possible.

At Papuan Port Moresby the travelers meet woolly-haired black-boys (delightfully reformed cannibals) who can step a mean war-dance, compared to which the Charleston is an insignificant minuet.





New Zealand is a vast museum; the travelers see geysers and gum-trees, fjords and falls and aboriginal Maoris with villages protected by rather underbred gods with a bad habit of sticking out their tongues.

Next comes luxuriant Tasmania; then magnificent Australia, land of the "Bush", the boomerang and the kangaroo, and the up-and-coming "down under" cities—Sydney, Melbourne, Fremantle and Perth.





In Java, land of batiks, is the world's most famous garden. Town and rice-paddy, highway and market-place are lively with coolies, farmers and hucksters, weighted down with blue mushroom hats.

A day at Singapore—"Gibraltar of the East"—then Colombo and Ceylon—with men that wear combs and skirts, elephants that are almost as numerous and tame as dogs, and scenery that is superb.





India is a country of fakirs, snake-charmers, monkeys, bullocks, peacocks. The Taj Mahal, the huge Delhi Mosque, the Ganges at Benares and deserted Fatehpur-Sikri are among the world's great sights.

Through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal—and the travelers arrive at Cairo, for a glimpse of ancient Egypt and a journey (probably by supercilious camel) into the desert to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids.





Then the Mediterranean and a visit to Athens. Though battered, the Acropolis and the Parthenon are peerless, and except in comic operas there are no uniforms to rival those of the Greek soldiery.

On to Naples (near Pompeii and across the bay from Vesuvius)—a city with a reputation of being determinedly cheerful, despite the fact that whole families burst violently into: "Funiculi! Funicula!"





The Riviera, Gibraltar, Cherbourg and Southampton—then the U.S.A. again and the cooped-up capitalists and Liberty enviously welcoming home the perspicacious Raymond-Whitcomb world-travelers.

From New York, October 14—from Los Angeles, October 29—from San Francisco, October 31.

Cherbourg & Southampton, March 8, 1927—with opportunity for a prolonged sojourn Abroad.

Booklets—Ship-plans—Schedules of Rates ($2,250 and up) from

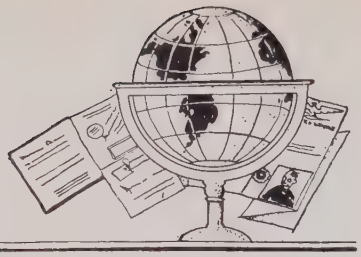
NEW YORK
BOSTON
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Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
13 PARK STREET—BOSTON

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THE CONDÉ NAST TRAVEL SERVICE



ARIZONA

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Seven Dash Ranch. Fine winter climate; all the thrills of Western cattle country. Modern comforts and conveniences. First class saddle horses.

Oracle

Triangle L Ranch. Spend the winter in Arizona sunshine. See the old west in the heart of the cattle ranch country. All modern conveniences.

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Del Monte

Del Monte Hotel, in its magnificent park, built with a predominating idea of comfort and convenience. It resembles a sumptuous country club.

Pasadena

Huntington Hotel and Bungalows. Open all the year. One of America's finest resort hotels, overlooking the San Gabriel Valley. A Linnard Hotel.

Santa Barbara

El Mirasol Hotel and Bungalows. "Most unique hotel in America". Exclusive, offering quiet home atmosphere and privileges, golf and country clubs.

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Lyme

Old Lyme Inn, situated in the beautiful town of Old Lyme. Golf. Bathing. Tennis. Select company.

New London

Light House Inn. Long Island Sound shore. Luxurious estate. Golf, boat races, ocean fishing and bathing. Garage. Splendid roads. Historic region.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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The Mayflower. Unsurpassed location, midway between the White House and Dupont Circle. Most magnificent hostelry in the Nation's Capital.

GEORGIA

Augusta

Forrest Hills-Ricker Hotel. A distinguished new hotel in the Augusta-Aiken region. Donald Ross 8 hole golf course. Tennis, polo, swimming, boating.

ILLINOIS

Chicago

The Drake. On the beautiful Lake Shore Drive, out of business district, this magnificent luxurious hotel is the center of Chicago's smart life.

Hotels Windermere. Distinguished for smooth service and cuisine. 12 minutes from Loop, facing Jackson Park's 640 acres at 56th Street

MAINE

Poland Spring

Poland Spring House. Maine's Foremost Resort, open June 22 to Oct. Mansion House. Always open. Excellent 18 hole golf.

Portland

Lafayette Hotel. A delightful tourist hotel where friends meet friends enroute, and enjoy excellent service at fair rates. European Plan.

South Casco

Migis Lodge on Sebago Lake. Camp hotel. Private cabins. American plan. Spring fishing. Summer sports. Excellent motoring. Season April to November.

MASSACHUSETTS

Amherst

The Lord Jeffery. A real New England Inn, featuring extreme simplicity and absolute comfort. Open all year. L. G. Treadway, Managing Director.

Bernardston

Bernardston Inn. An inn of perfect comfort and refinement for the tourist. Famous for wonderful food. Main route to White Mountains. Golf.

Boston

Copley-Plaza Hotel. Boston's smartest hotel, assuring hospitality and comfort amidst luxurious and artistic surroundings. Excellent cuisine.

Hotel Bellevue. Beacon Street. Choice, quiet location. Convenient to business, shopping and theatre. Special attention accorded women traveling alone.

Hotel Puritan. On beautiful Commonwealth Avenue. Furnishings and comforts of a luxurious private home with hotel service of the highest type.

Worcester

The Bancroft. In the heart of historic New England. Facing the green where the Minute Men trained during the Revolution.

MICHIGAN

Detroit

Book-Cadillac. Luxurious appointments have been combined with practical features to insure rapid, courteous and efficient service at all times.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis

The Curtis Hotel. Easily accessible to Minnesota's beautiful lake region. 825 rooms, each with private bath. Write for descriptive folder.

In a strange city

it is often difficult to pick the best hotel—the hotel where you will be the most comfortable—where the service is good and the food palatable. You can't judge by the ornate front; the beds may be as hard as the marble steps. The carved woodwork does not indicate a skilful chef. These things may make a hotel the most expensive—not always the most livable. We know because we've tried.

As you see, each hotel listed here has its individual appeal—a golf course, a mountain view, a location convenient for shopping . . . and the fact that they appear on these pages is guarantee of the excellence of their service.

If you are going to some place not listed here, write to us for information if you wish. We'll be glad to help you. There is no charge.

CONDÉ NAST TRAVEL BUREAU

Vogue *Vanity Fair* *House & Garden*

23 West 44th Street **New York City**

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Gorham

Mt. Madison House. In the White Mountains. Golf, tennis, music, dancing, mountain climbing. Hot and cold running water or private bath in each room.

Hanover

The Hanover Inn. At Dartmouth College. Elevator and modern appointments. Golf, tennis, saddle horses.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City

The Breakers. Noted for its cuisine and comforts. One of the largest of the famous beachfront hotels, most fortunately situated near all attractions.

Hotel Fredonia. A homelike European plan hotel. Not extravagant but comfortable in a most friendly way. Tennessee Avenue just off the boardwalk.

Newark

The Robert Treat Hotel. Comprising all the elements most sought for in a family hotel home, a temporary stopping place or a rendezvous.

Paterson

The Alexander Hamilton. A new hotel of the United Hotels Company of America. Unusual comforts, attractive rates. Advantageous location.

Trenton

The Stacy-Trent. Trenton's latest achievement not only offers luxurious refinement for the traveler or tourist, but assurance of comfort as well.

NEW YORK

Albany

The Ten Eyck. On Empire Tours. 400 rooms with bath. Garden Restaurant on sixteenth floor. Direction United Hotels Company of America.

Bellport, Long Island

The Bell Inn. A good small hotel in a quaint old Long Island village. All outdoor sports. Week-end and permanent guests.

Hotel Wyandotte. Modern, comfortable, residential hotel. Excellent location. Refined clientele. All reasonable amusements. Golf available.

Buffalo

Hotel Lenox appeals to particular people. Fireproof, superior accommodations, famous for good food. Quiet, convenient. Write for rates, booklet.

NEW YORK *(Cont.)*

East Aurora

The Roycroft Inn famous for its hospitality, friendliness and as the home of Elbert Hubbard. 18 miles from Buffalo. Sports. Booklet on request.

New York City

15 East 69th Street. A new residential hotel. Spacious suites of one and two rooms, or more. Dining salon under owner-management.

Great Northern Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. Located on New York's smartest street, near Central Park. Suites $8.00 to $10.00 per day.

Hotel La Salle, Thirty East 60th Street. A dignified quiet place of residence for permanent and transient guests. Centrally located.

The Plaza a foremost place among the beauties and traditions of New York. The center of social life of the city and background of national events.

Restaurant Elysée, One East 56th Street, in New York's smartest section. Favored for luncheon and dinner parties among fashionable people.

The Roosevelt in the center of New York life. Fifth Avenue but a block away. Broadway and theatres just a step beyond.

Hotel St. George, Brooklyn Heights. 4 minutes from Wall Street, 15 minutes from Times Square. Clark St. Express Station in Hotel.

Hotel St. James, West Forty-Fifth Street just off Broadway. A hotel of quiet dignity, much favored by women traveling without escort.

The Sulgrave, Park Av. & 67th Street. A Residential-Hotel of the highest character in the very heart of social New York.

The Touraine. 9 E. 39th St. A two, three and four room apartment hotel catering to an exclusive patronage. A. R. Smith, formerly of Hotel St. Regis.

Twelve East 86th Street. A few steps off Fifth Avenue. The only apartment Hotel in New York City with kitchens in all suites.

Town House Hotel, 71 Central Park West. An exclusive hotel on the West Side. Overlooking Central Park at 67th Street.

Niagara Falls

The Niagara. A new hotel offering every modern luxury and convenience. Open all year. See Niagara Falls in the winter.

Rochester

Hotel Rochester. Fireproof. In the heart of the Kodak City. Near shops and theatres. 250 rooms and baths.

The Seneca is one of the famous United Chain of first-class fireproof hotels which a discriminating public has learned to appreciate. Conveniently situated

NEW YORK *(Cont.)*

Schroon Lake

Brown Swan Club. Unique Adirondack resort on International Highway. Steam heated. Golf, saddle horses, tennis, boating, fishing.

Syracuse

The Onondaga. The last word in a modern hotel. Convenient to Syracuse University, the theatre district and New York State Fair Grounds.

Hotel Syracuse, magnificent and new, radiates a spirit of quiet dignity and repose. Every metropolitan convenience. 600 outside rooms, each with bath.

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Hotel Utica. 200 rooms, each with bath. The final expression of comfort and service. Conveniently situated in center of city.

NORTH CAROLINA

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Kenilworth Inn. Dignified but friendly; luxurious but reasonable. The best sports; wonderful scenery; the most comfort and finest food. Easily accessible.

White House Inn catering to those who prefer the refined atmosphere and home cooking of a home to a large hotel. Weekly rates.

Pinehurst

Berkshire Hotel opened for the season January 22nd. A charming resort home. All outdoor sports. Delightful companionship.

Carolina Hotel glows with season's conviviality. All outdoor sports. Four eighteen hole golf courses. Music, Dancing, Movies.

Holly Inn, opened for the season January 11th. Occupies beautiful setting of holly trees. All outdoor sports in perfection.

OHIO

Akron

The Portage. On the Indian Trail from Cuyahoga to the Ohio River. Fireproof. 250 rooms and baths. A "United" hotel.

Columbus

The Neil House. Now the leading hotel, opposite the State Capitol, offers unexcelled facilities to the traveling public. Rooms $2.50 and up.

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The Lawrence. The only fireproof hotel in Erie. On the State highway between Cleveland and Buffalo. 275 rooms.

Harrisburg

Penn-Harris. Facing the State House Green. Only one hour's motor run from the Battlefield of Gettysburg. 250 rooms and baths.

Philadelphia

The Benjamin Franklin extends a warm welcome, courteous alert attention to your needs and comfort. Twelve hundred rooms with bath. Centrally located.

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The Homestead. Stateliness in its simple Southern lines. Charm in its setting. Gaily social evenings. Golf, riding, casino, the "cure."

WASHINGTON

Seattle

The Olympic has been built to give one of the finest hotel services in the world to visitors in the "Charmed Land."

CANADA

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The Royal Connaught provides comfortable, convenient, luxurious accommodation for the travelling public, in the heart of a beautiful scenic district.

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Mount Royal Hotel. The new social center of Montreal. Occupies entire city block in heart of theatre and shopping district.

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The Clifton. The only hotel at the Falls commanding an unobstructed view of both the American and Canadian Falls. Open May to September.

Toronto, Ontario

The King Edward "The Heart of Toronto." Eighteen stories, in the very heart of the city. Occupies one complete city block.

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Prince Edward Hotel. Opened June 1922. Connected with Detroit by ferry and proposed international bridge. 250 rooms and baths. Fireproof.

FRANCE

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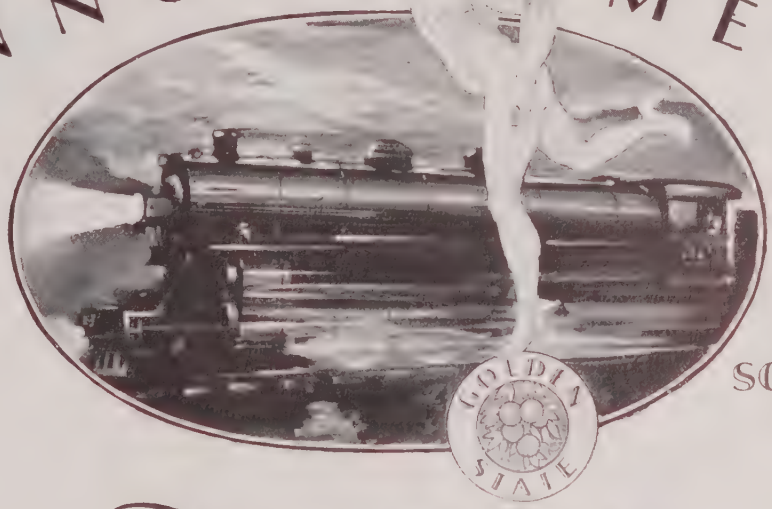
Hotel Continental. One of the chief centers of American life in Paris. Luxurious. Every comfort. Renowned cuisine.

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Stresa

Grand Hotel et des Iles Borromees, on Lake Maggiore, facing the beautiful Borromean Islands. Folder. Rockingham Hotel Company.

ANNOUNCEMENT



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EGYPT - PALESTINE - NEAR EAST

Sailing Jan. 26, 1927
Limited to 400 Guests

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Palermo, Messina, Taormina, Syracuse, Malta, Constantinople, Greece, Venice, Naples, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England.

The Cruise of the magnificent 20,000-ton "Scythia" to the Mediterranean, under special charter, has become an annual classic. In every respect it is unsurpassed. Hot and cold running water in every cabin. Prearranged shore excursions at every port included in the rate. Finest hotels and the best of everything. Unusually long stay, at the height of the season, in Egypt and Palestine.

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania", "Mauretania", "Berengaria", or any Cunard Line Steamer.

Full information on request. Early reservation advisable.

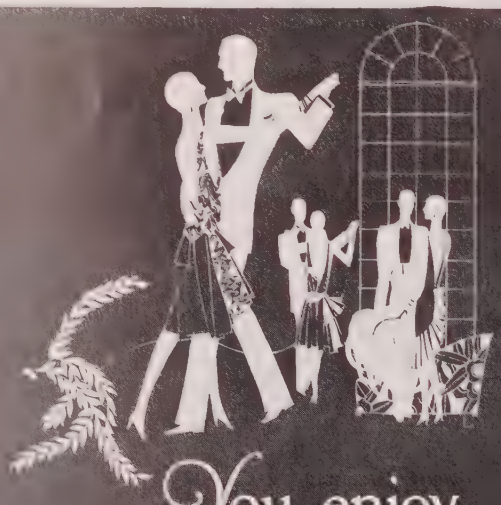
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Luxury Cruises to the West Indies by Luxurious "S. S. Veendam". Sailings: Jan., Feb. and March. Frank Tourist Co., in cooperation with Holland-America Line.

Independent Travel Service throughout Europe Securing All Reservations in Advance. Send for Book E.



You enjoy evening gaiety after a day of sport at Virginia Hot Springs

The HOMESTEAD

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Hot Springs Virginia

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BELGENLAND WORLD CRUISE



60 cities on a single voyage

WHAT a cruise! First of all, it's on the *Belgenland*. She's known as the largest and finest liner that ever completed the circle. She is.

Then, too, this particular world cruise was planned to reach each country in its most attractive season. And it does! A *Belgenland* cruise with 129 sunny days out of 132 is on record. Skilful planning? It was.

Just glance at these names—Havana, Honolulu, Yokohama, Shanghai, Manila, Java, Calcutta, Colombo, Bombay, Alexandria, Naples, Monaco—and many more. Sound enticing? They are!

The *Belgenland* sails from **New York, December 14**; Los Angeles, December 30; San Francisco, January 2. Back in New York, April 24, 1927.

14 countries **60 cities** **132 days** **28,000 miles**

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Lovely gardens has Japan and other beauties known round the world

Five Wonderful roundtrip Pacific Tours

to countries of rare charm and glorious adventure. A unique Trans-Pacific service of magnificent President Liners.

RICH in color and mystery, glorious in their beauty and strangeness, Oriental countries offer a treasure house of interest for those who travel there. ⁂ Here are trips low in cost, of great variety and suited to the desires of any voyager.

$600 From San Francisco to Honolulu and Yokohama and return direct to Seattle. Or reverse the itinerary, sailing from Seattle.

$692 From Seattle to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai and return via Kobe, Yokohama and Honolulu to San Francisco. Or the reverse may be arranged with the departure from San Francisco.

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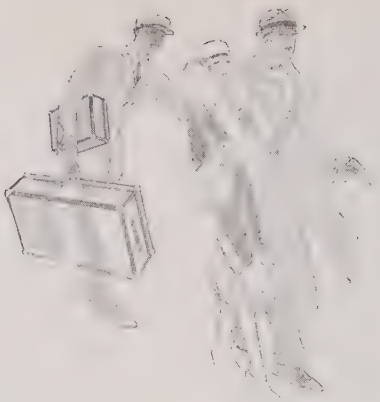
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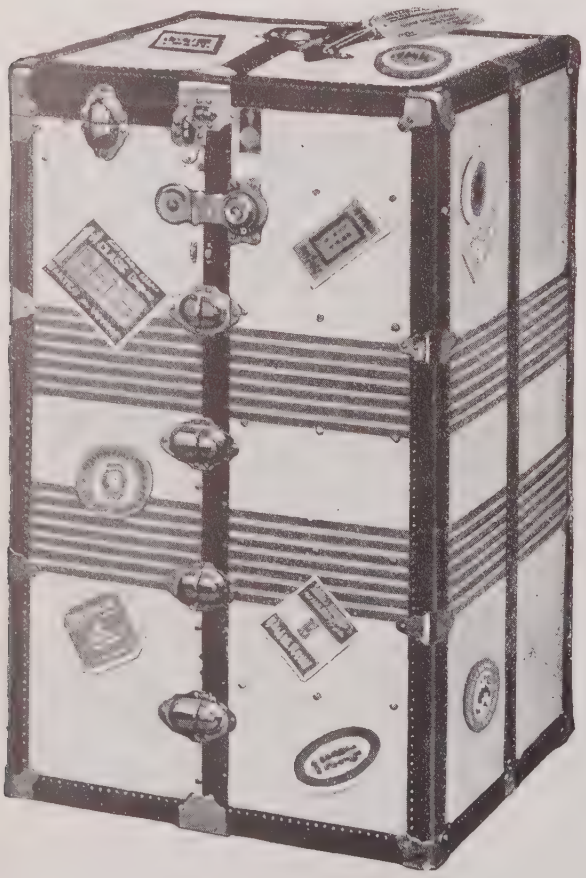


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EDITORIAL NOTE

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SUCH SCHOOLS are growing so rapidly in number and in importance, that we think it expedient to group their announcements together in this special section of the magazine. As time goes on, Vanity Fair hopes that this directory—"Schools that are Different"—will constitute a guide to the institutions in America in which arts, crafts, sports and tastes are taught and cultivated.

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Nash buyers took 27,505 Budd-Michelin Wheels during the remainder of 1922—at $25 extra for every set.

In 1923, Nash buyers took 149,237 Budd-Michelin Wheels—six times as many—adding $25 to the cost of each car for the privilege.

In July, 1924, Mr. Nash did a little figuring. He checked back and found that since Budd-Michelin Wheels were first offered, 75% of his customers—*3 out of every 4*—had selected them, and paid $25 extra.

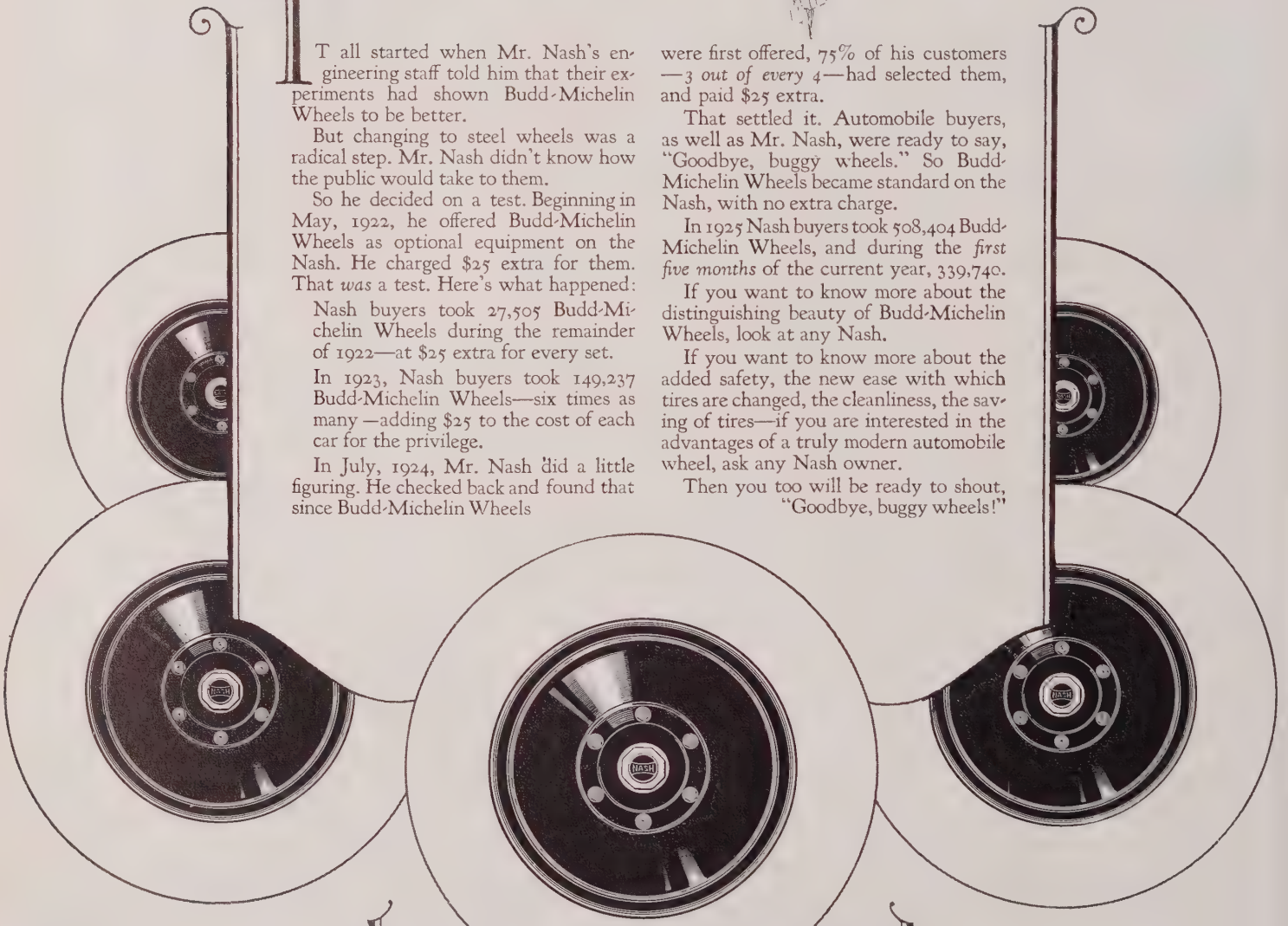
That settled it. Automobile buyers, as well as Mr. Nash, were ready to say, "Goodbye, buggy wheels." So Budd-Michelin Wheels became standard on the Nash, with no extra charge.

In 1925 Nash buyers took 508,404 Budd-Michelin Wheels, and during the *first five months* of the current year, 339,740.

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Then you too will be ready to shout, "Goodbye, buggy wheels!"



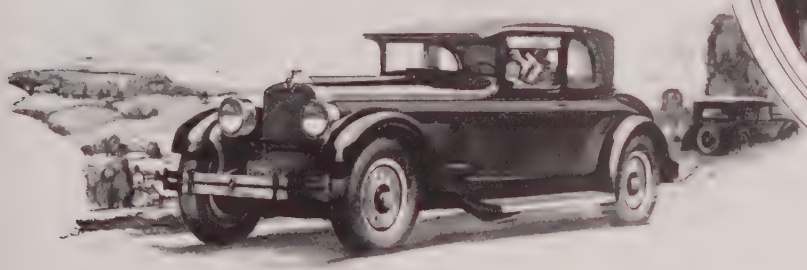
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The New Safety Stutz is permanently protected against theft by The Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

A new feature, again without cost to the car owner, is indemnity against loss of use resulting from theft, at the rate of five dollars per day, up to thirty days.

See these New Safety Stutz models, which, in addition to their exclusive safety features, have custom-like smartness of body design and most luxurious interior appointments.

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THE FAMILY ALBUM



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Whenever the old ladies of East Appaquogue are gathered together, in the name of gossip, on the porch of the Mansion House, Aunt Lucy Simmons, oldest of the family, comes into her own. To *her* way of thinking, every flirtation is an *affaire*, every moonlight buggy jaunt is a joy-ride, one cocktail is a gallon of rum, and any dance, however formal, is a Wild Party



LITTLE ETTA SIMMONS
The most tiresome member of the family is Little Etta, the youngest child. Etta is seen here in the dress she wore when she graduated last year from the high school. The medal on her breast is the second prize in the contest for essays by girl students on the subject of *Helping Mother Around the Home*. Etta plans to have a useful career in occupational therapy and dietetics



UNCLE FRANK SIMMONS
On practically no provocation at all, Uncle Frank will tell everybody about what a gay dog he was in his youth. His conversation, down at the Odd Fellows, is liberally be sprinkled with partially veiled references to Shriners' parades, county fairs and the gay life at Asbury Park. Even today Frank hears and sees some pretty strange things while travelling for a school supply house



COUSIN ERNIE
For straightforward, go-getting, hard business sense, the family has no more energetic member than Cousin Ernie. He began in the harness business, but swapped it for a garage. Ernie is also rather a bore at the euchre parties



MA AND PA SIMMONS (Left)
When Mr. and Mrs. Simmons had this picture taken, shortly after their marriage, they looked pretty gay, but today, they boast that they are "just plain home folks". The essence of their life is an evening at home with the radio



LOUISE (Right)
But, after all, there *is* Louise. Unlike the rest of the family, she has *chic*, charm and wit. Up-to-date in every way, she would be a social success even in London or Paris. And Louise is the first to give all the credit to VANITY FAIR



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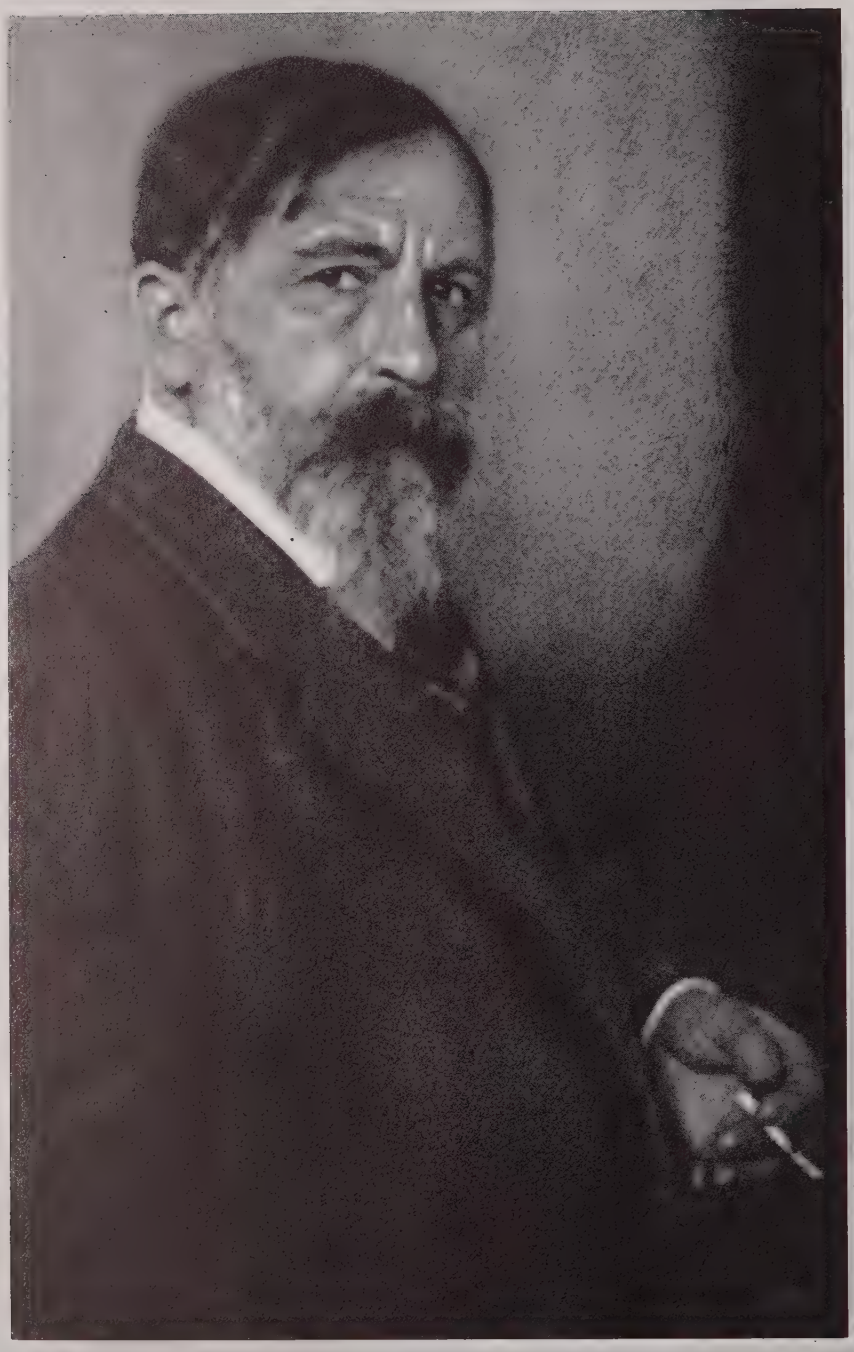
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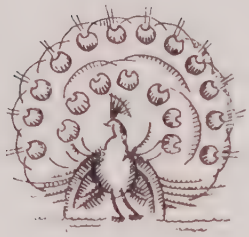


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Playwright, Novelist and Poet—Arthur Schnitzler

The Supreme Figure of Modern Austrian Letters—the Author of "Anatol", "Fräulein Else" and Other Noted Works—Is of Growing Importance in His Sixty-fourth Year

Vanity Fair



Fridolin and Albertine

A New Story of Love and Adventure by the Celebrated Viennese Author

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

TWENTY-FOUR brown slaves rowed the glittering galley which was bringing Prince Angid to the palace of the Caliph. The prince, in his purple robe, lay alone in the prow under the blue, star-spangled sky and his gaze. . . .

A little girl was reading aloud, then (almost suddenly) she closed her eyes. The parents looked at each other smilingly. Fridolin bent over her, kissed her blond hair and closed the book which lay on a table which was still covered with dishes. The child looked up guiltily.

"Nine o'clock," the father said. "Time to go to bed." And since Albertine also was bending over the child, the hands of the parents met on the beloved forehead. With a tender smile, no longer intended for the child alone, they exchanged glances. The governess entered, told the child to say good-night. Obediently she rose, raised her face to her father and mother, to be kissed, and, was unprotestingly led from the room. Fridolin and Albertine, alone under the glow of the hanging light, hastened to resume the conversation they had started before dinner about what happened at yesterday's *Redoute*.

IT was their first ball of the year, which they decided to go to and which occurred shortly before the end of Carnival time. Fridolin on entering the hall had been welcomed as an impatiently awaited friend by two red dominoes, although he could not be sure who they were, in spite of the fact that they recalled many incidents of his student and hospital days. After inviting him into their box with friendly assurances, they went away, saying they would soon return unmasked. But the red dominoes stayed away so long that Fridolin became impatient and went down to the *Parterre*, hoping to find them again. But, carefully as he looked, he could find them nowhere; instead a woman took his arm casually: his wife had just escaped from the clutches of an unknown man, whose melancholy, *blasé* manner (and foreign, apparently Polish accent) had at first fascinated her, but who, after a moment, offended, one might even say shocked, her by a suddenly inspired obscenity. Thus husband and wife came to sit in the buffet room like lovers, among other amorous couples rather happy to have avoided a part in a deceptive and banal puppet play. They had oysters and *champagne* and talked lightly of the comedy of gallantry, of resistance, of seduction and of acquiescence as though they had just met. And after a quick drive through the white winter night, at home, they fell into each others arms in an ecstasy of fervour which for a long time they had not experienced. A gray dawn awakened them all too soon. The husband's profession called him to the sickbeds very early in the morning; Albertine's duties as housekeeper and mother did not permit her to rest much longer. Thus the hours went as if by a schedule of every-day duty and work. The past night, (the beginning as well as the end) had paled. Only now, their work done, the child gone to bed, and no fear of outside interruption, the shadows of the *Redoute*, the unknown and melancholy red dominoes became real once more. And these unimportant adventures were of a sudden magically and poignantly surrounded by the deceptive glamour of lost opportunities. Harmless, yet suspicious questions, and shrewd answers, shaded with double meaning were exchanged. Each was conscious that the other withheld the ultimate truth and thus both were inspired to a mild revenge. They exaggerated the attraction which their unknown *Redoute* partners had had for them, made fun of each other's jealousies and denied their own. But from the light banter about the unimportant adventures of the past night they fell into a serious discussion of those hidden, hardly conscious desires which possess the power to drag even the finest and purest souls into murky and dangerous whirlpools. They talked of secret realms for which they hardly felt a longing but into which the intangible winds of destiny might some day carry them only in dreams. For as completely as they belonged to each other in feeling and senses they knew that yesterday was not the first time that a breath of adventure, freedom and danger had touched them. Timorously torturing themselves with an almost prurient curiosity, they tried to draw out a confession from the other. Frightened, they moved closer together and probed inwardly for some fact or adventure (unimportant as it might be) which might in some way give expression to the inexpressible, and which, through open confession, might relieve the tension and free them both from the distrust which was gradually becoming unbearable. Albertine perhaps the more impatient, the more honest or the finer person of the two, found the courage to speak first. In a somewhat uncertain voice, she asked Fridolin if he remembered the young man who last summer at the Danish shore, sitting one evening at the next table in the company of two officers, had received a telegram in the midst of dinner, and then had taken sudden leave of his two friends.

"WHAT about him?" asked Fridolin sharply. "I noticed him that very morning," Albertine answered, "when he rushed up the steps of the hotel with his yellow handbag; he looked at me casually but when he had gone up a few steps he turned around so our glances were compelled to meet. He did not smile. On the contrary, it seemed to me that his face darkened. As for me, it scarcely made any difference, for I was moved as never before. The whole day I lay on the beach lost in dreams. If he had wanted me, I could not have resisted him. Of that much I felt I was certain. I thought I was ready for any sacrifice, prepared to abandon you, the child and my future, thought I had reached an absolute decision and yet—can you understand this? you were dearer to me than ever before. That very afternoon—you remember surely—it happened that we talked intimately about a thousand things—our future together—the child—as we had not done for a long time. At sundown we sat together on the balcony, you and I, when he passed without looking up—down below on the beach. And I was happy to see him, but I stroked your forehead and kissed your hair and in my love for you there was at the same time a mingling of real pity. That evening I was very beautiful (you said so yourself) and I wore a white rose in my belt. Perhaps it was not a coincidence that the stranger and his friends sat so near us, but I toyed with the thought of rising, going to his table and saying to him, 'Here I am, my long-awaited one, my beloved—take me.' At this moment, the telegram was brought. He read it, paled, whispered a few words to the younger officer and with a mystifying glance about him (which also included me) he left the room."

"And," Fridolin asked dryly when she stopped.

"Nothing more. I only know that I woke up the next morning with a certain indefinable fear. What I feared—whether he might have

gone, or whether he might still be there—I don't know—I didn't even know then. But when he did not appear, even at high noon, I breathed more freely. Don't ask me any more Fridolin. I have told you the whole truth—And you, too, had an adventure on the beach—I know it."

FRIDOLIN rose, paced up and down the room and finally said, "You are right." He stood at the window, his face hidden in the darkness. "In the morning," he began in a voice veiling a slightly inimical tone, "sometimes very early, before you were up, I used to wander along the beach beyond the village. And, no matter how early it was, the sun seemed always to be bright and strong on the sea. Out there on the beach there were small cottages, as you know, which, each a small world in itself, stood there, some with fenced-in gardens, some only surrounded by woods—some with bath-houses, separated from the cottages by the road and a stretch of beach. I hardly ever met anyone at this early hour and there were never any bathers. One morning, however, I suddenly became conscious of a girl's presence. A moment before invisible, I saw her move carefully along the narrow walk of a bath-house, dug into the sand. Supporting herself by her arms, she was moving carefully along the side of the house against the wooden side-wall. She was very young, hardly fifteen. Her blond hair flowed down over her shoulders and over her tender breast.

SHE looked straight down into the water and slowly, with downcast eyes, glided along the wall toward the corner. In a moment she was directly before me. With her arms, she reached behind her as though to hang on more securely, looked up and saw me. A tremble ran through her body as if she were about to fall or to take flight. But since it was only possible for her to move very slowly along the narrow ledge, she decided to stop. She stood rigid, her face, at first, startled, then angry and finally bashful. All at once, however, she smiled—smiled wonderfully; there was a welcome, a wink even, in her eyes and at the same time a mockery as she glanced furtively at the water at her feet which divided me from her. Then she stretched her young lithe body as if glad of her beauty and, as one could easily notice, proud and gently excited by the lustre of my look which she felt on her. Thus we stood—facing each other—for perhaps ten seconds, with half-opened lips and swimming eyes. Automatically I opened my arms to her and in her glance was love and joy. Of a sudden, she shook her head, passionately, removed one arm from the wall and motioned me to go. And, when I could not bring myself immediately to obey, such a look of supplication, of imploring, came into her childlike eyes, that I could do nothing but turn away. As quickly as possible, I went on my way. Not once did I turn around. Not out of consideration—really—not out of obedience, not out of chivalry, but because, in our last glance, I had felt such an emotion as I had never before experienced, so that I almost swooned." And Fridolin was silent.

"And how often did you take the same road after that?" Albertine asked staring before her, her face devoid of expression.

"What I told you," Fridolin replied, "chanced to happen on the last day of our stay in Denmark. I, too, don't know what might have happened under other circumstances. Please, Albertine, don't ask any more."

He remained immobile at the window. Albertine rose and stepped towards him. Her eyes were moist and dark, her eyebrows slightly raised. "In the future we will tell each other these things immediately," she said.

He nodded.

"Promise me?"

He drew her to him. "Don't you know that?" he asked; but his voice was still strained.

SHE took his hands, stroked them and looked up to him with veiled eyes in the depths of which he was able to read her thoughts. Now she was thinking of his other, more real and youthful adventures of which she had gained knowledge. During the first years of their marriage Fridolin had far too easily yielded to her jealous curiosity and had confessed—and (as he often thought) even betrayed—things that he should have kept to himself. At this moment, he knew, many memories were forcing themselves on her and he was hardly surprised when, as if in a dream, she mentioned the half-forgotten name of one of his early loves, and it came like a rebuke—one might even say a threat.

He drew her hands to his lips.

"In every one—although it may sound trite for me to say so—in every one I thought I loved, believe me, I was seeking only you. I realize this far better than you can understand, Albertine."

She smiled sadly. "And if I had been the first to choose to go adventuring?" Albertine asked. Her glance changed, became cool, impenetrable. Fridolin let her hands glide from his own as if he had discovered her in a lie, in a betrayal; but she said: "Oh, if you only knew," and again she was silent.

"If you only knew—? What do you mean?"

With a hardness unlike her, she replied: "Almost what you think, my dear."

"Albertine—then there is something which you have hidden from me?"

She nodded and looked straight ahead with a curious smile.

Vague, mad doubts awoke in him.

"I don't understand," he said. "You were hardly seventeen when we became engaged."

"Past sixteen, yes, Fridolin. And yet—" she looked straight into his eyes—"It wasn't my fault that I was a virgin when I married you."

"Albertine!"

AND she told her story:

"It happened at the Wörthersee, a short time before our engagement, Fridolin. One beautiful summer evening a handsome young man came at my window which overlooked a great, wide meadow. We talked together and during our conversation I thought—yes, I must tell you what I thought: 'What an adorable, charming young man—he would only have to say one word (of course, it would have to be the right one) and I would join him on the lawn and would walk with him wherever he wished to go—perhaps in the woods—or lovelier still, we could take a boat out on the lake—and that night he could have had everything of me which he asked. Yes, that was what I thought. But the charming young man did not say the word: he only kissed my hand tenderly—and the next morning he asked me—whether I would become his wife. And I said yes."

Fridolin, annoyed, loosened his grip on her hand. "And if that evening," he said, "by chance, another young man had stood at your window who had spoken the right word, for example—" He was debating which name to mention, when she stretched out her hand in protest.

"Another, whoever he might have been, could have expressed every desire—it would have availed him nothing. And had you not been the one who stood before the window"—she smiled up at him—"then the summer evening would not have been so beautiful."

Fridolin sneered: "So you say now, so you probably believe now. But . . ."

There was a knock. The maid entered and announced the arrival of the *concierge* from the *Schreyvogelgasse* who had come to fetch the doctor to the *Hofrat* who again had taken a turn for the worse. Fridolin went into the anteroom and learned from the *concierge* that the *Hofrat* had had a heart attack and was in a bad way; and Fridolin promised to go to the *Hofrat's* house at once.

"Are you leaving?" Albertine asked as he prepared to go, and her voice had an annoyed tone—as if Fridolin were deliberately doing her an injustice.

Fridolin answered, a bit surprised: "You know I must go!"

She sighed softly.

"Let's hope it won't be so bad," Fridolin said. "Up to now three grains of morphine have always helped him over his attacks."

The maid had brought in his fur-coat; Fridolin kissed Albertine rather absent-mindedly on the forehead and lips as if the conversation of the last hour were already erased from his memory—then he rushed out.

II

ONCE on the street, Fridolin was forced to open his fur-coat. All at once it had begun to thaw, the snow on the sidewalks was almost gone, and the air held a breath of the coming spring. From Fridolin's house in the *Josefstadt* near the *Allgemeinen* hospital it was barely a quarter of an hour's walk to the *Schreyvogelgasse*; and soon Fridolin was walking up the poorly-lit winding-stairway of an old house. On the second landing, he pulled a bell handle; but before he heard the ring of the old-fashioned bell, Fridolin noticed that the door was slightly ajar; he walked through the unlighted foyer to the living room and gathered that he had come too late. The green-shaded oil lamp hanging from the low ceiling threw a sickly light over the blanket under which a shrunken body lay motionless. The face of the dead man was in the shadow, but Fridolin knew it so well that he thought he saw it in all its detail—thin, emaciated, with a high forehead, with a white, short beard, and unusually hairy ears. Marianne, the daughter of the *Hofrat*, sat at the foot of the bed, her hands hanging listlessly, as if tired. The room smelled of old furniture, medicine, oil and of the kitchen; also of a little *eau de cologne*, rose soap, and somehow Fridolin also sensed the dull sweet odour of this pale girl who was still young and who, because of years of heavy house work and exhausting nursing and night watches, was slowly wasting away.

When the doctor entered, she turned her

(Continued on page 124)

Chicago—A Feeling

An Author's Personal Impression of the Second Largest City in America

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

FEAR. Something huge—not understandable. How can I write of Chicago without putting myself in? How can I write of anything without putting myself in? My egotism is my weakness and my strength. I was little more than a boy when I first went to Chicago. There are streets thirty miles long—perfectly flat. Buildings and houses you dream about—distorted dreams.

You must see the background. It lies where the long tongue of the Great Lakes reaches farthest down into the land. A low black swampy place—a wind-riven land.

To the east, reaching up, Michigan. To the west Wisconsin, Minnesota, the northwest.

To the south land, flat like a billiard table—fat land. No such corn-land anywhere else in the world. Innumerable droves of fat sleek hogs, eating the corn. Cattle off the dry western lands, coming in lean and bony, getting fat and sleek, eating corn.

Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Clarence Darrow.

Railroads coming—all the real railroads—mills, factories.

Men, men, men!

At first when, as a boy, I went to Chicago, nothing to do but get drunk as often as I could. It was too big for me—too terrible. Could people live in such streets, in such houses?

They could and did. I could and did.

At first I was a labourer. Then the shrewder side of me came to the fore. Men have always liked me first rate when they came to know me. It may be because I like men. I began to sell men things — write advertisements, sling ink. Thousands, untold thousands, doing it. Some getting lots of money, others not much. I never got such a lot.

Hope—hopelessness.

IF you have only seen the famous Michigan Boulevard, the North Shore, Lincoln Park, Jackson Park you do not know Chicago. Why talk?

There is the huge northwest, the west, the south.

Millions of people of all nationalities packed in close, packed in among slaughter houses, factories, mills.

Long stretches of vacant lots. Five, six and eight storied apartment buildings, standing in the midst of acres of black weeds—wind-riven—a lot of them.

Brutal murders going on. Everything unfinished.

Other cities getting all puffed up with feelings of civic virtue when they think or speak of Chicago.

Leopold and Loeb.

Nonsense.

I remember nights when I walked the streets of Chicago—half drunk, hopeless—swimming in a sea of ugliness.

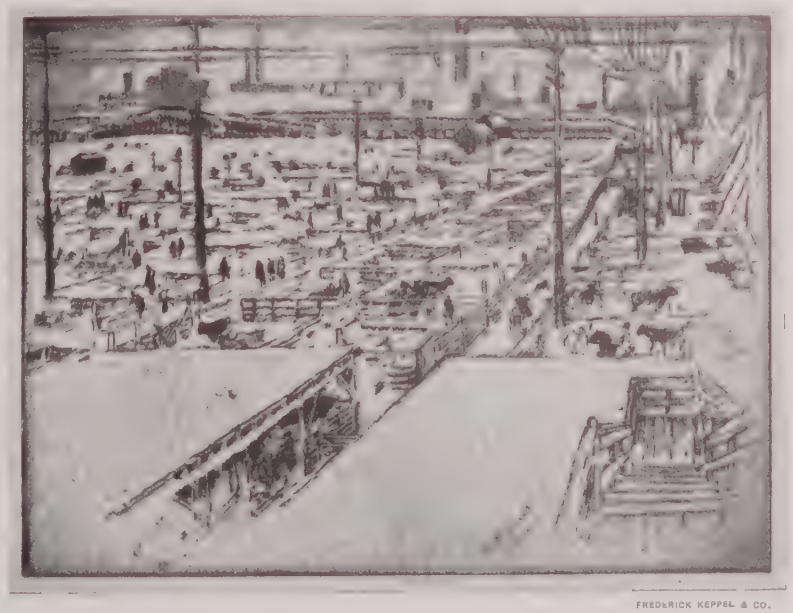
Then suddenly—a glimpse of the Chicago River—that great sewer. A sewer nothing. You wait. The Chicago River will some day become one of the lovely rivers of the world of cities. It is unbelievably beautiful sometimes—from the bridges—the gulls soaring above, the strange, lovely cryptogramic, chrysophrase river—cries, oaths.

Something vital in Chicago. So many people in one great flat place where a real city had to be. A huge place—unformed. Not in the least like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore.

Beside it Cleveland and Detroit are villages—grown suddenly to look like cities.

Railroads everywhere, boats crowded in the narrow river, smoke, dirt—a climate so terrible in its extremes of heat and cold that only strong people can survive—to really be alive.

Chicago has been from the first—will always be, while the land lasts—a real city. It is a real city, like New York, London, Paris.



FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO.

CHICAGO STOCK YARDS

An etching of the Stock Yards which made Chicago famous, by the late Joseph Pennell. The daily and last squeal of the 100,000 pigs sets the rhythm of Chicago life. Unfortunately, the wind does not always blow up from the South

A real city does not care too much what you, a mere man, think of it. "Here I am. Go to hell."

Los Angeles, Cleveland, Seattle, such places give themselves away too much. They are whistling in the dark.

A city has to have something back of it. Land, a lot of it. Rich land—corn, wheat, iron, rivers, mountains, hogs, cattle. Chicago has back of it the Middlewest—the empire called Mid-America. Corn, hogs, wheat, iron, coal, industrialism—a new age moving across a continent by railroads, moving unbelievable quantities of goods across a vast place, in the centre of which stands Chicago.

Through Chicago. You'll be routed that way—going most anywhere.

Chicago being what it wants to be, what it grew to be. Chicago unformed. Who can tell what it will be?

THERE is something terrible about the making of every great city and Chicago is still making. When it is made it will not be another New York, Paris, London. It will be Chicago. Here I am. Go to hell. It was the city of my own young manhood—when I first began to comprehend, faintly, what differentiates the great city from the overgrown town.

Cities are almost as distinct, as individuals as nations, trees, hills, people.

Chicago is terrible—it is at moments beautiful in a way you only understand when you have lived there a long time.

When you have been drunken and hopeless there, when you have been sick of it to the marrow, when you have accepted Chicago, then, at last, walking hopeless, endless streets—yourself hopeless—you begin to feel its half wild beauty.

Then at last the city you have so dreaded and feared has done something to you that makes it—no matter where you afterward live—your city.

I was a young man in Chicago, almost a boy there. There I saw the first woman who rejected me — felt what men feel when they are so rejected. There I first made ink flow, sang my first song. There after many efforts, I wrote a sentence I could bear reading the next day.

There I first heard sounds of men's voices—related to streets, houses, cities — my first real actor walk upon a stage, heard music first, saw painting.

I wrote a song once, long ago. I called the song *Industrialism*, but what I really had in mind was *Chicago*.

"In the long house of hate,
In the long hours,
In the never-ending days,
Over the fields—her black hair flying—
My mistress
Terrible
Gigantic
Gaunt and drear

I've got to die—you've got to die. We do not fancy your thin hands that reach and reach into the vase.
Where old things rust.

(Continued on page 118)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

A Report of the Play Version of the Successful and Diverting Book by Anita Loos

By DONALD FREEMAN

THE book called *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* persists as the topic of the day. The sales in America are approaching the two hundred thousand mark, and even in England (despite the author's hint that any girl who managed to extract twenty pounds from an Englishman could walk across the English Channel), enthusiastic news of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* may be heard around every London club and dinner table. The continued and wide-spread interest in this *magnum opus* of Anita Loos, suggests forcibly that the book is no mere feat in superficial humour.

In writing the amusing diary of a gold-digger, whose creed is that "a kiss on the hand may make you feel very good, but a sapphire bracelet lasts forever", Miss Loos has delved deep into mysteries of the blonde soul, into the psychology of the predatory female. Although the burlesque is frequently extravagant, the truth remains basic. And chiefly for this reason, the book is more than an exploit—it is a permanent acquisition to any gallery of authentic American types.

Although, for years, the gold-digger has been part of the Broadway *décor*, the innumerable ditties dedicated to "hot sugar daddies" and their night-club "babies" have been replaced, in modernity's cycle, by countless lyrics duly crooned in compliment to "butter-and-egg men" and "cuties", it remained for Anita Loos to give the *genus* gold-digger a literary importance, to commemorate a species born of the native moralities—a distinct a type as the American politician, jazz-band leader, realtor or chiropractor. But of all these types, the gold-digger is the most alarmingly prevalent. You will find her in a West Hoboken soda emporium and you will find her lounging around the Ritz. I am informed by those who ought to know that, dreaming of Hispano-Suizas, and genuine pearl chokers, she will, nevertheless, catch any crumbs which fall her way—such as bath salts, cigarettes and perfumes. While constituting no serious menace to our country's morals, she is the menace extraordinary to the national purse.

Whatever literary defects might have been apparent in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the shrewd author has camouflaged, by filtering her superb material through the thick skull of her skittish heroine, *Lorelei Lee*—a perfect representative of the gold-digger type, of whom it might be said that she never gave a man an even break.

As one of the multitude of stage youngsters, (now grown up and famous), who played *Little Lord Fauntleroy* at the age of five—as a scenario writer who, at a fairly tender age, provided Douglas Fairbanks and the sisters Talmadge with their cinema scripts, Miss Loos knows her way among the gold-diggers, and may be relied upon to give an accurate account of their strategies and depredations. Let serious literary critics say what they will about her style.

Meanwhile, with the assistance of her husband, John Emerson, Miss Loos has fashioned *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* into a play. The stage-version is due in New York within the month—unless some presently unforeseen catastrophe intervenes. The verdict, out Chicago way, where the piece has been running prosperously all summer, is that the play is "funnier than the book". At any rate, it amused that hospitable city greatly, and succeeded in putting *The Green Hat* considerably in the shade in surpassing—by a wide margin—the box-office record previously registered by the Arlen



VANDAMM

JUNE WALKER

The young actress seen here last season in Ferenc Molnár's *The Glass Slipper*, and later in *Glory Hallelujah* enacts Lorelei Lee in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the play by John Emerson and Anita Loos. This marks Miss Walker's return to the stage as a comedienne. For several seasons past she has devoted herself to serious drama

opus at the same theatre. As one, who for some reason or other, was in Chicago at the time, I may hazard the guess that *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* will prove to be the best comedy of the theatrical season just getting under weigh.

Unaided by the devious devices of publicity usually set in motion to evoke the interest of a lethargic public prior to the opening of a play, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* has been its own best press-agent. The book has had amazing esteem. Amusing to the low-brows, such erudite individuals as H. L. Mencken and Edith Wharton have also found it invigorating, and have made their opinions known. In another New York theatre, they have for months been singing a tune by Irving Berlin called (by permission of Miss Loos) *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, while scarcely a day goes by without some mention of the title in the newspapers. Even *Punch*, that most sedate of English comic weeklies, has become wildly excited about *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and seems to have opened a department for the especial purpose of celebrating Miss Loos as a humourist. Meanwhile, Mr. Edgar Selwyn, the producer, has had enough applications for first night tickets to fill the Polo Grounds. What with the shrieks and groans of the disappointed, I dare say he is an exceedingly harassed man.

What the New York public will eventually see is a deft, sophisticated, and audacious comedy which keeps up its engaging momentum until the stage-hands reach out for the ropes to lower the impending final curtain.

Of course, considerable compression has been necessary to fit the book to the somewhat more drastic requirements of the stage, but, what is most unusual in the case of dramatizations—the process seems to have brightened *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* considerably. Whereas the book form narratives usually become propelled by a sort of obvious and noisy mechanism in their footlight adaptations, Miss Loos' book seems to have taken on considerable glamour and *esprit* on the stage. The play begins, not as you would suspect, with a scene of *rapport* between *Gus Eisman*, the Button King of Cincinnati, and his *protégée, Lorelei Lee*. Rather it commences in the Imperial Suite of a trans-atlantic liner, with *Lorelei* and her girl-friend *Dorothy* well started on their tour of the Ritz Hotels of Europe, in their mad, mad quest, of an education for *Lorelei*. *Mr. Eisman*, who assumed heroic proportions in the book, has become a faint and somewhat plaintive *obligato* in the play. He puts in a belated appearance toward the last of the piece only to reap the bitter rewards of the unrequited. The second act takes place in a fashionable hotel in Paris, with *Lorelei* resting after the difficult ordeal of mulcting a tiara out of the charming but notoriously close-fisted *Sir Francis Beekman*, an Englishman of whom it is irreverently said that every time he squandered a ha'penny, the Royal Guard fired a salute. Inasmuch as the tiara was (ironically enough) once *Lady Beekman's*, a family complication is, of course, inevitable. It is upon *Lorelei's* idyllic happiness that *Lady Beekman* intrudes to make lavish protest of her titled husband's generosity—she who is variously described as a battering ram and Bill Hart's horse. After *Dorothy* informs *Lady Beekman* that the money for the tiara was paid for in cash before witnesses, the genteel spouse utters words of lamentation in this wise, words, by the way, not to be found in the book:

LADY BEEKMAN: That's all very well, but I am quite sure that there were no witnesses present when my husband was supposed to have given Miss Lee that sum of money.

DOROTHY: As a matter of fact, I was present myself.

LADY BEEKMAN: Oh, you were there! Well, who is going to believe you, pray?

DOROTHY: Say, Lady, if this is going to be an insulting match, I want to warn you that I took first prize in my class at the *Follies*.

LADY BEEKMAN: Oh, I don't doubt that! I know exactly what sort of creatures I've to

(Continued on page 100)



STEICHEN

Marilyn Miller—Continuing Her Phenomenal Career

The Musical Comedy Star Who Broke a Long-Run Record with "Sally" Threatens to Eclipse That Achievement with "Sunny", Now Beginning Its Second Year at the New Amsterdam Theatre

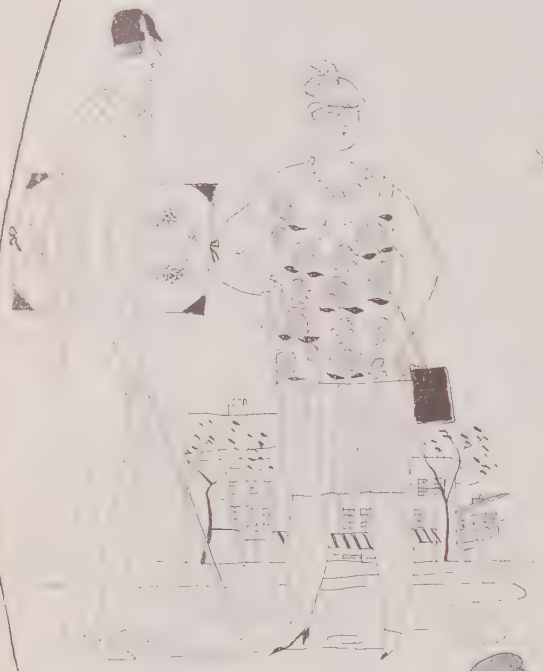
VISITORS TO PARIS

By Dorothy



AMERICA

Back home in Pittsburgh, Henry Klotz is an arid Dry, but in Paris he snaps up the *cognacs* like anything! "When in Paris," he says, "do as the *Boulevardiers* do"



GERMANY

Consider the painful situation of Frieda from Hamburg and Else from Frankfurt-am-Main. Two days in Paris and not a good glass of beer! And not a sausage



SOUTH AMERICA

Rico di Rio, the young Argentine millionaire, has his pick of the *belles Montmartoises*. "It is your eyes," they say, "your hair, your beautiful head." Liars, all!



SPAIN

No one has bothered Germaine, French girl friend of San Peréz, Castilian matador, since the night he draped a chair about the neck of one of her boy friends



ENGLAND

Freddy, the English golfer, is stymied in Paris. Nobody knows the way to St. Cloud, the way he pronounces it

The Perversion of Values

Why America Will Ultimately Be Separated from the Older Civilizations

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

TURNING over the pages of the Chicago telephone directory, I came upon a full page advertisement of a firm of undertakers, or "morticians", as they are now more elegantly styled in America. The type was large and bold; my eye was fatally caught. I interrupted my search to read, in twenty lines of lyrical prose, an appreciation of the incomparable Service which Kalbsfleisch and Company were rendering to Society. Their shop, I learned, was a mortuary chapel in the Gothic style; their caskets (the grosser English would call them coffins) were elegant, silk-lined and cheap; their motor hearses were funereally sumptuous; their manners towards the bereaved were grave, yet cheering, yet purposefully uplifting; and they were fortunate in being able to "lay the Loved Ones to rest in —— grave-yard, the Cemetery Unusual". Service was their motto and always would be. Service whole-hearted and unflagging; and to prove that they meant it, personally and individually, they had reproduced two photographs, one of Mr. Kalbsfleisch, the Governing Director of the Firm, and the other of charming Mrs. Kalbsfleisch, Licensed Embalmer.

I remained for some time in meditative contemplation of Mrs. Kalbsfleisch's smile; I reread more than once her husband's poetical and uplifting prose. The page on which I now gazed was something more, I reflected, than a mere page of advertising in a telephone book. It was a page out of contemporary American history. Something is happening on the western shore of the Atlantic, something that has already made America unlike any other country in the world, something that threatens to separate it still further from the older civilizations, unless (which God forbid) the older civilizations should themselves fall victims to the same distorting process. To anyone who reads and inwardly digests Mr. Kalbsfleisch's advertisement in the Chicago telephone book, the nature of this strange historical process becomes clear. The page is a symptom and a revealing symbol.

WHAT is happening in America is a revaluation of values, a radical alteration (for the worse) of established standards. Mr. Kalbsfleisch shows us how far the process has already gone. How much further it may go we cannot guess, nor to what consummation it will lead, nor whether there may be reactions and counter-processes.

There are only two ways in which the existing standards of value may be altered. In the first case, the very existence of values may be denied. In the second, values are admitted, but the mode in which they are assigned is changed: things which in the past had been regarded as possessing great value are disparaged, or, more often, things which were previously considered of small value come to be regarded as precious.

In Europe, such attempts as have been made to alter the existing standard of values have generally taken the form of denials of the existence of values. Our belief that things possess value is due to an immediate sense or intuition; we feel and, feeling, we know that things have value. If men have doubted the real existence of values, that is because they have not trusted their own immediate and intuitive conviction. They have required an intellectual, a logical and "scientific" proof of their existence. Now such a proof is not easily found at the best of times. But when you start your argumentation from the premises laid down by scientific materialism, it simply cannot be discovered. Indeed, any argument starting from these premises must infallibly end in a denial of the real existence of values. Fortunately human beings are capable of enormous inconsistencies, and the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century men of science, whose conception of the universe was such that values could not be regarded by them as possessing any sort of real existence, were in practice the most ardent upholders of the established standards of values.

STILL, the materialist conception of the universe could not fail to exert an influence. The generation of Arnold and Tennyson sat uncomfortably on the horns of what seemed an unescapable dilemma. Either the materialist hypothesis was true; in which case there was no such thing as value. Or else it was false; in which case values really existed, but science did not. But science manifestly *did* exist. The electric telegraph and the steam engine were there to prove it. The fact that you could go into any post office and communicate almost instantaneously with the antipodes was felt to be a confirmation of the materialistic hypothesis then current among men of science. It worked, therefore it was true, and therefore our intimate sense of the existence of values was a mere illusion. Tennyson and Arnold did not want it to be an illusion; they were distressed, they were inwardly divided. Their intellects denied what their feelings asserted; and the Truth (or rather what was at that time apparently the Truth) was at war with their hopes, their intuitive convictions, their desires. The European intellectuals of a later generation accepted the conclusions logically derivable from the scientific-materialist hypothesis and resigned themselves—almost with glee—to living in a devaluated world. Some of them are still with us and the theories which they propounded, as corollaries to the main value-denying theory from which they started, are still influential. Claiming to speak as the apostles of scientific truth, they stripped art of its significance, they reinterpreted human life in terms, not of its highest, spiritual aspects, but of its lowest. (I am using the terms "highest" and "lowest" which they, of course, would repudiate as nonsensical.)

A less sophisticated generation had once regarded the Sistine frescoes as being somehow superior to a prettily patterned rug, *Macbeth* as more important than *The Rape of the Lock*. Illusion! According to the apostles of scientific truth, one was really just as good as the other. Indeed, the *Rape* and the patterned rug were actually superior to *Macbeth* and the Michelangelo frescoes, as being more finished and perfect works of art; they aroused, it was explained, intenser "aesthetic emotions". Art thus satisfactorily disposed of, religion was next "explained" in terms of sex. The moral conscience was abolished (another illusion) and "amuse yourself" proclaimed as the sole categorical imperative. The theories of Freud were received in intellectual circles with acclaim; to explain every higher activity of the human mind in terms of incest and coprophily came to be regarded, not only as truly scientific, but also as somehow virile and courageous. Freudism became the *Realpolitik* of psychology and philosophy. Those who denied values felt themselves to be rather heroic; instinctively they were appealing to the standards which they were trying, intellectually, to destroy.

Meanwhile the men of science are finding that the crude materialism of their predecessors is a hypothesis that will not work. Our apostles of scientific truth find themselves the apostles of what will soon be universally regarded as a fallacy.

BUT the influence of these *ci-devant* "scientific" deniers of value has not been wide. In most humans the intuitive sense of values is too strong to be seriously affected by intellectual arguments, however specious. They are revolted by the denial of values; they insist on interpreting the world in terms of high and low. Unfortunately, however, they are apt to make mistakes and to call things by the wrong names, labelling "high" what should rightly be low, and "low" what ought to be high. This falsification of the standard of values is a product, in our modern world, of democracy and has gone furthest in America. It is much more dangerous than the mere denial of values, because it is much more popular. To most men and women the denial of values is horrible; but the falsification of them so as to square with democratic prejudices is pleasant and flattering. Let us examine Mr. Kalbsfleisch's advertisement and try to discover the direction in which standards have been perverted and the methods of falsification employed.

The basic democratic hypothesis in its extreme and most popular form is that all men are equal and that I am just as good as you are. It is so manifestly untrue that a most elaborate system of humbug has had to be invented in order to render it credible to any normally sane human being. Nowhere has this system of humbug been brought to such perfection as in America. Take the case of Mr. Kalbsfleisch. He is an undertaker. The trade he practises has never enjoyed great esteem; for, although it is a necessary trade, it cannot be said to call for high intellectual or moral qualities in its practitioners. Mr. Kalbsfleisch and his fellows have realized and resented this failure on the part of humanity to esteem them. Being good

(Continued on page 98)



A Scene at the Making of a Broadway Musical Comedy:

Here we are, popped right into a Broadway theatre during one of its most hectic phases, the preparation of *Tickle Me*, which opens, God willing, two days from date. Six rehearsals are going on at once. At left and right, Mike and Ike are trying out a tricky set and cursing an unseen guy in the flies. The Composer, at the piano . . . and *what* a piano! . . . aided by his lyricist and the serious lovers of the piece, is running over a new duet, hot from the fountain pen, to which the high-priced coloratura in the highly coloratura-ed coat listens in ill-disguised disdain. Poor Maizie, on the couch, has just been bawled out by the director, who, rudely enough, has turned his back to us. And then there is that exciting element, the merry chorus, driving the ballet-master to the verge of insanity by



DRAWING BY COVARRUBIAS

Some Usual Agonies and Informalities of Rehearsal Time

their inability to remember the step-sequence which he considers his masterpiece. Poor wretch, his life is spent in trying to arouse non-existent intelligences. In the background, the star *danseuse* is flexing her underpinning. Finally, the creatures in the orchestra. Reading from left to right, they are, the Manager, making a frantic appeal for "just two more thousand" from the already deflated Angel, while, at the right, we see Miss Flamm of the *Daily Graphic* grabbing a scoop from Eric Palate, the costume designer. What hurry and bustle, what momentous activity, there is in this little scene of American theatrical genius in the act of preparing a sure-fire box-office success! What a gathering of really important people! And, oh, yes: that insignificant knob in the corner is the *Author*

How I Do Not Love Italy

An Extremely Unorthodox View of a Widely Celebrated Section of Europe

By E. E. CUMMINGS

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The receipt of this article in the offices of *Vanity Fair* caused a high degree of perturbation and anguish. Why? Because the Editors were nurtured on Italian culture, achievements and ideals. Our first thought, therefore, was that the author of this essay should be reprimanded, not to say chastised. Then there came to us this thought. What if Italy *should* become efficient? What if automats and five-and-ten-cent-stores and slot machines and Ford Factories and quick lunch counters should definitely succeed the sonnets of Petrarch, the paintings of Mantegna, the learning of Pico della Mirandola, the sculptures of Giovanni Bologna and the large, easy-going, colourful grandeur of the Medicis? Merciful heavens, what weighty pain in that thought! With that direful prospect in mind we saw the need of publishing Mr. Cumming's article forthwith, *in toto*, with the idea of saving Italy from imminent disaster, from modernity, and from (what is most terrifying of all)—American efficiency.

ONCE upon a time, when we were incredibly spirited, helpless, and otherwise young, the singing teacher of a New England public school induced our throat to utter the following fraudulent ditty:

"O, *Italia, Italia belov-ed*
Land of beauty, of sunlight and song,
When afar from thy bright skies remov-ed
How our fond hearts for thee e'er do long"

or something like that. We were amazed, at the time, by the asininity of the words and the triteness of the tune. But amazement is temporary. We sang other songs and we grew up and we forgot all about *Italia*.

Not until full fifteen years later did the land of sunlight, etc., actually loom upon our horizon—when, becoming bored with Paris, we purchased a bicycle and rode all the way to *Napoli* with a patient friend. This little jaunt (and the reader is strongly advised to consult a map ere attempting the same) taught us altogether too much about *Italia*. We became so disillusioned, in fact, that when afar from her bright skies remov-ed our very far from fond hearts decidedly did not do any longing.

Yet what is disillusionment to a healthy person? *Niente*. Only a year or so after the *Paris-Napoli* venture, we found ourselves getting shoved off all the sidewalks of *Roma* by enthusiastic cohorts of Black Shirts. A revolution, or something, had just happened. We sought refuge in a stationery shop. Before our eyes reposed a series of coloured post-cards celebrating the recent cataclysm. The first card at which we glanced depicted Mussolini, in the rôle of Christ, raising *Italia*, in the rôle of *Lazarus*, from the dead. Shocked to our aesthetic foundations, we left hurriedly both the shop and *Italia*.

Shocks, however, cannot discourage really inquisitive people. Our third visit to *Italia* belov-ed has just been completed—and completed successfully, thanks to a hypertranquil disposition plus, at times, a superhuman digestion. All things considered, we feel that we are now entitled to express ourselves publicly *re* the home of beauty, etc.; therefore (in the limpid language of that notorious nation) "*avanti*"!

Italia, without any doubt the most overestimated country in this world, consists of a peninsula which is shaped like a leg that has been caught in the act of kicking Sicily. This naughty leg, whose chief industries are ruins, religion and automobiles, is technically a monarchy ruled over by a king (S.M.Il Re) but is actually a pawn in the hands of the *onorevole* Benito Mussolini. The king nevertheless retains two extremely important functions, which are (a) to be photographed with Mussolini and (b) to pose for postage-stamps.

Signor Mussolini, whose singularly uncheerful visage appears all over *Italia* at the present moment—not only in rotogravure, but painted on houses, fences, railroad stations, etc.—was,



BENITO MUSSOLINI

This is one of a series of portraits depicting the Italian Premier, Mussolini, in a heroic rôle. Such elegant photographs as the one reproduced above are purchasable in the Italian sections of all the large cities of America. The sales are enormous

just a few years ago, a wicked radical. But one day this wicked radical turned a complete backward somersault and landed an ultra-conservative. Shortly afterward he bought up all the black shirts in sight, hurriedly put a great many young men into them and captured Rome without difficulty. He then informed everybody that *Italia* had been dead for some time and that his program, *il fascismo*, consisted of nothing less than a revivification of the corpse. If *Italia* swallowed the dictatorship pill, Mussolini positively guaranteed that she would rise from the dead and be alive even as she was alive in the days of the Caesars. In other words, she would be alive at the expense of everybody else and would rule the modern world very much as Rome ruled the ancient world.

After a number of Mussolini's former comrades, the Italian bolsheviks, had been beaten up, compelled to drink castor oil and sent to other planes, the corpse took her medicine and Mussolini was acclaimed as "Caesar". But Mussolini was no ordinary man. He could not possibly be satisfied with being merely Caesar. He also wanted to be Napoleon. This was easily arranged. A photographer "shot" him in Napoleonic costume, the photograph was printed on thousands of post-cards and the post-cards were circulated all over *Italia*. Taking the bull by the horns, Mussolini now rushed into international politics and mixed them up "something awful", as we say back home. But while the world at large recoiled from his exploits, *Italia* applauded with both hands and both feet—and exactly what the Hon. Caesar Napoleon Mussolini will attempt next, nobody knows. The French people guess that it will be the annexation of France, since he says quite frankly that *Italia* is overpopulated and must have a lot of brand-new territory—in a hurry.

So much for the shepherd. And now a few words concerning his flock.

IN our humble opinion, there is no word big enough to suggest, or describe, the bigness of the contemporary Italian inferiority complex. To understand the origin of this national misfortune, we must remember that for some time previous to "*il Duce's*" somersault, the inhabitants of *Italia* had lived in a tranquil doze. But with the thunderclap of fascism, they awoke to a consciousness of themselves; or, more truly, they awoke to a realization of their weakness and apparent unworthiness. Practically the entire nation, stricken with a sense of shame, thereupon set in motion within itself what psychologists term a "defense mechanism"—that is to say, all *Italia* (with a few exceptions) began to swagger and boast and pose; dozing meekness was superseded by insolence; and vanity, never a negligible Latin characteristic, bulged to colossal proportions. Luckily, however, the official military headgear consists of a cap so high in the crown as to permit of considerable headswelling. From which painful subject, let us turn to *Italia's* scenic glories.

Concerning the innumerable catacombs, cathedrals, museums, ruins, etc., which recall an illustrious past and which have inspired so much bad and good poetry, philosophy and criticism, we beg to opine (1) that the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is worth all the rest of *Italia* dead and undead (2) that we love Venice much but that we love Coney Island more (3) that one small church at San Tomé (Spain), which contains El Greco's *The Burial of Count Orgáz*, houses more aesthetic intensity than does the whole *Galleria degli Uffizi* and (4) that the world is still looking for an unidentified man who disappeared after partially expressing a desire to show us the coliseum by moonlight.

Concerning the famous scenic glories of the unillustrious present, we have the following remarks to make. First of all, nobody can possibly comprehend better than ourselves the real meaning of the celebrated *mot*, "see

(Continued on page 122)

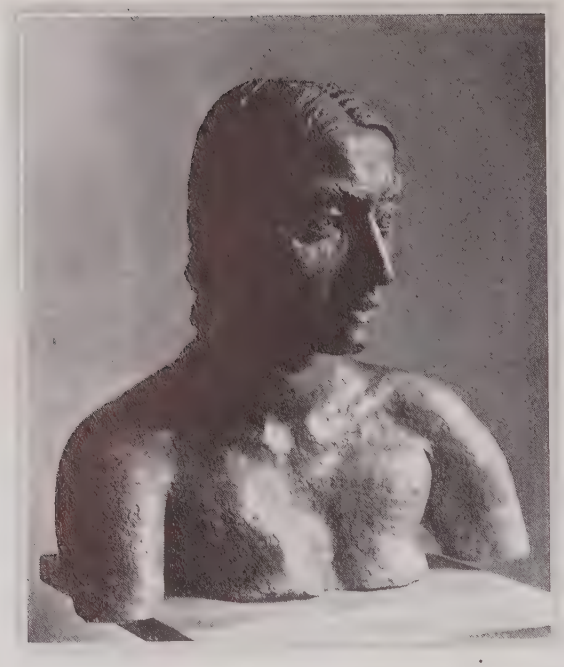
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ARNOLD GENTHE

"Dancing In The Chequered Shade"— Anna Duncan

The Chief Exponent of the Greek Manner and Leader of the Isadora Duncan Group Which Came To America in 1914, Will Present a Program at the Guild Theatre in New York, This Autumn



SUSITA

A powerful, typical and vivid bronze by Epstein, shown recently at an exhibition of his work at the Leicester Galleries in London. These are not the works which aroused the recent protests in England



ORIEL

Note, in this portrait bust, how far the artist has removed himself from conventionalized or sentimentalized sculpture. How actual is the type, how alive, how distinctly realistic



BOY'S HEAD (Above)

There is, in this little masterpiece, an unescapable suggestion of the archaic sculptors, whether Etruscan or Grecian





MRS. EPSTEIN (Above)

In this portrait the sitter is caught in an attitude as far as possible removed from convention—characteristic of Epstein

IT is a curious and frequently noted fact that the most successful and widely discussed of English sculptors is an American. It is twenty years, now, since Jacob Epstein left New York to settle himself permanently in London, where he has uninterruptedly pursued his artistic career. During all that time he has been the storm centre of criticism in Great Britain. Even in Paris his memorial to Oscar Wilde occasioned a maelstrom of praise, discussion and rebuke. More recently his Hudson memorial in London once again aroused the critics and public alike. We are privileged, on this page, to publish some of his less eccentric sculptures; groups that are now on view at the Leicester Galleries in London. One thing can be said with certainty in regard to Epstein's career. He has done, as an artist, exactly what he wanted to do; has risked disfavour and courted no obsequious following. He has endured, with the same equanimity, cries of derision and choruses of praise. *Vanity Fair* takes this occasion to ask—as it has asked several times during the past twelve years—why Epstein does not now return to New York, to his native land, with a great and inclusive retrospective show of his work

STANDING FIGURE (Left)

This study in bronze has been the subject of especial praise at the hands of the British critics

A Group of Recent Sculptures by Jacob Epstein

Examples of Some New Work by the American Sculptor Currently on Exhibition in England

In Hokum's Name

How the Familiar Stock Devices of Playwrighting Colour Our Theatrical Art

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

AUGHT to be said or left unsaid about the American theatre takes tone from the word hokum. And I wish, with all my heart, soul and dictionary, that hokum might have a worthy definition. For it is the most used, unkempt, unrighteous word in the critical vocabulary of today—and yet the most expressive. To the hokumlocutors all things are hokum.

Praise or opprobrium, you meet the word almost daily in the more or less commentative writings of those who review the theatrical first-nights. It is a term on the tips of all our typewriters. This play is sheer hokum and a failure. That one is fair hokum and doomed to popularity. This act transcends hokum and that one wallows in it. Whereas, if you are so quizzical as to ask any of us precisely what our diagnosis of hokum may amount to, we grow infinitely airy and decline the consultation.

Hokum is the battle-cry of the upper-class intelligence, the summation of aversion against what is old, what is tawdry, tinny or too easy on the stage. Nor yet aversion, either. Rather, contempt. The passive contempt which is born of a nightly familiarity between a critic's *gluteus maximus* and an aisle seat. A contempt softened by the suspicion that one man's hokum is another man's truth.

Evidently, the great dramatic innovation of a decade ago is the hokum of today. Whatever is usual and sure-fire, no matter how new-mown, has the whiff of hokum hanging over it. The rescue of the bound and insensible hero from the onrush of the villain's steam-engine —that once was art and now is hokum. The hill-and-dale gallop of the soubrette with the last-minute reprieve—we call this hokum, now, which once was rare and thrilling beyond examination. We hokum-hunters have hardened all our ducts of ecstasy. The tears of tender heroines we know at once to be but glycerine, and the wrath of a noble old *Peggotty* sounds in our ears only as box-office brass.

YET hokum is a reflection on audiences, not on authors. Those earnest, all-inclusive, ethical uplifts of Channing Pollock's, for instance. Yesterday would have hailed them immeasurably high—and, so far as some of their episodes are concerned, already has. Tomorrow (who knows?) may treat them to Shakespearian honours. Is it Mr. Pollock's fault if today, this doubting, flouting, supercilious day, says simply, hokum? Is it not conceivable that the dramatic critic of the *Athens Acropolis*, back in Euripides' day, yawned and traced listless curlicues on his program during the complex maladventures of *Oedipus* and *Jocasta*—and then, gone back to his office and his stylus, deciphered these curlicues as a brand new epithet, hokum? For that, too, was a doubting day.

All of which has little to do with the larger case of the general public. The general public meaning, of course, everybody in a theatre except yourself. And therefore everybody who swallows hokum whole. Everybody does, you know. Everybody in America, that is. Minus hokum, we should be minus drama.

Nowhere in the world—not even in the smoky irresponsibility of a Cuban music-hall or the exuded romance of an Italian grand opera—is so much frank, amiable, unpretending hokum permitted, nay, demanded, as in the average American drama. We resent the parsimony of a play which will not throw in a half-pound of fat, gratis. We crave that sense of spiritual affluence which only hokum, no matter how immediately recognizable as hokum, can afford. We want our virtues triumphant, our cads shamed before our eyes. We want our worries dispelled by the case system. We insist that the stage shall reflect us as a land where all the men are chaste and all the women heroes.

The theatre has never been a stimulation of the American, but a sedative, a draught of self-assurance, a sort of gyroscopic art by means of which we trust to stabilize by night the aches and misgivings of day. No mere sluggishness of mind has sunk us into hokum's refuge, but, on the contrary, the terrible intensity of our automatically harried and dizzy American ego. By means of hokum we whistle to keep up our cowardice.

REALIZE, for example, the exquisite assuagement to be derived from those numberless plays which send young city ne'er-do-weels and old Bowery bums out into the rural fields and turn them there into honest, loved, successful drug-store owners. Winchell Smith was neither the first nor the last to scent the corrosive humility of all city people, the longing of all to be told that, had they not chosen to be six-millionth in Rome, they might easily be first in the little Iberian village. Of course, when Eugene O'Neill grows so glum as to show you, instead, the seepage of melancholy, the devastating boredom, of farm life, he is going counter to a fixed delusion. Which means, counter to hokum. Which also means, counter to urban America's readiest means to self-respect. And so it was out in the farm districts of the Middle-West that his *Beyond the Horizon* had its most rapt and honest audiences.

But honesty and hokum are really by no means embittered foes. Any fat old fool can stop dabbling her cheeks long enough in the midst of *Abie's Irish Rose* to admit that the famous scene of forensic friendship between the priest and the rabbi is probably not true to common life. But it should be . . . that's the reason for it, and for the stir it causes in the boob breast. Reason enough, of course. The wish is ever father to the hokum.

Hokum is the stage name of dramatic license. Even so pugnacious a snap-shooter of life as Sydney Howard takes advantage of it. That seemingly relentless set of pictures of New Yorkers at home and abroad, *Lucky Sam McCarver*, was twisted occasionally false by the author's knowing of the necessity for climax,

(Continued on page 108)

A QUESTIONNAIRE ON GILBERT & SULLIVAN

By Alexander Woollcott

1. Which of the operas have sub-titles and what are they?
2. What rowdy American college song stole its tune from a Sullivan chorus?
3. Who played Major General Stanley in the first English performance of *The Pirates of Penzance*?
4. What superstition affected the naming of the operas?
5. Which of them was banned for a time by the Lord Chamberlain?
6. What world-famous hotel was built out of the profits from the original productions?
7. What notable actress of the American theatre once sang Ralph Rackstraw in *Pinafore* for a hundred performances?
8. Name two celebrated Sullivan melodies composed for other fields.
9. What lines of Gilbert's are cut in the pedestal of the Sullivan memorial in the Embankment Gardens and from what libretto are they quoted?
10. What is the legend on the Gilbert memorial on the Embankment wall and who wrote it?
11. What celebrated prima donna of yesterday made her stage début through one of the many productions given in this country by church choirs during the first *Pinafore* epidemic?
12. When and how did Gilbert die?
13. Which of the operas had the longest run when it was new in London?
14. At which opera's New York première did Sullivan conduct the orchestra?
15. Which of the libretti was a travesty on a celebrated poem?
16. What song was addressed and sung to a London celebrity who attended its first rendition at the Savoy?
17. Which of the libretti was a revision of one written by Gilbert in an earlier collaboration?
18. Which song, intended as a satire on English complacency, was resented by the French?
19. Which is the longest song in the operas?
20. What celebrated American beauty sang the title rôle of *Patience* during its first season in New York?

(Answers Will Be Found on Page 110)



STEICHEN

Aeschylus at Last to Be Revived at Delphi

The Greeks Are Actively at Work in Preparing a Notable Performance of "Prometheus Bound"

IN the spring of 1927, what is certain to be an interesting revival in Greek drama will take place at Delphi. Already the ancient theatre there is being rehabilitated. Choruses are in training; actors are being selected for the revival. The play chosen (as the first of the proposed cycle) by Angelo Sikelianos, and his associated directors, is the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus. This drama will be preceded by processions, choral chants, dancing, and music in the ancient manner. Scholars from various parts of Europe will be present. But the most significant point of the plan—as far as America is concerned—is the fact that all of the masks to be used in the dramas are the work, not of Greek sculptors or artists, but of Hélène Sardeau, a young New York girl whose skill and talent as a sculptor and mask-maker had long ago reached the confines of Greece. The first two masks to be completed by her for *Prometheus* are shown on this page: a mask of *Force* and one of *Prometheus*. Miss Sardeau's other masks for this notable cycle,—*Mercury, Io, Vulcan, Ocean*, etc.—will be shown in a later issue

London's Passion for American Players

A Footnote to the Discussion of Our Oft Reputed Unpopularity Overseas

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

EVERY American reaching his native shore in this season of autumnal migration is agreed with his fellows in one respect. As soon as he has embedded Emily's new black pearl in his tooth paste and hidden the flask of *Grande Marnier* in his camera case, the homing patriot is ready to meet the reporters as they swarm aboard at Quarantine. Approaching them genially and straightway putting the poor wretches at their ease by assuring them with a jovial smile that he used to be a newspaperman once upon a time himself, he is ready to make his statement, which, with sundry minor variations, runs somewhat as follows:

"Americans are unpopular abroad."

This utterance has been made so often of late that the stay-at-homes feel obliged, as a matter of common courtesy, to give each returning traveler a chance to repeat it. I find a tendency to cross-question me on the subject manifested by friends who could not by any chance be conceivably interested in the answer. Usually I find myself in a quagmire of misgivings on the topic, being cursed with a suspicion that most Americans are also unpopular at home and that, any way, since the first frontier was crossed by the Neanderthal man, gadabouts have always been unpopular abroad. But such refinements on the subject would have been gratuitous this fall.

"And how," they ask automatically, "do the Americans get on with the French?"

TO which deponent sayeth nothing, not knowing. For in three weeks spent in France, I did not happen to run across any French people. Like every one else, I have read of busfuls of American tourists being stoned by Parisians and had I stumbled on any natives in my wanderings it seems reasonable to suppose that they would not have resisted the temptation to shy a few boulders at any target so wide and inviting. Fortunately I encountered only other expatriates and he who is without passports must cast the first stone. Ask me, if you wish, how the Americans get on with the Argentines, the Italians, the Russians and even (if you want to stir up a hornet's nest) how they get on with the other Americans. But, with a single unilluminating exception, I had discourse with only one native in all the route from Calais to Monte Carlo. That was the Baron Henri Louis Legrange, with whom I chatted daily at Antibes as he bared his satin skin to the morning sun on opalescent rocks beside a turquoise sea. But one does not feel free to introduce the vexed questions of international finance into the peace of a baronial sun-bath and besides I felt such discussion would be misplaced considering the baron's years which are, at this writing, two.

Then I hear, too, that Americans are quite unpopular in London, and, considering the manner and appearance of some that I saw there this summer, it does seem plausible. But if, as I have been gravely assured, the entire island seethes with dislike for this country and all its inhabitants (including Mr. Coolidge and your correspondent) I find it difficult to account for the way in which all the American players who appear on the London stage are clasped to the withered bosom of the London playgoer. It isn't merely that the man in the pit, embittered by the Yankee debt settlement, would refrain (after an inward struggle) from hurling vegetable marrows at the upstart invaders. The players from this country are received not merely with cordiality but with far warmer acclaim than ever any of them experienced in their native land.

When the lovely and immensely capable Jane Cowl made her first appearance on the London stage in June, the ensuing hulla-baloo from pit and stall could be heard as far as Land's End. And after the final curtain fell, only the fact that, with all the good will in the world, a mob can scarcely take the horses from an already horseless carriage, prevented her equipage from being dragged in triumph from the Duke of York's Theatre to her little house in the shadow of St. James's Palace.

ONCE in the first fortnight of the engagement, I passed by the stage alley of that playhouse where Charles Frohman used to rule. It was a good hour and a half after the end of the play and a fine drizzle—as fine a drizzle as one could ask—was emptying the sidewalks. But, at the stage door of the Duke of York's, a faithful band of playgoers was still standing guard, waiting for a glimpse of Miss Cowl on her way home from work.

And this, mind you, was for her work in Noel Coward's foolish play *Easy Virtue*, which he might have had the grace to call *The Hundredth Mrs. Tanqueray*. That is the drama in which Miss Cowl disported herself uneventfully at the Empire in New York last spring, the one in which, at the peak and climax of the second act, she nightly smashed to bits a small, inexpensive reproduction of the Venus de Milo, thus adding, however, in a long engagement, a considerable item to the really staggering crockery bill of last season's emotional dramas. The central rôle—that of a woman with a past who tries, unsuccessfully, to become a county lady—is one so easy for Miss Cowl that she must find it about as much of a strain as Elsie Janis experienced in turning a cartwheel. They say Miss Cowl will linger to play *Juliet* for the Londoners who so honoured the *Hamlet* we recently shipped over to them. If her performance in *Easy Virtue* caused a stir along the Strand, her *Juliet*, I imagine, should knock down the Tower of London.

Of course, such demonstrations are by no means reserved for Americans. For reasons which might deserve a footnote in any modern work on psychology (in the chapter on repressions and escapes) the Londoner is a far more passionate playgoer than his cousin in New York. His lady is even worse. She thinks nothing at all of sitting all day (with a bit of sewing to do and some sandwiches) waiting for the door of the pit to open for the night's performance and then she's good for another two hours guarding the stage entrance, with her umbrella in one hand and her autograph album in the other.

The outcries of approval and satisfaction on first nights are so stentorian as faintly to alarm the stranger. When that flagrantly American opus *Is Zat So?* had its London *première* early last spring, James Gleason and Robert Armstrong, who deserted the New York cast for the London engagement, were fairly stunned by the uproar coming out of the dark on the other side of the footlights. And when these ructions continued after the fall of the first-act curtain, it needed all the bullying of the English cast to persuade them that the demonstration was friendly and that they ought to step out and take a bow. They thought they were being handed what, in their own quaint *patois*, is known as the raspberry. *Is Zat So?* entered at once into the affections of the English playgoer, despite the fact that he had to be assisted through its darker dialogue by a program glossary which carefully explained to him the meaning of such phrases as "apple sauce" and "banana oil", which set him straight on the difference between a "set up", a "wise-crack" and some "soft jack" and which kept him from confusion at those moments when a girl might be referred to as either a dame, a skirt, a wren, a jane, a frail or, haply, a broad.

THEN the Astaires continue their reign which seems destined to last as long as that of the fifth George. These youngsters were born to tread the measures of Master Gershwin and, in the mazes of his dances, they seem quite unhampered by such inconveniences as the ordinary human skeleton can provide.

And of course there is always Talullah Bankhead, a minor American actress who wandered into London a few seasons ago and has played practically all the leading rôles available there since. After a session as Iris March in *The Green Hat*, she has been sharing with Glenn Anders the honours of *They Knew What They Wanted*.

Finally, one balmy July night at the London Pavillion—that is the music hall ruled at present by the resilient Mr. Cochran—after the sprightly Spinelly had done her turn, the drop-curtain fell, the footlights shone out and onto the little bit of forestage wandered an amiable and uncouth stranger, hands in pockets and chewing gum in jaw. He grinned sheepishly and started to ruminate aloud.

"Well," he said, "I'm supposed to come out here and talk a while. The manager tells me they's a lot of mighty fine people here tonight, but that don't mean much to me. This ain't my first experience playin' before titled folk. Of course, the first time it ever happened to me, I was pretty excited. That was back in New York the night the manager came back stage and told me Sir Harry Lauder was in the audience."

The audience stirred and chuckled.

"I was pretty set up about it," the drawl continued, "but since I come over here, I've learned that a Sir ain't so much to brag about. They tell me the Sir is the Ford of titles. I understand they's to be a bill put through the

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR VANITY FAIR BY EDOUARD STEICHEN

William Harrison ("Jack") Dempsey, of Colorado

A New Portrait of the Gladiator — For Seven Years the World's Heavyweight Champion

THERE appears to have grown up, in this country, a certain feeling against the prize-ring,—a feeling which *Vanity Fair* does not at all share. In a soft and over-civilized age, prize-fighting and football seem to be the sole remaining masculine notes, excellent correctives, both, for a far too pampered age. Born at Manassa, Colorado, in 1895, the incomparable Dempsey was, at various times, a brakeman, a miner, and a hobo. And he learned in his youth to fight with surpassing speed and power. He has fought seventy-seven professional battles, no less than forty-seven of which he won by knock-outs. He wins his fights by means of furious and tiger-ish attacks, onslaughts that brook no sparring for openings. It was his unrelenting and killing attack which, in 1919 at Toledo, overwhelmed Jess Willard, the then champion. And it was this same fury which enabled him to knock out Georges Carpentier at Jersey City in 1921, and Luis Angel Firpo at the Polo grounds in 1923



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR VANITY FAIR BY EDOUARD STEICHEN

James Joseph ("Gene") Tunney, of New York

The Ex-Marine From Greenwich Village, Once the Champion Boxer of the A. E. F.

WHEN, in 1917, Gene Tunney enlisted in the United States Marines, there was no thought in his mind that he would one day be a phenomenal prize-fighter and the leading contender for the World's Heavyweight Championship. He was born in New York, on May 25, 1898. Beginning life as a truck-driver he may have found that there was need, in that occupation for good fighting qualities, but it was not until he entered the Marines, in '17, that he discovered his amazing prowess as a fighter. He soon became the undisputed Champion of the American Military Forces in Europe. At the close of the War, friends persuaded him to become a professional pugilist. He met with immediate success as a fighter. In 1922, he won the American Light-Heavyweight Championship from Battling Levinsky. He has fought sixty ring battles—half of them knock-outs. In recent years, he has put on twenty pounds, and is now a full-fledged heavyweight

The Horse of Gengis Khan

Mysterious Mongolia Leaves Its Imprint in the Life of a Parisian Traveller

By PAUL MORAND

ERIK LA BONN crossed the Great Wall of China at P'ing Fu and headed in the direction of the Leng K'on pass. Mongolia lay unfolded before him, flat as a board, into which, twisting like a corkscrew, the little caravan was entering. This caravan was made up of horses, mules, two blue carts drawn by mules, carriers, teamsters and the traveller himself. Erik La Bonn was an eccentric young wanderer, as independent as his long nose proclaimed him to be, and passionately devoted to the open road. He was on his way from Peking back to Europe on horseback, for he was much less afraid of perishing from the cold than suffocating in the heat of the Trans-Siberian railroad coaches. For days he had thus been on the march, all alone, singing *Parsifal* to himself at the top of his lungs, his long legs dangling from the flanks of his Mongolian pony; and since his was not a costume such as one might expect to be worn on a trip like this, but a city-cut overcoat, tight at the waistline, long trousers, a starched, stand-up collar and a grey derby hat (which he wore on principle) he caused a great deal of astonishment among the Chinese he met and, of course, was taken for a very high personage.

THE caravan crossed rivers which proved great obstacles, being so sinuous that they had to be forded as often as fifteen times. Finally, they entered the Gobi Desert. They met Bactrian camels, whose thickening fur already heralded the approaching winter; soldiers on furlough, without pay, and who had eyes like wolves', merchants, sitting in their traps, accompanied by their wives, placidly drawing puffs of smoke through their water-pipes, missionaries of the Foreign Bible Society, sharpers who displayed great dexterity in the shell game at which the Mongolians stand ready to lose their souls and their dollars. One evening, being a little bored with these sights, which were always the same, Erik La Bonn had pushed ahead of his escort to visit a hunting pavilion, half way up a hill, which had been built for the great emperor Kien Lung. He lost his way and found that he was alone in a desolate valley strewn with stones and boulders. For days, to be sure, there had not been any trees, but never until this moment had he felt the vast and naked grandeur of Asia. Even the beaten path had disappeared: It seemed that after several smaller paths had become entangled with it and spread it out in several different directions, the path had stopped of its own accord on the edge of a void—on the very brink of an underworld.

La Bonn did not know what fear was. He carried no weapons on his travels, except mustard, with which, as he used to say, he defended himself during the day against the vile taste of the native cooking, and he sprinkled it on his bed at night to keep the vermin away. He had been told that bandits only held the rich Nomad families for ransom and hardly ever molested Europeans, so that he really dreaded nothing but the tenacity of the beggars and the smell of the Mongolian women. He stopped: around him nothing but debris of porphyrous rock, shafts of abandoned coal mines, and a blinding sun which set the dry autumn air on fire. Suddenly, some twenty or thirty yards away, he noticed a striking object lying on the ground; at first he took it to be a mirror. He went up to it and found it to be the skull of a horse. There was no sign of a skeleton. This skull was so white, so highly polished by many rains and winds, so perfect in substance, so strangely shaped, with its sloping indentation of the nose and the empty, horrible looking hollows of the eyes,—so religious almost in its stripped barrenness, that it seemed to date from the very first years of the existence of this earth. Erik La Bonn alighted from his horse and took the object into his hands; it was terribly heavy. For a long time this modern Hamlet, having placed the skull on his knees, lost himself in thoughts. Were these the last remains of some caravan which, overtaken by the fierce, salty winds, had perished there of thirst? Was this the last vestige of the mount of some departed Mongolian prince, in a red robe, repulsive and goitrous, a standard bearer or klan chieftain perhaps, sent to guard one of the outer bastions of the Great Wall? Or perhaps the sole surviving witness of some great battle, fallen here, cornered by the wolves? A horse! La Bonn thought of the days of Sung, when the horse was king, celebrated by all the poets, immortalized by the best artists, and to be found, either in clay effigies or in its natural state, in every tomb. The horse, without which none of the great migrations could have taken place! This immense, stony valley was only deserted now because its former inhabitants, the Mongols, the Huns and the Turks, had been able, thanks to their horses, to gain and conquer China, India and Europe. Gengis Khan had been the master of the world then, but the master of Gengis Khan was his horse.

SOFTNESS of the skin is a sign of youth, but the polish on the skeleton is proof of its great age. From the horse's skull, which had taken on the lustre of ivory, the flesh had, no doubt, dropped centuries ago. La Bonn let his imagination run riot, and, exalted by his solitude and the nimbus of such grand relics, he lost sense of time and space and fell asleep. He dreamed that he had found the head of Gengis Khan's horse and that he could never part with it again.

He was at last torn out of his dream by the arrival of his escort which joined him just about as night was falling and which he found prostrated on the ground as he awakened. The sight of that skull filled those men with a holy terror. He had his precious find lifted into the cart, and the march was resumed. The howls of wild dogs could already be heard; the smell of goatskins and smoke, carried over to them by the wind, proclaimed that a village was near. And in fact, a long wall of dried mud was outlined against the horizon, punctuated by dim lights. They were approaching Jehol, "The Town of Complete Virtue".

He had to stop at a fourth rate hotel—one of the kind that are called pork-taverns in China—because it was market day and all the other hostelries were filled. Goatskins were drying in the open air; their smell hardly obscured the stench of manure and sewage which ran openly down the middle of the only street. Pelts from Dzingary were being lifted onto the backs of camels by great big devils in blue tunics; a Chinese checker in yellow coat and hat traced characters in Chinese ink on the reverse sides, directing the pieces to a port on the Pacific Ocean, en route to America.

The servants prepared the bed in the guest room. La Bonn was waiting for his dinner to be cooked, which consisted of millet cakes. He had affixed the horse's skull outside of his room; it was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious people who contemplated it awestruck and with fright. Women with flat and otherwise deformed feet came to have a look at it; beggars' dogs with a scowling expression, their hair standing on end, yellow lamas with shaven heads remained to mill about the strange fetish of the white man.

IT was plain that the indifferent and skeptical Chinese had been left far behind, that one was in the midst of those superstitious and wild Mongolians, sons of a country particularly given to magic and all sorts of devilish practices. Soon the crowd became so large that the courtyard of the inn was completely filled. The pork bladders, which served as lamps, were lighted. At just about that time the clandestine opium vendors and the managers of the Jehol theatre sent a delegation to make a complaint that the resorts of pleasure were empty and to request that the stranger go to his room and kindly remain there.

The next day, after having left his calling card at the governor's—leaving one's calling card is regarded in the Orient as a propitious rite and is a rigid requirement of good form—Erik La Bonn went to the temple. This was another monument of dried mud, of no definite epoch, located outside the town, in the midst of a dirt and refuse dump. There Buddha smiled. La Bonn was received by a priest who was half doctor, half sorcerer, clad in yellow silk; quite a pleasant person. In the usual roundabout fashion La Bonn put several questions to him. He had him asked if in these parts any particular faith or belief was attached to animal bones, more specifically a horse's skull. The answer that he received was that every kind of skeleton was a dangerous abomination because the greedy souls of a body are always hovering about it in order to reincarnate themselves. A horse's skull had often enriched its finder, but caused his male progeny to perish. Women pregnant more than five months should stand in fear of it. However, everything depended on the day on which the object had been found.

Last night. . ?

That was one of the very worst days, said the lama. One of the most dreaded on the whole

(Continued on page 106)



VANDAMM

LOIS MORAN

Rising from obscurity, by her appearance in a single picture, Lois Moran has been highly regarded in the film world since her *début* in *Stella Dallas*. She has recently signed with Paramount



WARNER BROS.



ESTHER RALSTON

A child actress, whose mother and father were actors, Esther Ralston turned to films about seven years ago. Her rise to critical favour has been gradual but she is now among the favourites

LAURA LA PLANTE (Right)

Beginning as an extra girl in Christy Comedies, Laura La Plante has made rapid strides on the screen. For two years a western heroine, she has now become an interpreter of the social world on the screen



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

DOLORES COSTELLO

Motion pictures are now old enough to boast generations of screen actors, just like the famous stage families. Dolores Costello, who won her spurs in *The Sea Beast*, is the daughter of Maurice Costello



CHARLES SHEELER

NORMA SHEARER

Although a comparative newcomer to the screen, Norma Shearer has received such abundant praise at the hands of the critics, that, in an amazingly short period of time, she is a rival to the older stars

PAULINE STARKE

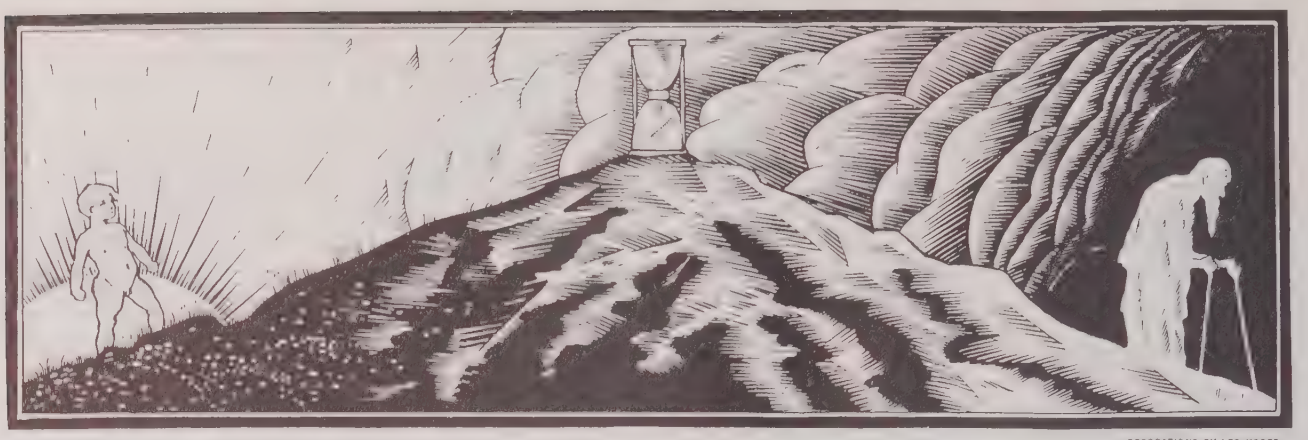
The only screen actress who ever claimed Joplin, Missouri, as her home town, Pauline Starke has been in films long enough to be called a veteran, although she is a well established player at twenty-six years



MURAY

A Constellation of Approaching Stars

Younger Picture Players Who Are Likely to Succeed the Present Generation of Screen Actresses



DECORATIONS BY LEO KOBER

Recent Poems of Youth and Age

By THEODORE DREISER

THE FAR COUNTRY

Lo,
I will go me aside
Into the Land of Youth,
The Land of Promise,
By the shores of the Sea of Wonder,
At the feet of the Mountains of Ambition,
And there will I dream
That I have youth,
And all the whips of want
And necessity,
Hunger,
And that food would make me whole;
Loneliness of heart,
And that love would heal it;
Poverty,
And that riches
Would supply my direst needs;
Inconsequence,
And that fame would repair
The indifference
Of men.

* * * * *

Yet never, never, never,
Would I part from them more.
Oh, never!
Neither from hunger,
Nor poverty,
Nor inconsequence,
Nor loneliness of heart.
Oh, never.

* * * * *

Lest satiety come
And the fullness of the years
That is the end of youth
And dreams,
And that
Never, never, never,
Should I again know youth
Or hunger,
Or hope,
Or the wonder,
And the fulfillment
Of dreams.



YOUTH

Proud of my warm flesh
That is firm
And perfectly moulded.
Proud of the make and fashion of my being
That I did not make
And cannot retain.
Proud of my lightness,
My little feet,—
The light, sure feet of the young
That touch the grass so sportively.
Proud to show the coy spirits of my youth
And beauty,
That can
At any moment
Make a gay sun to shine
In the dim hearts of those,
Who find my beauty
A need.

LITTLE MOONLIGHT THINGS

Little moonlight things of song—
Little pools of dream and beauty in youth and maidenhood.
Sweet, sweet minor ballads and arias.

* * * * *

A realm between a mansion and river
An ever-blue sky and a rare garden
Great, cool patches of wooded beauty
A fountain and a statue—
Moss roses and stone benches
Magnolia trees, crepe myrtle and fronds of palms—
The flash of a scarlet wing in a thicket of jasmine.
And then
Men and women, perfect, perfect.
And love that never, never dies.

* * * * *

Little pools of dream in youth and maidenhood.
Little moonlight things of song.
Sweet, sweet minor ballads and arias.

WHERE?

Whither the old passions?
The fire? The zest?
I had them in my youth,
After the shadowland of childhood
Through which I darkly stumbled,
Feeling an uncertain way,
And adolescence,
With its passions
And its dreams—
(I had them);
Life reared itself aloft
To craggy, glistening eminences,
Veritable peaks of thought,
Himalayas of character,
Splendid mounting roads
Of dream
That seemed to lead to a solution.
My tongue was wet with hunger,
My eyes agleam.
But now, in age,
As in that early shadowland of youth
By which I came,
I seem to sink—and sink—
Back into the shadows now
(And as in childhood, blunder),
Into that shadowland of fancy
From which but yesterday I came.
My soul, as then,
Applies itself to phantasy.
It dreams of blending things,
As in the old, beginning way.
The thick, warm ways of shadow—
It sleeps long sleeps,
Oh, long, long sleeps,
And dreams sweet dreams
That are half sleeps.

* * * * *

Whither the brief passions?
The fire? The zest?
The knowledge?
Whither have sunk
The Himalayas of character,
The peaks of thought?





STEICHEN

Introducing Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin

The Comedy Maestro Is at Work on a New Film of the Big-Top, Appropriately Named "The Circus"



DRAWING BY S. RONAY

The New York Girl—A Portrait

IN this drawing, the artist has portrayed that mysterious and delicious She whom our civilization worships above all other deities, that fragile but fearless Being to whose self climbs the uncouth incense of a hundred times a million fervent prayers, that miraculous Essence of our extraordinary era, The New York Girl—Goddess supreme of the new world. Beneath her tiniest feet surge murdering thunders of traffic, about her are the summits of a thousand skyscrapers; toward her serenely frivolous body yearns fiercely and perpetually an entire, amorous, upward city—incarnation and epitome of the vivid and ferocious age in which we live. Yet not by New York alone is this Creature worshipped, nor by any one city or nation, but by all nations and cities alike, be they humble or proud, vast or negligible. The whole world is at her feet. Queen of Today she is, and so carefree a queen never ruled so colossal a kingdom. Indeed, if we ask ourselves "What queen in all human history may be compared with this one?" the answer is "None"; for, by comparison with her, the happiest queen who ever lived appears quite without happiness; the loveliest seems less beguiling. Glancing more closely at this paragon, we perceive that she is both aware of, and concerned for, her power. The uptilted face scorns everything which lies beneath and about her; while her gorgeous eyes—disdaining crass actuality—are directed toward her mirror, where lurks that dreaded and immortal enemy of all women: Tomorrow

The Theatre and the Motion Pictures

Summarizing Vanity Fair's Symposium on the War Between Stage and Films

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ROUSED by existing, or threatened conditions in the theatre, *Vanity Fair* has been printing a series of articles, by various people, in an effort to determine if possible how much the theatre is menaced by the movies, or in what way, and whither the general drift of the theatrical current is tending. When the series was projected last winter there was no little excitement on Broadway at the news that a famous film producer had acquired more or less control over certain theatrical producers, or was backing their ventures. As one theatrical firm was already entirely financed by a motion picture company, the control of several more seemed to threaten something of an artistic disaster, since it was assumed that the film people would hardly care to back plays unsuited to the screen. The dramatic authors immediately united into a "closed shop", insisting on a contract which forbade the managers to sell a motion picture option on their work to any one film producer, without competitive bidding and the author's consent. This move on the part of the playwrights was, of course, primarily one of pecuniary self protection. But it was successful in uniting all dramatists into a solid front, and they won their demands. Since that victory, less has been heard about the "movie control" of our drama. No doubt a film producer is less likely to back a play if he cannot be sure in advance of the film rights to it.

BUT as Mr. Brock Pemberton, an independent play producer, pointed out in his contribution to *Vanity Fair's* symposium, an even greater deterrent is the fact that only a small percentage of plays turn out to be good (or popular) screen material. Certainly there is no advantage to the film producer in paying money to stage a failure; there is small advertising value in a failure, and if the manuscript can be made into a good movie, it might just as well be made into one at once, without preliminary stage trial. On the other hand, the movie man, even more than the theatrical producer, is unable to predict what will be successful on the stage. The result is that the film firm which has for some time controlled a play-producing company has probably lost heavily on the venture, and of all the plays mounted during recent seasons (almost every one, of course, for sale to the movies at a price), only a small percentage have reached the screen. In other words, it doesn't appear to be profitable for the film producers to assume any considerable control of play producing, nor likely that they will make any future efforts to do so.

Nevertheless, it is assumed by most all of the writers (even the optimistic Mr. Lee Shubert) that the competition of the movies has diverted audiences from the theatre, and that the conditions of play production have been greatly changed and difficult situations created. Mr. Pemberton has pointed out in detail how the elimination of the small town theatres (diverted now to the movies) and the shrinkage of attendance at the spoken drama in large centres have driven the drama in on New York, resulting in a mad scramble for theatres, and consequent high rentals. With small chance of profit from a road tour, the play producer must get into New York and succeed there, or go to the wall. He must guarantee a minimum rental to the New York theatre, even minimum receipts sometimes, or get out. In other words, he must have capital to start with, and a play which can attract a considerable amount of attention. The day of the excellent play which could go along making a living for all concerned on $5,000 or $6,000 a week is over. It has to be a "wow". And the day of the butter and egg man, the theatrical backer, is here as never before. It is a chaotic and pathetically wasteful situation, though excellent for the theatre owners, who collect their minimum rent, come frost or hit.

Mr. Lee Shubert, who not only owns a score of theatres in New York, but owns or controls innumerable others across the entire U.S.A., is solvent and cheerful. He admits the one-night stands are gone; he admits a play has to be a "wow" to get by; but he says business both in New York and on the road is as good as ever, if not better. On the face of the returns he is probably right, too. No doubt his income is larger than it used to be, and even his theatres in St. Louis or Detroit earn more. But he neglects to point out something implicit in Mr. Pemberton's article—that these receipts come from big revues and musical comedies, and in a very few cases only from the finer and subtler spoken dramas. I myself last winter, in a large mid-western city, went over the list of attractions for the season, and their box office takings. Every second or third week a revue or "girl show" came along, and gathered in from $20,000 to $35,000. Between shows came plays, many by famous authors, or presented by famous actors, and took in $6,000, or maybe as low as $2,000. At the end of the year the theatre showed a handsome profit—but the producers of those spoken dramas didn't get any of it! It came from a type of entertainment which is, of course, perfectly legitimate—or can be, when it isn't vulgarized into a sexual orgy to attract the boobs—but which is not, after all, the English drama. It is, however, the only type of theatrical entertainment, by and large, now able to compete with the movies for the patronage of the American public.

So when Mr. Shubert says business on the road is as profitable as it ever was, and the theatre is as secure as it ever was in public favour, he is not speaking of quite what *Vanity Fair* (or Mr. Pemberton) means by the theatre. He is leaving out the drama—rather an important item.



THE NEW LOVE

By DOROTHY PARKER

If it shine or if it rain,
Little will I care or know.
Days, like drops upon a pane,
Slip, and join, and go.

At my door's another lad;
Here's his flower in my hair.
If he find me pale and sad,
Will he find me fair?

I sit looking at the floor.
Little will I think or say
If he seek another door;
Even if he stay.

MR. RALPH BLOCK, once a dramatic critic but now connected with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation in the production of motion pictures, took in his article a quite naturally belligerent attitude, and retorted "Is Zat So?" to all those who affirm or imply that the theatre's ills are due to the debasing influence of the movies. Why, he asked, should the dramatists raise such a howl at the supposed threat of movie control of play producers (except as it might cause their film rights to yield less!) when for years they have hoped and prayed every time they had a play put on that some movie man would buy it from them? Why should they pen denunciations of the movies with their right hands, while stretching out their left for movie money? And who are they, anyhow, to throw the first brick? Whereupon Mr. Block enumerated several excellent and stirring motion pictures, and several concoctions of slush, hokum, smut and flapdoodle labelled spoken dramas, by way of comparison. The movies, he feels, are on the march upward, they are vital to the lives of millions, and they will be less and less concerned with the spoken stage and its material, more and more with their own technique and peculiar subject matter. At any rate, when the people of the theatre begin hurling stones at the movies, Mr. Block hears the shatter of glass. I'm afraid the sound is at least faintly audible to some of the rest of us.

And I think that Mr. John Emerson, former President of the Actors' Equity, in his amusing and vitriolic paper last month, put his finger on the source of all the trouble—our touching but unjustified belief that appreciation of fine dramatic art was once the possession of all people, but has now been done foully to death by movies, radios and revues. Once the drama was the dominant, if not the only, form of public amusement, and once it was supported very actively by the cultivated minority (to use a rather sickening term, but an inevitable one in this connection) and to a lesser degree (cer-

(Continued on page 118)



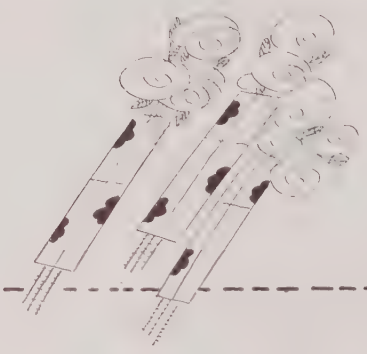
THE PLOT OF THESE TWO PAGES

A sad story is told on these two pages. Drusilla, at left, is a most marriageable maid. Her mother considers Donald a most eligible young man. But Donald thinks shudderingly of the awful expenses in which marriage will involve him. Yet in one day (yesterday, to be accurate) he spent exactly $116.50 in quest of a single romance. His expenses will be found listed on these pages. Ask any young man in any large city

To Wed or Not to Wed, That Is the Question

Invoices By FISH





12 00

10 A. M.

The first of Donald's expenses. Elvira calls up from the Ritz to coo, "It's me. I'm here. What are you going to do about it?" The usual courtesy must be extended, a box of those long tailed roses that retail at a dollar a yard. Bang goes twelve dollars



4 50

1 P. M.

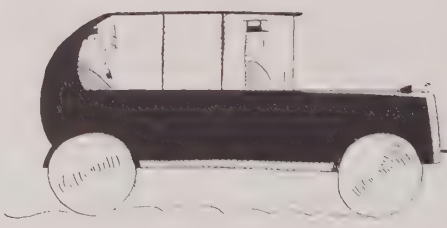
Donald called to take Gloria to the hair dresser's. Gloria is one of *The Great Temptations* which he has been unable to resist. Running true to form, she kept him waiting so long that the taxi ticked off four dollars before they even moved



11 30

2 P. M.

Lunch in the Eden Restaurant where a knowing leer at the servitor produces the cutest little cocktails, modestly priced at $1.25 a throw. Angela adores them and has already absorbed one third of her daily dozen, while poor Donald vainly sighs



4 40

3 P. M.

Feeling slightly inflamed, Donald makes the grand gesture by taking Muriel to drive in one of those private-looking cars that set you back three times the usual rate. Willy, nilly, you must believe what the dignified chauffeur tells you

32 20



32 20

0 00

4 P. M.

But our hero's worst moment is when Gretel, out shopping, drops in at Cartier's and prices pearl necklaces from $1500 up. Thank God, she found none that were just the right colour and Donald got out without spending a cent on gilding this particular lily



20 00

7.30 P. M.

Arbutus is just a slip of a girl but her appetite at dinner is full grown. Also she has an uncanny way of selecting the most expensive dishes without even looking at the card. Honey-dew melons, *caviare, pâté de foie gras* Strasburg . . . it's a gift



15 20

9 P. M.

Alla is Russian and thinks that all Americans are millionaires, and in love with her. At the summer revues she must have the little stage box where her exotic beauty can successfully compete with the professionals. This location comes mighty high



10 00

MIDNIGHT

Dancing on the roof doesn't sound expensive, but try it and see. Lucette is a favourite at the night clubs because she knows how to make her escorts come across to doormen, headwaiters and orchestra leaders. It all adds up pretty terribly



35 00

2 A. M.

Then there was supper with Dorine, Donald's latest craze, where he shot the works and ordered wine at a discreet and elegant speak-easy. He never thought of the expense until the next morning when his wallet looked like practically nothing

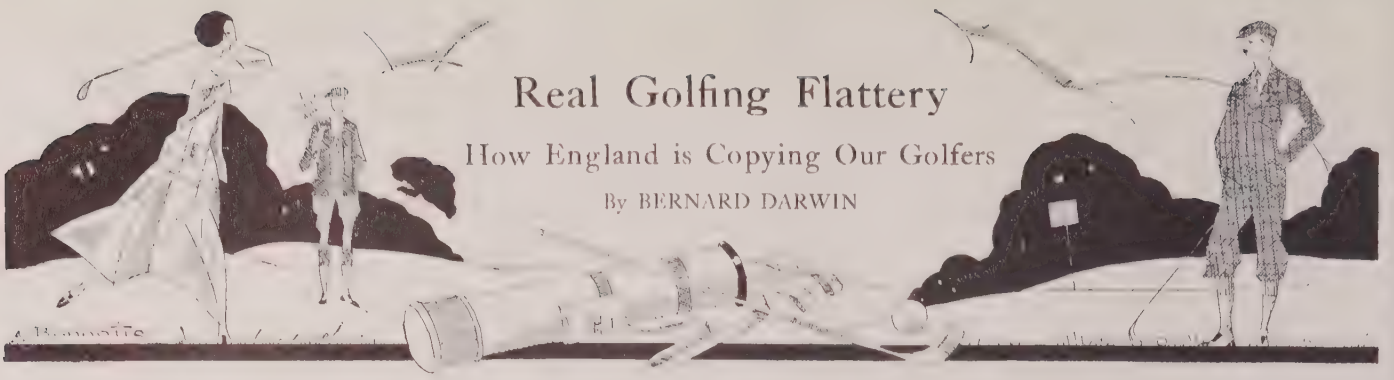


4 10

4 A. M.

Home, James. Dorine has gone home with a girl friend, but Helena is there and must be taken home. She lives four dollars north of 42nd Street. Riding home, on the subway, Donald sadly wonders if a wife might not be cheaper in the end

116.50



Real Golfing Flattery

How England is Copying Our Golfers

By BERNARD DARWIN

THE triumphs of the American golfers this summer, and especially those of the incomparable Bobby, have sent a ripple of imitation over the British Isles. Old and young, tall and short, fat and lean are all tying themselves into knots of the sincerest form of flattery in swinging the club "in the American style". Even Mr. Hilton, winner of many championships, who was born in 1869, has, with an imperishably youthful enthusiasm, been making experiments.

What, then, is this distinctive American style, and when and where did it arise? I do not remember to have been impressed by its peculiarly characteristic nature when I first visited America and saw an American championship in 1913. Or at least I was only impressed by one particular feature of it, namely that the American golfers played their iron clubs in much the same sort of way as they did their wooden ones. They were essentially swingers with their irons, whereas we had been brought up on a dictum of Mr. Laidlay's: "As soon as you swing an iron you begin to go wrong." We had been taught that the stroke with an iron was much shorter and sharper, and should have a distinct element of the "hit" in it. When, however, I saw the American golfers again after the war, and especially when I came to America in 1922, I was struck with the fact that they had evolved a style of their own, and that they nearly all played, subject of course to personal idiosyncracies, in much the same style. That fact has become more and more marked ever since. An American golfer playing on a British course could be picked out by a competent observer, to whom he was visible swinging on the sky line. And since it has beaten us so thoroughly, there must be something in this style that we ought, if we can, to analyse and imitate.

I AM not going to be too technical. Therefore, I will simply say that the American style, as seen through British spectacles, consists in a very close stance, *i.e.*, with the feet very near together, and a very big and full pivot or turn of the hips. Furthermore the old florid Scottish waggle has been ruthlessly pruned of its superfluous ornament, and the club is taken back with a truly admirable leisureliness. There is also that marked similarity in the method of playing both wooden and iron clubs, and the iron-shots are taken noticeably clean; the American golfer is kind to the green and the green keeper and does not send brutally large divots hurtling through the air. On this last point I was "intrigued" by a remark of the illustrious Mr. Horace Hutchinson's in a letter to me the other day. Mr. Hutchinson is not now, alas!, well enough to play or to watch golf, but he still follows it with interest. His comment on the taking of iron shots cleanly was that this could never have been done in old days when the ball, as often as not, lay in a hard little cup; it had only been made possible by the perfection of modern green keeping. That is no doubt true and well worthy of note, but I do not think it disposes of the whole point. It used, in those old days, to be held that, quite apart from bad lies, there was an especial virtue in the chunk of turf that was cut out by the flashing iron head: the ball so struck flew straighter than one hit clean. Judging by the iron play of Mr. Jones and others, that now appears to be a fallacy.

IN any case this is by the way. I was talking of the typical American swing with its free, lithe turn of the hips. It seems to me that this swing may, to some extent at any rate, be traced to the fact that the American golfers have founded their methods on what I may call the good, old-fashioned, copy-book maxims of the game. These maxims were originally written down by *us* in *our* copy-books but we have gone worshipping at strange shrines and neglected them, whereas America has religiously and very profitably adhered to them. What are the doctrines laid down in our old text-books? There is, to begin with, "Slow back". Well, the American golfer takes the club beautifully slow back. There is "Follow through". The American always comes right through, whereas some of us have been seduced into the belief that once the ball has been given a good, hard punch it does not matter what happens to the club. Then there is the turn of the body and Heaven knows that has been drummed into us in all the books that ever were written. Really it seems to me that the American golfers have practised what was preached to them, whereas we have preached and have not practised.

I have to admit that this "copy-book" theory of mine does not explain the close stance. That was never preached in the old books. It is quite clearly a new development. Anybody who tries the experiment for himself knows that to stand with feet close together makes for less exertion. Let him "straddle" his feet and he has a feeling of great power but harder work. The combination of a close stance and a free pivot makes the body do most of the work and spare the arms as much as possible. And, when we watch Mr. Jones, the first and most abiding impression that we get is of the extraordinarily small apparent exertion. True, when we stand quite close to him, we are conscious of the club head coming to the ball with a venomous "swish" but at a little distance away he looks almost absurdly gentle.

In any case my "copy-book" explanation is anything but a complete one. For one very excellent reason, golf is not learned altogether out of books. The assiduous young golfer may read many books and think very hard about the game, but he learns primarily by imitating good players and secondly, by attending to their spoken words of wisdom, which are often different from their written ones. Therefore, at least some and probably a great deal of the credit for this most efficient American style, must be given to those who constituted the early golfing models in America. It is noteworthy that some, at any rate, of the most prominent of these came from one particular Scottish course, Carnoustie. From Carnoustie came the great golfing family of Smith: Alec, Willie and Macdonald, and also Stuart Maiden, who had, I believe, a good deal to do with the early tuition of Mr. Bobby Jones. In a recent article, Mr. Hilton mentions that the first time he ever saw Willie Smith play he noticed that he stood with his feet very close together. Here is one clue on which some future historian of golfing style may perhaps build up an imposing edifice of theory. Here again is another little point of some interest. Among all our leading amateurs there is one whose style undoubtedly comes much nearer to the American model than does that of any other. This is last year's champion, Mr. Robert Harris. He has his feet rather close together, he stands rather near the ball, with his arms well in to his side and he has a remarkably big, free turn of the body. And—this is the point: Mr. Harris was bred on the links of Carnoustie, and as a boy played constantly with the Smiths and with Stuart Maiden. If this be a coincidence, it is at any rate an entertaining one.

AN ingenious suggestion is made by another of our ex-champions, Sir Ernest Holderness, in an article in *Golf Illustrated*. His explanation is based on the difference between the climatic conditions in Britain and America. The two most obvious differences from a golfing point of view are that there is less wind in America, and that it is hotter there. The wind explanation will hardly do. Some people here used to cherish the belief that if their visitors had to play in one of our typical seaside winds they would be undone. That has been shown to be a complete fallacy. Mr. Sweetser had to play in a wind at Muirfield and no one else there played iron shots as straight to the pin as he did. Moreover, generally speaking, the American players had never showed themselves in any degree disturbed by the breezes. So "that cock won't fight" and Sir Ernest dismisses the wind and pins his faith to "the difference in temperature and atmosphere". Certainly there is a great difference—We play much of

(Continued on page 122)



STEICHEN

The Woman Disputed Among Men—Ann Harding

The Young Actress Seen Here Last Year as the Heroine of Franz Werfel's "Schweiger" Now Enacting the Principal Feminine Rôle, Opposite Lowell Sherman, in the Current Play, "A Woman Disputed Among Men"



FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO.

GEORGE BELLOWS was an enthusiastic follower of pugilism. No less than six oil paintings by him are of prize-fight subjects. Eight years before Bellows died he made his first lithograph. He achieved 188 lithographs in all, fifteen of them being prints of the prize-ring. The two most famous lithographs in this group are *A Stag at Sharkey's* and *Dempsey-Firpo*. It is not generally known, however, that of the Dempsey-Firpo fight, he made two stones, a proof of the second (and less known) of which is reproduced here. In making the present stone, the artist concentrated on a smaller scene and a more limited group of figures. This second print is known as *Dempsey Through the Ropes*. It shows us the most dramatic moment of that memorable bout. It is a matter of interest to remember that, at this fight, Bellows himself was sitting in the first row of ring-side seats; so close, indeed, that, by reaching out his right arm, he could have touched the champion as he fell.

Dempsey Through the Ropes—Lithograph by Bellows

The Second of the Artist's Impressions of Dempsey's Memorable Battle with Firpo

Suzanne Lenglen

A Critical Estimate of the French Prodigy Who Has Recently Turned Professional

By MARY K. BROWNE

THERE is no more colourful figure in women's tennis today than Suzanne Lenglen, the French girl who has for seven years been the undisputed champion of the world, and whose recent desertion to the ranks of professionalism caused such a furor. Her fiery nature on and off the courts, as much as the extraordinary brilliance of her tennis, has kept her constantly in the public eye. In every tournament in which she has taken part she has done something unusual, something entirely without precedent in sport, which has brought her forcibly to the attention of the world. She is so intense and so dynamic that it is impossible to mention her name without taking sides. On the subject of Suzanne Lenglen there can be no such thing as indifference. To me, she has always seemed to have two distinct natures,—one great, and the other, small. I have found her clever and, at the same time, unintelligent, kind and unkind, gentle and fierce, but I have never found her *uninteresting*.

It is as a tennis player that she is really great. Let me discuss some of the salient characteristics of her game,—analyse, if I can, the factors which have made her the supreme figure in women's tennis. I have played tennis against Suzanne Lenglen four times, and on many other occasions I have watched her defeating others as she defeated me. I believe I know some of the secrets of her success.

MOST experts attribute Suzanne's remarkable skill almost entirely to her footwork: her agility in getting from one side of the court to the other. To a casual observer, who is trying to discover exactly what makes Suzanne Lenglen so much better than anyone else, it must seem that her amazing aerial antics, her prodigious leaps, are what differentiate her game from that of an ordinary, less successful, player. Many women have tried to imitate them. But, as a matter of fact, her acrobatics are superfluous, and would be of more harm than help to the tennis of most other players. Even Suzanne does not "jazz" her footwork when she finds herself hard-pressed in a match. Of course it is a great asset to be able to get to the ball quickly, but there are others, notably Mrs. Godfree, Mrs. Mallory and Joan Fry, who do not travel by air, and yet are sufficiently agile to reach the hardest shots. But it is when they *do* reach them that they are unable to emulate Suzanne, for then they have no such accuracy of stroke as she, and they lack the skill necessary successfully to employ her tactics.

First and foremost, Suzanne wins her matches because years of training have given her a remarkable control over the tennis ball, which, I dare say, is not equalled even by Tilden. Suzanne seems to be able to place the ball exactly where she wants to. So well does she do this that she is rarely forced to use speed.

Because she depends so much on accuracy and so little on speed, Lenglen's strokes do not particularly impress the average onlooker, but they are most depressing to her opponents, as I can testify. She usually employs a "loop" service, which dips over the net like a low lob. It is not hard, but it is always accurately placed to the opponent's backhand, and takes a high, sideways bound, so that one must hit above the shoulder on the backhand and at the end of one's reach, a position from which few women can make an aggressive return. A straight swift service is far easier to handle than Suzanne's.



A TENNIS STAR LOOKS AT A QUEEN

This unusual photograph shows Suzanne Lenglen, in the act of meeting Queen Mary during the recent tennis matches at Wimbledon, England. This was the last amateur tournament in which the French girl played before turning professional. The day after this picture was taken, Mlle. Lenglen failed to appear for her match and kept Her Majesty waiting for nearly an hour

In receiving a service, Lenglen seldom attempts to win a point outright, but prefers merely to return the ball safely and then wait for her opportunity. She knows perfectly well that she can keep the ball in play longer than her opponent, and she meanwhile keeps her hapless victim running frantically back and forth over the court until the victim is completely exhausted. Suzanne, who has been careful not to over-exert herself, is, at the end of the rally, as fresh as when it began.

The fact is that Suzanne's shots are not difficult to reach, but they require her opponent to run herself ragged. Suzanne does not play her drop-shot, for example, with so much cut on it that it will die before it can be reached. That is not her plan,—not at all. Her idea is to have you reach the ball and return it safely, so that she can return it again to you, and make you run to the far corner of your back court, and then up to the net, and again back to the other corner of your back court, until you are so weary and winded that she can have the next few points for the asking. It is a skillful and well-executed trap,—nothing else.

There is only one way to defeat the purpose of this trap of Suzanne's. When you are drawn to the net, you must *stay* there, and try to win with a volley. If you are in the back court, you must make a desperate, do-or-die effort to end the rally with a placement, for to rally a long time with Suzanne is fatal, and, even if you win the point, the next point is surely Suzanne's. When I saw Joan Fry, the husky young Britisher, scarcely able to stand up after winning one of these long-drawn-out points from Suzanne, I decided then and there that I would risk everything at the net, rather than be run ragged on the base line.

There is one way to beat Suzanne Lenglen. If her opponent can secure a good lead at the beginning of the match, Suzanne's fragile nerves, as has been conclusively proven, go back on her. She seems to lose her morale, and, as a result, even her wonderful accuracy desert her. The only difficulty lies in obtaining such a lead. It is easy enough to dream about it, but when one is on a tennis court and faced with the necessity of taking actual games from Suzanne, it is a different and terribly difficult proposition,—almost an impossibility.

Perhaps Suzanne can be beaten in some other way, but if there is another weak spot in her game, she has taken good care to allow no one to discover what it is, or even that it exists.

UP to the present, she has accorded her rivals as little opportunity as possible to become accustomed to her style of play. I should say, offhand, that, during the seven years of her supremacy, Suzanne has appeared in real championship competitions, against her strongest rivals, about as often as Helen Wills has appeared in two years. Now, if you are not allowed to watch a player when she is in competition with people who might possibly beat her, you cannot hope to learn anything about her real game, and you cannot devise a method of defeating an intricate game which you have been unable to study.

I must say that, although Suzanne is sometimes disagreeable, pettish and bad-tempered on the courts, and although she plays a wholly heart-breaking, relentless game, she has been constantly sought as an opponent by other players, because the true sportswoman loves to battle a mighty adversary. There is not one red-blooded woman tennis player who would relish an easy victory or a gift of even one point from Suzanne. Her opponents expect to really earn their victories over her, if they are to be had at all. That is as it should be.

Now for the other phase of Suzanne,—the phase that has made her such an extraordinary figure, that has caused her to be cheered and booed in the same breath, even in her own country,—her personality.

She is tremendously intense, fiercely nervous.

(Continued on page 102)



BECK & MACGREGOR, LONDON

H. R. H. The Queen of Spain

A Recent Portrait of the Former Victoria-Eugenia Christina, Princess of Battenberg

THE present representative, on the distaff side, of the reigning house (Bourbon) of Spain, was born at Balmoral, Scotland, in 1887. She is the daughter of the late Prince Henry-Maurice von Battenberg and Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of the late Queen Victoria. The Queen of Spain became a Roman Catholic in March, 1906, and married King Alfonso XIII, at Madrid, in May of the same year. Her mother was, of course, an aunt of the present King of England. Victoria-Eugenia herself is a first cousin of George V, and first cousin-once-removed to Edward, Prince of Wales. Her mother's sister (Victoria, Princess Royal) was the wife of the German Emperor Frederick III and mother of the dethroned ex-Kaiser. Six children have been born to the Spanish Queen. The eldest son and heir apparent is Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, who is now 19. The second son is Jaime, born in 1908. The Infantas are Beatriz and Maria-Christina, aged 17 and 15 respectively. There are two other sons—Juan Carlos, 13, and Gonzalo, 12. The Queen is a popular member of continental society



GATHERING THE GRAPES

A romantic panel by Arthur B. Davies, originally exhibited at the Montross Galleries in New York. This panel was hailed by critics as being in Davies' best period and manner—a real masterpiece by a true American painter

Wine: A Tribute

The Need for Discrimination in Vintages in the Interest of Elegant Accomplishment

By A. B. WALKLEY

AFTER months of sick-room I have just been allowed my first sip of wine. Red wine I mean, the juice of the grape (to be precise, the renowned *Pinot* grape) a *Corton Clos du Roi*, bought at the last *Hospices de Beaune* auction-sale in the fair country of France. Only a sip, but the Burgundians say their fine wines should always be sipped, which seems to justify my doctor, who can hardly, however, have practised what he preached, as he coolly finished the rest of the bottle. But what a combination of sensations in that sip! *Que de choses dans un moment!* And not merely physical sensations, but purely aesthetic impressions, for the wise man never drinks a fine wine just to slake his thirst or, indeed, solely to gratify his palate, but to enjoy the literary and historic associations that cluster round any really "great" wine. The wise man, I say, but how few men have this wine-wisdom, how few merely the Socratic wisdom to know when they are ignorant! Men suppose themselves to be drinking *Burgundy* because that name is on the bottle coupled with that of some Californian or Australian source, which is obviously off the French map. It would be no bad thing if a little wine-geography could be taught in our schools, for future use.

ONE might early learn the situation of the *Côte de Dijon*, the *Côte de Beaune*, and the *Côte d'Or*. The future joys of travelling, not to mention wine-bibbing, would be all the sweeter for such preliminary knowledge. I motored through Burgundy the year before the war, and saw those historic *Côtes* and the *Clos* at whose gates the pining French regiment stands to arms and salutes, and wandered, an enchanted vagrant, over all that pleasant countryside, using as a *point de repère* the *Hôtel de la Cloche* at Dijon. And there I heard a story of an American tourist who naïvely asked the landlord whether he preferred *Claret* or *Burgundy*—this in the very heart of Burgundy itself!—and was answered in terms not suitable for print.

But the most peculiar charm of my experience was not the vinosity of it, so to speak, but the blend of that with so many other associations, mainly bookish, of course, as a bookman's are apt to be, which spiritualized the mere flavour of the grape. We had passed by the ruins of Buffon's *château* and tower at Montbard—Buffon, who openly preferred the *petits vins* of his own *côte* to all the illustrious vintages that grew further south—and noted the spot, not a whit less sacred to me—where the *Abbé Coignard* fell under the dagger of the Jew *Moïse* in Anatole France's most characteristic book. We journeyed on, always through vine-clad hills, to Semur-en-Auxois, celebrated for memories of Mme. de Sévigné and her cousin Bussy, till we found in a *château* hard by one of those American friends who, settling down in Europe, become just a little more European than the natives, *plus Arabes que l'Arabie*, and who, in this choice instance, speedily got to know more about *Burgundy* wines than the Burgundians themselves or would have you think so—but I must not give my friend away. At Dijon I drank, upon his advice, an incomparable *Montrachet*, surely one of the finest of white wines, and carefully refrained from troubling mine host of the *Cloche* with inopportune comparisons of *Burgundy* and *Claret*.

. . . Heigh ho! Those things happened in the year before the war—an incredibly happy time. I never sip *Burgundy* now without seeing in my mind's eye the pepper-box towers of Semur-en-Auxois and hearing the cheery tones of my Gallicised American friend.

I have not been digressing. My journey was through what is the classic Province of France for nearly all expert wine-drinkers (though truth compels me to add that, with the exception of *Chablis*, the very first *crûs* of the classic Province are found southward of my route, *i.e.* between Dijon and Beaune—among them that *Grèves Enfant Jésus* which is surely the very choicest of red *Burgundies* and can still, I rejoice to think, be brought to table at the Athenaeum in Pall Mall).

But it is time, someone will say, I ceased celebrating full-flavoured *Burgundy* and paid my tribute to the tamer, many will say, but perhaps more delicate delights of *Claret*. Far be it from me to undervalue those delights. The poet Keats used to cover his tongue with pepper, the better, he said, to taste the flavour of "cool, delicious *Claret*". Well, poets have queer notions of wine. For mere prosers, peppering the tongue is not perhaps the best preparation for the palate. Nor is the "coolness" of *Claret*, except in the dogdays, a recommendation. Let it be of the temperature of the room, and have stood in it for, say, twenty-four hours before being brought to table—also, see that the wine-waiter doesn't omit to bring you the cork with the decanted wine. That will be absolutely trustworthy evidence of the wine's origin and birth-year, for French law on the subject is admirably strict. Talking of the wily wine-waiter, I remember one of them bringing with pompous parade of care a bottle of *Burgundy* in its "cradle" in a *Boulevard* restaurant to another American friend (what, another, you say! Yes, I am fortunate enough to possess many American friends) who solemnly proceeded to shake the bottle! To the wine-waiter's protests he merely replied, "Why, haven't you been shaking it yourself all the way up from the cellar?" This tribute to the virtue of perfect sincerity, I may add, hardly made up to me for the shaken wine.

"*Claret* for boys," said Dr. Johnson, in an age when *Claret* was probably thinner than now, being less well cared for (and largely drunk by Scotchmen, who were not particularly good judges), "port for men, brandy for heroes!" There is something in this comparison of port with brandy—of which, indeed, it for the most part consists—but nothing in that of *Claret* with either. *Claret* is notoriously freer from alcohol than any other fermented juice of the grape. My titular subject is wine—to which questions of alcoholic value are wholly irrelevant. Just there is the distinction between the *connoisseur* of wine and the wine guzzler. The one drinks, or rather sips, to gratify his palate, and at the same time his aesthetic tastes, he judiciously combines the spiritual with the material in his pleasures, further, he is deliberately carrying on a great world-tradition, "older than any history that is written in any

(Continued on page 110)



HELEN HAYES

The heiress-apparent to the Maude Adams repertory had often trod the boards in Washington before her New York début in J. M. Barrie's *Dear Brutus*



WALLY EDDINGER

Along with Elsie Leslie, Eva Tanguay and others he infested America with replicas of Mrs. Burnett's velvet-breeched lordling



LITTLE MINNIE MADDERN

Mrs. Fiske was so billed in the theatrical advertisements which heralded her New York début in 1870. She played all the notable children's rôles of her time and, as the infant *Duke of York*, was choked to death nightly by the leading tragedians of the palmy days. She also played *Little Eva*



DONALD GALLAHER

Starting in at four with Sol Smith Russell, this gifted kid was destined to become one of the most chronically misspelled actors of his day



LITTLE ELSIE

These three photographs recall the early days of America's own Miss Janis in vaudeville where she was long known as "The Pocket Edition of Cissie Loftus". Her start was so precocious that even when she was being starred in *The Vanderbilt Cup* the Gerry Society proved exceedingly annoying to Mrs. Janis who looks after the interests of Elsie

Some Advantages of an Early Start:

A Few Early Portraits of Distinguished American Players Who Reported



MARILYN MILLER

Still the most popular and most highly paid prima donna of American musical comedy, this dazzling lady began work in the amusement parks when the entire family constituted a migratory vaudeville act known as the Five Columbians. In the popular *Sunny* Miss Miller is at the peak of her career



GREGORY KELLY

This comedian started in at so tender an age that he had to use another boy's birth certificate to sneak into the theatre

FRED STONE

You might never suspect that Fred Stone once played *Topsy* in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but you would surely recognize him as an old graduate of the circus





FRANK TINNEY

Except for interludes devoted to life-saving, embalming, and an army captaincy, respectively, Tinney has been on the stage since Baby Frank sang at Keith's



GENEVIEVE TOBIN

The Four Tobins were put to work as soon as they left the nursery but since then the theatre has lost or mislaid the two brothers of the Tobin family



VIVIAN TOBIN

This is the younger of the two Tobin sisters, but thanks to the long run of *Little Old New York*, the older is the better known

Stars Who Were Stars as Children

Directly from the Nursery to the Stage Door and Who Are Still Famous



FIGURE A

The proper method for a lady to mount a horse is similar to climbing into a Pullman berth



HAIL AND FAREWELL

The advisability of "riding astride" has been agitated but the cross-saddle will be the fad



FIGURE B

In mounting, put the foot in the groom's right hand and at an agreed signal straighten the knee

Equestrianism For Ladies

The American Girl Goes A-Horse in Search of Health, Strength, and Beauty

By COREY FORD

THESE fine fall days, with the air like wine and the leaves crisp under foot, what is more pleasant to mount upon, to gallop with over hill and dale, to rein in at last beside one's hitching-post and dismount from, tired but happy, than—a horse?

It is a thousand pities that woman's good comrade, the Bicycle, has felt her fickleness. The tendency of late has been to allow this faithful friend to slip into the discard; and today lady cyclists on the Avenue are few and far between. Park Avenue no longer witnesses the familiar row of high-wheeled "bikes" drawn up before Mrs. Rensselaer's verandah at tea-time. Fashionable dowagers have eschewed this loyal machine for roller-skates or the luxury of a motor-cycle side-car; and the democratic Bicycle seems doomed to neglect.



DRESS

The selection of the proper dress for the saddle is of the greatest importance. In riding, dress is a habit

Yet with the passing of the Bicycle, ladies have turned at last to the healthful exercise of horseback riding; and the morning canter down Fifth Avenue has succeeded the brisk spin on a wheel through upper Harlem. Of late the popularity of equestrianism for ladies has progressed by leaps and bounds, as indeed has the horse; and the "horsewoman" is fast becoming a familiar figure among our younger *débutantes*. Consequently these few remarks at this season upon the finer points of horsewomanship may not be considered amiss.

Being a horsewoman and being "horsy" are not synonymous; neither does one depend upon the other. The sensitive girl need not feel that her intimate association with horses will in any way lower her own standards to the level of those of the horse. Just as "fine feathers" do not make "fine birds", so do stable slang, groomish mannerisms or "sporty" clothes not indicate a good horsewoman.

The selection of the proper dress for the saddle (*i.e.*, for the lady riding *in* the saddle) is of the first importance; since once a habit is formed by a young girl, it is often very hard to change and may last for years, particularly if made of some durable material. Safety-skirts should always be worn; and of these there are several different patterns. One is practically an apron, which has no back to it, but which on the saddle gives the effect of a skirt. This model is apt to prove awkward, however, when the lady dismounts, unless she is wearing a similar skirt in the rear or walks backwards. A more modest pattern has an open seam back of the legs and up around the pommel, which may be fastened together when the wearer is off the horse. The safest way is to wear both these skirts at once, and stay on the horse anyway till after twilight.

The underclothing for riding should be as carefully considered as the outer garments. The corset or corset waist should be loose enough for absolute comfort; and balbriggan drawers, such as the boys wear, are best in the long run (*e.g.*, from thigh to ankle, and return). Over the drawers may be worn a pair of equestrian tights, riding-breeches, or a plain oak barrel.

A black derby is the correct hat for winter, and a plain straw sailor for summer, the three-cornered hat being a recent innovation and distinctly unbecoming. Hats should be worn well down on the forehead, and fastened beneath the chin with a broad elastic. The hair should be plainly braided and tied at the neck with a ribbon; and for neckwear I recommend an Ascot stock fastened with an appropriate pin, such as a horse medallion.

Very baggy riding-breeches and polo-legged boots should be worn in the cross-saddle. The stiff riding-boot is much better than the legging, as it does not disclose the shape of the limb. The coat should be split up the back to allow the skirts to fall on either side of the horse, and securely fastened to a button on each knee (the rider's knee). In this manner the whole thigh and upper limb are concealed, providing the nattiest and withal most modest costume for the rider. On the other hand, the most modest costume for the horse consists of a pair of long lace drawers which are drawn up over his rear legs and tied securely about his stomach. Spats should be fastened just below the fetlock.

The advisability of "riding astride" has been much agitated of late; but for my own part I earnestly believe that the cross-saddle for women will prove more or less of a fad, and will disappear with such inventions as the radio and the aeroplane. Most women are too broad-shouldered across the hips, and too short and thick from the hip to the knee, either to look well or ride well astride; and then there is something also to be said for the feelings of the horse. A horse *is* sensitive.

The proper method for a lady to mount a horse is very similar to that of a lady climbing into the upper berth of a Pullman, except that there isn't any ladder. In mounting from the ground, stand on the left side of the horse, gather the reins in the right hand, and place the hand on the upper pommel; then grasp the horn of the saddle with the left hand and face slightly toward the horse's shoulder. Put the ball of the left foot in the groom's right hand (Figure B) and at an agreed signal straighten the left knee and at the same time spring from his hand as he gives a sudden upward impetus.

Picking yourself up from the ground on the opposite side of the horse, with the assistance of the groom, and dusting off your clothes, you will next attempt to mount the horse from the right side. Place the ball of the right foot in the groom's hand and vault upward, just as the horse yawns and edges sideways in disgust,

(Continued on page 148)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



ETCHING BY JOHN SLOAN

ROBERT HENRI AND JOHN SLOAN

Because they are two of the most distinguished artists in America; because they both learned their *métier* at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; because they have been very close friends for thirty years; and, finally, because they have always fought the same artistic battles



JOSEPH SZIGETI (Left)

Because he made his début at thirteen; because he plays without affectation or acrobatics; because he is a connoisseur in painting; because, last year, he played with every important orchestra in America; and, finally, because he is soon to make another extensive tour here



STEICHEN

RICHARDSON WRIGHT

Because he is a discerning essayist and critic; because his volume, *Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch,* was the most elaborate literary hoax of our day; because he is an authority on Russian affairs; because he has fathered six handbooks on American decoration; and, finally, because he is the editor of *House & Garden*



GEORGE MOORE

Because, since 1877, he has been one of the most prolific of modern novelists; because he is a brilliant literary stylist; because he is the son of an Irish Member of Parliament; and, finally, because his new novel, *Ulick and Soracha,* will be published this fall

MURAY



WIDE WORLD

QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA

Because she is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and of Emperor Alexander II of Russia; because she is the author of twelve books; because she is considered one of the most beautiful of reigning queens; because she is a noted sportswoman; and, finally, because she is soon to pay a visit to the United States



STEICHEN

Rudolph Valentino†

His Last Photograph, Taken August 6th, 1926, Shortly Before His Untimely Death in New York

Rudolph Valentino

The Career of the Dead Actor Which Ended Dramatically at Thirty-One

By JIM TULLY

VALENTINO, the Italian screen lover, was a graduate of the Royal Academy of Agriculture. His full name was Rodolpho Raffaele Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valinetina d'Antonguolla. His mother was the daughter of a Parisian doctor. His father was sometime captain of cavalry in the Italian army. He was later a veterinary surgeon.

The young film player was that rare thing in Hollywood—an actor with emotional force and brains. Success in his profession gave him the poise of the cultivated continental. He was well grounded in the arts and literatures of his native Europe.

Innately honest, he would, I think, if left to himself, have been above the cheap pretenses of his accidental calling. Valentino, like most foreign screen personalities of the first class, was superior to his American contemporaries. The American director or player does not survive the chromo art stage of his childhood. Griffith is an example. De Mille is a twig from another branch.

Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish director, von Stroheim, Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Nazimova, George Fitzmaurice and Matt Moore are examples of people in the film business born on foreign soil who can talk of something besides gas-lit opera houses on narrow-gauge railroads.

Valentino was married twice. Both sacraments were failures. The first girl was the mistake of a youth who danced for a living. She was one of the many zeros in the arithmetic of life. Valentino had a great deal of trouble in erasing her.

HIS second wife, Winifred Hudnut, was the daughter of the well-advertised perfumer. A member of a Russian ballet, she danced under the name of Natacha Rambova.

While living with her husband in Hollywood Miss Hudnut became so dictatorial that men associated with Valentino in the making of films did not wish to have her about. It was said that a clause in one of the Italian's contracts forbade her on the set.

Miss Hudnut had that superficial culture which led her to talk of a "career" as though it were something not of this earth. A career is generally ephemeral to those who talk too much about it. Valentino wanted a home. They agreed to disagree.

It would seem that nearly all screen people spring from the Salvation Army bread line. Valentino was no exception. He arrived penniless in America during the year 1913. Being an agriculturist, he dreamed at the time of a great farm in the West. He secured a position doing landscape work on the estate of Cornelius Bliss, Jr. He was discharged before any of the women saw him. He then worked a month for the New York Park Department. Discharged again.

With no money, and a slight knowledge of English, he was forced out of one lodging house after another. During that winter he touched all the shores of destitution with hunger for a comrade.

To keep alive, he cleaned the brass railings in front of the ugly box-like homes of the *nouveaux riches*. He had learned how to dance in Italy, but it had not occurred to him that he might make a living with his feet in cultured New York.

Valentino was an intense individual. And one suffers little on the ragged edges of life without possessing intensity. A Bernhardt who was not intense would be just an ordinary woman.

For a year in New York Valentino was a menial of sorts. It is hard to imagine it now. A fellow in the cellar of fortune is not the same person who views the scenery from the heights. But this is certain—Valentino was not cast in an ordinary mould. A fire burned in him. That it would have blazed him to even greater success at a later period of his life there is no doubt. He was really an actor. He had character.

Many life-hungry women have literally been turned out of theatres in which Valentino appeared on the screen. Half the answer of this phenomenon may be seen in their own warped lives. Many of them were possibly club-women. That they saw in Valentino that which their tired hearts craved is not, to me, an evidence of bad taste. They might have travelled a longer road and loved the shadow of a lesser man.

It had been said in Hollywood that, once a waiter's helper, he was ashamed of it. One day, feeling he was impulsively off his guard, I asked him . . .

"Is't true that you were a bus-boy in New York?"

His heavy hand hit the table.

"No, by God, it's not true—but if I had been I'd be damn proud of it."

At this point, Fitzmaurice, the French director who receives seventy-five thousand dollars for each film directed, said, "That's right, Rudy—it's nothing to be ashamed of. I drove a truck in New York."

I ONCE asked Valentino which character he would like best to play on the screen.

"Cesare Borgia," he answered.

Surprised, I watched him closely as he continued.

"It would not be popular, but I want to play it for my very own. Borgia was not the man they say he was. His story was written by his enemies."

Forgetful of an interviewer who might deal with him unkindly, he quoted Machiavelli, Villari, Gregorovius and Sabatini to prove his points.

Thinking of American women I ventured, "But Cesare had a mustache."

"I'd play him with one."

After that first terrible winter in New York when he was unable to find work of any kind, Valentino went in a mood of desperation to the headwaiter of a famous restaurant. He was given a position as a dancer.

Within a year he was Joan Sawyer's dancing partner.

But still—such are the whims of humans—Valentino wanted to become a farmer on a large scale. He felt that he might find his opportunity in the West. With this idea in mind he joined a musical comedy company headed for California. The troupe stranded in San Francisco and the agriculturist-dancer tried to sell bonds for a living.

He failed.

Despondent, a chance meeting with an actor decided his career. The actor suggested that the young dancer try motion pictures. The trouper, with the generosity of his craft, also loaned him money upon which to live a few weeks in Hollywood.

In three months, Valentino was unable to get even the lowest form of screen work—that of an extra player. Emmett Flynn, an ex-bell boy, then, as now, one of the most successful film directors, gave him his first work—at five dollars a day.

It was a start. Flynn later gave him a better part, but the picture was in litigation for some years, and Valentino gained nothing but experience. But that, of course, was important.

I FOLLOWED in time two leading parts with Mae Murray. Miss Murray's leading men are not supposed to act. They are merely good looking automatons around which the butterfly woman flies . . . and dances.

Wearily the Italian made the rounds of the studios. He could obtain nothing but mediocre parts until chance threw him across the path of one of the brainiest and most artistic men who ever directed a picture—I refer to Rex Ingram.

He was selected by Ingram to play the part of *Julio* in Ibañez's *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. The picture finished—the ex-dancer was famous. He had, to speak in the colourful parlance of the film industry, "stolen the picture".

Following this picture he played in *The Conquering Power* and in Nazimova's screen version of *Camille*.

He was next engaged by Famous Players-Lasky, for which firm he appeared in the most popular film he ever made, *The Sheik*. Followed other sex-ridden and ordinary pictures until he was given an opportunity to do real acting in *Blood and Sand*.

A dispute over salary arose with Famous Players-Lasky and he remained off the screen for nearly two years. Students of the industry felt that the long "lay-off" would ruin his career. Being one of the most popular entertainers in the world, he retained his reputation. His return to the screen was a national event in the hearts of many women. His death was to them a poignant tragedy.

The madness to cast Valentino in romantic pictures pursued.

But through all this maze of bad taste Valentino groped. None of it helped him as he wished to be helped.

The last picture of the man who wanted to play *Cesare Borgia* was *The Son of the Sheik*.



THE POLO MATCHES AT MEADOW BROOK

When the well dressed woman motors over from her place on Long Island for the Polo, she wears her country clothes, as does the smart spectator at the left costumed in a simple two-piece *crêpe* frock with the new hip blouse beneath a loose kasha coat from Jay-Thorpe. The two-piece country dress next to the left is an O'Rossen model imported by Bruck Weiss The sporting coat, next to the right in the sketch, is made of diagonal tweed. Its belt is a new note of the season and the shawl collar is of beaver. At the right is a smart member of the polo audience who has motored from town and is wearing a more formal coat. It is of kasha velours with collar and cuffs of wolverine; two models from Bergdorf Goodman

The Well Dressed Woman Considers the World of Sports

A Résumé of the Sporting Thing to Do throughout the Coming Season

SPORTS CALENDAR

POLO—AMERICAN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AND MONTY WATERBURY CUP TOURNAMENT *At Meadow Brook—September 11–25*

NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP
At Baltusrol Golf Club, Short Hills, New Jersey—September 13–18

SMITHTOWN HORSE-SHOW—*At Smithtown, Long Island—September 18*

WOMEN'S AMATEUR NATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP
At Cricket Club, Merion, Pennsylvania—September 22–October 2

MORRISTOWN HORSE-SHOW
At Morristown, New Jersey—September 24–25

BRYN MAWR HORSE-SHOW
At Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—September 29–October 2

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB SHOW
At Philadelphia—September 30–October 2

METROPOLITAN JOCKEY CLUB RACE MEET
At Jamaica, Long Island—September 30–October 14

PIPING ROCK HORSE-SHOW *At Locust Valley—October 8 and 9*

LONG ISLAND KENNEL CLUB SHOW *At Brooklyn—October 9*

ESSEX FOX HOUNDS HUNT RACE MEET
At Far Hills, New Jersey—October 27 and 30

UNITED HUNTS FALL MEET
At Belmont Park, Long Island—Opening day, October 30

MEADOW BROOK CUP HUNT RACE
At Belmont Park, Long Island—November 6

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

DARTMOUTH VS. YALE *At New Haven—October 16*

NAVY VS. PRINCETON *At Princeton—October 16*

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO VS. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
At Philadelphia—October 16

DARTMOUTH VS. HARVARD—*At Soldiers' Field, Cambridge—October 23*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS VS. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
At Ann Arbor, Michigan—October 23

ARMY VS. YALE *At Yale Bowl, New Haven—October 30*

NAVY VS. MICHIGAN *At Baltimore—October 30*

PRINCETON VS. HARVARD *At Cambridge—November 6*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS VS. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
At Chicago—November 6

ARMY VS. NOTRE DAME
At Yankee Stadium, New York City—November 13

COLGATE UNIVERSITY VS. SYRACUSE *At Syracuse—November 13*

YALE VS. PRINCETON *At Princeton—November 13*

HARVARD VS. YALE *At Yale Bowl, New Haven—November 20*

STANFORD UNIVERSITY VS. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
At Berkeley, California—November 20

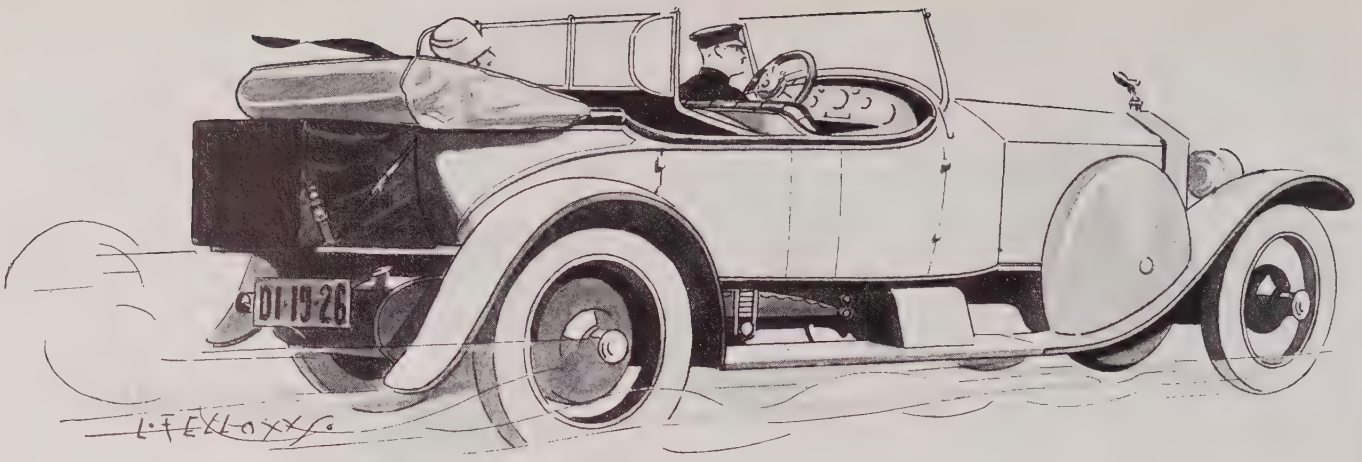
CORNELL VS. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
At Philadelphia—November 25



THE YALE-HARVARD GAME AT THE YALE BOWL

While the masculine element fortifies itself by divers means, the well-dressed woman depends upon the warmth of her fur coat, preferably a model of sports character. The grey krimmer coat at the left, with collar, cuffs, and pockets in a darker shade of grey, has a loose flare from the shoulders that gives it a youthful, jaunty air. Natural Russian ponyskin—a fashion highlight in furs—makes this two-tiered coat, illustrated at the left, in black or in brown; two models from H. Jaeckel

The fur coat in the centre of the sketch is of goatskin, a very popular new fur, in grey or beige lined with kasha, with a darker tone of the same fur in the scarf and sleeves and a narrow, flat belt. The stole in flat furs is new; from H. Jaeckel. At the right is a warm nutria coat cut on loose swagger lines with a high roll collar. One smart woman in the background is wearing a leopard coat with fine spotting and soft colouring, cut on sports lines; both models from Revillon Frères



A NEW OPEN CAR

This interesting design for an open car shows several new features. The curved line running from the dash to the tonneau and the windshield with a cowl to protect those in the rear, which may be folded out of the way behind the driver's seat, are notable. The car is painted a distinctive cream colour

The Custom Body

Two Models with Great Originality of Design, Which Are the Last Word in Luxury

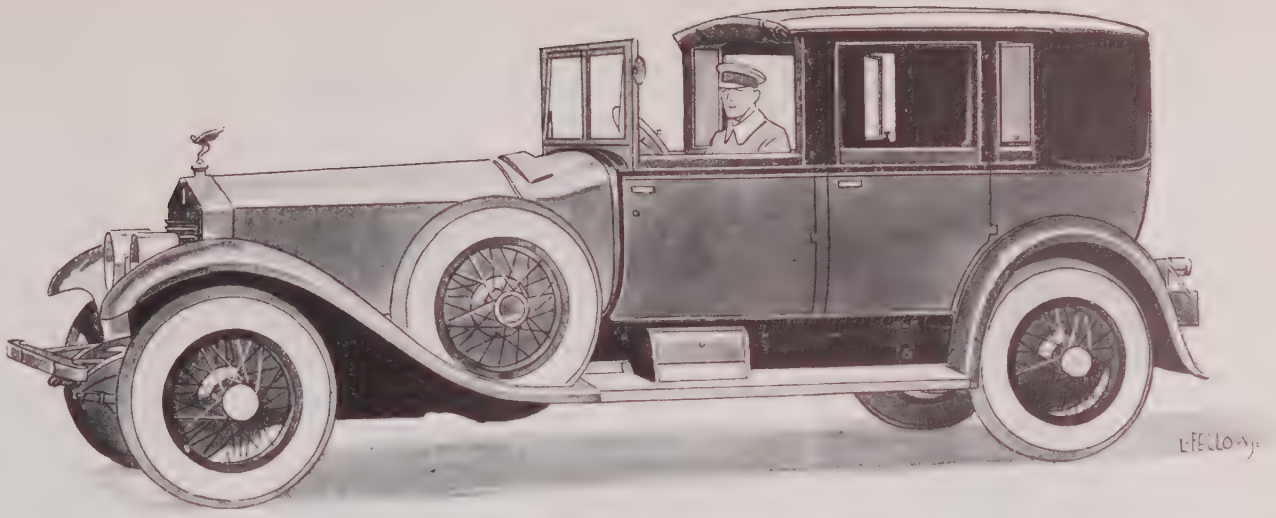
TO indulge in a custom built body is one of the luxuries of modern life. In the shops of the great coach builders, one can allow the imagination to run wild, and any trick device or pet theory one has about body building can be worked out with an ingenuity that is, to say the least, fascinating. An example of this is the car shown on the opposite page, which incidentally was built by Mr. Brewster for his own use, and contains all of the pet innovations he considers important for super-luxurious motor travel. This car is of the newest and most modern design, which means that it is of the convertible type, or what is sometimes in Europe called the "all-weather" car, for it may be used as a town car, with the driver's seat uncovered, or as an interior-drive limousine, with the driver's seat protected by a roof and windows, and the rear compartment shut off from the driver or not, as the owner may choose. In some cars of this type, the convertible body is carried even further, and all of the upper structure is collapsible, making of it an open car for fair weather motoring, as shown in the body by Barker, illustrated in another article in this issue, *Notes on European Motoring* (page 96). But in this particular case the car was not intended for this purpose, and the construction over the tonneau, instead of being of solid metal painted like the remainder of the body of the car, is covered with leather stretched over a frame, which presents a very neat interior, free from dust-collecting cloth or upholstery except that used to cover the seats. The rest of the car is lined in a very dark green leather to harmonize with the paint job on the exterior, which is almost identical in colour. One particularly interesting feature of this car is the small window to the rear of the tonneau door, which is set like a casement window and intended to give ventilation to the car in cold, windy or wet weather while protecting the occupants from wind or draft, yet giving sufficient fresh air. These convertible cars are becoming popular for the reason that they are equally suitable for the owner as well as the chauffeur to drive, and while they may present the appearance of a town car they can also be used as a sedan, and are always ready for any weather, or any climatic emergency, to be encountered on extended touring. A considerate owner is always mindful of his chauffeur's comfort, and there are days in midwinter when the chauffeur on the seat of an open town car, especially in country driving, is cruelly at the mercy of the elements.

THIS body solves the problem perfectly, for while it has the smartness of the standard town car, it may be closed up at a moment's notice to protect the driver from the winter blast. The open car shown at the top of this page combines the most modern features in up-to-date body building, with much originality of design and a certain dignity in appearance that the big cars of an earlier date often had to a greater degree than those of today built on the streamline idea. The sweeping line from dash to tonneau that is carried down to the rear guards and up to the arm rests of the back seat is very graceful and today appears to have great originality because it is seldom seen. The tonneau wind screen to protect those in the rear seat is cleverly built so as to fold away in a space behind the driver's seat, and when in position, gives complete protection because of the cowl which supports the wind screen and protects the feet and legs of those sitting in the back seat from wind and draft.

Also, another original touch about this car is the delightful colour scheme of cream yellow with light chocolate brown upholstering of vici kid, which is very soft and yielding.

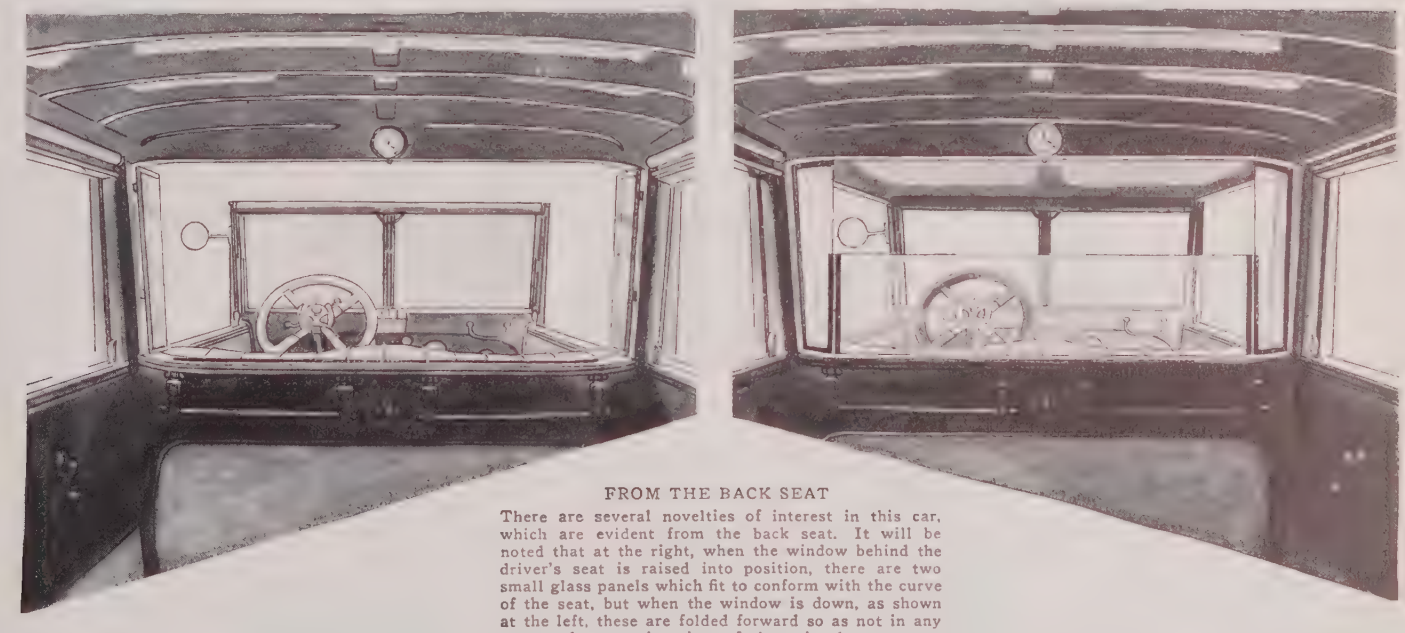
The tendency toward painting cars in lighter colours both with open and closed bodies indicates a great deal more variety in the future than has ever been seen. It is not at all unusual now to see a town car or limousine which formerly would have only been considered smart if painted in dark blue or black, done in the paler shades of grey or a light bright blue. Those in grey are particularly attractive, but the smart colour of grey is no longer battleship grey but very light French greys and grey-greens of most unusual shades. The dark motor car, however, is by no means crossed out though it has an added touch of colour which it had not formerly. One of the best looking Rolls-Royce town cars in New York is painted dark blue and striped with a bright lemon-yellow line, and has lemon-yellow wire wheels. Another town car is in dark chocolate brown with brass trimmings and white artillery wheels.

BRIGHT scarlet upholstery is again coming back for open cars and if it were not that the fire department had stolen the thunder of the old scarlet touring car, there would doubtless be many of those seen now, but as it is, the officials of the fire department are the only ones to enjoy the prestige of the red touring car, which was in the old days of motoring the popular colour. In England there are many cars painted to resemble natural wood, but of course such a car should be very decidedly of the sport type for it is more or less reminiscent of a fast motor boat and has nothing to do with a dignified town car or family limousine. While the conservative car still predominates one cannot help but notice that the car with a touch of originality is much more frequently seen on the streets, especially in Paris, where one is continually entertained by motor cars with all sorts of novel paint jobs. Poiret, for example, has a car painted in Scotch plaids. One sees many other startling examples of people indulging in their personal tastes along similar lines. The motor car painted white has also reappeared this year and a smart runabout painted white with glossy black upholstery is very striking.



A CONVERTIBLE BODY

The latest thing in motor cars is a body with a double purpose, which can be used as a town car, as shown above, or as an interior-drive limousine with front door windows and roof extension completely enclosing the driver's compartment, as shown in the lower right hand illustration. Thus, with the one car, it is possible to have all the advantages of two



FROM THE BACK SEAT

There are several novelties of interest in this car, which are evident from the back seat. It will be noted that at the right, when the window behind the driver's seat is raised into position, there are two small glass panels which fit to conform with the curve of the seat, but when the window is down, as shown at the left, these are folded forward so as not in any way to hamper the view of those in the rear seat



A NOVEL WINDOW

Another delightful feature of this car is the small window just behind the rear door, which, instead of dropping into a panel, swings out like a casement window, thereby giving ventilation without causing wind or draught



LONG DOOR

In this car the lower panel of the front door extends beyond the uprights of the front windshield, thereby giving better visibility from the driver's seat, because this feature eliminates the extra doorpost



TAPPEN AND PIERSON
A morning coat of Oxford grey with notched lapels, fashioned with one button and having squarish shoulders of natural width, is sponsored by Tappen and Pierson, to be worn whenever formal attire is needed. It is particularly suitable for the well turned out wedding guest who is not an usher



BERNARD WEATHERILL, Inc.
This riding turnout from Bernard Weatherill, Inc., which consists of a dark brown jacket, light drab breeches and a checked flannel waistcoat, tan riding boots and a black Derby, combines durability and practicality with the acme of effectiveness of appearance. It is suitable for many sorts of riding

For The Well Dressed Man

Vanity Fair Interviews Seven of the Leading New York Tailors on the Fashions of the Coming 1926-1927 Season

FASHION is not a hide-bound thing. The further a man delves into the luxuries of life, the more variety and originality he discovers. Chief among these luxuries is the perfected wardrobe. The great jewelers set no two stones alike. The custom body builder slightly varies each car he turns out, and so it goes, though all fashions follow a certain general trend season after season. Each of the New York tailors, like the London tailor, has an individuality in his clothes. His *clientèle* is built up by these distinctive features and, while one tailor will advocate one thing and another something else, they are equally correct, for the well dressed man in the fashionable world is a person who, with the help of his tailor, works out his problems of dress according to his age and personality, and it is through these conferences of the few that fashions are created for the many. A man and his tailor working out the practical features of making clothes eventually create the slight innovations which become the fashions of tomorrow. Therefore *Vanity Fair* thinks it interesting to present the smartly dressed man, as seen through the eyes of the leading New York tailors, not only as an indication of the present style trend, but also as an example of how the personal touch may be applied to dress.

The models illustrated on these two pages show some excellent equipment for the well dressed man in town. With these models to serve as a guide as to the latest tendencies in style and cut, the next problem is in the selection of the fabrics to be used. With formal day and evening clothes this presents no difficulty, because the mind of the conservatively smart man the world over is pretty well made up on this point, and the good tailor will not allow his customer to make any errors in this direction. In the selection of fabrics for lounge suits there is, naturally, much more latitude and here the man who would be well turned out must take stock of himself and, with the aid of his tailor, select such fabrics as are most becoming to his type. Whether a smooth finished fabric is better than a rougher fabric is a small but vitally important factor in a man's appearance, for the simple reason that the rougher fabrics tend to fill out and broaden a man, which in the case of one who is inclined to be stocky or fat is not desirable. The question of colour is most important, and again it is essential that a man wear those colours and only those colours which are becoming. The selection of a colour that is not becoming, merely for a change, is not only bad taste but poor economy.



WETZEL

The medium width lapels of this dress suit from Wetzel are faced with ribbed silk and the buttons on the coat are covered. The trousers are of normal width without pleats and hang with a slight break over the instep





GRAY AND LAMPEL

The dinner jacket favoured by this firm shows a radical change from dinner jackets seen in recent years inasmuch as the coat is buttoned with two buttons instead of one. The wide lapels and the collar are silk faced

STADLER & STADLER

This double breasted lounge suit has moderately wide lapels and shoulders and the back of the coat is closely fitting without the waistline being accentuated. The sleeves are close-fitting at the cuff, which is finished with four buttons



M. ROCK

A Chesterfield topcoat with a velvet collar, fly front and natural shoulders, suggested by M. Rock. This type of coat is correct for both day and evening wear in town and is the most practical type of semi-formal overcoat for general wear



SCHANZ, INC.

A sack suit with natural shoulders and normal width trousers is the offering of Schanz. The lapel of the jacket is rolled to the top button of the coat and the pockets which are slightly curved and slanted, are a most interesting detail

The Informatory Double

An Analysis of the Exact Strength Required to Double a One-Trick Bid

By R. F. FOSTER

THE basic idea of the double, when used conventionally, is to provide an outlet for hands which, though they have no long game-going suit, still boast of two (or more) four-card suits. (If the hand or the suit is strong enough to justify bidding a four-card suit on its merits, there is no need for the double, but such bids must be prepared to find the partner with only the normal support, three trumps.)

It is when these four-card suits are not good enough to bid on their merits, but would be good bids if it were certain that the partner had at least four cards of the suit, that the conventional double comes into service by finding out *which* suit it is that will fulfil this condition.

If second hand can, by means of the conventional double, get his partner to name a four-card suit of which the doubler has four himself, the resulting combination of eight trumps, equally distributed between the two hands, is a decided advantage, because either hand can ruff a suit without weakening the other hand.

Experienced players find that eight trumps, divided four and four, between declarer and dummy, are better than if they are distributed five and three, because it may be necessary to lead trumps three times to exhaust the adversaries, which will exhaust the dummy's trumps at the same time. On the other hand, if the trumps are divided four and four, three leads will still leave a trump in each hand.

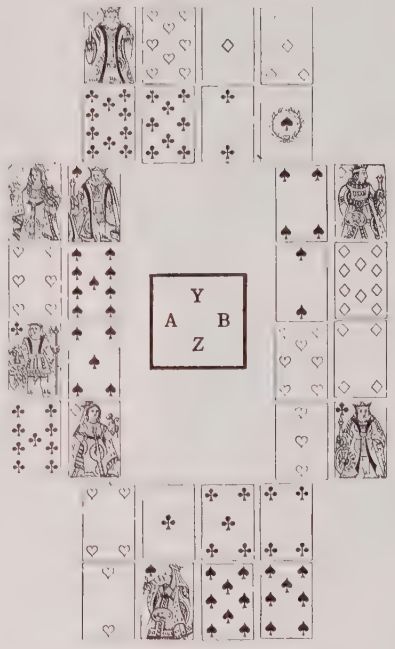
The ideal doubling hand is one that contains one or more of the doubled suit and four cards of each of the three other suits, so that no matter which suit the partner picks in answer to the double, the resulting combination is the four-four distribution of the trump suit, but unfortunately hands in which the doubler holds exactly four cards in three suits or five in one and four in each of two others are not common.

THERE are two types of hand which are good doubling propositions, although the suit distribution be uneven. One is a hand in which only one answer will meet the wishes of the doubler, or either of two. If there are two chances, it might be said to be two to one that the answer would be favourable.

The point for the doubler is to be ready to rebid his hand if the answer to his double does not suit him. Here is an example of this type of doubling hand:



PROBLEM LXXXVIII



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want seven tricks. How do they get them? Solution in the November number.

Z, the dealer, bids a spade, and the second hand doubles. He has two chances out of three, as either of the red suits will fit his hand. If his partner answers with a bid of two clubs, which is not good enough to give any prospect of game, the doubler is ready to shift to his own suit, diamonds, without increasing the contract. The fear is that the club answer may be on four small cards.

In this case the doubler is fortunate in finding his partner with four cards in a major suit, in which he is able to win the game. After one spade lead the dealer shifted to a small club, and the finesse of the jack held. Two rounds of trumps disclosed two winners in one hand against the declaration, which would have brought in all the spades, so the declarer shifted to the forcing diamonds. After trumping a diamond and leading a winning trump, there was still a trump left in each hand, and this won the game. Give the declarer five trumps and the doubler three, and they cannot go game.

The next question is what to do with hands that have no strong suit in reserve for a rebid, and have not four cards in three suits. The safe rule to give the beginner is not to double without at least two honours in each of the three suits, other than the one doubled; but "honours" have a very variable value, and some more definite scale of values is necessary for sound doubling.

The general book rule is that the strength of the hand as a whole should be about what would justify a third-hand no-trumper, which is five tricks, distributed among the three suits. It would be safer to qualify this by saying that at least one of the two honours in a suit should be better than the queen, and that there should be two honours in each suit, such as ace-queen, king-queen, or king-jack.

I am indebted to Mr. Robert S. Hale, of Boston, for some rather interesting calculations which were made with a view of determining, more accurately, the proper strength necessary for a double. He bases his premises on the theory of *suit distribution*, a theory which originated with Eli Culbertson, who was captain of the team that won the championship of the United States at the American Whist League congress at Chicago in June. If the first bidder has a long suit and a short one, the chances are that the adversaries also have a long suit. If he has touching honours, the chances are that they also have touching honours; and if his honours are not touching, there is a probability that those against him are the same.

Mr. Hale finds one of the chief values of the double by the second hand, which is not noted by writers on the game, is to keep the bidding going until he gets another chance at it. But he insists that the second hand should not start anything by doubling unless the chances are that he and his partner together have more than average strength as compared to the dealer and his partner. This means strength in high cards, as length in suit suggests that the opponents also have length in some other suit.

DOUBLING STRENGTH REQUIRED

IF we consider the high cards as A K Q J, of which there are 16 in the pack, an average would be one-fourth of these, or 25%. If we consider that the dealer must have at least average strength, and is entitled to some share of the strength outside his bid, we must credit him with an initial bidding value of 25% of the high cards. This accounts for 50% if the doubler also has 25%. The remaining 50% is then to be distributed between the third and fourth hands with thirteen cards each, and the nine cards that fill out the hand of the first bidder.

This gives us 35 cards, or the fraction 50/35% for each card, so that the chances for the doubler's partner are $13 \times 50 \div 35$, or 18%. Add this to the doubler's 25%, and if he doubles on an average hand the chances are that he and his partner hold only 43%, against the 57% held by the first bidder and his partner, which is a very poor chance upon which to start a rumpus, as Mr. Hale calls it. The moral of this calculation, to begin with, is not to double on average hands.

We now come to what would be a good doubling hand.

If the doubler holds 35% of the high cards, and the first bidder is credited with at least 25%, we have only 40% to be distributed among the 35 cards already referred to, and the doubler's partner should hold, on the average, $13 \times 40/35$ths, or nearly 15%. Add this to

(Continued on page 116)

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!



"Pepper Pot, smoking hot!"

In the days when Peggy Shippen was throned on Mount Pleasant, as the queen of Colonial society, Philadelphia Pepper Pot was a delicacy dear to the aristocratic palate.

Visitors to old Philadelphia were treated to a quaint and charming sight when they saw the picturesque vendors of the prized dish, delivering it at the doorsteps of the elite, heralding their arrival with the cry "Pepper Pot, smoking hot!"

Today you may have, in Campbell's Pepper Pot, this famous soup blended after a recipe used by a celebrated cook patronized by the nation's leading women in Revolutionary times.

Whole black pepper gave it its name, but in the rich and tempting blend are marjoram, thyme, sweet red peppers, diced potatoes, delicious honeycomb tripe, a generous supply of macaroni dumplings—all combined with the subtle "touch" of Campbell's Pepper Pot Cook!

Have you ever tasted real Philadelphia Pepper Pot? If not, a treat awaits you. No matter where you live, Campbell's offers you this unusual dish, already prepared, easy to serve, delightful to the taste.



12 cents a can

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



FORMAL CLOTHES
There is no smartness between informal attire and the extreme in formal dress (at right) to be seen now in London. Note the double starched collar and the three buttons on the coat which are noticeable features in the present style of smart formal dress



Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

The Age of Extremes in Masculine Styles



INFORMAL ATTIRE
Those who go in for informal attire wear the soft felt Homburg, a soft collar, dark grey or brown lounge suit and the usual dark brown shoes

SPORTS COSTUME
During the "general strike" the attire of the man-about-town consisted of a tennis shirt, a dark grey pull-over and a pair of grey flannel trousers

THIS has been a very remarkable season, more by reason of what has not happened than by what has. In the first place, just as everybody was coming back to London and men were overhauling their clothes, the general strike burst upon us and it looked, for a moment, as if there was not going to be any season at all. Everybody knows how magnificently difficulties were overcome and how the well-dressed man-about-town laid aside his season's wardrobe and appeared clothed in a state of emergency. It is interesting, in view of the many articles on dress reform and rational dress of men which have recently been inundating the English press, to note exactly what men wore in extremes when comfortable and practical clothing were essential. The result was only surprising in the fact that nearly all the men adopted, each independently, an almost uniform working costume. It consisted of a pair of grey flannel trousers, a tennis shirt with collar attached, and a pull-over. This combination has over and over again proved itself by far the best working costume for all practical purposes and it leads one to think that when a radical change in men's clothing comes about it will be a complete change in form and outline, a general simplification and the abolition of such things as stiff collars and tight coats, rather than the introduction of brighter colours, which some are so eager to introduce.

At the beginning of each season

(Continued on page 149)



MONOGRAMS
Plain white shirts are being worn more than anything else this season and shirts, like handkerchiefs, are now being monogrammed in this simple manner as a reaction to the elaborate monogramming lately in vogue

WORTHY TO COME TO YOUR TABLE—TIME AND AGAIN

EACH time you lift your pitcher of International Silverplate, you will prize it more highly. Whenever your well and tree meat platter comes on your table, whenever your vegetable dishes or gravy boat of International Silverplate appear, you will take increasing pleasure and satisfaction in their beauty and usefulness.

Because the International designs and patterns are beautiful in themselves, you cannot weary of them. Because the quality is of first excellence and the workmanship exquisite, your lovely things will last for a lifetime. In choosing silverware that you will live with day in and day out, that will reappear on your table time and again, be guided by the International name. It represents long years of making fine silverware at reasonable prices.

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If you're the sort of smoker your wife says *you are*

—you'll want Smokador

YOUR WIFE may love you because you smoke a pipe (cigar or cigarette as the case may be) but she'll nevertheless be sincerely grateful for a Smokador in the home... Smokador means an end to messy ash-trays, spilled ashes, scarred tables and holes burned into rugs. Cigarette and cigar stubs, pipeashes, used matches are simply dropped through the hollow tube into an air-tight base—where they are out of sight and smell.

Ashes drop through to the base—no odor —it can't tip over

Snuffer Clips that snuff

Danger from fire is eliminated —forgotten smokes left in the cleverly devised Snuffer Clips are snuffed out automatically when they burn up to the clips.

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No spilling—if anyone accidentally knocks against Smokador, the "rock-a-by" base brings it immediately to an upright position. A single turn disconnects the base for cleaning. Smokador is the smartest thing in smoking equipment today.

Attractive —and "smart as the Ritz"

You'll find it in exclusive clubs, hotels, theaters—"eligible bachelor" establishments — thousands of homes where fastidiousness is combined with *comfort.*

Smokador is made of durable metal—graceful in line with a particularly attractive finish. It blends charmingly with the furnishings of any room. Six colors for choice; dark bronze, mahogany, Chinese red, olive green, willow green and Roman gold.

Ask for Smokador at your dealers. Or send $10.50—check or money order—($11.00 west of the Mississippi)—with the coupon below. Your Smokador will be delivered to you promptly through the nearest dealer.

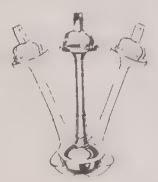
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Smokador

The Ashless Ashstand

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Pat'd. Oct. 27, 1925, Dec. 1, 1925



The "rock-a-by" base keeps Smokador from being knocked over. Nothing can be spilled. Easy to clean.

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I enclose (check) (money order) for $10.50 (west of the Mississippi, $11.00). Please send one Smokador to be delivered through nearest dealer. Color desired is herewith checked:

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Willow Green	[ ]
Mahogany	[ ]
Olive Green	[ ]
Roman Gold	[ ]

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Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Perversion of Values

(Continued from page 57)

democrats, they want to insist on their equality with the admittedly best people. They begin by altering the name of their trade. The word "undertaker" has base associations. They therefore coin a new locution and style themselves "morticians". "Mortician" is a word that rhymes with such highly reputable words as physician, mathematician, academician, politician—not to mention Titian. What's in a name? Much. From having been undertakers and mere tradesmen, the morticians have become artists and members of an almost learned profession.

Aldous Huxley

Begins

A Series of Articles on *Education*

in the November Issue

of

VANITY FAIR

Having amended their name, the morticians proceed to exalt and magnify their calling. They do this in a very simple, but eminently effective way: by insisting on the Service which they render to Humanity.

The notion of Service is fundamental to Christianity. Jesus and his greatest followers have proclaimed the spiritual importance of service and have exhorted all men and women to be the servants of their fellows. The Morticians and with them all the Business Men of America are as wholeheartedly enthusiastic about Service as was ever St. Francis or his divine Master. But the activities which they designate by the word "Service" happen to be slightly different from those which the Founder of Christianity called by the same name. For Jesus and St. Francis, Service connoted self-sacrifice, abnegation, humility. For the Morticians and other American Business Men, Service means something else; it means doing profitable business efficiently and with just sufficient honesty to keep out of jail. American Business Men talk like St. Francis; but their activities are indistinguishable from those of the money changers and the sellers of doves whom Jesus expelled from the Temple with a whip of small cords.

The money changers and the bird hawkers protested, no doubt, that they were serving humanity as well as, and even better than, their aggressor. "What we do," they must have argued, "is useful and necessary; society finds us indispensable." It is on the same ground—that they perform necessary jobs well—that American Business Men claim to be doing Service—Service of the highest value. They overlook the significant historical fact that all the valuable things in life, all the things that make for civilization and progress are precisely the unnecessary ones. All scientific research, all art, all religion is (by comparison with making coffins or breakfast foods) unnecessary. But if we had stuck to the merely necessary, we should still be apes. According to any proper standard of values, the unnecessary things and the unnecessary people who are concerned with them are much more important than the necessary ones. By exalting the merely necessary to an equality with the unnecessary, the American Business Man has falsified the standard of values. The service rendered by a Mortician or a Realtor has come to be regarded as the equivalent of the service rendered by an artist or a man of science. Babbitt can now honestly believe that he and his kind are doing as much for humanity as the Pasteurs and the Isaac Newtons. Kalbsfleisch among his silk-lined caskets knows himself to be as good as Beethoven. Successful stock brokers, certain that Business is Religion, can come home after a day of speculation on the Exchange, feeling as virtuously happy as Buddha must have felt when he had renounced the world and received his great illumination.

In every part of the world and at all times the vast majority of human beings has consisted of Babbitts and peasants. They are indispensable; the necessary work must be done. But never, except at the present time, and nowhere but in America, have the necessary millions believed themselves the equals of the unnecessary few. In Europe the ancient standards still persist, the ghost at least of the old hierarchy survives. The rich *parvenu* may despise the man of science for his poverty; but he still feels humble before his knowledge, his superior intelligence and his disinterestedness. That technique of humbug, by the employment of which successful stock broking may be made to seem as valuable and noble an occupation as scientific research or artistic creation, has not yet been perfected in Europe; it has hardly been invented. True, there are many people who would like to see the technique introduced, ready-made and perfected, from across the Atlantic. I trust, and I am even moderately confident, that they will be forever disappointed.

Meanwhile, on the western side of the Atlantic the progressive falsification of values steadily continues. So far, what has happened is this: preciousness has been attributed to things and people previously regarded as possessing small value. But in certain parts of the Union, the innumerable necessary men are preparing to move a step further. Not content with attributing the highest possible value to themselves, they are denying it to the unnecessary few; the majority has sovereign rights. What was previously held to be high is now being disparaged. The mental and moral qualities, the occupations and diversions of the greatest number are regarded as the best, the sole permissible; the qualities and occupations of the few are condemned. Stupidity, suggestibility and business are held up as supremely precious. Intelligence and disinterested activity—once admired—are in process of becoming evil things which ought to be destroyed. In Tennessee and other remote provinces, the crusade against them has already begun. It remains to be seen whether this further perversion of values will affect the rest of the continent.



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Once again Cadillac has produced the essential development that establishes a precedent and charts the trend of motor car progression.

As a manufacturing achievement Cadillac's program of 50 Body Styles and Types in 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations takes rank with its foremost engineering triumphs.

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Thus while all Cadillacs are one in their comprehensive mastery of all motoring mechanics, each Cadillac is now a triumph in distinctive color and individuality.

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Think of a car about which you do not even have to think—of a car you buy with a confidence and certainty that does not admit a single second's doubt!

Is there any other element of motor car ownership which even remotely compares with this solid conviction of value and performance which you feel about the Cadillac? Pursuing that thought to its conclusion—do you see now why so many new thousands, influenced by this realization, are turning to the brilliant new 90-degree eight-cylinder Cadillac?

The new 90-degree Cadillac is profiting by a profound change in the buying habits of the nation—a change induced by experience and a widespread realization that the things to look for in fine motoring are the positive assurances of performance-value exemplified in the Cadillac.

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THIS rich fruit syrup with its unusual flavor adds just the touch you need to the drink before dinner. As every connoisseur knows, color is an important part in every beverage. The pomegranate red of Nuyens' Grenadine is most appropriate for the sunset drink. Its uses are manifold. But the verdict never varies.

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Also send ☐ The Nuyens' OASIS ASSORTMENT $12.00 a case, containing the 8 non-alcoholic beverages listed below.

☐ Nuyens' Peach Cordial $1.85 (25 oz. bot. . . 2 *for* $3.50)
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No single bottles shipped; only in combinations as listed in this coupon.

YOUR NAME_____

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Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

(Continued from page 54)

deal with. But I also know that my husband never gave that amount of money to any one.

DOROTHY: And how do you know?

LADY BEEKMAN: I've been married to Sir Francis Beekman for thirty-five years and the last gift he gave me was my wedding ring.

DOROTHY: Well, lady, if you ever took a good look in the mirror, you'd realize that wedding ring was no slouch of a gift.

LADY BEEKMAN: That will do. I happen to know that tiara is right here in your rooms. Now I am giving you this one chance to hand it over to me and avoid further trouble.

LORELEI: Well, Lady Beekman, I'm not going to give it to you. So there!

DOROTHY: I should say not! When a girl works as hard for anything as my friend did for that tiara, it belongs to her.

LADY BEEKMAN: Young woman, you will either hand over that tiara to me this instant or I will bring action in the courts of law that will leave you without a shred of reputation.

DOROTHY: Say, look here, lady. You could no more hurt my girl friend's reputation than you could sink the Jewish fleet.

LADY BEEKMAN: I should be obliged to you, young woman, to keep out of this.

LORELEI: Don't you listen to her, Dorothy! I think it's wonderful of you to stand up for my reputation.

LADY BEEKMAN: I shall prove in open court that there was undue influence exerted over my husband.

LORELEI: If you wear that hat into court, we'll see if the Judge thinks it took undue influence to make Sir Francis Beekman look at any girl.

LADY BEEKMAN: H'm. Is that so?

DOROTHY: It certainly is! You've got to be Queen of England to get away with a hat like that.

There is still room in the play to include *Lorelei's* own version of her life story—as perfect a gem of biography as can be imagined. In the play this shadow of her past threatens for a moment to stand between *Lorelei* and her betrothed, *Mr. Spoffard*, the Philadelphia censor and moral reformer. It is then that *Lorelei*, with heavy heart, tells a story so simple and true as to win from the redoutable *Mr. Spoffard* forgiveness as complete as any erring woman could desire. But here it is *verbatim!*

"My family all used to live in a small size town near Little Rock, and one day Papa and I had quite a little quarrel because Papa didn't seem to like a gentleman who used to pay calls on me in the park. So papa thought it would be good for me to get away and he sent me to Little Rock to study how to become a stenographer . . . So I was in the business college in Little Rock for about a week when a gentleman named Mr. Jennings paid a call on the business college because he wanted to have a new stenographer. So he looked over all we college girls and he picked me out. So then our teacher told him that I was only there less than a week, and I had quite a lot to learn yet, but Mr. Jennings told the teacher that he would help me finish my course in his office, because he said that he was only a lawyer anyway and I really did not have to know so much . . . So Mr. Jennings helped me quite a lot, and I stayed in his office about a year, when I found out that he was not the kind of a gentleman that a girl is really safe with . . . Well—one evening when I went to his apartment to do some work, I found a girl there who was famous all over Little Rock for not being nice. So when I found out that girls like *that* paid calls on Mr. Jennings, I had quite a bad case of hysterics, and my mind became a blank . . . And when I came out of it, it seems that I had a revolver in my hand, and it seems that the revolver had shot Mr. Jennings."

The relation of the story is the more convincing, I think, because June Walker makes it seem real and not ridiculous. A trying rôle—if Miss Walker would confess it—hers is the very embodiment of an articulate moron. The guffaws fall to the lot of Miss Edna Hibbard, who has a decided flair for delivering the patter known as "wise-cracks" with the delicacy of the proverbial bull in a china shop, but the audience smiles to Miss Walker, thereby proving her the better comedienne. After rôles involving the scrubbing of floors in two of last season's departed dramas, Miss Walker (a brunette) probably finds her access to the gilded world of the blonde gold-diggers agreeable. I hope G. P. Huntley is with *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* when it arrives in New York. Seeing his impersonation of Sir Francis Beekman, in Chicago, I marvelled at his skill in that phase of the theatre's craft catalogued as character acting.

The success of the play in New York rests upon no mere hazard. Already *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* in book form has been translated into several languages. (It is, by the way, a "best-seller" in Germany). Several road companies have been organized wherewith to spread Miss Loos' wisdom throughout these United States. A London production of the play has been scheduled but I greatly fear that references to the equestrian capabilities of the Prince of Wales and the Queen of England's hat will not be included in the English version. The authors, moreover, have disposed of the American motion picture rights for a tidy sum. All of which proves, of course, that it is best for every author to be concerned with recognizable types. *Lorelei Lee* is, of course, a sublime example.

It is Sterling — *more can not be said.*

The Early American Style





SMARTLY NEW—DELIGHTFULLY OLD

HERE in the last few years American women have discovered a new charm in the old beauty of Early American houses, chests, tables, chairs, china and glass.

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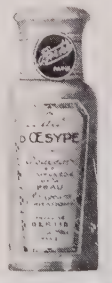
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Send me, if you please, Madame Bertie's Brochure, SECRETS DE LA BEAUTE without cost to me.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Suzanne Lenglen

(Continued from page 79)

Like a bundle of tangled live wires, she is apt to give off sudden sparks. Perhaps this resistless energy of hers is one of the chief reasons for her success on the courts, but at the same time it has created a great many unpleasant situations.

In the first place, we are fond of the characteristic which we call "sportsmanship",—a characteristic which seems to be almost entirely lacking in Suzanne's personality. In consequence, people do not, as a rule, admire her as much as they admire her tennis. I think the fault lies in her early training. She was brought up, not as other girls are, to play tennis for the sake of the sport, but, instead, to be the world's champion. From the very first, she was made to practice for long, weary hours every day, perfecting this stroke, putting the final polish on that one. She has never had a chance to enjoy the game. Tennis, in fact, became her vocation and not her avocation. No wonder, since her life has been dedicated to victory, that she is unable to hide her chagrin when she is losing. Possibly, if she had been trained differently, she might not have been so constantly victorious, but I think she would have been a happier girl.

Recently, there has appeared in the papers a series of articles by Suzanne's father, entitled: *How I Trained Suzanne*. It was most interesting, because it showed how much her education has been responsible for most of her peculiarities. Her father's instructions to her are full of amazingly cynical advice.

He writes:

"The higher up the scale you go, the harder your work will become —the more difficult it will be for you to retain your place. When you are champion, you have become the legitimate prey for those beneath you. Your weaknesses will be grossly exaggerated—the hour of your failure may be eagerly looked forward to. The slightest variation in your play will be interpreted as a signal of your decline.

"Do not permit yourself to be carried away by congratulations or flatteries or eulogies—receive calmly the applause of the public, who will undoubtedly forget you on the morrow. All this is ephemeral. When the day comes when you go down to defeat, you will taste sufficiently the bitterness of your own disillusionment —but glory is often worth the price one pays.

"Be philosophical and march steadily on to your goal—ignore stupid critics—defy mean ones, and laugh at them all—for fortune smiles on the audacious."

Her father has followed Suzanne in most of her tournaments,—trained her, coached her, and constantly drilled her to win, win, win. How potent an adviser he is becomes clear when one realizes that, on the three occasions when Suzanne has withdrawn from competition, he was not present. When he is on the sidelines, he seems to control the situation, to give her the necessary courage and confidence, and she proceeds to win her matches in flawless style. On the other hand, when she is left to her own devices, or accompanied only by her rather excitable mother, which was the case this year at Wimbledon, Suzanne is likely to go completely to pieces.

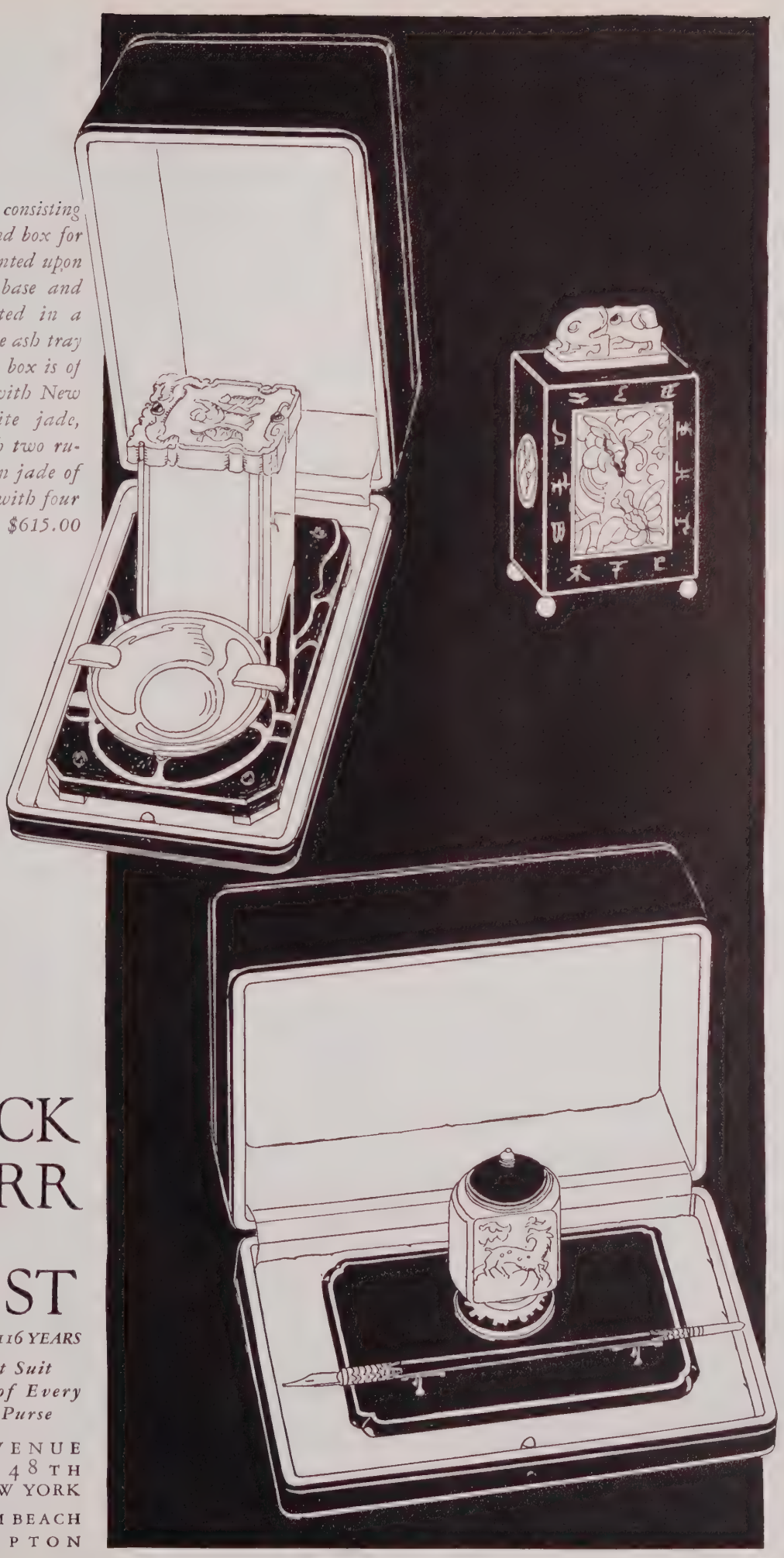
Always, whatever the circumstances, she is acting. Usually her rôle is that of *Camille*. At such times, she wears a pale green or yellow dress, with dark lines skillfully drawn beneath her eyes, and the rest of her face made wan and pale with powder. At other times, she appears in a colour scheme of pink, old rose, lavender or blue. But, no matter what part she is playing, she is always the same relentless, tigerish figure on the courts.

Much has been said of Suzanne's quick and devastating wit, of her skill with acid *repartie;* but, really, her intelligence is not a cultivated one. It is intuitive. Even with her eyes closed, she seems to be able to sense everything that is going on about her. I have often felt this while playing against her. She seems, as if through a third eye, to see your slightest movement. This ability is of vast importance to her game, for she can alter the direction of her stroke at the last moment, catching you off balance, and, as I have reason to know, in a most uncomfortable situation.

I do not think that she enjoys playing tennis. It has been made too much of in her life. Sixteen years ago, when Suzanne was a girl of eleven, she entered a period of intensive study and work to improve her game, which has not yet come to an end. Her home atmosphere is too much saturated with tennis. After her match with Helen Wills last winter, her mother was very angry with her for losing as many games as she did, rather than pleased that she had won. Matters became so strained at home that Suzanne was forced to go for a week's motor trip through Spain to escape the unpleasantness.

There is small wonder, to me, that Suzanne regards tennis as a rather disagreeable and irksome business, not as a game. Everything in her training and environment tended to make of this delightful sport a form of inescapable drudgery, and since she has never regarded it as sport for its own sake, it is not in any way incongruous or extraordinary that she has turned professional. As she herself said, she is now working for herself, instead of for the tournament committees.

A cigarette set, consisting of ash tray and box for cigarettes, mounted upon a green jade base and finely presented in a leather case. The ash tray is crystal. The box is of gold, topped with New Zealand white jade, decorated with two rubies. The green jade of the base is set with four rubies. Price $615.00



Chinese motives give an exotic and decorative air to this small boudoir clock. The dial is inlaid with mother-of-pearl in a butterfly design. Letters from the Chinese alphabet are inlaid in gold to tell the hours, and a small dragon of curiously carved jade decorates the top. Price $615.00.

An inkstand, with the well in the form of an ancient thumb-ring. The well, of yellow amber, is imposed upon an engine-turned base finished in green enamel. The pen is black enamel tipped in blue, with a gold point. It is supported by a gold rack. Price $665.00.

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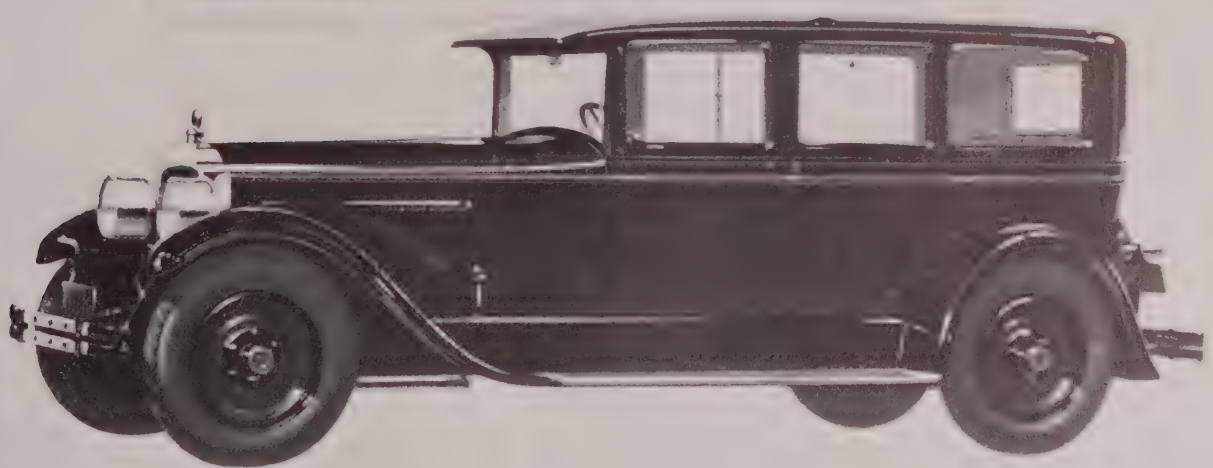


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Have a Camel!

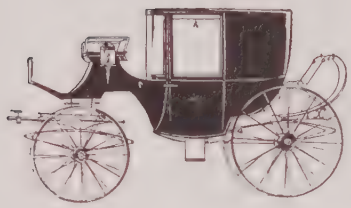


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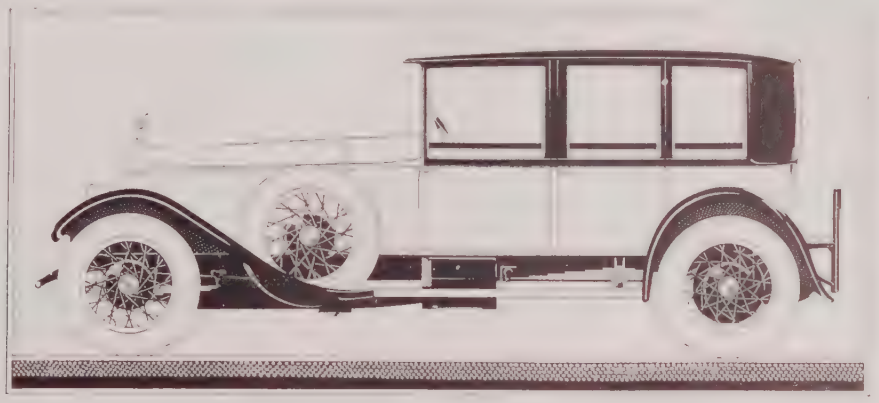


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Coach work designed and built by Brewster & Co. was awarded a gold medal at the World's Exposition in Paris in 1878, and the *Légion d'Honneur* was conferred on the senior member of the firm. . . . American carriage makers celebrated the occasion with a banquet. . . . "In beauty, style and workmanship, I believe their carriages are unsurpassed," said the speaker of the evening, "but in one respect I take exception to them and I will state it confidentially to you gentlemen here, their carriages never wear out! I am like a boy with a toy; I like a new one now and then." . . . This statement, made about the famous Brewster carriages of fifty years ago, is even more impressively true of Brewster automobile coach work today. Indeed, it has been no uncommon thing for Brewster-built coach work to outlast two chassis; and cases are on record where it has been used on as many as five chassis. . . . The recent purchase of Brewster by Rolls-Royce places at the disposal of the American motorist a car unrivaled in beauty, staunchness, and riding comfort—a car with coach work as well as chassis to keep alive the tradition of "never wearing out." The illustration shows a Nottingham by Rolls-Royce and Brewster. Rolls-Royce/Brewster, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York. Also at all Rolls-Royce Branches.

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The Horse of Gengis Khan

(Continued from page 68)

calendar. Although prayers might yet be said, before nightfall, still there was little hope. There was really nothing else to do but to fly before the invisible, to fool the demons, or to burn the skull. La Bonn shrugged his shoulders at all this nonsense and gave orders to have his find attached to his saddle. And from then on the horse's skull never left that place.

Thus he travelled through central Asia. An invisible protection seemed to emanate from the skull: Bandits never came near the caravan; nowhere was hospitality refused. La Bonn was allowed to wash in the sacred hot springs, and when he reached the country of the great pastures he always had his share of fresh meat and almost every night he found a wooden bed under those strange tents of the nomadic Mongolians, quarters made of such thick felt that they were as hot inside as one of those Norwegian cookers in which food can be boiled without fire. When he met lamas, bent on pilgrimages to Thibet, they honoured him by offering him tea. Every evening La Bonn hung the skull outside of his tent on a pole driven into the ground.

The reception was not only cordial in Mongolia, but was equally friendly in Turkestan, in Kokand and Bokkara. The religions, the customs and the colour of the skins changed, but the horse's skull continued to receive the respect of everyone. The population became gradually Moslem, welcomed La Bonn as no European had been received since the arrival of the Bolcheviks. Even the customs inspectors let him pass duty-free.

One evening La Bonn arrived at the *Gare de l'Est* in Paris with the skull of Gengis Khan's horse under his arm. Sentimental effusions, accompanied by verbose lyricism, gushed from him whenever he talked about it. However, he spoke of it seldom, for those people who were slaves of petty habits, jostled about in narrow streets, boxed up in ugly, tall houses, have not the least understanding for the beauties of the steppes and the life of the nomad. La Bonn could not find an apartment and so had to content himself with a small hotel room in the *Quartier Latin*. In it there was a Louis Philippe bed—much too large—and a mirrored cabinet, so that he could hardly open his wardrobe trunks. First he put the skull under the dressing table, then on the mantelpiece. This relic, as majestic and provoking as it had been when he found it back there in the glistening dunes of the Gobi Desert, had become nothing more than a piece of refuse from a butcher shop, in Paris, a skeleton for a ragpicker: the dust had made a shabby object of it, turned it a grey colour. But La Bonn did not have the nerve to get rid of it, nor even confess that its possession embarrassed him considerably.

An Englishwoman, Lady Cynthia D., heard about the horse of Gengis Khan and became exceedingly interested in the subject. As a matter of fact, she was only interested in the young Frenchman, but she begged La Bonn to entrust to her that which remained of the Mongolian courser; she said that she would hang the skull over her head. Through the eyes of the skull she put blue ribbons which came out by the nostrils, thus robbing the dramatic relic of its last mystery. La Bonn had to restrain her from gilding it. Two days after she had hung the horse's head over her bed, Lady Cynthia was lying down when a great noise was heard in her room. People entered and found her bathed in her blood. The cursed thing had detached itself from the wall and had split the head of the young Englishwoman in two. She only recovered after a great amount of suffering. She did not want to hear anymore of the horse's head nor of its owner, and after this accident the horse of Gengis Khan went back to the *Quartier Latin*. La Bonn kept it for some time, but on the eve of a journey entrusted it to a retired deep-sea captain, who was an invalid. This simple man—although grown more imaginative since he had been compelled to lead a sedentary life—had waxed enthusiastic over La Bonn's tale and had asked for the privilege of keeping the skull during the absence of his friend. The much-travelled La Bonn then began to receive strange letters from the captain which became disquieting, and finally totally demented. He was just preparing to return when he learned that the old mariner had been found one morning suspended from the window fastening. On the table, in plain view, was the horse's head. La Bonn hoped that the captain's heirs would inherit it and took pains not to give a sign of life. But on the very next day after his return he received a call from a notary who informed him that he had been made the captain's sole heir, and that the skull would be returned to him so soon as the seals had been broken. Then these things happened. A little later La Bonn gave it to a painter for a still life, but the latter's studio burned down. He gave it to a raffle, but the number that should have won it was never presented. People began to know the history of the skull. The servants did not dare enter the room anymore on account of the "haunted head", as they called it. It seemed indeed that all the mishaps which the heavens had spared La Bonn and which, without dropping, had remained suspended over his head, and the strange immunity which he enjoyed, were suddenly interrupted as soon as the skull left his hands. He did not dare destroy it for fear of some curse befalling him. He could no longer risk giving it away for fear of participating in a crime.

"Alas! You, the last remains of the companion of the greatest conqueror the world has ever known," thought La Bonn; "perhaps there is nothing you fear more than rest? Perhaps you are anxious to escape from among these sedentary lives where I have put you, to regain your freedom? And is that the reason why you perpetrate all these crimes? Perhaps what you like in me is a taste similar to your own, for a life which is a continuou

(Continued on page 108)

CHRYSLER 70



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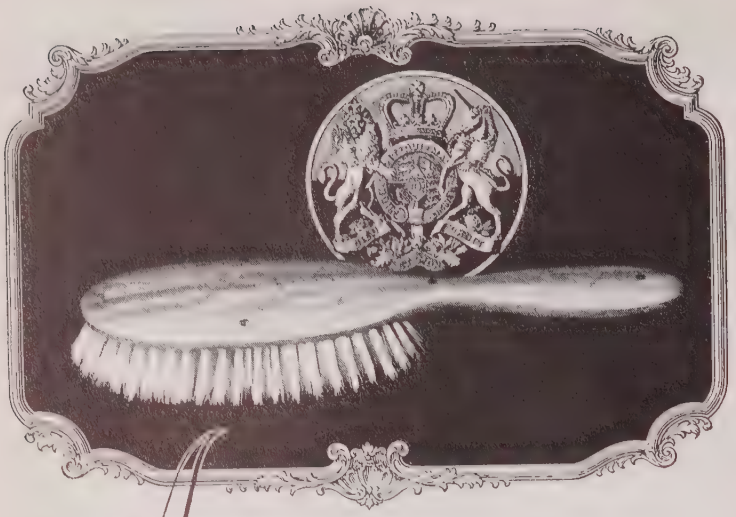
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In Hokum's Name

(Continued from page 63)

dénouement, and sign-posts of that technical sort. In order to explain a husband in one last instant of epigrammatic dumb-show, Mr. Howard has him looking calmly at the crumpled body of his just dead wife, then at his watch, then marching firmly and methodically off to a directors' meeting. The point is surely made, with blunt and abashing force, but none the less in hokum's name. All is not true that glowers. The false note is as likely in the funeral march as in the Charleston.

It is when reality overreaches itself like this that hokum takes on an unforgiven glare. A Samuel Shipman can assemble with expert's suavity all the clicking surprises, hysterias, tensities and surcharges of sympathy which make so capital a concoction of hokum of *Silence*. But it will be hokum clear, transparent, hokum the first consideration, not the last resort.

"Why have we never," laments our most conscientious historian of American playwrighting, "made the war we should against this shadow of claptrap which darkens truth into tommyrot?" Ah, that's the hardship of it . . . war against a shadow. We have made war on our stage against almost everything else, in fact: even, of late, against war. The so short history of our theatre has been stained with a ruddy humanitarian colour. Our plays have fought the trusts, the gangsters, the grafters, the demagogues, revolutionists, revivalists, moralists . . . all manner of men and matters harassing to our social system and our self-satisfaction. No utter realism has been our weapon against them—for realism carries too harsh a handle for American fingers —but hokum has. Hokum, whose blade has been forged in the ardour of what we all wish we were, skipping that less spectacular process of hardening in the cold knowledge of what we are not. At any rate, a braver blade than none.

Hokum is no older than the perception and scorn of hokum. The gentry who first saw and heard and extolled that quintessential hokum, *The Two Orphans*, knew it for what it was—and honoured and prophesied for it in full agreement with that knowledge. The Bard who devised the court-room scene of *The Merchant of Venice* must have known of his own accord those glows which accompany the creation of a veriest and most exciting piece of hokum. When the heroine of our contemporary drama, *Bride of the Lamb*, goes mad and babbling, flower-wreathed, heart-wringing, among the horrified sheriffs and ministers of a little western town . . . that, of course, is hokum. But when *Ophelia* does the same among the royalty of *Hamlet's* home, why, that is Shakespeare!

So we have seesawed into an era when hokum appears from one side to be our golden calf, and from the other our *bête noir*. The footlight face of actuality is massage-creamed with inveterate sentiment, and truth is a Triboulet in college-cut clothes. Death may hover like a sentinel with frozen feet above the *fjords* of Scandinavian drama. Passion may pluck ten thousand agonies from her dark breast in the torrid rue of Spanish and Italian tragedies. Cynicism may continue to cut diamonds of French farce. But the damp, apple-like cheeks of hokum will go on pillowing peacefully on the rock-bed of American drama . . . and who shall hokum nay? Who ever has?

The Horse of Gengis Khan

(Continued from page 106)

journey, a passion for moving on to always new countries, and climates which are never the same?"

It was night, and La Bonn, thus soliloquizing, looked from his bed at the horse's skull which the light of the moon was illuminating with a soft silver glow which had nothing earthly in it and seemed to resemble the colour of infinite space.

La Bonn knew the moment had come. It would be now or never. He put an overcoat on over his pyjamas, took the skull on his shoulders and went down to the street; it weighed a great deal. Soon it was necessary to carry it in both hands. Finally La Bonn reached the bridge *de l'Alma*. A cold wind was blowing, which reminded him of the great winds of the steppes. The Seine curved gently as it flowed past the *Trocadero*, the two towers of which were outlined against the sky, darker than the night. After ceasing to be royal a little further up, as it passed in front of the Louvre, the Seine now abandoned itself to romantic gracefulness as it flowed on to Passy. Erik La Bonn placed the skull on the railing of the bridge. He was thinking of the great Siberian streams, of the torrents of the Chinese river *Altai*, of the Mongolian tributaries swallowed up by the salty and thirsty sand . . . How small the Seine was, how shallow for such an adventure,—such an end! But is there ever an end of anything?

The electric lights lit up the river and gave it a rose colour, like those face lotions they sell in beauty parlours . . . La Bonn thrust the skull out into the black void . . . There was a silence. Then a splash. Evidently its great weight will make it sink straight to the bottom . . . But no . . . A miracle! The skull floated! Yes, that heavy object actually floated, carried along by the current like a piece of paper. La Bonn saw distinctly how it took the middle of the stream, then gently sheered off to the left, following the bend of the river.

Gengis Khan's horse, that gem of the Mongolian steppes, had started out again. Where would it go? Perhaps it would be stopped tomorrow by some obstacle, by a fisherman, by the hands of a child? Or perhaps, free to gain the open sea, it would become a strange sea-horse. Would it ride about the dungeons of the sea,—with the taste of salt,—the same taste as that of the great Mongolian desert, which still clings to the memory that it was once a sea.



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London's Passion for American Players

(Continued from page 65)

House of Commons making it a law that you've got to treat knights just like you'd treat anybody else."

At which a number of dukes guffawed and beat the nearest knights jovially on the back. In no time that audience was warming to our Will Rogers. And yet, I felt a vague discomfort, a sense of a resistance to him. For Rogers was ill at ease. He was working without his chaps and rope, but it wasn't that. He was working without his confidence. He was awed by his audience and they knew it and liked him the less on that account—less than they would have liked him had he rattled on with all the contempt which every audience so richly deserves. But they liked him a lot, they even let him talk on the war and the debt without hurling him into the street. They are so immensely cordial to all our players who come before them that I want to be there and watch the roof come off if ever the night comes when a London curtain rises on the master of them all—Al Jolson.

Wine: A Tribute

(Continued from page 81)

book", the tradition of wine-wisdom, whereas the other is merely drinking for drink's sake, seeking alcoholic excitement like the fool that he is. Men of sense and good will, all the world over, ought to bind themselves together to revive that indispensable pendant to Fidding's *Art of Polite Eating* which is the *Art of Polite Drinking* before it has passed away among the lost arts. The world is now being given over to vulgar guzzlers and other such lewd fellows of the baser sort. There is of course a tacit combination already, where men meet together in Clubs and Regimental Messes and College Commons Rooms and drink wisely with a certain ritual befitting the antiquity of their potations. What I should like to see would be the *democratisation* of this quasi-academic wisdom—in the interest of rational pleasure and elegant accomplishment—to shame the topers.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONNAIRE

ON PAGE 63

1. *Thespis: or The Gods Grown Old*
Pinafore: or The Lass That Loved a Sailor
The Pirates of Penzance: or The Slave of Duty
Patience: or Bunthorne's Bride
Princess Ida: or Castle Adamant
The Mikado: or The Town of Titipu
Iolanthe: or The Peer and the Peri
Ruddigore: or The Witch's Curse
The Yeoman of the Guard: or The Merryman and his Maid
Utopia, Ltd.: or The Flowers of Progress
The Gondoliers: or The King of Barataria.

2. "Hail, Hail, the gang's all here" took its tune from a chorus in the second act of *The Pirates of Penzance*. 3. Richard Mansfield. 4. A tendency to regard the letter P as a talisman: *Iolanthe* was almost called *Perola*. 5. *The Mikado*, forbidden in 1907 out of the Foreign Office's nervousness about the Japanese *entente*. 6. The Savoy in London. 7. Minnie Maddern Fiske. 8. *The Lost Chord* and *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

9. "Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon"—*The Yeoman of the Guard*.

10. "His foe was folly and his weapon wit"—proposed by Anthony Hope Hawkins. 11. Jessie Bartlett Davis. 12. He was drowned in 1911. 13. *The Mikado*. 14. *The Pirates of Penzance*. 15. *Princess Ida*, a travesty on Tennyson's *The Princess*. 16. The second refrain of the fairy queen's song in *Iolanthe*, addressed to Captain Shaw, chief of the London fire department. 17. *Princess Ida*. 18. *The Darned Mounseer* from *Ruddigore*. 19. The Lord Chancellor's second act solo in *Iolanthe*. 20. Lillian Russell.



It is Sterling
~more can not be said

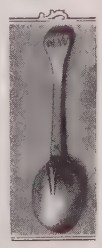
Too beautiful for words

Like the fine old stock she came from, it is genuine through and through. And the tastes that reflect her ancestry—tastes that always link the genuine with the exquisite, find ample satisfaction here.

"A lovely bit of Sterling, my dear—something to use and hand down—always lovely—imperishable. What good taste in them to send it."

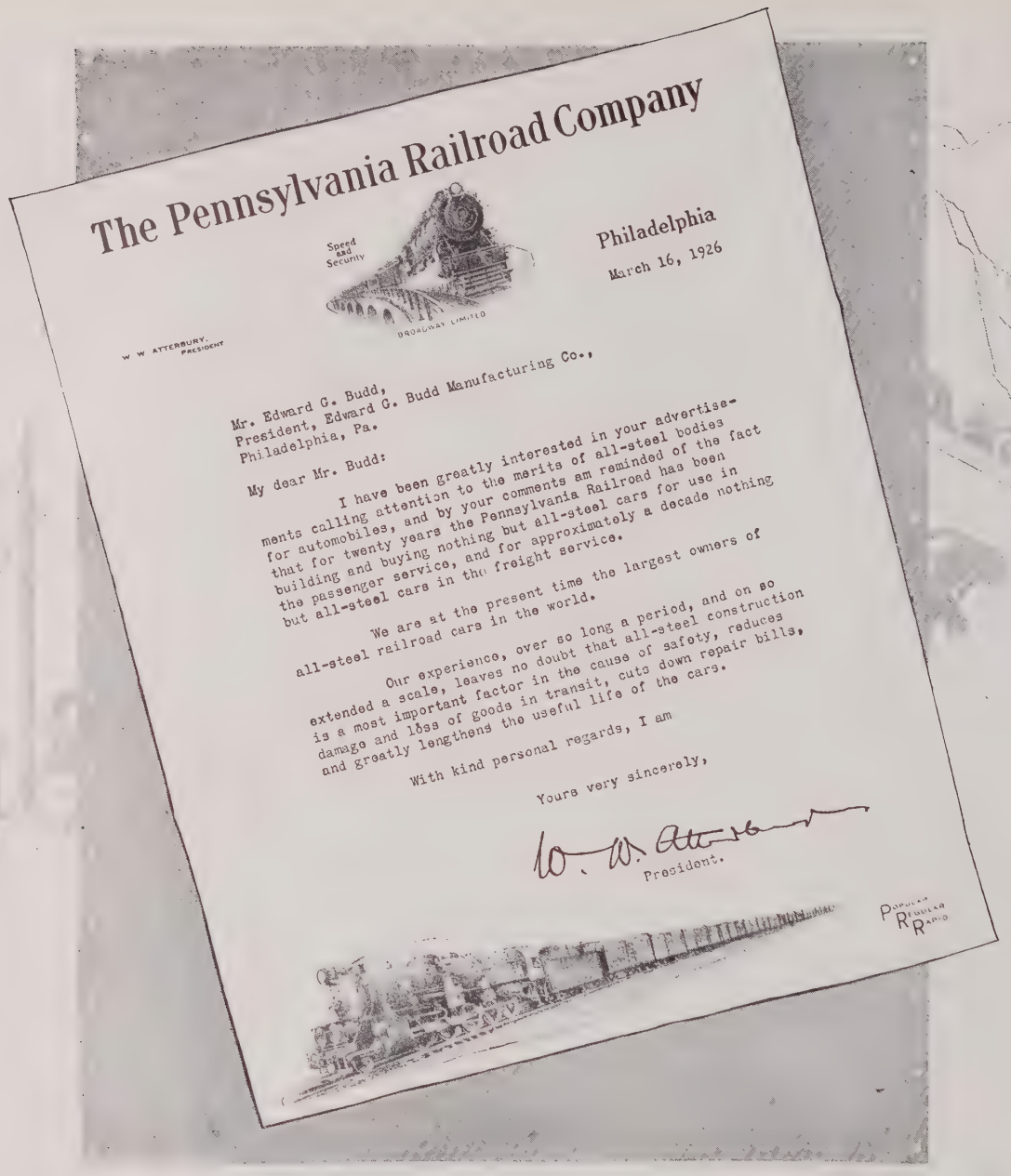
There is a little mark on every piece of solid silver given and received—a permanent mark which says "Sterling". Like good ancestry, it tells so much. And it is never absent from the silver of those to whom genuineness is a reflection of taste.

STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA
20 West 47th Street, New York City



"On the 19th of March, 1699, I, Johannis Van Vechten, entered with Maria Bogaerdus into the state of matrimony, and was married by Dominie Delleus"—says the quaint old chronicle. In the Clearwater Collection at the Metropolitan Museum, this beautiful gift of solid silver from the groom records the good taste of earliest Manhattan—and hints of the lovely Sterling at your jeweler's today.

Sterling silver is genuine solid silver, through and through. Only such silver may bear the "Sterling" mark.



The Pennsylvania Railroad Company

Speed and Security

Philadelphia
March 16, 1926

W. W. ATTERBURY, PRESIDENT

Mr. Edward G. Budd,
President, Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Mr. Budd:

I have been greatly interested in your advertisements calling attention to the merits of all-steel bodies for automobiles, and by your comments am reminded of the fact that for twenty years the Pennsylvania Railroad has been building and buying nothing but all-steel cars for use in the passenger service, and for approximately a decade nothing but all-steel cars in the freight service.

We are at the present time the largest owners of all-steel railroad cars in the world.

Our experience, over so long a period, and on so extended a scale, leaves no doubt that all-steel construction is a most important factor in the cause of safety, reduces damage and loss of goods in transit, cuts down repair bills, and greatly lengthens the useful life of the cars.

With kind personal regards, I am

Yours very sincerely,

W. W. Atterbury
President.

"...in the cause of safety"

WOOD is no longer considered a safe material for railway coaches. So they are made of steel—all-steel. For safety's sake.

The All-Steel automobile body is the story of the railway coach over again. And the day is coming when *all* motorists—recognizing it as a guarantee of greater personal safety—will demand the All-Steel automobile body, just as they now demand all-steel railway cars.

Many motorists think they have an All-Steel body, however, when what they actually have is a framework of wood covered by a sheathing of metal. Budd originated the All-Steel body—the body with a steel *frame*—*all* steel welded into a single unit. It is the greatest protection ever devised for those who drive and ride in motor cars. For the safety of yourself, your dear ones—be sure your next car has a body *entirely* of steel.

by Budd

ALL-STEEL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FULL-VISION
MOTOR CAR BODIES

Detroit · EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY · Philadelphia

As America's best loved authoress expresses it

"Next to my favorite saddle horse give me this spirited Willys-Knight Great Six"



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
· Authoress · Playwright · Outdoors-woman

WRITER of "Dangerous Days," "The Amazing Interlude," "The Breaking Point" and a score or more equally fascinating works...

Creator of the daring "Tish," the romantic "Bab"...

Co-author of that thriller, "The Bat"...

Exponent of the vast Outdoors, as much at ease in the wide open spaces as in the drawing room of her Washington home...

A name and personality typifying all that is fine and true in American womanhood...

A rare privilege, indeed, to welcome Mary Roberts Rinehart to that ever-expanding group of world-notables who admire and drive the Willys-Knight Great Six.

More and more, and in amazingly increasing numbers, those whose means permit their enjoyment of the finest in motor cars the world affords are coming over to the Willys-Knight Great Six.

Expressed in figures, over 25,000 of these superb Sixes have been sold in the past 12 months. The 7 months period ending July 31, 1926, registers still greater progress—a sales gain of 74% over the corresponding period last year. Thus a sales record has been established which has never before been equaled in the same length of time, we believe, by any luxury car.

The motor of the Willys-Knight Great Six is an exclusive feature which other manufacturers would pay millions to get.

This feature — *the famous Knight sleeve-valve motor* — is patented. Years of tests have proved it the most efficient type of automobile motor built.

Quieter and more powerful than any other motor when new, it grows still *quieter,* still *more powerful,* still *more efficient* with every mile.

The motor of the Willys-Knight Great Six has no valves to grind. You never lay it up for carbon-cleaning.

It has no springs to weaken - nothing to adjust - nothing to replace or repair.

It is practically fool-proof and wear-proof.

No Willys-Knight motor, so far as we know, has ever worn out.

Advantages such as these make fast and enthusiastic friends of Willys-Knight owners — as does the comforting assurance that this car holds top place in resale value because, in terms of years, its usefulness is far and away beyond that of the average car.

Willys-Knight Great Six prices from $1750 to $2495, f. o. b. factory. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.



The new Willys-Knight finance plan means less money down, smaller monthly payments and the lowest credit-cost in the industry.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada
Willys-Overland Crossley, Ltd., Stockport, England

WILLYS-KNIGHT *Great* SIX



The Factor of Safety

JUST as the bridge engineer builds with a factor of safety over and above the necessary carrying capacity, so United States Tire Engineers build the Royal Cord.

Put U. S. Royal Cord Balloons on your car with the utmost confidence. Extensive resources and everything that engineering skill has been able to devise, have been used to give you a tire of maximum strength and flexibility.

Sprayed Rubber—the new form of crude rubber with its greater purity and tensile strength,—from the Company's own plantations in the Far East.

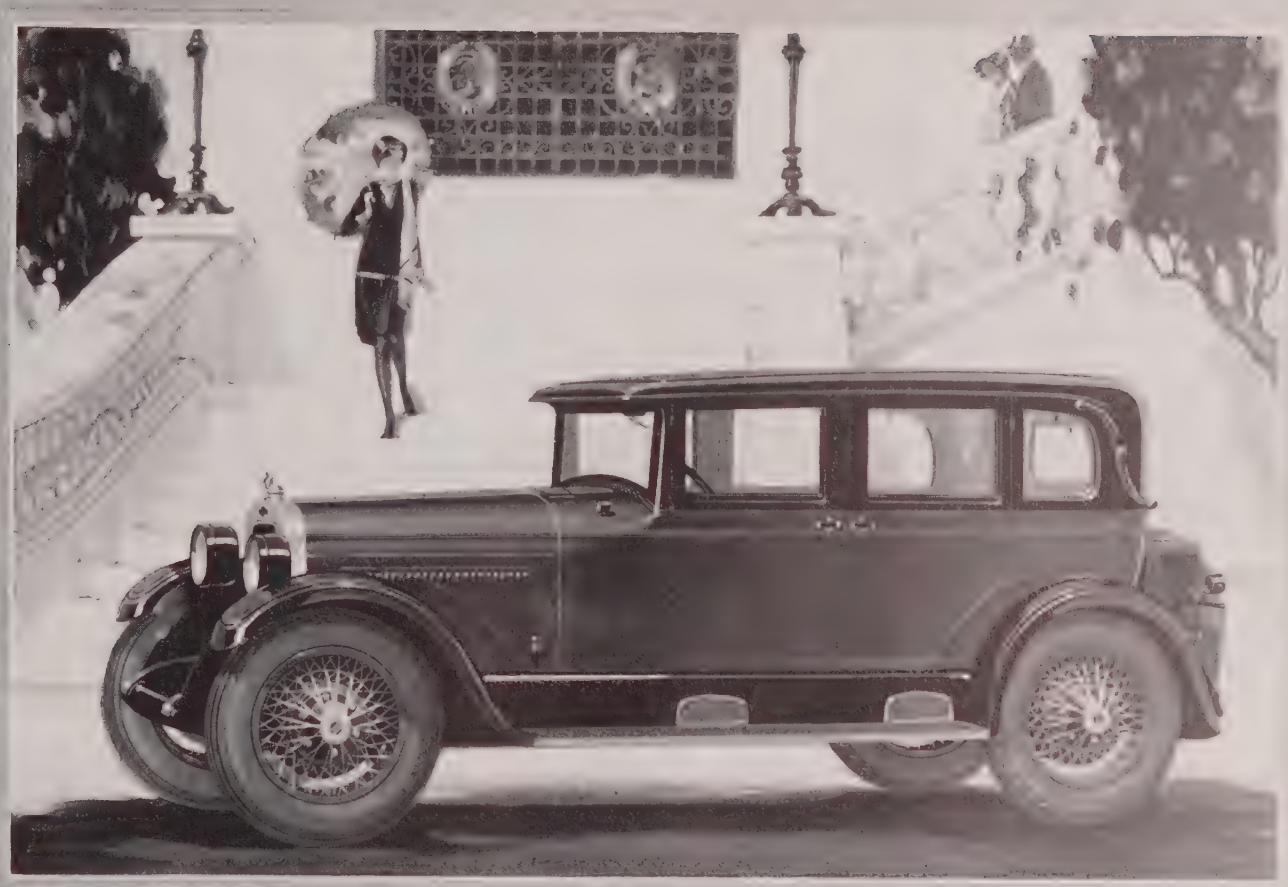
Web Cord built of the choicest grade cotton, spun and twisted in mills controlled by the Company and treated with pure rubber latex from the Company's plantations, combines with the carefully worked out design and *Flat Band Method* of building to provide you with a tire that will properly cushion and support your car and give maximum service at minimum cost.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

Copyright U. S. Rubber Co.

UNITED STATES ROYAL CORD BALLOON



NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

7-Bearing Crankshaft Motor

25% Greater Power

Now Nash introduces a new and far finer power-smoothness.

Heavily insulated from the frame by rubber cushions—*as has been Nash standard practice for some time*—this newly-refined Nash motor has the great advantage of a 7-bearing crankshaft.

It is an authoritative engineering fact that the superlative degree of silken power-smoothness is inherent only to this type of motor design. So that now the accepted ultra modern six-cylinder motor is the 7-bearing motor.

You will find the travel luxury of this newly refined 7-bearing Nash motor, the incomparable ease and evenness of its 25% greater power, something to marvel over.

NEW
Advanced Six
4-Door
COUPÉ
$1990
f. o. b. factory
Wire wheels optional at slight extra cost

23% Faster Pickup

To this great attraction Nash also adds these further exceptional new features: a new crankcase breather which prevents crankcase dilution; a new type motor muffler; a new instrument board, indirectly illuminated, with all instruments including a hydrostatic gas gauge in a single panel under glass; new double filament headlights; motor heat control by new thermostatic water regulation; a new oil screen agitator preventing oil coagulation in coldest weather; and an electric clock.

Included as standard equipment is the Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery, steel trunk inbuilt at rear, air cleaner, oil purifier, gasoline filter, full force-feed lubrication, 4-wheel brakes and five disc wheels.

(1687)



He detects the slightest trouble

If you go to your dentist at least every six months for a thorough inspection of your mouth he can prevent serious teeth decay and detect the first trace of dangerous gum infections. It is better to see him in time than to suffer needless pain and take chances with your health.

Pyorrhea robs

FOUR out of FIVE

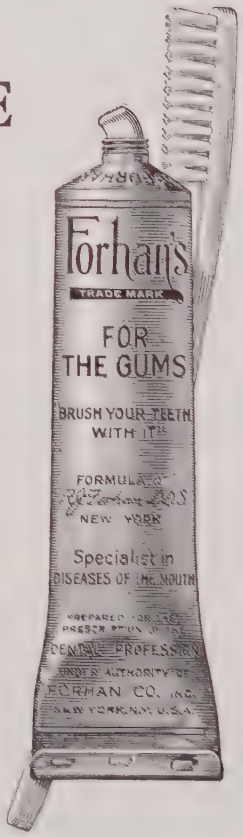
According to dental statistics, carelessness lets dread pyorrhea steal into the mouths of four out of five men and women after forty. You can tell pyorrhea's approach by tender, bleeding gums. Go to your dentist at once for treatment and be sure to use Forhan's for the Gums night and morning.

If used regularly, Forhan's prevents or checks pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in combating pyorrhea's ravages. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy.

The entire family should begin to use Forhan's today. Besides safeguarding the health it cleanses the teeth perfectly.

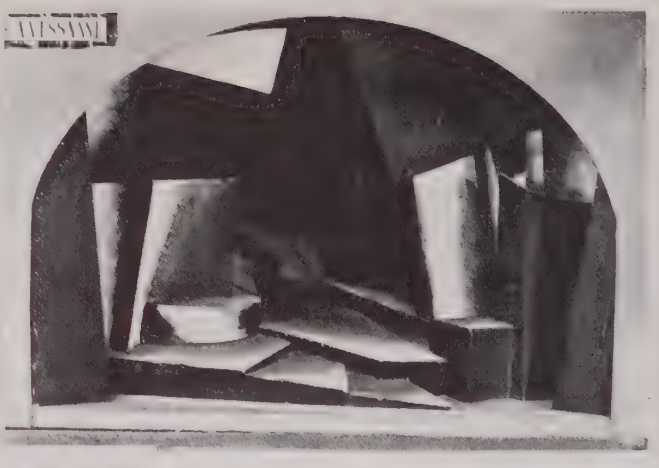
No matter what tooth paste you now prefer, you owe it to your health to make Forhan's a regular daily habit. At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

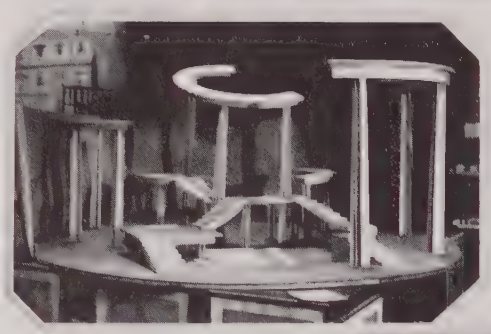
Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*





RACINE'S PHÈDRE
This setting, used in the recent European production of *Phèdre* by the Kamerny Theatre, attempts to portray only the play's psychic background

ARISTOPHANES' LYSISTRATA
The Moscow Art Theatre used this setting, abstract and yet powerfully suggestive of Greek architecture, in its production of *Lysistrata*





AN UNUSUAL DESIGN
This complicated mechanism is not the apparatus for a circus thriller, but an attempt to express in physical forms the central theme of a recent psychological drama

LOHENGRIN COSTUME
This interesting, colourful, cubistic design stands in sharp and favourable contrast to the shoddy, lifeless wardrobe of the usual production of the Wagnerian opera

Recent Russian Stage Designs

AMONG the most interesting of the exhibits at the recent Paris Exhibition of Decorative Arts was the section devoted to a collection of stage settings designed by artists of the contemporary Russian theatre. These designs, eccentric as some of them may seem, have been very effectively employed. In the place of the familiar representational scenery are settings which strive, not to give a photographic resemblance to a particular scene, but rather to portray the intent of the author and the mood of the play. The movement, begun in Russia, and furthered extensively by the theatrical producers of Germany, such as Karlheinz Martin, Jurgen Fehling and Oskar Strnad, has since made its influence felt wherever the drama is known. Particularly striking has been the adaption of such settings to the plays of Shakespeare, Racine and Aristophanes. This welding of the old and the new has had a distinct artistic comprehension. Audiences in Moscow, Paris, Berlin, London and New York have been greatly impressed by the work of the new artists in the theatre.





EMERGENCIES? EXTRA GUESTS?

Every hostess can afford a towel supply to meet any demand



CANNON TOWELS

Absorb quickly-Wear well-Cost less

CANNON

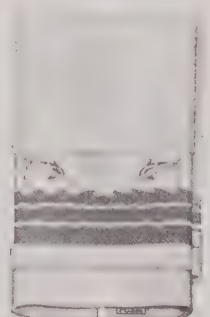
IN HOMES where life is lived pleasantly and friends are always welcome, hospitality is never taxed by the little emergencies and surprises. . . . What if unaccountably the laundry didn't come back? What if Cousin Sally and her whole family arrived unexpectedly?

No hostess need worry about the details of entertaining when a shining bathroom and lots and lots of fresh towels are ready to create the right impression of her exquisite home. . . . And these wonderful Cannon towels are priced so reasonably that every hostess can know the joy of having towels in bottomless piles!

How is it these beautiful towels can cost so little? Because the Cannon mills are the largest towel mills in the world, and enormous production makes possible a very great saving in manufacturing costs. Consequently, from the very finest type of towel to the most inexpensive, Cannon prices are extraordinarily low.

The famous hotels of America, where housekeeping and entertaining are done on a huge scale, appreciate Cannon values. They buy Cannon towels for their loveliness, quality, service and economy, just as wise shoppers everywhere do.

All kinds of Cannon towels, of course. Big bath towels, white and with colored borders. Medium sized towels, lighter weight, well woven. Splendid huck towels of all descriptions. Prices ranging from 25 cents to $2.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York.



The new "Flying Dolphin" turkish towel

All Cannon towels patterned or bordered in colors are absolutely color-fast and may be washed and boiled as fearlessly as white

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Telephone Murray Hill 8800



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Motor Clothes for
Owner
or
Chauffeur

Send for BROOKS'S *Miscellany*

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LITTLE BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON

PALM BEACH
PLAZA BUILDING
COUNTY ROAD

NEWPORT
AUDRAIN BUILDING
220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

The Informatory Double

(Continued from page 94)

the doubler's 35%, and we get 50%, which is an even chance, but without any advantage.

From this Mr. Hale argues that, unless the doubler has more than 35% of the high cards, he is starting a rumpus with the chances all against his getting a game-going bid out of it. The next step, therefore, is to decide just what 35% means, when translated into a hand of aces, kings, and queens.

If we take the Robertson rule as an example, counting the ace as 7, king 5, queen 3, jack 2, and ten 1, the total value of the pack is 72, and the average is 18. This is the theory upon which the Robertson rule is based. To bring a hand up to 35%, when 25% is average, we want it to count 26, which is an ace, or its equivalent, above average in high cards. The Pinch System of valuation, recommended by Mr. Bryant McCampbell, chairman of the Committee on Laws at The Whist Club, is to count aces 4, kings 3, queens 2 and jacks 1. An average hand is therefore 10, and to get 35% we want it to count 14, which is just ace above average. On the double valuation system the average is 3¼ tricks, and 35% of the pack would be 4½; on the double valuation 9.

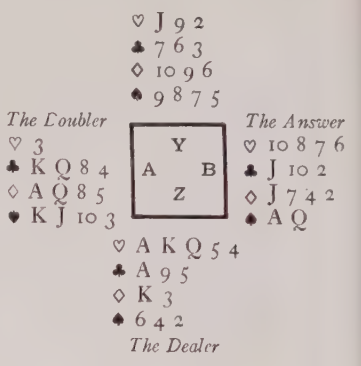
The fact that the dealer usually has more than average strength must be allowed for, and the second hand should be correspondingly stronger to make the double both safe and remunerative. Suppose the dealer holds an average of queen above average, the second hand should have an ace AND QUEEN above average to justify the double and the expectation of getting anything worth while out of it. If a dealer is known to refrain from bidding unless he holds at least a king above average, second hand should have ace AND KING above average to justify a double.

The point for the doubler to keep in mind is that he is gambling on his partner having more strength than the dealer's partner if the double is to produce a game-going bid. If there is more strength in the hand of the dealer's partner, the double will not produce enough points to offset what might have been gained in penalties by passing and playing to defeat the contract.

Another point that is often overlooked is that the double lets the third hand out of the responsibility of taking the dealer out of a dangerous contract when the third hand has only one or two small cards of the dealer's suit.

In such cases, both the doubler and the third hand being short in the suit named by the dealer, the fourth hand is often forced to go to no-trumps, on the theory that his length in the dealer's suit is a stopper. This often gets him into trouble.

Here is a curious deal, to which my attention was called because the hands of dealer's partner and doubler's partner were inadvertently changed, in a duplicate match at some of the tables, with the result that, at some of the tables, the doubler won the game and at some the doubler was defeated.

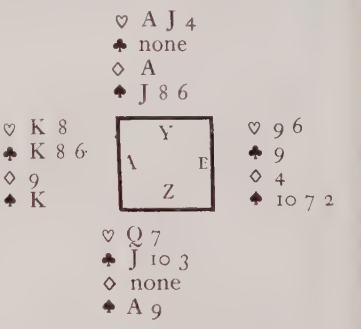


The dealer bid one heart. By the Robertson rule his hand counts 27, his partner's 3 only, which is 42% of the pack. The doubler has exactly 35%. He holds A K K Q Q J 10, which is just K Q (the equivalent of an ace) above average. His partner holds 23%. On the diamond answer to the double the doubler wins the game, by trumping the second heart, getting in with a spade to lead trumps and finesse. Another spade and trump lead and the king falls. Now the two good spades give him two heart discards. Now pull the trump and set up the clubs, with that fourth trump in hand to stop the hearts.

But leave the dealer's and the doubler's hands as they are and transpose the two others. The answer to the double will be a spade and the contract will be set, as it is good for only six tricks.

THE SEPTEMBER PROBLEM

This was the distribution in Problem LXXXVII:



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want all seven of these tricks. This is how they get them:

Z starts with the jack of clubs, which A covers and Y trumps. Y leads the ace of diamonds and Z trumps it with the queen of hearts, so that he can lead the heart seven through A. This enables Y to pick up all the adverse trumps, Z discarding the smaller of his two remaining clubs.

A small spade from Y now puts Z into the lead, so that he can make his winning club. The return of the spade gives Y a trick with the jack.

If A refuses to cover the jack of clubs on the first trick, it is obvious that Y can keep his three trumps intact and that Z will come through with a trump at once, after which the ace of diamonds, ace and jack of spades, and the third trump must make tricks.



BURNING up 300 miles of track at 135 miles an hour would also burn up any set of nerves ever planted in the human body if there was no relaxation through the dizzy pace which race drivers must face and force. When a human being becomes a streak of lightning he must have his moments of relaxed tension, or run into shattered nerves. The smart race drivers, who win and last, seize every opportunity—their momentary pauses at the pits and even in the whirl of the race itself—to relax—to soften the strain on over-tensed nerves. There must be relaxation even in the wild whirl of race driving to insure rested, steady nerves for the final effort. Either they relax or something cracks.

Grantland Rice

WATSON STABILATORS



Relaxation is possible only when you know that *no* force can throw you. The only way to prevent *any* force from throwing you is to resist *each* force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented—and Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.

Cadillac Chrysler
Duesenberg Franklin
Jordan Peerless
Isotta Fraschini
McFarlan Stutz
Willys-Knight

Such pre-eminent cars are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring.

HARRY HARTZ stands out as probably the most consistent and dependable driver of the automobile race track. In more than four-fifths of all the championship events in which he has competed, he has been among the first three to finish.

Hartz attributes no small part of his success to his ability to relax. After having experienced the value of relaxed motoring in six other Stabilated cars, he recently refused to accept delivery of a new car for his personal use until it was equipped with Watson Stabilators. He wrote:

"In driving from city to city, it is imperative that I be allowed to thoroughly relax, so that I may arrive refreshed. That is why I use Watson Stabilators. I would not drive a car without them."

Thus another high authority adds his testimony. In the face of the rising tide of Stabilator evidence, who can overlook the value of relaxed, Stabilated motoring?

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY · Twenty-fourth and Locust Streets · PHILADELPHIA

BRILL BROTHERS



THE McCORD

A READY MADE TOPCOAT WITH A MADE-TO-ORDER LOOK

MEN accustomed to smartness will find this loose-back, easy hanging topcoat, which is exclusive with us, a pleasing relief from the usual.

Perfectly tailored in herringbone weaves, imported homespuns and all the new shades for Autumn $65

Brill Brothers

Broadway at 49th St. | 35th St. and 7th Ave. | Cortlandt St. Near Greenwich

The Theatre and the Motion Pictures

(Continued from page 73)

tainly less financially) by the crowd, who even in the "palmy days" really preferred their ten-, twenty- and thirty-cent melodramas and burlesque shows. At the present time, however, the movies have taken thousands, even millions, of people quite away from the theatre, not by vitiating their tastes, but merely by supplying them with entertainment better adapted to their capacities and tastes; and other thousands have been diverted to symphony concerts and the myriad distractions of our modern life. Meanwhile our universal prosperity—which is with us so much a cause for rejoicing, which is even our great national ideal—has enabled untold thousands to pay $5 a seat for *The Ziegfeld Follies* or the Winter Garden revues, who once-upon-a-time could hardly have sat in the gallery at such a scale of prices. The revues do business across the land because they are the type of music, spectacle and humour the crowd like and understand, and *Anna Christie* doesn't do business across the country because nowadays only the people go to that who really understand and enjoy fine and serious dramatic art. And there aren't enough of them to make it pay.

What is the solution? If Mr. Pemberton testifies that the idealistic producer can't survive without backing; and the dramatists insist that movie backing is a menace; and others point out that movie backing isn't likely to continue, anyhow; and even Lee Shubert suggests that if people of the smaller cities want good spoken drama, they've got to take the initiative—then there seems to be pretty good evidence for Mr. Emerson's assertion that the true and serious spoken drama, if it is to survive in our modern America, must be subsidized. It is, he declares, not in reality a democratic, but in the best sense of the word an aristocratic art. Europe has long recognized it as such, and subsidized its production. We have got to do the same.

As a matter of fact, we are already doing it, and this series of articles should not close without pointing that out. In New York, the Theatre Guild, the Neighborhood Playhouse, and now the combined Actors' Theatre and Greenwich Village group, easily our three leading producers of consistently high standards, are subsidized. The subsidy, to be sure, is not from the State or city; in two cases it is largely, and in the Guild's case entirely, a matter of subscription lists. Fifteen thousand people pledge themselves, as it were, to attend each production the Guild makes, and the Guild Theatre was built by the sale of bonds to its well wishers. This is not subsidy in the sense that the *Théâtre-Français* is subsidized; but the effect on the wolf that sniffs at stage doors is the same. If it is necessary even in New York, with its 75 theatres, to work out some such schemes in order to keep the torch burning, how much more necessary is it in cities where no professional companies now visit, or in cities where the great masses support only *The Follies* and *Abie's Irish Rose?*

The motion pictures, by making a natural separation of audiences, by closing up the "legitimate" theatres in the small towns, possibly by somewhat divitalizing the tastes of the new generation, and even, it may be (this of course is quite incapable of proof one way or the other) by subtly tempting dramatists to write with one eye on the screen and hence at something less than their honest best, have no doubt hastened the day when the subsidized theatre became the hope of the drama in America. The constant talk about them, the direct threat they made last winter to take active control of play production, certainly hastened the realization in many minds that the true drama needs organized support and encouragement, and the theatre to house it can no longer be left in the hands of the old time commercial exploiters. Exploiters aren't given to exploiting the unprofitable! But whether or not this constitutes a "menace" by the movies seems to me (as, I gather, it does to Mr. Emerson) to depend largely on whether or not the true theatre succeeds, as a result, in getting itself subsidized and accepted by the more thoughtful people everywhere as a spiritually necessary as well as a delightful feature of the community.

I think it is going to succeed in being so accepted, and within a generation, too. If that happens, we should be at least as grateful to the movies as we are scornful of them.

And by that time there will also be, in all probability, subsidized movie houses, as well, where such splendid pictures as *The Last Laugh* are saved from vulgar oblivion.

Chicago—A Feeling

(Continued from page 53)

Death to you now.
Thin dream of beauty,
You be gone.
Our fathers, in the village streets, had flowing beards and they believed.
I saw them run into the night—
Crushed.
Old knowledge and all old beliefs
But your hand killed—
My mistress
Grim.

Awake and shake thy dusty locks.
Come drive the soldiers to their toil
A million men my mistress needs, to kiss
And kill
For her desire,
Tonight—
Arise."

When I visit any other great city of the world I am a guest. When I am in Chicago I am at home. Something loose, unformed, undisciplined alive in Chicago is in me too. It is a little what I am. I am more than a little what Chicago is. No man can escape his city.

I am not proud of it. Chicago will not be proud. It is a real city—my city.

Take it, or leave it.

There it is.

And, God helping me, here am I.



FOR THE "WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE", THERE CAN BE BUT ONE GIFT OF CANDY WHICH SUBTLY PAYS TRIBUTE TO HER SENSE OF THE SOCIALLY CORRECT: HUYLER'S — FOR THREE GENERATIONS THE MOST EXQUISITE OF CHOCOLATES AND BONBONS FOR *LA FEMME DU BON TON.*

THE
TOKEN PACKAGE
$1.50 *per pound*
An unusually attractive package of either Assorted Chocolates or Chocolates and Nut Bonbons

Huyler's
COCOA CHOCOLATES
NEW YORK

THE GIFT CANDY OF AMERICA



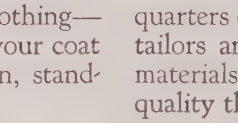
Satin linings that WEAR!

A LONG TRIP is a searching test of quality in clothing—and particularly of the linings. The inside of your coat gets more wear than the outside—constant friction, standing, walking or sitting.

Good style requires satin linings and good sense requires satin with *wearing quality*. It is annoying when far from home to have a lining go to pieces.

Skinner's Satin adds distinction to any garment and outwears other silk linings. For three-quarters of a century it has been the overwhelming choice of tailors and clothing manufacturers who use only the best materials. Skinner's Satin in a garment is an indication of quality throughout.

In buying a suit or overcoat ready-to-wear it pays to look for the Skinner label. In ordering from a merchant tailor, "*Look for the Name in the Selvage.*"



This label is supplied to clothing manufacturers for garments lined with Skinner's Satin.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA. *Mills:* HOLYOKE, MASS.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

Skinner's Satins

LINCOLN

An unmistakable distinction attaches itself to Lincoln ownership.

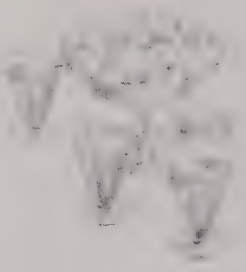
Whether in the crowded lanes of city traffic, or in the midst of a gala social event, the Lincoln is recognized and acclaimed as the ultimate in motor car equipage.

This distinction has grown logically out of the Ford Motor Company's determination that the Lincoln must be as fine an automobile as can be produced.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of
Ford Motor Company







NO home could enjoy a greater luxury than that afforded by Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration. Yet in spite of the supreme luxury of the service which Frigidaire renders, its first cost is surprisingly low, and its operating cost is actually less than the cost of ice in most cases.

Frigidaire preserves perfectly the fine flavors of the most delicate foods. It provides its owner with an ample supply of sparkling ice cubes. It freezes the most delicious of desserts. It affords the degree of satisfaction which can come only from permanent dependability and service.

There is only one electric refrigerator named "Frigidaire". It is a product of General Motors, made by the world's largest builder of electric refrigerators, endorsed by the satisfaction of more than 250,000 users. It is offered in a wide range of models, including complete metal cabinets finished in white Duco and lined with seamless porcelain enamel, as well as cooling units designed for installation in the standard makes of ice-boxes.

Visit our nearest sales office and see Frigidaire in actual operation. Or mail the coupon below for a copy of the Frigidaire Catalog.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. Y-43, DAYTON, OHIO

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY
Dept. Y-43 Dayton, Ohio

Please send me a copy of the Frigidaire Catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Only the frosty chill which Frigidaire provides can preserve the delicious flavor of avocado pear salad, canapé caviar and other really delicate dishes.

Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

This modern ice man calls once –



– with Frigidaire – and the ice stays always

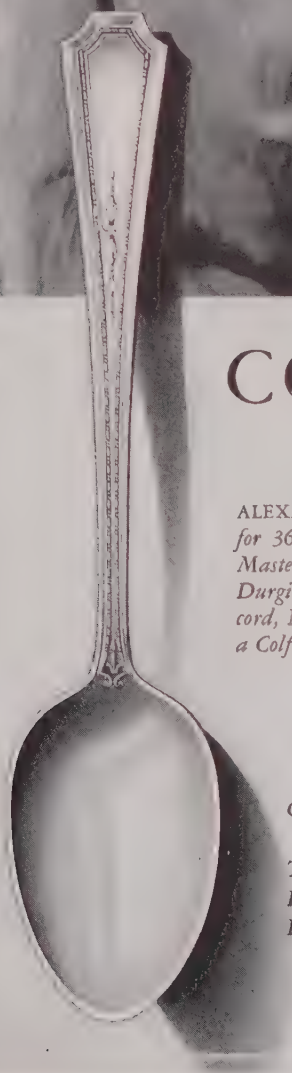


COLFAX *by the Master Craftsmen*

ALEXANDER D. PHILIP
for 36 years a Gorham Master Craftsman of the Durgin Division, Concord, N. H.,—inspecting a Colfax coffee pot.

In the Colfax pattern you will find craftsmanship which is artistry indeed. So lovely in design that passing fad or fancy cannot affect it. Wrought so skillfully time cannot dim its beauty.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you Colfax and many other patterns in sterling silver by the Gorham Master Craftsmen.



COLFAX PATTERN
in sterling silver

Tea spoons	*6 for $9.50*
Dessert knives	*6 for 19.00*
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The MUNSON

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SYMBOLIZING our new order of service comes this distinctive model for Fall—a suit of clothes that by grace of line and regard for dignity surpasses anything we have ever shown.

Plain, wide shoulders, a snugness through the hips, and soft, rolling lapels are the coat's outstanding features. Trousers are of medium width. Waistcoat is short with a decided break at waistline, and medium length points.

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We are also showing a new line of medium-priced clothes, $55 to $75, silk-lined, tailored to our famous custom standard, and differing from our higher-priced clothing in nothing except fabrics. Other exclusive Iverson & Munson models, ranging from $85 to $110 are to be had as usual.

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New French Shirts, with collar attached, in plain white madras and white broadcloth, striped blues, greens and tans. Very smart, and correct for a host of occasions. $5.

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10 East 44th Street, New York

Our new shop, fitted and furnished with the thought single to the comfort and convenience of our patrons, now takes rank as one of the handsomest Men's Shops in New York.

How I Do Not Love Italy

(Continued from page 60)

Naples and then die"—for when we saw Naples we very nearly did die; and Naples at its worst is certainly no more depressing than are the other famous Italian cities at their best. Secondly, while it is true that certain much-touted portions of *Italia's* landscape, such as Fiesole, are distinctly attractive, it is not true that said portions are any more remarkable, in and of themselves, than is most of the unadvertised country called Portugal. Finally, be it known that there exists, somewhere in the Italian Riviera, a perfectly cracker-box-shaped edifice (known as a villa) with twenty windows, of which nineteen are painted while one is real—and be it further known that the painted blinds of the nineteen painted windows all cast painted shadows and that in one of the nineteen painted windows is a painted potted plant which also casts a painted shadow and that on what remains of the villa's walls are a number of painted statues, each statue casting its own private, separate, individual, particular painted shadow. No wonder *Italia, Italia* belov-ed is described as a land of sunlight!—Incidentally, all the painted shadows are very, very wrong.

They are not, however, any more intrinsically wrong than is the sign "SOMETHING NEW, CHEAP AND BEAUTIFUL" which, ostensibly, is an attempt to lure unwary Anglo-Saxons into a shop off the *Piazza San Marco* in Venice, but which actually —unless we very deeply err—is an epitome of the whole fascist program for Italy in particular and the world in general. Nor do we, as an American, write the foregoing sentence without shame; for we realize that the glittering slogan just quoted reflects, all too well, our own nation's slip-shod method of thought. The sad fact is, that Signor Mussolini has invented nothing. He has simply, as a means of purging his compatriots of their unworthiness, borrowed from America her most unworthy credo (the utterly transparent and lifeless lie: Time is money) and the results of this borrowing are already apparent.

Assuming the continuation of *Italia's* present *régime*, America will find herself playing second fiddle to *Italia* in more unlovely ways than either Napoleon or Caesar could shake a stick at. Already *Italia* is up to America's tricks of "progress" and "morality". If you doubt this, get in touch with the fascist representative in your home town and find out for yourself. Already the *Piazza Venezia* is dark and dreary. Already you cannot buy a glass of *cognac* on Sunday. Later, or sooner, everybody in the "land of beauty, of sunlight and song" will be minding everybody else's business as thoroughly as everybody does in the dear old U. S. A. —at least, so your correspondent decided one night, when (being unable to sleep on account of a deafening racket) he lifted up his weary eyes and beheld, emblazoned on the door of his microscopic room at the *Albergo* Somethingorother, the following moonlit sentiment: *In the generally interest, the Visitors are requested to observe the extremely quiet.*

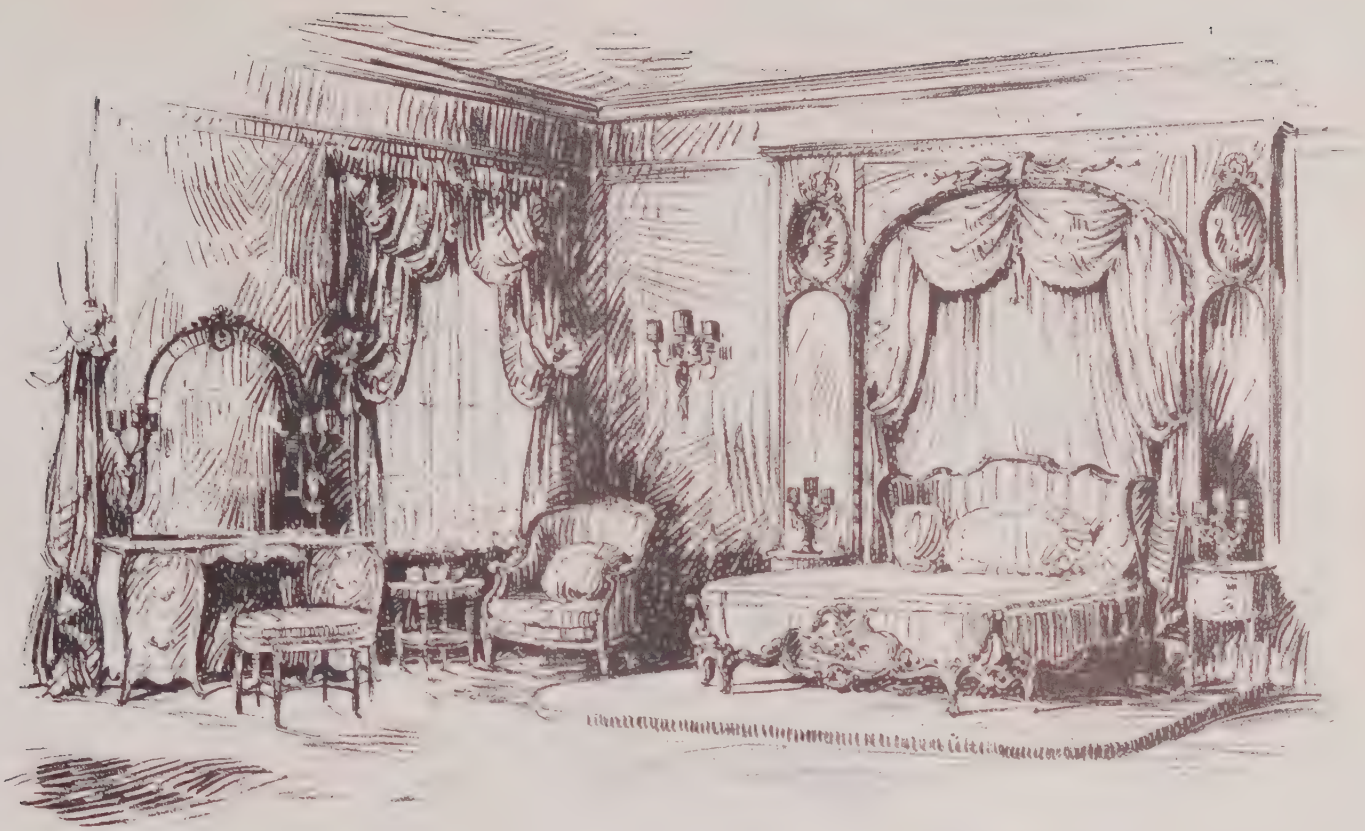
Real Golfing Flattery

(Continued from page 76)

our golf in cold and damp winter weather. When the weather becomes what we call hot we are disinclined to play and many people put their clubs away altogether. In America, on the other hand, golf is a hot weather game. "It seems to me, speaking generally," says Sir Ernest Holderness, "that Americans are more lithe and lissom than we are, and this physical quality is due primarily to the dryness and warmth of their climate. When the great cricketer W. A. Grace went out to Australia he found that, owing to the dry heat of the climate, he did not get stiff after playing in the same way in which he did in this country. Most of us know what this stiffness means when we try to swing on the first teeing-ground on a winter's morning. We have also, until recently, been in the habit of dressing up in stiff clothes, which did not assist the freedom of our swing. I cannot help feeling that this factor of climate, which, after all, determines the physical characteristics of a race, is important in determining style".

I have quoted Sir Ernest Holderness at some length because his theory struck me as interesting. If it is correct, then we are in a bad case, for we cannot, by taking thought, change our climate. We can, however, change our clothes, and indeed your America has already made most of us do that. I was playing not long ago on a blazing day, and I believe I was the only man playing with a coat on. I should add that I am not an immovable conservative, proud of this singularity, but simply an unadaptable person who tries, but fails to change his habits. To those who have been bred up in coats, there is something alarming in the new-born licence. To one who has been trying for forty years not to over-swing himself, it is almost overwhelming.

It is, I suppose, never too late to mend, and I am sure I wish with all my heart I could imitate Mr. Bobby Jones. I know how to begin. I must go to Jack White at Sunningdale and buy a copy of the particular driver, with a very deep face, with which Mr. Jones did his 66 and 68. Then I must stand with my feet close together and waggle with a puritanical simplicity. Then I must cock my head slightly on one side. And then—ah! then comes the rub, because "the ba' maun be hit". I am sadly afraid it is of no use and when I go out to practise secretly this afternoon I shall confine my impersonation of the world's champion to trying to take the club back slowly. And I shall wear a coat.



New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

Like Marie Antoinette, who took so much joy in planning a lovely room for herself, the clever woman of today realizes that she can give the fullest expression to her personal preferences in developing the decorative scheme of her sleeping room and boudoir.

¶ In her own apartment, happily, she is not restrained by considerations of formality. Here, for instance, she may introduce a favorite note in color, and with this as the keynote, develop an environment which owes its chief charm to the fact that it is an intimate and graceful expression of her personality.

¶ The essence of the problem, of course, is in acquiring just the right things for the scheme in view—the furniture, which may determine the *motif* of the entire ensemble, and those decorative accompaniments which will harmonize with the chosen background.

¶ Should one's pursuit of such essentials lead to these Galleries, a realm of enchantment will reveal itself. For here the artistry of the decorator is united with the skill of the cabinetmaker in producing a series of delightful ensembles for all the rooms of the well-appointed town or country dwelling.

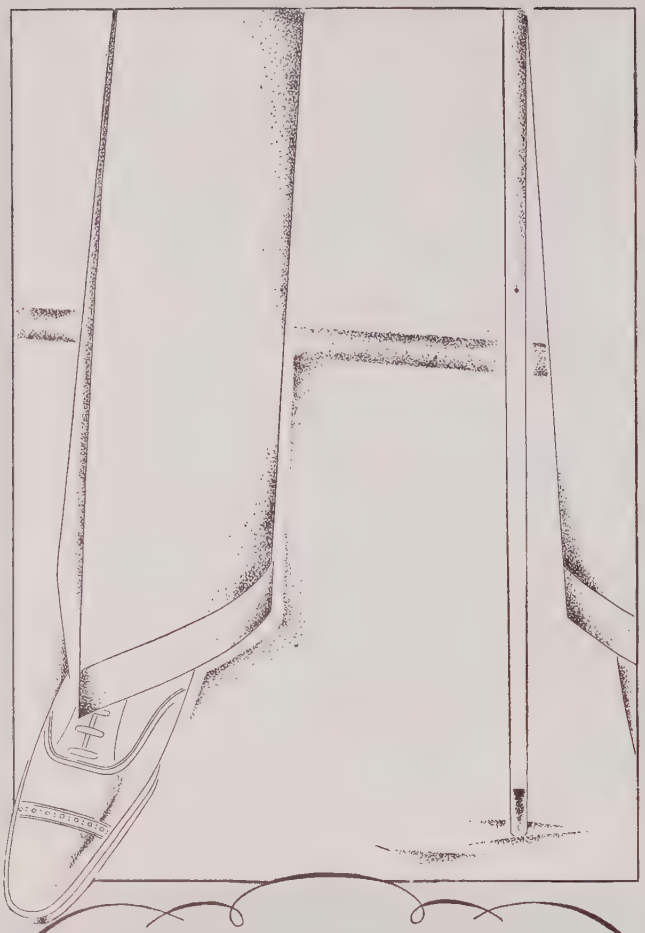


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INCORPORATED

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MEN'S SHOES

John Ward Men's Shoes rank among the comparatively few items of men's apparel whose correctness is never questioned, whose superiority is always accepted as standard. New models for the new season.

Prices: $7 to $11

Sizes: 4 to 13; Widths: AAA to EEE

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Address for booklet or orders, 191 Hudson Street, New York City

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 52)

glance at once on him, but in the poor light Fridolin could hardly see whether her cheeks had flushed as usual on his arrival. She wanted to rise but with a motion he forbade her. With her big but sad eyes she greeted him. He stepped to the head of the bed, mechanically touching the forehead of the dead man whose arms, in wide open shirt sleeves, lay on the blanket. Then he shrugged his shoulders in mild pity, put his hands into the pockets of his fur coat, looked about the room and finally at Marianne. Her hair was thick and blond but dry, her throat well-shaped and long but not without wrinkles and it had a yellowish tint, and her lips were thin with many unspoken words.

"Well, well," he said in an almost abashed whisper, "this doesn't find you unprepared, dear child."

Marianne stretched out her hand to him. Fridolin took it consolingly, dutifully inquired after the final moments of the attack. She told him concisely and briefly, and then spoke of the last few comparatively good days during which Fridolin had not seen the patient. Fridolin had drawn up a chair. Sitting opposite Marianne, he again consolingly reminded her that her father in his last hours could hardly have suffered; then he asked whether her relatives had been informed. Yes; the *concierge* was already on her way to her uncle and no doubt Dr. Roediger, her *fiancé* would arrive soon, she added, and looked at Fridolin's forehead rather than into his eyes.

Fridolin only nodded. During the past years, he had met Dr. Roediger twice or three times in this house. The painfully thin, pale young man with the short blond beard and glasses, instructor of history at the University of Vienna, had seemed congenial to him without interesting him. Marianne would certainly look better, he thought, if she were Roediger's sweetheart. Her hair would not be so dry and her lips would be redder and fuller. How old is she? Fridolin asked himself. When the *Hofrat* first called me in—three or four years ago—she was twenty-three. Then her mother was still alive. She was gayer when her mother was still alive. Hadn't she studied singing for a short time? So she is going to marry this instructor after all? Why? She is surely not in love with him, and he hasn't much money either. What kind of a marriage will that be? Well, one like a thousand others. What business is that of mine? It is quite likely that I shall never see her again. From now on I have no official visits to make to this house. Oh, how many people I have never seen again who were far closer to me than Marianne!

While these thoughts were coursing through Fridolin's head, Marianne began to talk of the deceased—with a certain impressiveness as if the simple fact of his death had suddenly transformed the *Hofrat* into a great man. So he was only fifty-four years old? Of course, his many troubles and disappointments, his wife continually sick—and the son, too, had caused him to worry much! What, she had a brother? Certainly. Hadn't Marianne told Fridolin about it once before. Her brother now lived in some foreign land. In Marianne's boudoir hung a picture of him at the age of fifteen. An officer riding down a hill. Father had always acted as if he didn't see the picture at all. It was a good picture. Under more favourable circumstances, her brother would have made a name for himself.

How excitedly she talks, Fridolin thought, and how her eyes sparkle. Fever? Possibly. She has grown thinner lately. Probably a tendency to consumption.

She rambled on and on, but it seemed to Fridolin as if she were not very conscious to whom she was talking; or as if she were talking to herself. Her brother had been gone for twelve years, yes, she was still a child when he disappeared suddenly. They had last heard of him four or five years ago at Christmas time. From a small town in Italy. Strange, she had forgotten the name. For a little while Marianne talked of unimportant things—quite irrationally, almost incoherently, then she stopped suddenly and sat in silence, her head in her hands. Fridolin was tired and bored.

Casting a hasty sidelong glance in the direction of the dead man, he said: "After all, as things are now, I am glad, Miss Marianne, that you won't have to stay in this house much longer."

"We shall move in the fall," she replied without stirring. "Dr. Roediger has been called to Göttingen."

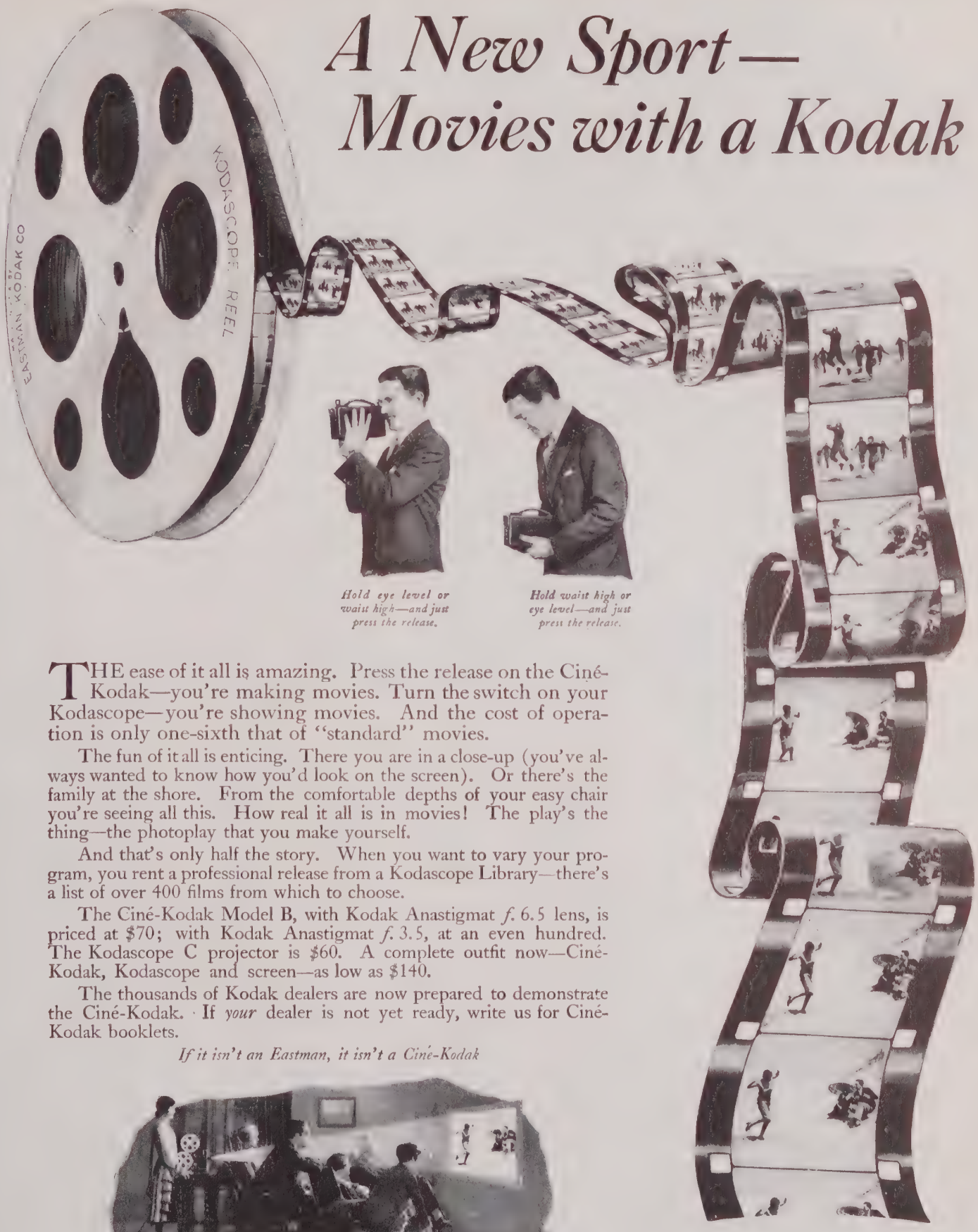
"Ah," said Fridolin, and tried to congratulate her, but it seemed rather inappropriate at the moment and in this surrounding. He looked at the closed window and, without asking for permission, and as if doing something which, as a doctor, he had a right to do, he opened it wide and let the air come in which, warmer and balmier than before, seemed laden with a soft perfume of stirring, far-off woods. When he turned around towards the room again, he met Marianne's eyes, looking questioningly at him. Fridolin stepped near her and said: "I hope the fresh air will do you good. It has grown warm and last night"—he almost said: we drove back from the *Redoute* in the snow, but he quickly revised the sentence and remarked: "Last night the snow was still half a metre high in the streets."

Marianne hardly heard what he said. Her eyes grew moist, big tears rolled down her cheeks, and once more she buried her face in her hands. Without thinking, he put his hand on her hair and stroked her forehead. He felt her body trembling, she sobbed inaudibly at first, gradually louder, finally without restraint. Then she slid down from her chair, lay at Fridolin's feet, clasped his knees in her arms, and pressed her face against them. She looked up at him and with wide open, grief-stricken eyes, whispered fervently: "I don't want to leave here. Even if you never come again, if I never see you again: I want to live near you."

He was more touched than sur-

(Continued on page 126)

A New Sport— Movies with a Kodak



Hold eye level or waist high—and just press the release.

Hold waist high or eye level—and just press the release.

THE ease of it all is amazing. Press the release on the Ciné-Kodak—you're making movies. Turn the switch on your Kodascope—you're showing movies. And the cost of operation is only one-sixth that of "standard" movies.

The fun of it all is enticing. There you are in a close-up (you've always wanted to know how you'd look on the screen). Or there's the family at the shore. From the comfortable depths of your easy chair you're seeing all this. How real it all is in movies! The play's the thing—the photoplay that you make yourself.

And that's only half the story. When you want to vary your program, you rent a professional release from a Kodascope Library—there's a list of over 400 films from which to choose.

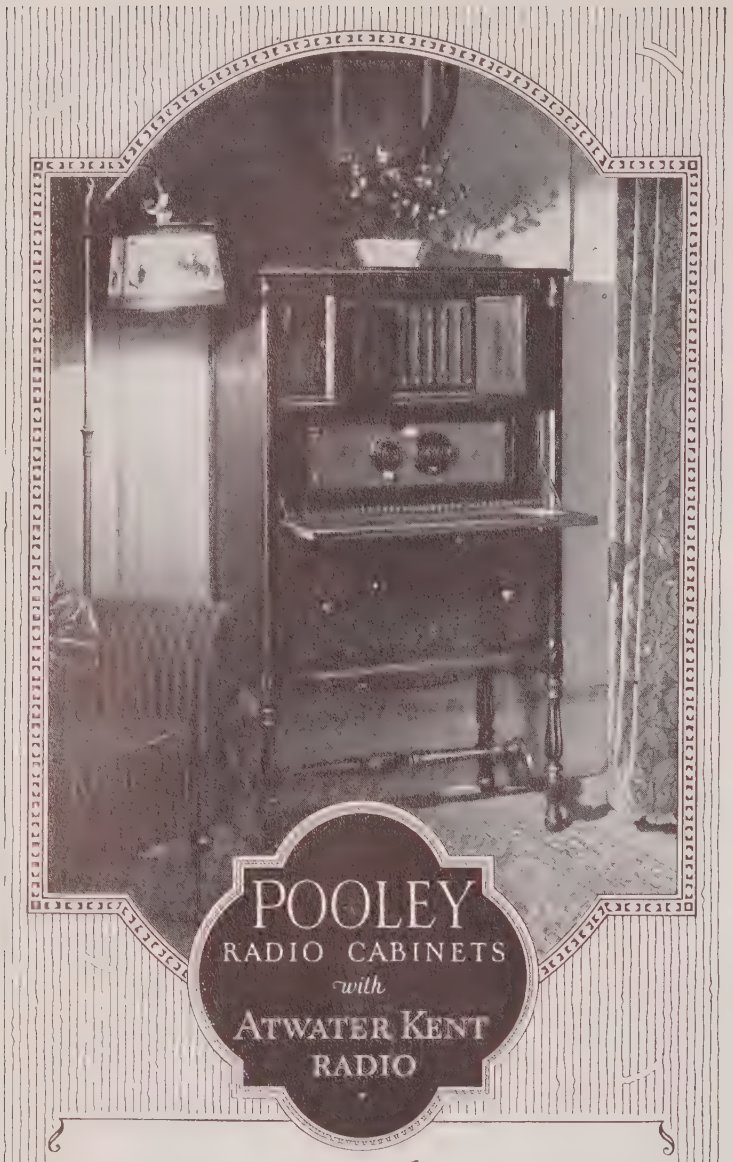
The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 6.5 lens, is priced at $70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 3.5, at an even hundred. The Kodascope C projector is $60. A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—as low as $140.

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He says:—"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."
(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT

THINK of what is in a complete Pooley Radio Cabinet. An Atwater Kent Receiver—factory installed in a cabinet of classic design. A built-in Pooley (patented) floating horn, clear-spoken, rich and true.

This horn is of choice spruce, the wood of violins; a horn scientifically designed, extra large yet cleverly compacted, with a tone of golden quality at full power for dancing or subdued for dinner music.

Such a cabinet radio is a lovely addition to any home. Batteries and charger hidden in roomy compartments, wiring discreetly out of sight. Atwater Kent performance—Pooley tone and Pooley cabinetry. Radio pleasure unmatched.

All the Pooley Radio Cabinets and Cabinet Speakers are shown and described in our new catalog. Send for it.

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Model 1300-R-2D (shown above)

Finished in English Brown Mahogany or American Walnut, with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries, $225 to $305. Other Pooley Radio Cabinets, equipped with Atwater Kent Radio, from $135 to $390. Pooley Cabinet Speakers, which will accommodate Atwater Kent Sets, $40 to $60.

Beware of imitations—look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada.

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 124)

prised; for he had always suspected that she was in love with him, or believed herself in love with him.

"Get up, Marianne," he said softly, bent down to her, carefully helped her rise and thought: of course, there is much hysteria in this, and he shot a sidelong glance at the dead father. I wonder whether he hears everything —the idea rose to his mind. Perhaps he isn't really dead. Perhaps no one in the first hours after death is really dead? He held Marianne in his arms, but at the same time pressed her away from him, and almost involuntarily kissed her on the forehead. It all seemed to him rather ridiculous. Apropos, he recalled a novel he had read years before in which it happened that a young man, almost a boy, at the deathbed of his mother, had been seduced by a friend of hers. At the same moment, he didn't know why, Fridolin was impelled to think of his wife. A bitterness against her rose in his heart and at the same time a half-conscious anger against a gentleman in Denmark with a yellow handbag who stood on the staircase of the hotel. He drew Marianne closer but did not feel the slightest excitement. Rather, the sight of her dull, dry hair, the sweetish odour of her unaired dress, repelled him a trifle. The outside bell rang. Fridolin felt relieved, quickly kissed Marianne's hand as if in gratitude and went to open the door. It was Dr. Roediger standing in the doorway with his dark gray Inverness, rubbers, and umbrella in his hand, and —of course—with an appropriately sad expression on his face. The two men nodded a greeting to each other, more friendly than was justified by their slight acquaintance. Then together they entered the room. Roediger, after a timid glance at the dead man, expressed his sympathy to Marianne; Fridolin went into the next room to write out the death certificate, turned the gas flame over the table higher, and his glance fell on the picture of an officer in a white uniform who, with his sabre drawn, was riding down a hill in the direction of an invisible foe. It was in a small, gilt frame, and did not look much better than a cheap print.

With the death certificate filled out, Fridolin re-entered the other room where, at the father's bed, the betrothed couple sat, their hands intertwined.

Again the bell rang, Dr. Roediger rose and went to open the door; meanwhile Marianne said almost inaudibly, with her glance fixed on the floor: "I love you." Fridolin's response was to pronounce Marianne's name not without tenderness. Roediger returned with an elderly couple. Marianne's aunt and uncle; they exchanged a few appropriate words with all the embarrassment which the presence of the dead usually evokes. The small room suddenly appeared crowded with mourners, Fridolin felt himself superfluous, took leave, and was ushered to the door by Dr. Roediger who felt obliged to say a few words of gratitude and to express a desire to see Fridolin soon again.

Fridolin, in front of the house door, looked up at the French windows he had opened himself; both panes were trembling slightly in the early spring wind. The people who had remained behind up there,—living as well as dead—seemed equally ghostlike and unreal to him. He himself felt as if he had escaped; not so much from an adventure as from a melancholy witchery, the power of which he feared. The after-effect was that Fridolin had acquired an odd aversion to going home. The snow in the streets had melted away, left and right small, dirty white heaps were piled up, the gas flames in the lanterns wavered, from a nearby church it struck eleven. Fridolin decided to spend half an hour in a quiet *café* on the corner near his home. And so he made his way through the *Rathaus* park. On the dark benches couples sat here and there, closely pressed in each others' arms, as if it were really Spring and as if the warmth of the air were not deceptive and teeming with danger. On one bench lay a tramp, his hat pulled down over his forehead. If I woke him up, thought Fridolin, and gave him money for a night's lodging? Ah, what good would that do, he mused, tomorrow I would have to take care of him, too, otherwise it would be senseless, and in the end I might even be suspected of a personal interest. And he hurried the quicker, to avoid any kind of responsibility or temptation. Why pity him, Fridolin asked himself, there are thousands of poor devils like him in Vienna. If one were to worry over all of them, —worry over the fortunes of all these unknowns! And he thought again of the dead man, the corpse he had just left, and with a slight shudder, tinged with disgust, Fridolin remembered the long, prone, thin body under the brown flannel blanket in which, according to eternal laws, decomposition and decay had already set in. And Fridolin rejoiced that he was still alive, that, for him,—in all likelihood—these ugly things were still far removed; that he was still in the prime of life, that he had a charming and lovable woman as his own; and that he could have one or several others besides her if he so desired. For such affairs, of course, one would require more leisure than was his lot; and he remembered that tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, he would have to be in his ward, that from eleven until one he must call on private patients, that in the afternoon from three till five he must keep office hours, and that even in the evening he would have to make several visits. Fridolin hoped at least that he would not be disturbed again in the middle of the night as he had been today.

He crossed the *Rathausplatz*, dimly aglow like a brown pond, and turned towards his own district, the *Josefstadt*. From afar he heard dull, regular footsteps and saw, still from a distance, just turning a corner, a small group of fraternity men, six or eight of them coming towards him. When the young people came under the reflection of the lamp, he thought he recognized the blue caps of the *Alemannen*. He himself had never belonged to a fraternity but in his

(Continued on page 130)

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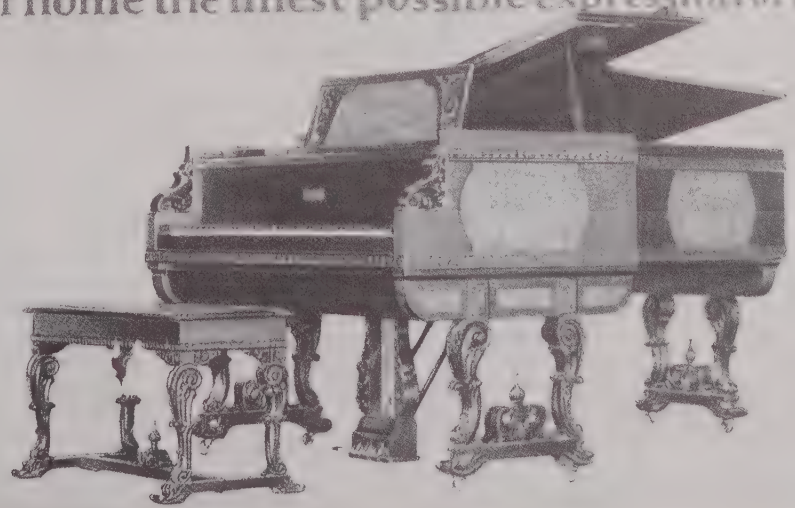
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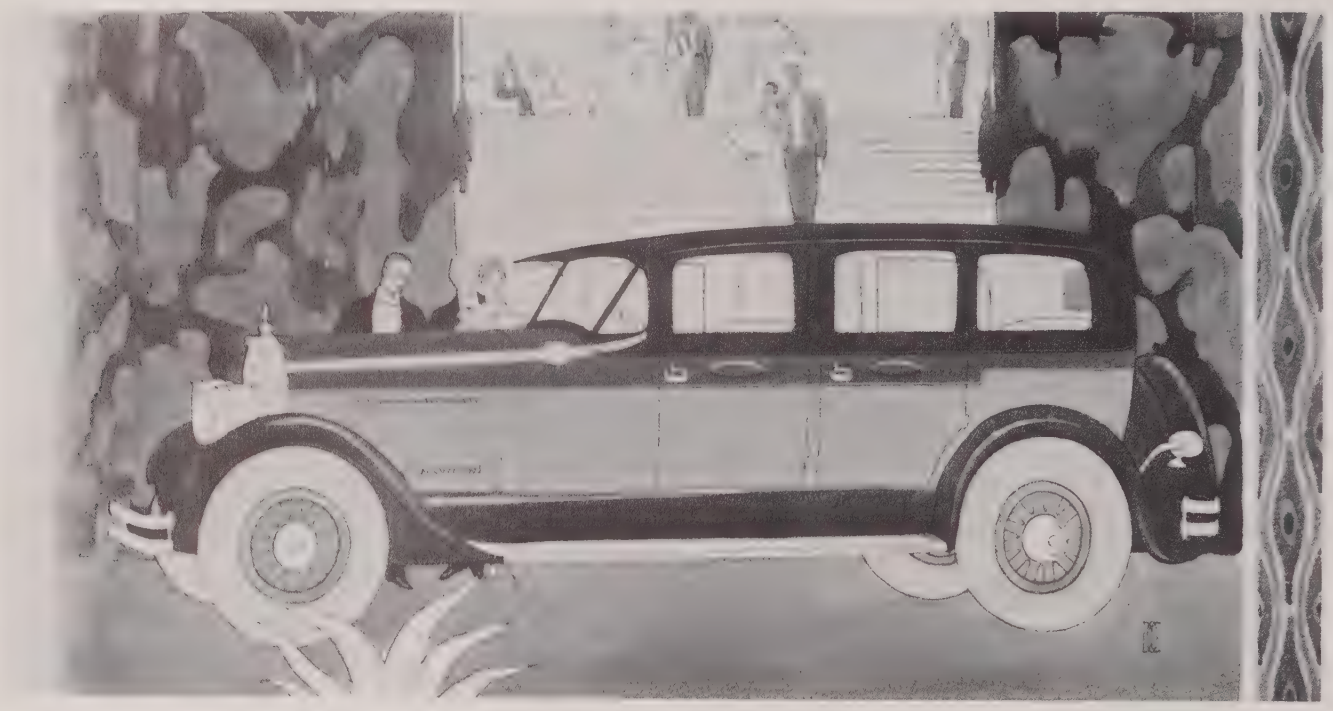
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The boy who is away

HOW do you like to think of him best? In the fury of the game when he gives everything he has for the good of the team?—Or do you think of him most when happiness dominates—when he is well-dressed, sure of his appearance and concerned with nothing more serious than enjoyment?

You can contribute much to his feeling of perfect ease in full dress or tuxedo. You can make sure that on the occasions requiring evening clothes your thoughtfulness will have assured him of correct evening jewelry. Give him a Krementz Full Dress and a Krementz Tuxedo Set.

You know—and he knows—that above all else there is *correct* evening jewelry. There can be no makeshift! Krementz sets are recognized as authoritative.

The prescribed form is white mother-of-pearl for full dress, dark mother-of-pearl or black enamel for tuxedo. *The vest buttons must always match studs and links.*

Stop in at your dealer's. Ask him to show you Krementz Full Dress and Tuxedo Sets. There are many patterns and designs all in perfect taste. Write for booklet with Correct Dress Chart.

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Set No. 1738, Krementz quality white metal rims, black enamel centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons.
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Studs and vest buttons are fitted with the easily inserted, sure holding bodkin-clutch back. Each set in beautiful blue leatherette gift case. The name "Krementz" is stamped on the back of each piece. Look for it.



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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 126)

time he had fought a few duels with sabres. Memories of his own student days made him think of the red dominoes of the night before who had tempted him into their box only to leave him so unceremoniously. The students were quite near, they talked volubly and laughed—perhaps he knew one or two who were internes at the hospital? But in the dim light it was not possible to make out the faces distinctly. Fridolin had to keep close to the wall in order not to bump into them;—now they had passed; only the one at the end, a tall fellow with an open overcoat and a bandage over his left eye, seemed to lag behind deliberately, and with outspread elbows knocked against him. Not an accident, surely. What was wrong with the fellow, thought Fridolin, and stopped involuntarily; after two more steps the student did the same and, for a moment, a short distance apart, they glared at each other. Suddenly, however, Fridolin turned about and walked ahead. He heard a short laugh from behind—he was about to turn around once more to challenge the boy when he felt a strange fluttering of the heart—a fluttering such as he had experienced twelve or fourteen years ago when someone had knocked furiously at his door while he was entertaining a charming young girl who always loved to talk of a distant (probably non-existent) *fiancé;* as a matter of fact, it had only been the letter carrier who had knocked so threateningly. Just as at that time he had felt his heart jump, he felt it now. What's wrong? he asked himself a bit angrily, and Fridolin noticed that even his knees were trembling a bit. Cowardly? Nonsense, he thought. Shall I stand here with a drunken student, I, a man of thirty-five years, a practising physician, married, the father of a child—challenge! witness! duel! And in the end possibly a sabre wound in the arm on account of a stupid insult? Incapacitated for a few weeks —or the loss of an eye?—or even blood poisoning? And within a week to be like the man in the *Schreyvogelgasse*—under a blanket of brown flannel! Cowardly? He had fought three duels with sabres and he had once even been prepared to go through with a duel with pistols, and it was not at his demand that the affair had been called off. And his profession! Dangers on all sides and at all times —only one forgot them—regularly. How long ago that a child, a diphtheria victim, had coughed into his face? Three or four days, not longer. This, after all, was a much more important matter than an unimportant sabre duel. And he had simply not thought of it again. Well, if he met the fellow again the affair could still be cleared up. Under no circumstances was he obliged at midnight on his way from a sickbed or to a patient, (this after all could also have been the case) no, he was really not obliged to notice such a stupidity. If, for example, the young Dane were to come his way, with Albertine—oh, no, of what was he thinking? Well—after all, it was not very different than if she had been his sweetheart. Worse yet. Yes, he would like to meet the Dane now. It would be a real pleasure to stand opposite him in a clearing in the forest and to point the barrel of a pistol at the forehead with the smooth blond hair.

All of a sudden Fridolin found himself already beyond his goal in a narrow street, where a few poor street-walkers were on their nightly rounds. Wraithlike, he thought. And then the students with their blue caps seemed to become ghostlike in his memory,—so did Marianne, her *fiancé*, the uncle and aunt, whom he imagined encircling the death-bed of the *Hofrat;* so did Albertine as well, who in his mind's eye was deep in sleep, her arms folded under her neck—even his child, who now lay rolled up in her little brass bed and the red-cheeked governess with the birthmark on her left temple—they all seemed to him completely ghostlike. And in so regarding them (although it made him shudder a bit) there was at the same time something soothing, which seemed to lift a load from his mind and even to sever him from all human relationship.

One of the loitering girls invited him to come along. She was rather fragile, still very young, very pale with bright red lips. This might also end in death, Fridolin thought, only not a quick death? Again cowardice? Basically yes! He heard her steps and her voice behind him. "Come along, doctor?"

Automatically he turned around, "How do you know me?" he asked.

"I don't know you," she said, "but in this district they are all doctors."

Since his high school days he had had nothing to do with a girl of this type. Was it because he had suddenly reverted to his youth that this girl tempted him? He remembered a casual acquaintance, a young man about town, who was known for his astounding luck with women, and with whom he had once sat in a night club, after a ball, and who, before he left with one of the girls "in the profession" had answered Fridolin's somewhat surprised look with the statement: "This is always the most comfortable thing and they are really not the worst kind."

"What is your name?" Fridolin asked.

"Well, what would I be called? Mizzi, of course." She had already turned the key in a house-door, entered the vestibule and waited for Fridolin to follow.

"Hurry up," she said when he hesitated. Suddenly he found himself next to her, the door closed behind him, she locked it, lit a small candle and showed him the way—Am I crazy? he asked himself. Of course I won't have anything to do with her.

A small oil lamp was burning in her room. She turned the wick higher, it was quite a comfortable room, neatly kept and at any rate, the smell was more agreeable here than, for instance, in Marianne's home. Of course—no old man had lain here bed-ridden for months. The girl smiled, approached Fridolin without any show of forwardness, but he gently held

(Continued on page 134)

A snappy tartness, coming from herbs, always has distinguished Martini & Rossi Non Alcoholic Vermouth. It has the smoothness of fruit juices without the sweetness. They are filling; it is appetizing. And it is non-fattening and good for the stomach. So its general use before the meal is based on more than tradition.

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We wouldn't think of being without Martini & Rossi in bygone times and I think that, despite the changes the originators have had to make, that it still has that same old appetizing tang to it and, as ever, is agreeable to the stomach.

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This superior outdoor sole is a blending of selected cotton felt and unvulcanized latex rubber. Securely attached by the GOODYEAR WELT PROCESS.

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To the man whose dinner clothes, too, must express individuality, the new Scheyer technique in DIAMONDSHIRE holds infinite appeal. In shoulders and lapels especially the newest Scheyer cut is expressed. Modeled in DIAMONDSHIRE, with the diamond motif carried out in linings, facings and body, these clothes reflect the finest art of tailoring.

Write for the name of the Scheyer dealer in your town. Communications will be promptly attended.

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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 130)

her off. Then she pointed to a rocking chair in which Fridolin gratefully sank down.

"You must be all in," she ventured. He nodded.

"Yes, a man like you—you certainly work hard all day. That's where we get off easy."

He noticed that her lips were not rouged at all, but were naturally red and complimented her on it.

"Why in God's name should I make up?" she asked. "How old do you think I am anyhow?"

"Twenty," Fridolin ventured.

"Seventeen," she said. She sat on his lap and threw her arms around his neck like a child.

Who in the world would imagine, he thought, that at this moment I would be in this room? Would I have believed it possible an hour, even ten minutes ago? And—why? Why? She searched for his lips with hers, but he drew back. She looked at him, a little sadly and let herself slide from his lap. He almost regretted it, for in her embrace there had been much consoling tenderness.

"Do you like that better?" she asked, without sarcasm—bashful, as if she were trying hard to understand him. He hardly knew what to answer.

"You guessed right," he said, "I'm really tired and I find it very pleasant to sit here in the rocking chair and to listen to you. You have such a soft voice. Talk, tell me something."

She sat on the bed, shaking her head.

"You're simply scared," she said softly—and then under her breath, hardly audibly, "it's too bad!"

These last words sent a hot wave through his blood. He stepped nearer to her, tried to embrace her, explained that he trusted her completely, and in saying so even spoke that which was truth. Fridolin drew her close, treated her as if she were a virgin, like a woman he loved. She resisted. Ashamed, he finally gave up.

The bank-notes which he offered, she refused with such firmness that he did not try to persuade her. She took a small blue wool shawl, lit a candle, showed him the way out, then led him downstairs and unlocked the door. "I guess I'll stay home to-night," she said. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up surprised, almost shocked, then she laughed shyly and happily. "Like a lady," she said.

The door closed behind him and with a quick glance Fridolin impressed the number on his mind, so that he might be able to send the poor child wine and sweets.

Meanwhile it had grown a little warmer. A mild wind swept the fragrance of damp meadows and the spring of the faraway mountains into the narrow street. Where now, thought Fridolin, as if it were not the obvious thing finally to go home and to bed. But he could not bring himself to it. He seemed to himself homeless and exiled, since his disagreeable encounter with the *Alemannen* students . . . or was it since Marianne's confession of love? No, still longer—since the last evening's talk with Albertine, he had wandered further and further away from the accustomed realm of his existence into some other far and strange world.

This way and that, he made his way through the dark streets, permitted the light wind to caress his forehead and finally, with decisive steps, as if he had finally reached a long-looked for goal, he entered a *café* of the shabbiest kind, but which had an old Viennese warmth, although it was not particularly roomy, and was dimly lighted, and poorly patronized at this late hour.

In a corner three men were playing cards; a waiter who had been watching the game until then, helped Fridolin off with his fur-coat, took his order and put the illustrated magazines and evening papers on the table. Fridolin felt safe at last and casually began to look through the papers. Here and there his attention was captured. In some Bohemian city, German street signs had been torn down. In Constantinople there had been a conference regarding the construction of a railroad in Asia Minor, in which Lord Cranford participated. The firm of Benis and Weingruber were bankrupt, the prostitute, Anna Tiger, had in a fit of jealousy thrown vitriol at her friend, Hermine Drobisky. This evening there was to be a "Herring Bake" in the *Sofiensälen*. A young girl, Marie B., *Schönbrunnerhauptstrasse*, 28, had poisoned herself with bichloride of mercury—all these facts, the trivial and the tragic, in their dry matter-of-factness sobered and quieted Fridolin. The young girl, Marie B., captured his sympathy; bichloride of mercury—how silly! At this moment as he sits comfortably in the *café* and Albertine sleeps peacefully with her arms folded under her neck and the *Hofrat* was already beyond all earthly sorrow, Marie B., *Schönbrunnerhauptstrasse*, 28, was writhing in futile pain.

He looked up from his paper. From the table opposite he saw two eyes gazing at him. Was it possible? Nachtigall—? He had already recognized him, raised both arms in pleasant surprise. A big, rather broad, almost fat, still young, man, with long slightly curly blond, already somewhat gray, hair and a blond moustache drooping in Polish fashion, came over to Fridolin. He wore an open gray Inverness, and under it a somewhat shabby dress suit, a crumpled shirt with three imitation diamond studs, a wilted collar and a flowing white silk tie. His eyelids were red from many wasted nights, but the eyes sparkled gay and blue.

"You are in Vienna, Nachtigall?" burst out Fridolin.

"You don't know," said Nachtigall in his soft Polish accent, with slightly Jewish intonation.

"How come you don't know? Ain't I famous enough for yer?" He laughed loudly and good-naturedly and sat down opposite Fridolin.

"Did you secretly become a professor of surgery?" asked Fridolin. Nachtigall laughed more boisterously: "You didn't hear me just now?"

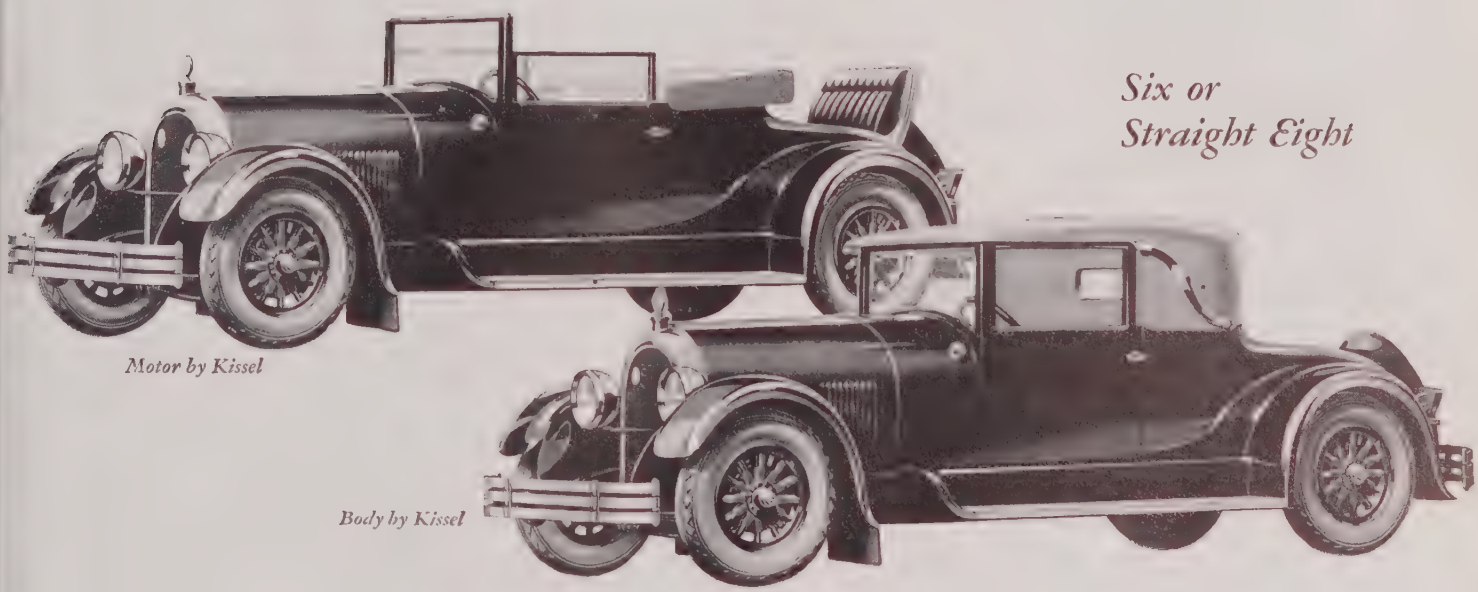
"How so? Oh, yes." And only now Fridolin realized that as he entered even before he entered—as he approached the *café*,—he had heard the

(Continued on page 136)

KISSEL

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CUSHIONED-IN-RUBBER



Six or Straight Eight

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The New All Year Coupe Roadster

Two Cars in One

Here is the new "All Year Coupe Roadster." It is the only American built car that has all major units completely cushioned-in-rubber. All roads —side roads, detours, rough city pavements—now take on the level smoothness of boulevards. Bumps in the road disappear. Driving becomes a more exhilarating experience than ever before. Never in all your motoring life have you ever enjoyed the buoyancy, the quiet, the ease that this new Kissel affords.

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Other new and important improvements of the "All Year Coupe Roadster" include a still lower chassis —only 68 inches from ground to top. New Straight Line Drive gives greater smoothness of operation and eliminates power loss. The motor is now tilted so that crankshaft and drive are in a straight line. New wheelbase—the proper wheelbase has been worked out in ratio to the weight of the car. No "galloping," "bouncing," "quivering" action sometimes found in cars of improper wheelbase!

New, long, straight body lines! New finish! New color design! New wide flat fenders! New corner posts which give broader sweep of vision! Chase Velmo Velvet Mohair Upholstery! Marshall Springs! Form-Fitting Seats! The 2 Passenger Standard Equipped Six $1795—Straight Eight $2195, f. o. b. factory.

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FRENCH SHRINER & URNER
EXTRA QUALITY

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 134)

sound of piano playing emerging from the depths of a cellar. "So that was you?" cried Fridolin.

"Sure, who else?" Nachtigall laughed.

Fridolin nodded. Naturally—the peculiarly energetic touch, those strange, wayward, but tuneful harmonies of the left hand, had seemed familiar to him from the very beginning. "So this is what you're doing now?" he said. He recalled that Nachtigall had given up the study of medicine on passing his second examination in zoology—seven years late, it is true. But for some time after the examinations, Nachtigall had idled about in the operating room of the hospital, in the laboratories and class rooms. Everywhere his blond artist's head, his perpetually wilted collar, and his flowing, once white tie, had made Nachtigall a striking and lovable figure, popular not only with his fellow-students but also with some of the professors. The son of a Jewish saloon keeper, in a small Polish village, he had come to Vienna to study medicine. The small allowance from home was not even worth mentioning, at the beginning, and was soon entirely discontinued, which did not prevent Nachtigall's regular presence at the *Stammtisch* of the medical students at the *Riedhof*, to which Fridolin also belonged. From that time on his bills were paid by one or the other of the wealthy students. He also inherited, occasionally, pieces of clothing, which he accepted gladly and without false pride. In his small home town he had learned, from a stranded pianist, the fundamentals of piano playing, and in Vienna, as a *studiosus medicinae* he also attended the Conservatory where he was considered a promising pianist. But Nachtigall was not earnest or industrious enough to study regularly; and soon enough his musical success in the circle of his friends (or rather the pleasure he gave them with his piano playing) sufficed him. For a time he worked as a pianist in a suburban dancing school. His fellow students and table companions tried to get him into the better homes in the same capacity, but on these occasions he played only what he pleased, and as long as he pleased, entered into conversations with young ladies, which, on his part, were not always innocent and invariably drank more than he could stand. Once he played for a dance at the home of a bank director. By midnight he had embarrassed the young girls who danced by him through his pointedly provocative remarks and had antagonized their partners. On an impulse he began to play a wild can-can and to sing a questionable couplet in a powerful bass voice. The bank director gave him a calling down. Nachtigall, as if consumed with blessed gaiety, rose and embraced the director, who, thereupon, cursed Nachtigall roundly. In spite of the fact that the director was a few himself, he hurled a marked insult, which Nachtigall returned with a resounding box on the ear—and thus his career in the better houses of the city appeared definitely over. In more intimate circles he behaved more decently, even though it was occasionally necessary, at a late hour, to throw him bodily out of the room. But the next morning such interludes were forgotten and forgiven by all those present. One day when all the other students had long since finished their studies, Nachtigall suddenly disappeared from the city without saying good-bye. For a few months afterwards postcards from him arrived from various Russian and Polish cities; and once, without further explanation, Fridolin, whom Nachtigall had taken to his heart, was not only reminded of his existence by a card; but also by a request for a small loan. Fridolin sent the money off without delay, and never received so much as a thank you or any other sign of life from Nachtigall.

At this moment, however, a quarter to one at night, eight years later, Nachtigall insisted on making good his long neglected debt immediately. He took the exact sum in notes from his rather dilapidated pocketbook, which, however, was well enough filled so that Fridolin could accept the money without pangs of conscience. . . .

"So everything is all right with you," he said smilingly, as if to calm his doubts on the subject.

"I can't complain," replied Nachtigall, putting his hand on Fridolin's arm; "but now tell me where do you come from at this hour of night?"

Fridolin explained his presence at this late hour by an urge to have a cup of coffee after a late professional call; but he did not mention, without knowing just why, that he had found his patient dead. Then Fridolin talked, in general, about his work at the Polyclinic and about his private practice, mentioning that he was happily married and father of a six-year-old girl.

Then Nachtigall told his story. As Fridolin had guessed, he had made a living all these years as a pianist in all kinds of Polish, Roumanian, Serbian and Bulgarian cities and towns, in Lemberg his wife and four children lived—and Nachtigall laughed lightly, as though it were very funny to have four children, all in Lemberg and all of one and the same woman. He had been in Vienna since the previous autumn. The music hall, which had engaged him, went into bankruptcy immediately and now he played in various places, as the opportunity arose. Sometimes, in two or three of them in a night—here, for example in a cellar—not a very high class establishment, as one could notice, rather a sort of bowling-alley, but, as far as the public was concerned. . . .

"But if you have to take care of four children and a wife in Lemberg"—Nachtigall laughed again but not quite as merrily as before. "Sometimes I have private engagements," he added quickly. And when he saw a knowing smile on Fridolin's face—"Not at the homes of bank-directors and such. No, in all kinds of places, large and public and secret."

"Secret?"

Nachtigall looked knowing. "I'll be called for in a minute."

(Continued on page 138)

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ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 136)

"What—you'll play again tonight?"

"Yes, there they don't start before two."

"A particularly fashionable place?" said Fridolin.

"Yes and no," laughed Nachtigall, but immediately became serious again.

"Yes and no—?" repeated Fridolin curiously.

Nachtigall bent over the table towards him.

"Tonight I am playing in a private house—I don't know whose."

"Then you're playing there for the first time tonight?" asked Fridolin with growing interest.

"No, the third, but it'll probably be another house again."

"I don't understand."

"Nor me," laughed Nachtigall, "better not ask."

"Hmm," said Fridolin.

"You're all wrong. Not what you think. I've seen a lot—you wouldn't believe—in these small cities, mostly in Roumania—you see so much, but here. . . ."

He pushed back the yellow curtain, looked out at the street and said half to himself:

"Not here yet,"—and then to Fridolin, in explanation, "I mean the carriage. Always a carriage calls for me—always a different one."

"You arouse my curiosity, Nachtigall," Fridolin said coolly.

"Listen to me," said Nachtigall after some hesitation. "If I wanted to do good by someone—but how can one do it—" and suddenly: "Have you courage?"

"Strange question!" said Fridolin in the tone of an army officer who has just been offended.

"I didn't mean it that way."

"How did you mean it, then? Why is courage essential for this particular occasion? What can happen?" And Fridolin laughed curtly and disparagingly.

"Nothing can hurt me, the worst is that maybe I play for the last time today—but this might happen anyway." Nachtigall stopped and peered again through the opening in the curtain.

"Well then?"

"What do you mean?" Nachtigall asked as if in a dream.

"Go ahead. Once you've started . . . Secret affair? Closed affair? Invited guests only?"

"I don't know. Last time there were thirty people. The first time only sixteen."

"A ball?"

"Sure, a ball." And now he seemed to regret that he had spoken at all.

"And you provide the music?"

"For it? I don't know for what. Honest, I don't know for what. I play, I play—blindfolded."

"Nachtigall, Nachtigall, what kind of a yarn are you telling!"

Nachtigall sighed. "But, worse luck, not all blindfolded. Not so much that I can't see something. You see, I can look into the mirror through the black silk handkerchief over my eyes . . ." And again he stopped.

"In one word," Fridolin said impatiently and irritably while he felt oddly excited. . . . "Women."

"Don't say women, Fridolin," replied Nachtigall as if offended. "You've never seen such creatures."

Fridolin cleared his throat. "And how much is the admission?" he asked casually.

"Tickets, you mean, and such? What are you thinking of?"

"How do you get in, then?" Fridolin asked through closed lips and drummed on the table.

"You must know the password, and always it's something else."

"And to-day's?"

"Don't know. The driver tells me."

"Take me with you, Nachtigall."

"Impossible. Too dangerous."

"A minute ago you thought of it yourself. . . . If you wanted to do good by some one! You can arrange it."

Nachtigall looked at him searchingly. "As you are—you couldn't, anyway, everyone is masked, gentlemen and ladies. Have you a mask with you, or anything? Impossible. Perhaps next time. I'll think out something." He listened and peered again through the crack in the curtain out at the street, and breathing more freely: "Here's the carriage. Goodbye."

Fridolin held him by the arm. "You can't leave me this way. You must take me along."

"But, *Kollega* . . .

"Leave everything else to me. I realize that it's 'dangerous'—perhaps it's just that which tempts me."

"But I just told you—without a costume and mask—"

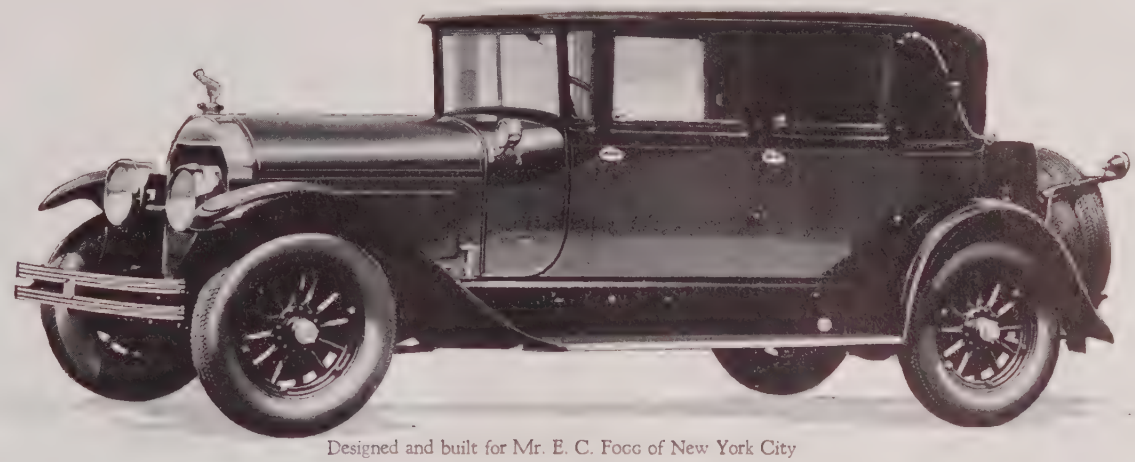
"There are places to rent costumes."

"At one in the morning—"

"Listen to me, Nachtigall. At the corner of *Wickenburgstrasse* I know a place. I pass the sign every day." And quickly, with growing excitement: "You wait here another fifteen minutes, Nachtigall, while I try my luck there. The owner of the place probably lives in the house. If not—then I'll give up. Let Destiny decide. In the same building is a *café, Café Windobona* I think it's called. You tell the driver—that you've left something there, come in, I'll be waiting near the door, you give me the pass word quickly, return to your carriage; if I succeed in getting a costume immediately, I take another cab, follow you—the rest will take care of itself. Your risk, Nachtigall, on my word of honour, I take upon myself."

Nachtigall had repeatedly tried to interrupt Fridolin but in vain. Fridolin threw the money on the table, leaving an extravagant tip, which seemed quite in keeping with the spirit of the night, and left. Outside he saw a closed carriage, the driver on his seat, motionless, all in black, with a high top hat;—like a funeral *cortège,* thought Fridolin. After a few minutes of hastening he reached the corner house he was seeking, rang the bell, asked the *concierge* whether the costumer Gibiser lived there, and secretly hoped he might be told no. But Gibiser did live there,—the *concierge* did not seem surprised over the lateness of the call. On the con-

(Continued on page 142)



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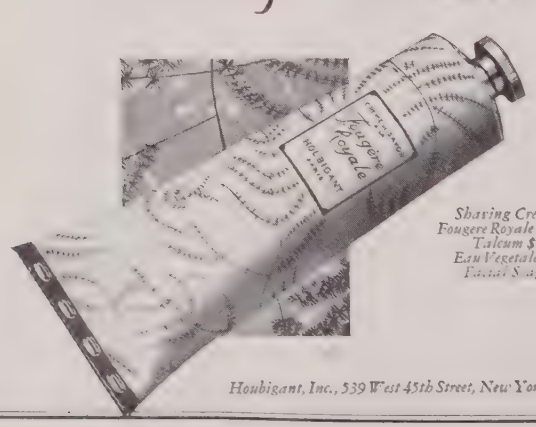




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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 138)

trary. In good spirits as a result of his large tip, the *concierge* remarked that in carnival time it was by no means unusual for people to come at this late hour of the night to hire costumes. From down below he held the candle long enough for Fridolin to ring the bell at the first landing. Mr. Gibiser, one might suspect, had been waiting behind the door. He opened in person—thin, beardless, bald, wearing an old-fashioned flowered dressing gown and a Turkish *fez* with a tassel which made him look like a stage comedian. Fridolin explained his mission and remarked that price was no object, whereupon Mr. Gibiser waved this aside and said, "I ask what is due me, no more."

He led Fridolin up a winding stairway into his storeroom. It smelt of soap, velvet, perfume, dust, and withered flowers; from the indistinct darkness silver and red gleamed; and all at once small lamps shone between open chests along a narrow, long corridor which lost itself in the darkness. Right and left hung costumes of all kinds; on the one side knights, pages, peasants, hunters, scholars, Orientals, jesters; on the other, court ladies, ladies-in-waiting, peasant women, servant girls, Queens of the Night. Above the costumes were the respective headdresses and Fridolin felt as if he were walking through an alley of hanged, about to join each other in a dance. Mr. Gibiser walked behind Fridolin. "Has the gentleman any particular desire? *Louis Quatorze? Directoire? Altdeutsch?*"

"I want a dark monk's cowl and a black mask, nothing else."

At this moment from the end of the passageway glasses clinked. Frightened, Fridolin looked into the face of the costumer as if he should be vouchsafed an immediate explanation. But Gibiser himself stood rigid, reached for a concealed switch—and brilliant light poured down to the end of the corridor where a small table, set with plates, glasses, and bottles, could be seen. From two chairs, left and right, rose two knights of the Secret *Feme* in their scarlet robes while at the same time a fair, fragile being was seen to disappear. With long steps Gibiser rushed down, reached over the table, and grabbed a white wig at the moment that a charming, very young girl, almost a child, dressed in a *Pierrette* costume, with white silk stockings, flew down the passageway towards Fridolin who involuntarily caught her in his arms. Gibiser had dropped the wig on the table and now held the Knights of the *Feme* by the folds of their gowns. At the same time he shouted to Fridolin, "Please, sir, hold the girl for me." The little one pressed herself against Fridolin as if she were seeking protection. A tiny slender face was white with powder, and dotted with several beauty spots. From her tender breasts rose the fragrance of roses and powder; her eyes gleamed with artfulness and desire.

"Gentlemen," Gibiser said, "you remain here until I call the police."

"What's wrong with you?" they cried, in unison, as if the words came from one mouth: "We only accepted the lady's invitation."

Gibiser released them and Fridolin heard him say: "You'll have to explain a bit more than that. Or didn't you realize right off that you had a crazy person in tow?" And then to Fridolin: "Please pardon the interruption."

"Not at all," said Fridolin. He would have liked either to stay or to take the girl with him, wherever he went—and whatever the consequences. She looked alluringly and naïvely up to him, as if entranced. The Knights of the *Feme* at the end of the alley talked excitedly to each other; coldly Gibiser spoke to Fridolin. "You wished a cowl, sir, a pilgrim's hat, and a mask?"

"No," said *Pierrette*, with shining eyes, "You must give this gentleman a cloak of ermine and a red silken robe."

"Don't move from my side," said Gibiser to her, and pointed to a dark cowl hanging between a soldier and a Venetian senator. "That's your size, here's your hat, take them quickly."

Again the Knights of the *Feme* became audible. "Let us go this very moment, Mr. Chibisier," they pronounced Mr. Gibiser's name, much to Fridolin's surprise, in the French fashion.

"I wouldn't think of it," the costumer replied mockingly. "For the time being. Be good enough to wait here for my return."

Meanwhile Fridolin slipped on the cowl, knotted the loose ends of the white rope, and, standing on a small ladder, Gibiser handed him the black, broad-brimmed hat, and Fridolin put it on; but he did all this as if impelled, for more and more strongly he felt the need to remain here and rescue *Pierrette* from impending danger. The mask which Gibiser now pressed into his hand and which he tried on immediately reeked of a strange, somewhat repellent perfume. . . .

"You go on ahead," said Gibiser to the little one, and pointed to the staircase. *Pierrette* turned around, looked towards the end of the alleyway, and waved a gay farewell in which, none the less, one could detect sadness. Fridolin followed her glance; there were no longer any Knights of the *Feme*, instead two tall young men in evening clothes and white ties, but both still had red masks over their faces. *Pierrette* floated down the winding stairway. Gibiser walked down behind her and Fridolin followed. Downstairs in the foyer Gibiser opened the door leading to the inner rooms and said to *Pierrette*, "Go to bed at once, you miserable creature. I'll talk with you when I'm through with these gentlemen."

She stood in the door, white and tender, and with a glance at Fridolin she shook her head mournfully. In a large mirror at the right Fridolin saw an emaciated pilgrim—himself, of course,—and was amazed at the naturalness of all this.

Pierrette had disappeared, the old costumer locked the door behind her. Then he opened the main entrance and shoved Fridolin out on the landing.

(Continued on page 144)

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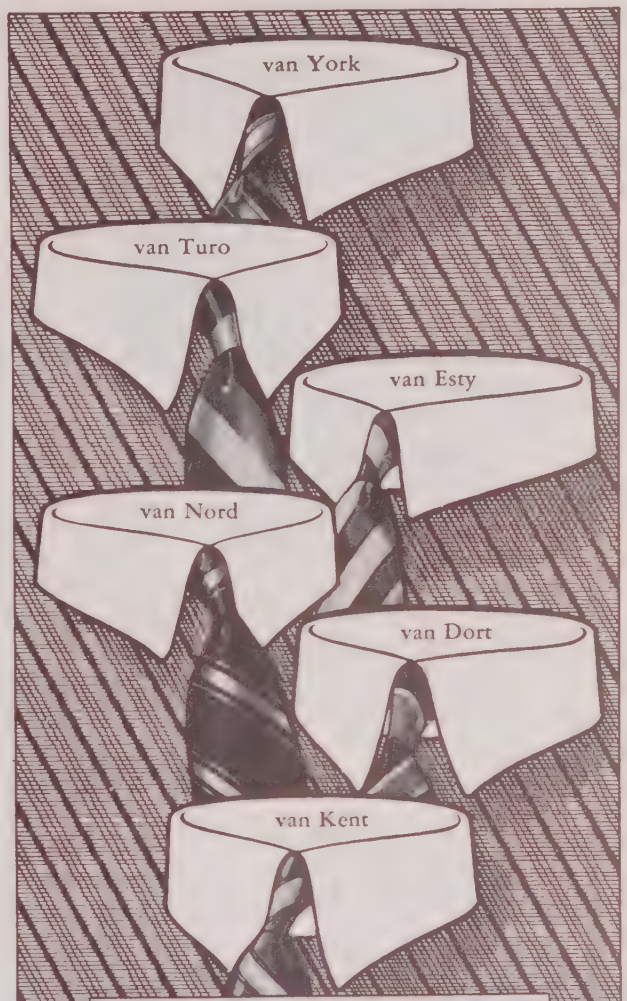
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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 142)

"Pardon me," said Fridolin, "but what do I owe you . . . ?"

"Never mind, sir, you pay when you return. I trust you."

But Fridolin did not move from the spot. "Swear to me that you won't harm the poor child?"

"What business is that of yours, sir?"

"I heard you speak of her as 'crazy' a little while ago—and now you call her a 'miserable creature.' A contradiction in terms, you must admit."

"No, sir," replied Gibiser with a theatrical gesture, "isn't the crazy one a miserable creature in God's eyes?"

Fridolin trembled in disgust.

"As usual," Fridolin remarked, "we'll find a way out. I'm a doctor. We'll continue our discussion tomorrow."

Gibiser laughed mockingly and soundlessly. On the staircase the light suddenly blazed. The door between Gibiser and Fridolin closed and the latch key was turned. While descending the stairs Fridolin removed the hat, cowl, and mask, made a bundle under his arm, the *concierge* opened the door, the funeral *cortège* with the motionless driver on the seat was still standing opposite.

Nachtigall was just about to leave the *café* and was not at all agreeably surprised that Fridolin had come on time.

"So you really got your costume, yes?"

"As you see. And the password?"

"You insist?"

"Absolutely."

"All right. The password is 'Denmark'."

"Are you crazy, Nachtigall?"

"Why crazy?"

"Nothing, nothing.—I happened to spend last summer on the coast of Denmark. Get in—but not immediately so that I'll have time to find a cab for myself."

Nachtigall nodded, slowly lit a cigarette, meanwhile Fridolin quickly crossed the street, hailed a cab, and in an innocent voice, as if it were all a joke, he told the driver to follow the funeral carriage which was just about to start.

They went along the *Alserstrasse*, passed under a railroad bridge, towards the suburbs, and on through badly lighted empty side streets. It occurred to Fridolin that the driver of his cab might lose sight of the other; but as often as he put his head out through the open window into the unnaturally warm air, he always saw the other carriage a short distance ahead, the driver with his high back top hat sitting motionless in his seat.

This may end badly, thought Fridolin. And all the time he smelt the odour of powder and roses which had risen to him from *Pierrette's* breasts. What weird romance have I been witness to? he asked himself. I should not have left. I ought not to have left. Where am I now?

Slowly ascending, between small cottages, they drove on. Now Fridolin believed he knew where he was; years ago he had come across this neighbourhood while walking; this must be the *Galizin* hill they were now going up. To the left below him he saw a city of a thousand lights gleaming through the mist. He heard a rumble of wheels behind him and looked back through the window. Two carriages were following them, and he was glad as it would divert the driver's suspicion from him.

Suddenly the carriage, with an abrupt swerve, turned the corner and, between fences, walls, and abysses, the road descended. It occurred to Fridolin that it was about time to put on his costume. He took off his fur coat and slipped on the cowl just as every morning in the clinic he changed into his white hospital coat. And—a redeeming thought—Fridolin remembered that only a few hours more and, if everything went well, he would be walking about between the beds of his patients just like every other morning—a helpful physician. The carriage stopped. Wouldn't it be better, Fridolin thought, if I didn't get out at all, but went right back? But where to? To little *Pierrette?* Or to the little street-walker in the *Buchfeldgasse?* Or to Marianne, the daughter of the dead man? Or home? And with a slight shudder he realized that he had less desire to go home than anywhere else. Or was it because that way seemed the longest? No, I can't go back, he thought to himself. Onward, even unto death. Fridolin laughed at the grand phrase, but all the same he was none too gay.

A garden gate stood wide open. The funereal carriage ahead of him drove lower down into the gorge or rather into the darkness which seemed to be that. Nachtigall had probably already alighted. Fridolin quickly jumped from his cab, asked the driver to wait for him at the bend of the road, no matter how long he might be. And to make sure of him, Fridolin paid him in advance and promised him an equal amount for the return trip. The carriages which had followed pulled up. From the first one, Fridolin saw the huddled up figure of a woman emerge; then he entered the garden, put on his mask, a narrow path lighted from the house led him to the door. The doors swung open and Fridolin found himself in a small white foyer. He was greeted by the sound of a harmonium, two servants in dark livery, gray masks on their faces, stood right and left.

(Concluded in the November Issue)

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The Coquette

By DAVID CORT

THERE is something in language. The very smell of some words gives their essence. In order to realize what is a coquette, it is well to begin by considering the word—"coquette"—thus. The word itself has an odour of its own; it is a two-syllable impression that suggests with its inviting pout of an "o" and its metallic second syllable, like a toss of the head, all that one might discover in intimacies with every lady of careful dalliance on the Atlantic Seaboard. Together with its cousin-words, "intrigue" and "*jeune-fille*" and "*cachet*", Gallic *émigrés* all, standing sick for home "amid the alien corn" of our own yeoman language, it is to the English taste an unhealthy, a cloying word. A little is a surfeit. Like a painted passion by Watteau, melting-permanent at the precise moment of delicate excitement, instantly passing yet eternally the same, the syllables of "coquette" give their maximum delight only once, and that not necessarily the first time, although certainly not the last.

The coquette in person, removed from her quotation marks, is an ancient institution. In matters of play, she has always been the foremost of her sex. Whether in the village green-dance, burgher society, or at the balls of the Second Estate, she has been surrounded by a glitter of deceptive popularity.

She is perennially the last to realize how deceptive indeed is her vogue. Only too late does the coquette realize that she is thought ineligible for the serious business of this so serious life. By being neither altogether virtuous nor altogether wanton, she draws a harvest of nothing but dried orchids.

It might be thought that with the repeated lessons of the centuries the coquette must have become disenchanted. Have not her maiden aunts taught her the solution of the barren equation? Yet the coquette has not yet gone from us. Our young men convince her with hoarse protestings that they could not do without her, that by way of rhetoric they would commit suicide in droves. She does not know that *Zuleika Dobson* is a comedy: she believes them. For coquetry is still a vital part in their diet—a sort of *hors d'oeuvre* that they delight in consuming in large quantities, to keen their desire for the solid food later.

The poor little coquettes dance and simper, they play their artful game, but it is all to no purpose. Our young men know it for what it is. They accept its code chivalrously, but they decline to pay the final price in the coin of a plain gold band. The coquettes dance on.

The popularity of the coquette may be puzzling, yet it is natural enough. It may be understood, if one understands the minds of the young men who pursue her.

Young Lancelot Vagraunce, let us say, considers whom he shall see this evening. He wishes to be entertained. The desire is innocent enough, yet as it tries to take shape, it assumes the features of a problem.

A lady comes to mind. But she will not serve: he likes her too well. She is not a coquette. She would be pleased to see him, but an effort would be involved in the engagement. A subtlety, a defensiveness, as of serious combatants groping for an advantage, would be required. It would force him into a frame of mind that as an unattached bachelor he rebels against. She is too difficult, too genuine. He may plan a grand rendezvous with this one later, but he does not wish her this evening.

In this way, he rehearses the register of fashionable, merely polite, merely beautiful, semi-polite, and very beautiful, casual young ladies. There is a by now hallowed variety of reasons why each must pass out of his mind as quickly.

He begins to realize whither his rejections are leading him. His present set of mental sequences has become almost a pattern. He has before taken up this same light problem with monotonous regularity, has weighed and discarded the same general possibilities and has come, each time, to a conclusion.

The divisions of the problem are three. He may telephone an honest nice girl. He may telephone an honest wanton. Or he may telephone the coquette.

The coquette has certain definite values in the mind of young Lancelot. She has all the highly visible virtues. Her appearance is perfect, which is to say, unreal, voluptuous, and in the vogue. She dances well, and she does not require being talked at. She has infinite tact in denying herself to him and she makes the little surrenders with grace and with dramatics. To kiss her once, fleetingly, is to storm a walled city. Yet she manages it in such a way that it seems almost wanton, an utterness of giving. The rule of her coquetry is obvious and of the most ancient: to retreat when the male advances, to risk a sally when he is passive, never to be alone with him, never to be honest, never to admit an emotion, never, indeed, to have an emotion. There is about her the heavy scent of the fruitless August flower that breathes one passionate whisper before the breeze changes. She is hard and selfish and sentimental with a spurious lushness. Early in her growth she discovered her method and froze into an attitude of melting. It is an attitude seeming to promise a ready abandonment, to need only a single touch, but it is never surprised. The coquette is the exception understood to be the type of all women—a woman actually with the dishonest, superficial, swooning soul of the cynical tradition.

Yet, with her, the young men do not feel cheated. They think that they know her thoroughly. They enjoy campaigning against a general whose fancy it is to feign a perpetual imminence of dissolution. They come, indeed, to make their advances mechanically, expecting to be out-moved, applauding inwardly her subtle stratagems that avoid all but the most parliamentary passages.

With the coquette, Lancelot has long since ceased to offer hopeful

(Continued on page 147)

The Coquette

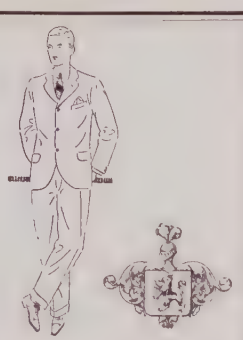
(Continued from page 146)

battle. Her attraction for him is of another sort. He imagines her as histrionizing on a tight-rope. He is content to be ravished by the realism of her near-falls, the studied breathlessness of her balance, in place of the ordinary prizes of conquest. Like a properly philosophic gentleman, he has come to regard himself as no more than one of the "props".

Here is no effort. Perfumed flesh, desire, sentiment are the coins that the coquette is ready to flash easily like a conjurer before him. The glimpse is all he wants; behind her skilful trafficking he recognizes in her the earthy weakness and the reed-like strength of the female. It is pleasantly flattering to receive even shallow flattery, even mock dependence, from a beautiful woman. With the coquette Lancelot can deceive himself agreeably with this self-playing, interminable, zestful game, where no one ever loses. He knows that though she is passionate, in a shamed, restrained way, she will never be able to lose herself artlessly.

Beside the nice girl, the coquette is a bootlegger. Beside the honest wanton, she is a counterfeiter. The coquette is, in short, nothing at all. One may speculate whether her joy of life is restrained by her caution, or whether an excess of caution makes her feign a joy of life. The effect is the same in either case: her *salon* is full of sensation-tourists, and perhaps she is deluded into thinking that her comparative prospects of a brilliant marriage are in direct proportion to the number of her following.

Whatever her illusions, they are unimportant. Young Lancelot's problem is approaching solution. He is still to be entertained this evening, without regard to tomorrow or middle-age. He rehearses again nice girls, wantons, and the coquette. At length, as should every philosophic gentleman in the situation, he telephones the coquette.



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Equestrianism For Ladies

(Continued from page 84)

leaving you still balanced on one toe in the groom's hand and wobbling in the air. A small American flag and a blue spot-light will assist at this point.

After tying the horse securely, front and rear, approach him again from the left side, grasp the horn with the left hand and face slightly toward the horse's shoulder. Place the ball of the left foot in the groom's right hand (Figure B) and at an agreed signal straighten the left knee, just as your foot slips from the groom's hand and butts into the pit of his stomach. Plant the right foot wildly upon his chest as he grabs for your left knee, cling to his hair with your right hand, swing your other foot in a wide circle in the air, clutch his left ear, and manage to straddle his neck. Reach desperately for the horn and haul yourself upward as the groom gropes slowly to his feet under your skirts. Execute a sudden take-off with your left foot, stamping lightly on his face for the last time as you lift yourself across the saddle like a sack of wheat, squirm around onto your hips, cross your right leg securely about the pommel, and turn triumphantly. The groom will presently be discovered under the horse.

Perhaps an easier method, from the point of view of the groom, would be for him to pull the horse's legs out from under it and flop the animal over on its side. While the horse is in this position the lady rider may sit down on the saddle and adjust her legs with ease; and all the groom has to do is to pick up the horse again.

The proper gaits for a saddle-horse are the walk, trot and canter, similar to the gear-shifts of an automobile, except that a horse has no reverse. The would-be rider would do well to practice these movements before she learns to ride; and perhaps no better method can be found to understand the action of a horse than to mount to the head of a long flight of hardwood stairs, sit on a roller-skate, and allow a friend to give you a gentle push forward. After the stairs have been descended in this manner three or four times, the pupil will have mastered the fundamentals of equestrianism and secured a firm working base. The remaining details may be picked up with a little practice each morning on a pogo stick.

Having acquired the up-and-down motion, the only difficulty now lies in making your *up* coincide with the *up* of the horse. Complete confidence is necessary for the expert rider, since the horse seems to know when you are frightened, and rarely fails to take advantage of it, in his quiet way. Remember that so long as you are on a horse nothing can touch you, except possibly the horse; and since this only happens with a resounding smack once every two or three minutes, you are perfectly safe until you hit the ground. Lean far forward in the saddle, grasp the horse tightly about the neck, shut your eyes, kick out your heels and, with a leap and a bound, you are off.

Too much cannot be said for the glow of health that surrounds the fair rider after a day in the saddle. Her eyes dance with joy when the ride is over, both her cheeks are flushed with a delicate pink, and she is up on her toes, usually for several days afterwards. Once the novice has mastered the directions contained in this article, mounted a gallant horse, and felt the firm flanks, the heaving back, the rise and fall of the hard saddle beneath her, she will realize at last that for sheer happiness and the joy of living, there is nothing like taking a brisk walk.

We have endeavoured, in the foregoing instructions, to offer the lady novice advice upon how to mount a horse, and how to ride a horse. And now, one more word about dismounting. This is the one part of horseback riding that the beginner will take to instinctively. Simply use your head.

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Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

(Continued from page 96)

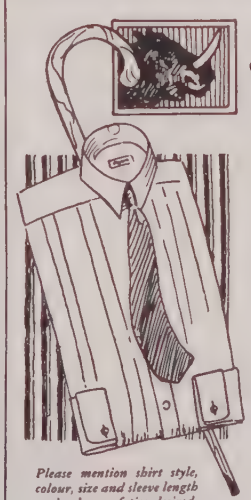
fashion experts forecast wearing of brighter colours; but they never seem to materialise and never will so long as English society life remains what it is.

A short time ago there was a Fashion Show at the Savoy Hotel at which were exhibited some new and very attractive suitings, some in lighter colours than are usual in men's wear. The predominant shades were brown and blue and many had the appearance of material which had hitherto been confined to women's clothes. The stuffs were in themselves excellent and the colouring of cleverly combined shades, the only comment one can suggest is to invite an attempt to picture any well-known man-about-town walking into, let us say White's Club, for example, dressed in one of these light coloured suits. Although there has been a distinctly informal style very much in evidence, at the same time formal clothes have returned to their own in a way which could hardly have been foreseen at the beginning of the season. At Ascot, in the Royal Enclosure, formal clothes are of course compulsory, but since Ascot attracts the best-dressed men not only from London but from all over the world, it is a good spot from which to formulate an opinion as to not only what is being worn during the present season but also the general tendency for formal clothes in the future. This year's Ascot was particularly brilliant, but let it be said right away that all the best-known men in the Royal Enclosure wore the plainest and most inconspicuous clothes. Plain black morning coats, made of a thin serge or cheviot, were worn in the majority of cases without braid and with exceptionally dark striped cashmere trousers, with waistcoats made of the same material as the coats; there were, of course, one or two notable exceptions, more especially a few men who revived the old-fashioned black and white check trousers. They were made of such a small check as to appear a very light shade of grey. Very few men wore fancy waistcoats of any description and nearly everyone wore either a black or very dark blue tie, generally in a sailor knot with a double turn-down collar. There were, of course, a number of men wearing bow ties with very wide wing collars, but they were in the minority; but it might be mentioned that the bows were very much narrower than usual. There were not so many grey whipcord suits this year, though they have been very popular throughout the season in London, worn with a grey top hat with a black band.

While writing on formal clothes, it is significant of which way the wind blows that evening clothes have once more been made compulsory at the Opera, both in the stalls and dress circle. The present-day morning coat should follow the rule for all present-day men's clothes in that it should accentuate the lines of the body from the waist upwards and the skirt should be cut with as little fulness as possible. In a word the streamline is essential; the tails should fall to about an inch below the knee and the smartest coats are being made with three buttons in front, which actually button in place of the one which used to fasten at the waist. The morning coat should of course have the ubiquitous vest pocket for a handkerchief, which helps to relieve the all-black effect. The waistcoat is made of the same material as the coat and is single-breasted and the opening at the top should be just a fraction higher than the opening of the coat. It should have five buttons and the bottom button is seldom made to fasten. The latest waistcoats are not cut with a very deep V and it should be remembered that the whole tendency of coats and waistcoats is to return to the old-fashioned cut. Trousers worn with a morning coat can be obtained in a variety of cashmeres, the most popular being striped; but these should all be dark and it is not any longer considered smart to have too great a contrast between

(Continued on page 150)

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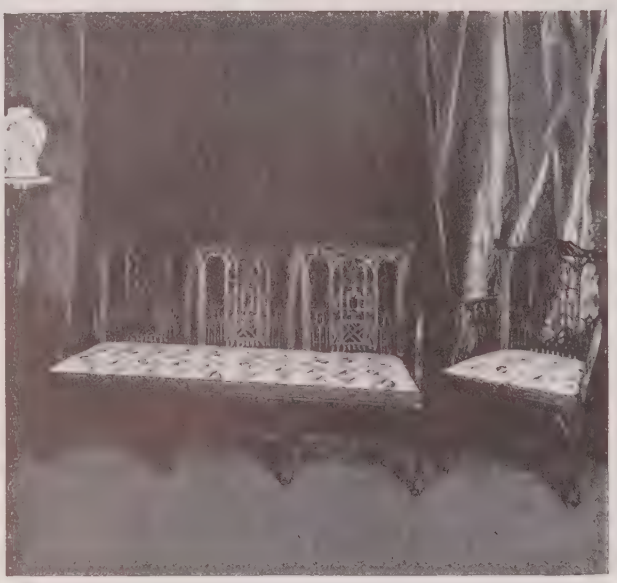
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Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

(Continued from page 149)

the coat and the trousers. It might be mentioned that at Ascot this year the Prince of Wales wore turn-up trousers with his morning coat; but there is nothing particularly new in this fashion, as a number of the smartest West End tailors have been making all their trousers, with of course the exception of evening ones, turned up for some time. It is only one more example of how smart men introduce a fashion, such as wearing their trousers turned down, but the moment it becomes popular and everybody begins to wear their trousers turned down, then smart men wear theirs turned up. Yet Mr. Arnold Bennett writes that fashion is an important factor in human conduct!

The most popular materials for morning coats are a black serge or cheviot and the only pattern permissible is an invisible herringbone. They can be braided or not, as desired, both models being much worn, though undoubtedly the smartest are those without braid.

The sleeves on nearly all coats for both day and evening wear are still being cut unnecessarily narrow and they should have four buttons on the cuffs.

So much for formal clothes. But there is another distinct style and that is the town-cum-country informal fashion, which is very popular. Today everything runs to extremes and one generally sees either very formal or very informal clothes. Lounge suits are worn with soft collars and brown shoes and even in London very informal-looking Homburg hats are fashionable which only become smart after they have survived two or three showers of rain.

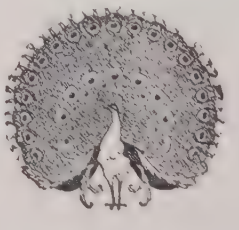
In London certain distinct styles can usually be found in definite places. By this I mean that, generally speaking, it is possible to tell what kind of clothes you will find, for example, in a certain restaurant. For example, Claridge's is nearly always full of men in either very formal town clothes or very dark lounge suits; the Berkeley seems to attract a rather more frivolous type and the town-cum-country clothing is always in evidence; the Ritz and the Carlton have a style of their own, the former rather dull and the latter rather theatrical, always speaking from the angle of men's clothes. Good wine needs no bush, but the best food in London at the present moment is found "*chez Boulestin*" in Leicester Square and there one sees all sorts of people in all sorts of costumes, with a preponderance of the smart artistic set. The Sitwells are constantly there, always immaculately and normally attired—a relief from the eccentricity of appearance so often adopted by men whom we know know better. There are also one or two Country Clubs round London, not to mention some hotels on the river where style can be accurately foretold. The latest addition to places of amusement is the *Hotel de Paris* at Bray where may be seen the stars of the theatrical profession as well as the leaders of fashion and the "gentlemen preferred by blondes".

As regards some of the details of a man's clothes, such as shirts: white shirts have been more worn this season than any colour, in spite of the fact that there have been not only some very attractive colourings but also good designs in linens and *crèpe de Chines*. Small hair stripes always look well on a white ground but the moment men start wearing printed linens with somewhat fanciful designs they nearly always look overdressed and it is only the very young who can afford to indulge in flamboyant patterns. Oxford shirtings have been very popular, especially in shades of blue and grey, but the flesh-coloured material of which one saw so much in shop-windows at the beginning of the season has not been worn to any great extent.

Coloured shirtings have mostly been confined to those for use in the country, though the fact remains that white looks just as smart in the country as it does in London and is really far more suitable for the majority of country uses than anything else.

Monograms have been so terribly overdone in all their different forms on shirts, mufflers and hats that they are now going out of fashion and their place is being taken by perfectly plain woven block letters which can be arranged one on top of the other in the Chinese manner, producing a smart and distinctive feature.

Before concluding this article I should like to mention that nearly all the new autumn suitings, shirts and ties, are still being made in the very simplest designs, for the most part in dark colours and if a man wishes to appear well dressed simplicity and sobriety must be the keynote of his appearance, and although this has been repeated and repeated again in nearly every fashion article that has appeared in *Vanity Fair*, it is as true now as it will be in the near future, despite what anybody may say to the contrary.



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THE ONE EXCLUSIVE HOUSE
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

THERE is no word in the English language more loosely bandied about and misapplied than the term "exclusive." In its commercial usage it too often becomes an obvious cliché. There are but few Parisian dress designs that are not duplicated a hundred times, and as for the delicate fabrics from which they are made, however scanty the skirts may be, the multiple of wearers consume them by the mile. Happily for the costumier, woman is eternally woman in her appetites

It is fortunate for this House that, just as the well-dressed cosmopolitan woman flies to the Rue de la Paix or the Champs Elysées, so does her masculine prototype jauntily flutter down Bond Street or Savile Row—which is all to the good of the eminent tailors in such localities. It is pleasant to think that the cut of the various garments denotes a subtle superiority and individuality which cannot be obtained elsewhere in Europe or in America. The style itself may be pleasing to the eye of an artist, and may flatter his vanity, yet it is sad to relate that as a rule the materials from which these symmetrical suits are made can be obtained from dozens of other tailors, and may even be worn by Mr. Tom, or Mr. Dick, or even Mr. Harry.

For this reason I have deemed it necessary, in the interests of those who favour my House, to produce not only individual styles but individual materials. During the last six months I have been working in collaboration with the finest artists among the British woollen manufacturers on the creation of a variety of new designs in weaving and colour blending. The credit of execution and fine craftsmanship is due to them; the less arduous effort of idea and the suggestion of blends is the only credit I may claim.

The production of these materials marks the greatest advance in the art and craft of British woollen manufacture of this country. A meticulous study has been given both to the technical production and to the artist blending of shades.

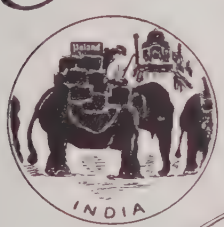
These new materials are genuinely exclusive. They are exclusive to the House of Pope and Bradley as the originators of the designs, and they cannot, of course, be obtained elsewhere. Any man strolling about town who would care to pass his opinion upon them is invited to do so. He will find it possible to spend an extremely interesting half-hour in viewing the productions.

From now until I retire from commerce, I am determined to make Pope and Bradley the only really exclusive House for men in Europe. It is already exclusive in style, and from now onwards it will always be exclusive in material.

Only alien plutocrats can now afford to disregard cost, and to them the highest price represents the highest value. Pope and Bradley will base their prices for these fine materials upon the **actual** value. Ten per cent. will keep the two principals of the firm from penury. And the minimum of nine guineas for a lounge suit to a fifteen guinea maximum will be maintained. So the necessarily careful aristocrat may be relieved of any righteous fear of unrighteous extortion.

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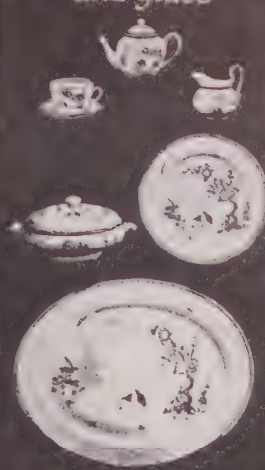




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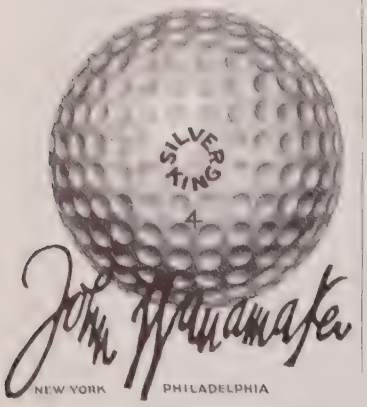
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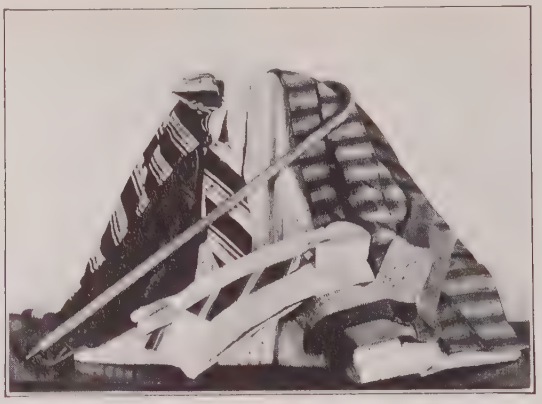
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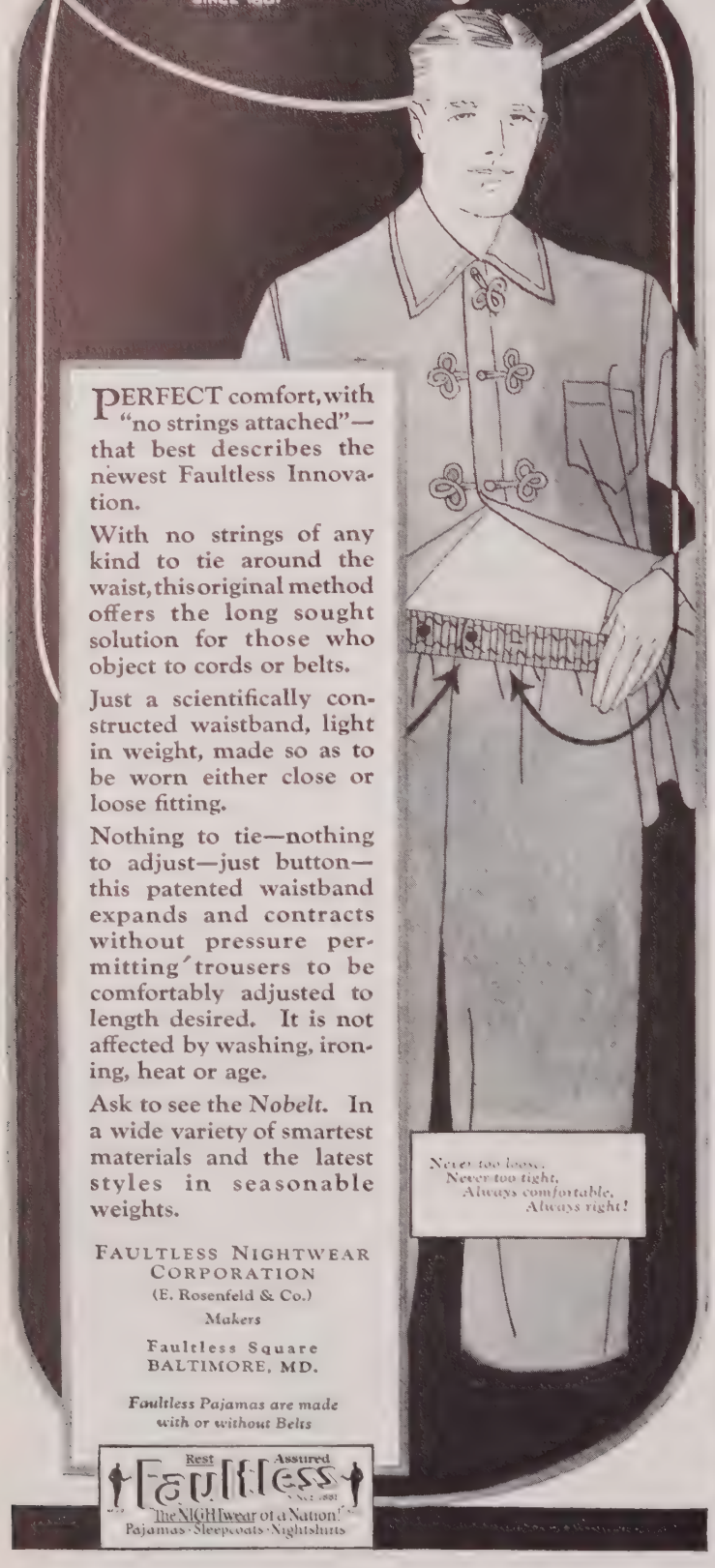
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How to Produce a Sure-Fire "Flop"

By GEORGE M. GOWAN

PLAYWRITING is a disease. And you have it. Oh, yes, you have. How about that manuscript lying at the bottom of the old, battered trunk? And the other one you work at on odd Thursday nights? Why, of course. In you the ailment lies dormant most of the time, but every now and then it becomes acute.

During these attacks, you exhibit typical symptoms such as disgruntled discussion of the Stage of Today, vehemently expressed assurances that anybody ought to be able to do better than the feller that wrote *Such-and-Such*, and a sort of general rash of unrecognized genius breaking out all over the body. There really ought to be a Pest-house for your confinement during these times, but unfortunately no legislation has been passed as yet to further that project. Hence you are permitted to roam at will, inflicting your "ideas" upon everyone within hearing distance, and ruining your own peace of mind, sleep and appetite.

For the public good, as well as for the sake of your own happiness, would it not be a boon to be rid forever of the dread malady, Playwright's Itch? Follow my instructions, and you will achieve a cure, once and for all. GET YOUR PLAY PRODUCED.

Ay, produced. But how? Ha, there is the secret. Not successfully; for if you should happen upon a long run and considerable royalties, nothing in the world could prevent the disease from becoming chronic, and in a state of continual virulence. You would simply keep on writing plays the rest of your life, and what would become of the delicatessen, the rags-and-old-iron or the bond business then? Not even what is known as an "artistic success"—i.e., seven or eight week's run,—will in any wise relieve you. No, a complete cure can be accomplished only in one way—by an all-around, unmistakable fiasco. If, after following the regime I shall recommend hereunder, you still have any desire to manufacture dramas, a running dive into the most proximate body of water is the only alternative to a life of anguish and shame. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, however, a resounding flop will not only settle most of your longings, it will contribute to the general hilarity, and you will shine forth as something in the nature of a public benefactor.

Now, in preparing for your cataclysm, remember that as Goethe, or Carlyle, or somebody said, "The play's the thing." And for a first class blowout, a good play is a decided advantage to start with. However, if your play is mediocre, or even decidedly poor, bear in mind that some excellent failures have been made even out of plays that were perfectly awful—*Abie's Irish Rose* and *Flame of the South Seas* to the contrary, notwithstanding. The soundest advice I can give you is this: *write your best, and let the producer take care of details.*

First, then, write your "script" Then rewrite it. Every time you read it over, rewrite it again. Repeat this process until you are convinced that you have something practically perfect. Then show it to various friends. You will be given advice. (Will you!) Make changes according to the recommendations of each. This will contribute to the play's unity, coherence and emphasis.

Meanwhile, of course, you have had various of these versions typed, and copies have been sent to a number of producers—let's say a dozen, in round numbers. Wait six months,—no longer!—for replies, and at the end of that time write servile notes to each, asking what he thinks about *The Dream-Girl of the Bar-X Ranch*, and what the chances of its production might be. Out of the dozen, you will receive answers from three. The others will have "misplaced the manuscript, but Mr. Schmitzky, who is at present out of town, will look into the matter when he returns". Mr. Schmitzky apparently is overcome with permanent aphasia. Of the three who return the play, two will be happy to see it again when you have re-written it according to suggestions—one likes the dialogue and the characters, but thinks the plot very thin; the other admires the plot, but considers the characters, types, and the dialogue weak. The last of the little group makes no comment whatever.

After sundry repetitions of this process, a day dawns bright and fair when one of the friends (I am assuming you have some left by this time) to whom you exhibited a version, comes to you and, slapping you heartily upon the back, tells you that he—yes, he!—is going to produce it. He has several thousand dollars saved up, from many years of earnest participation in the cloak and suit business. One business is just the same as another. He can borrow many thousands more. What the managerial end of the stage needs is a few new live wires. There's a fortune in a play if you happen to hit. And so forth. Of course, this'n of yours isn't quite right yet, but everybody knows that all plays are built up during rehearsals.

You are introduced to your friend's pal, who knows the theatrical game in and out, because, look, he's been an assistant stage manager for the Shuberts going on ten years. The two assure you that you are not to give a thought to the financial end of the production. You're to devote all your spare time and energies to making what small changes may be necessary. The try-out will occur early in July.

Now—how about the cast. Oh, yes—er—they almost forgot. You've heard of Elsie Delancey, haven't you? What, you haven't? Say, don't you ever go to the theater? Why, don't you remember the hit she made in *Ashes of Orchids*, that big Society drama which ran two years on Broadway just before we went into the War?

Oh, come, come, Miss Delancey married that Buffalo millionaire

(Continued on page 156)



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Louis Sherry

New York. Paris

And at Selected Confectioners



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by Esther Forbes.



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"The Tie of a Thousand Knots"

How to Produce a Sure-Fire "Flop"

(Continued from page 154)

corset-manufacturer, and retired in 1916—always used to be photographed on the lawn of her immense estate, surrounded by her dogs and her kiddies—yes, sure. That's the one. You see, her husband went broke last year—corsets—well—so she wants to do a come-back. The critics have been clamouring for her return, your friend has met her, by a lucky accident; he showed her your play, which she likes immensely, and she's willing to work for practically nothing—think of the economy! (It occurs to you that you were just told not to concern yourself with the financial end, but there—production is production.) Also, think of her publicity-value! Of course, Miss Delancey's forte is High Society Heroines in problem plays, and *The Dream-Girl of Bar-X Ranch* would be rather a new departure for her, and it's true that your description of *Luella*, the title-rôle, is "a slip of a girl, seventeen and dewy-eyed"—but a few changes will remedy that.

Well, well, the upshot of all this conversation is that you are confronted with Miss Delancey, and nothing you may find to say is listened to, so you just give in, and make an appointment to set about selecting the rest of the cast at Huntington Green's Agency, next Tuesday afternoon.

Only three weeks of interviewing and wrangling, and your cast is complete! True, your *ingénue* towers above you like the new American Radiator Building, but Miss Delancey is not exactly a pigmy herself, and who would be so idiotic—why, the mere thought of it is beyond human comprehension!—as to place in continual contrast with your star any *ingénue* who is *petite*, or obviously younger, or prettier (this last adjective you never use, anyhow, if you have any discretion), etc., etc. It's for the best interests of the play, Mr. McGonigle, and when you have had more experience, you will not be so stubborn.

Then, too, the gentleman cast for *Old Pard Sawyer* has never played anything but Cockney comics; *Two-Gun Hennessey* is a stage-butler of many a season's standing—but don't you see, one of the plays in which he buttled was laid in San Francisco, so he is familiar with the Western atmosphere; *Ma Wiggins* will be in the hands of nineteen-year-old Genevieve Murphy, a little young, you think, but, don't be stupid, she handled all the First Old Ladies last year in the Majestic Stock Company, Peoria—now, look here, Mr. McGonigle, these matters will all adjust themselves. Just have a little patience.

With the first reading of the play to the company assembled in Finitny's Rehearsal Rooms—walk up seven flights, the elevator is unfortunately out of order—your fun really begins. Mr. Brougham, engaged as director, specializes in putting on bed-room farces—just the man for a tender little comedy of the Great Open Spaces. His one comment, made after a long and ominous whispered consultation with Miss Delancey, consists of the sentence, "Well—I'll do the best I can." And rehearsals commence.

I shall not attempt to go into details of what really happens during these "rehearsals". I shall merely describe your share in them. You write. And by "write" I mean "rewrite".

Yes, having procured, at the risk of a permanent feud with your boss, a month's leave of absence, you arrive at the rehearsal rooms each morning well in advance of the company, and there you meet the director and Miss Delancey. The ensuing conversation becomes, as the days go on, stereotyped. There are always from ten to twenty-five pages which must be completely revised by evening, so that they can be "learned" by the various players overnight. You will note the quotation marks. Here are your experiences of any typical day.

Brougham demands more comedy in the dramatic scenes, more drama in the comedy scenes, that whole portion of the second act where *Two-Gun Hennessey* stole the five thousand dollars must be cut down to about ten lines, and a new climax manufactured, wherein Miss Delancey defends her virtue against the said *Hennessey's* depredations. And by the way, we've figured out what to do about *Luella*, the Dream-Girl. Miss Delancey simply will not play her as the "slip of a girl"; no, there is no emotion in the activities of a childish little chit. She insists that *Luella* be changed to a young New York widow, sophisticated and fascinating, who has come to these Western Plains for the purpose of finding her five-year-old son, who was kidnapped the year before, and has been traced to these environs. That will give Miss Delancey the opportunity to emote all over the stage when, shortly before the end of the third act, she opens her arms and into them rushes her "kiddykins". And what a final curtain, Mr. McGonigle! *Little Jimmie* clasped in a fond embrace, *Luella* kneeling, sobbing over him, *Silent Bill* standing, one hand fondly upon the mother's head, while over the Sierras glows the dawn of a new day—just a "smash", that's what it will be!

What price protests? Miss Delancey treats you to her whole box of tricks then and there—from outraged dignity through violent rage and Billingsgate to hysterics. You give in. No, it won't be necessary for you to watch Mr. Brougham's activities. Better get back to your room, and pound these changes off on the typewriter.

You go. And you write. You never witness five minutes of any rehearsal. "Yours not to reason why," as Masefield puts it. You do what these experienced theatricians tell you—that's your job. They know their business.

Such is, as I have said, a typical rehearsal-day, so far as you are concerned. If it isn't one thing, it's twenty or thirty others. You get three or four hours' fine sleep a night. You eat on the run. You

(Continued on page 158)



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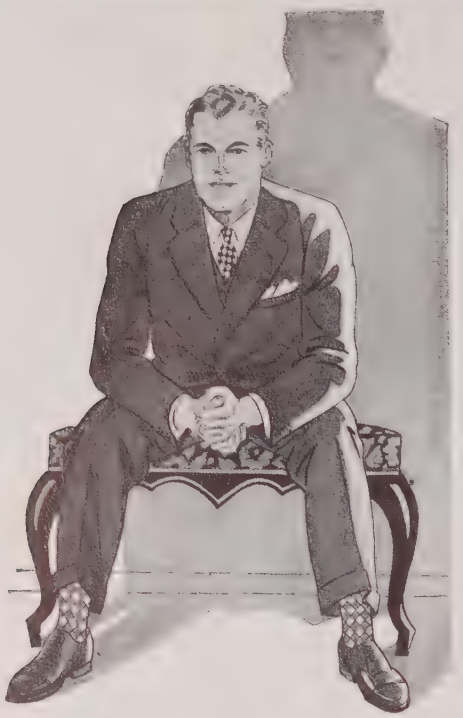
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How to Produce a Sure-Fire "Flop"

(Continued from page 156)

lose all sense of proportion. You lose your memory. You have no longer any idea what the play is about. All you can think of is scenes—scenes and more scenes.

So it goes.

Then, suddenly, one roasting Sunday evening you find yourself standing in the entrance of a Certain Theatre, in Asbury Park. Ten minutes more, and you will be witnessing your dress-rehearsal. But what is this? You look again, more carefully, at the poster. It can't be true! You rush headlong to the stage-entrance, and fight your way to Brougham.

"Why—oh, of course, Mr. McGonigle. Why, didn't Mr. Oomsgantz tell you? I suppose he was so busy trying to scare up the money for the Stamford guarantee. Yes, we knew you wouldn't mind. You see, *The Dream-Girl of Bar-X Ranch* is entirely too long a title. Yes, that's right. *So's Your Old Man*—pretty snappy, eh? Oh, you'll get used to that. It'll have a dozen new names before it hits Broadway. Now, you'll have to excuse me. The property-man—"

In a semi-coma, you drag yourself to what the theatre architect has jocularly called an orchestra seat. All the way down on the train, with a trunk in the baggage car for a desk, you have attacked your portable typewriter in a frantic attempt to create suspense for the finish of Act I. Your evening meal has consisted of a concrete sandwich, a cup of hot lye, and continual scribbling upon the backs of menus. Now, waiting for the curtain to rise, the comparatively restful gloom of the empty arena is temporarily too much for you. You doze, a ghastly doze.

But not for long. Your eyes snap open just as the curtain wheezes upward. At last! Your brain-child—alive and kicking!

But—what's the idea of the bed? Right in the middle of the ranch-room!

And—Miss Delancey, attired in the sheerest of **négligées**, yawning prettily, rising daintily from the billowy sheets, calling in dulcet tones for *Ma Wiggins!*

What is she saying? Her words are drowned by the whistling of a railroad engine, which has just come to a halt directly back of the theatre, and is occupied in calling to its mate. Miss Delancey is obviously used to ***contretemps*** like this. As if frozen, she holds the pose she has taken, wordless, until the engine has ceased its awful amours. You have a flash of a childhood game, "Still-pond, no more moving." You recall hazily that somebody said everybody made allowances for the trains at Asbury.

But your head is definitely beginning to whirl, at first slowly, then with a gathering momentum. For Miss Delancey has begun speaking again, and the words are devastatingly clear.

"One of God's own glorious mornings! The air is like champagne!"

Why—why—that speech belongs in the third act! And *Luella* didn't say it—it was in Western dialect, and you had placed it in the mouth of *Two-Gun Sam!* "One o' God's own glorious mornin's, ma'am! I guess the folks back East 'd say it tasted like champagne!"—that was the way it began!

A suffocation is descending upon you. You fight for air. Then you hear a voice at your elbow. It is Brougham, who is watching the stage while he talks.

"I suppose you wonder about this opening, Mr. McGonigle. It's very simple. You see, Miss Delancey thinks that speech is a wow, so I took it over from where you had it, and gave it to her. Oh, that's what we call 'switching'. We always do that. It's what we call 'good theatre'."

You try to pry your mouth open for a reply. But a new shock wallops your failing senses. Revolver-shots off-stage—*Luella* rushes to *Ma Wiggins*—there is a fearful knocking at the door—

"We switched that, too. You'll see. It's a lot better here than in the third act—why, Mr. McGonigle—hey, what's the matter?"

But you never answer. With a shriek you have half-risen from your seat, and have fallen back, unconscious. Sweet oblivion.

It is a month later when you leave the hospital. You lean on the shoulder of Oomsgantz.

You have convalesced rapidly in the last week. True, you were delirious for twelve days—but, strangely enough, at the very moment *So's Your Old Man*, an American comedy by Wilfred McGonigle, rang down its final curtain amid the complete silence of seventy onlookers in Hartford, you opened your eyes, and said to the nurse, "Where am I?"

Oomsgantz is bearing his woes bravely. He has given notes for the other two thousand, and he says you were a hell of a good sport for waiving your advance royalty. You'll get it, some day, honest to Pete.

Yeh—the play is in the storehouse. No—he's afraid it won't ever come out.

Think you're strong enough to look at some of the notices? You lean back in the taxi, and shakily glance through the clippings.

Asbury Park: "Even the most expert efforts of Elsie Delancey failed to rescue *So's Your Old Man.*"

Long Branch: "An inane ***potpourri*** of bunk . . . despite a splendid cast and that able director, Brougham. . . ."

Stamford: *So's Your Old Man* opened at the Stamford Theatre last night. Why? . . ."

Hartford: ". . . The author must have recently escaped from Matteawan. A perfect cast, well directed."

Lovingly you caress the envelope in your pocket. Ah, those beautiful words from your boss, "We have held your job open for you. Come back as soon as you feel able."

"Well, better luck next time—for both of us," Oomsgantz is saying.

Next time!

You have acquired water on the brain, anthrax, and housemaid's knee.

But—Playwright's Itch? Cured!

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

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If you could select the leather for your gloves as you do the cloth for your suits, FIRST choice would rest in HYDE leather.

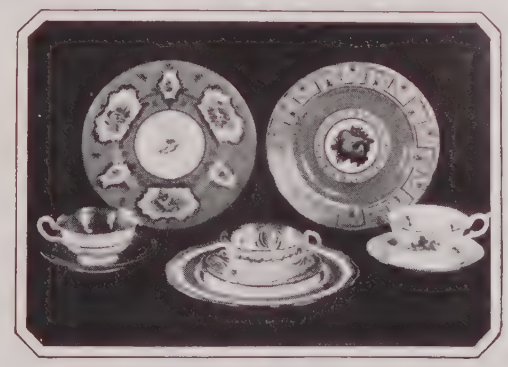
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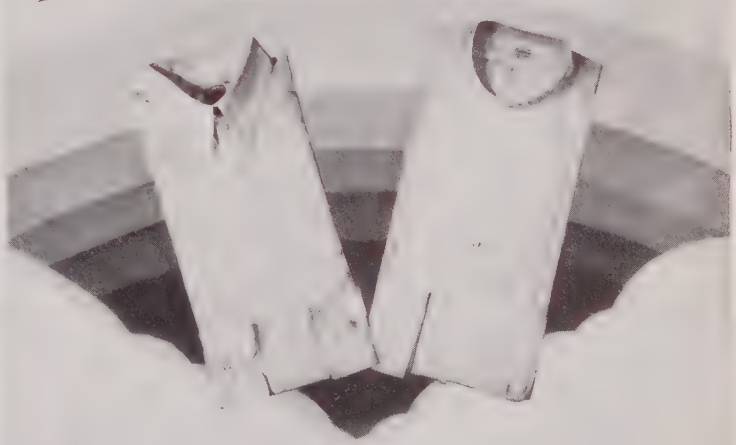
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Sketches by JOSEPH B. PLATT



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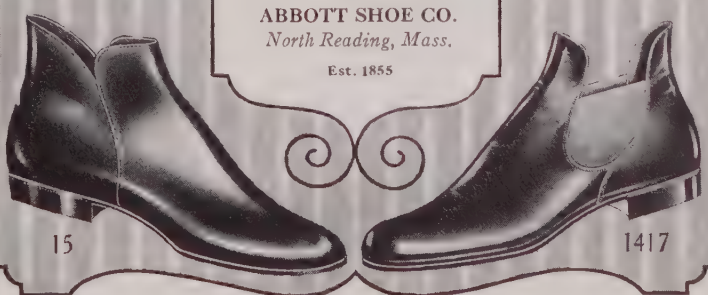
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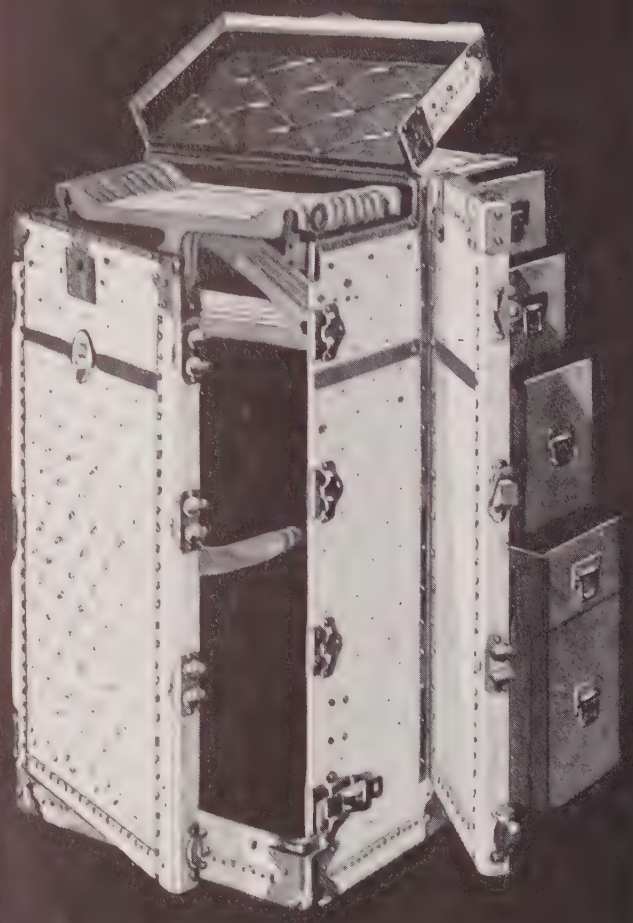


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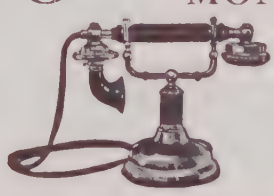
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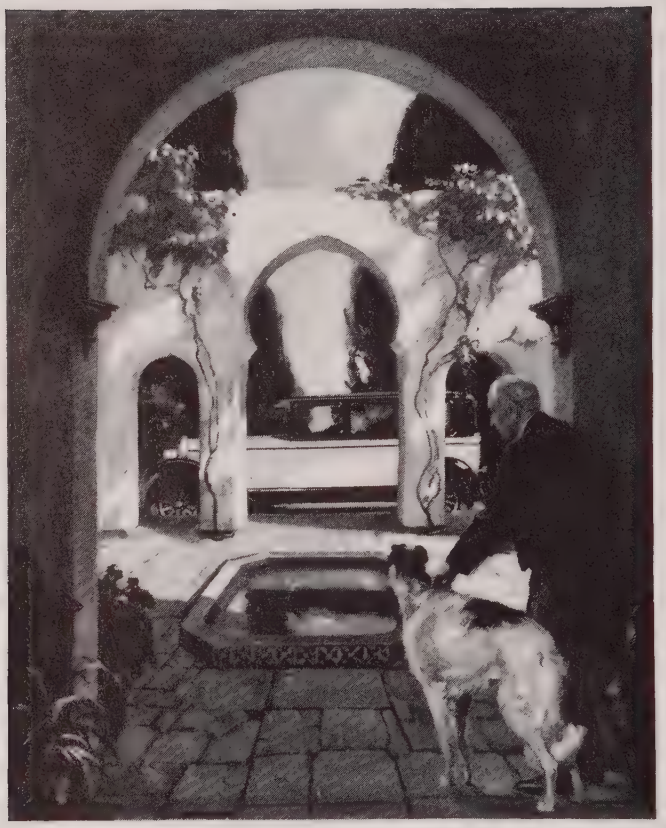
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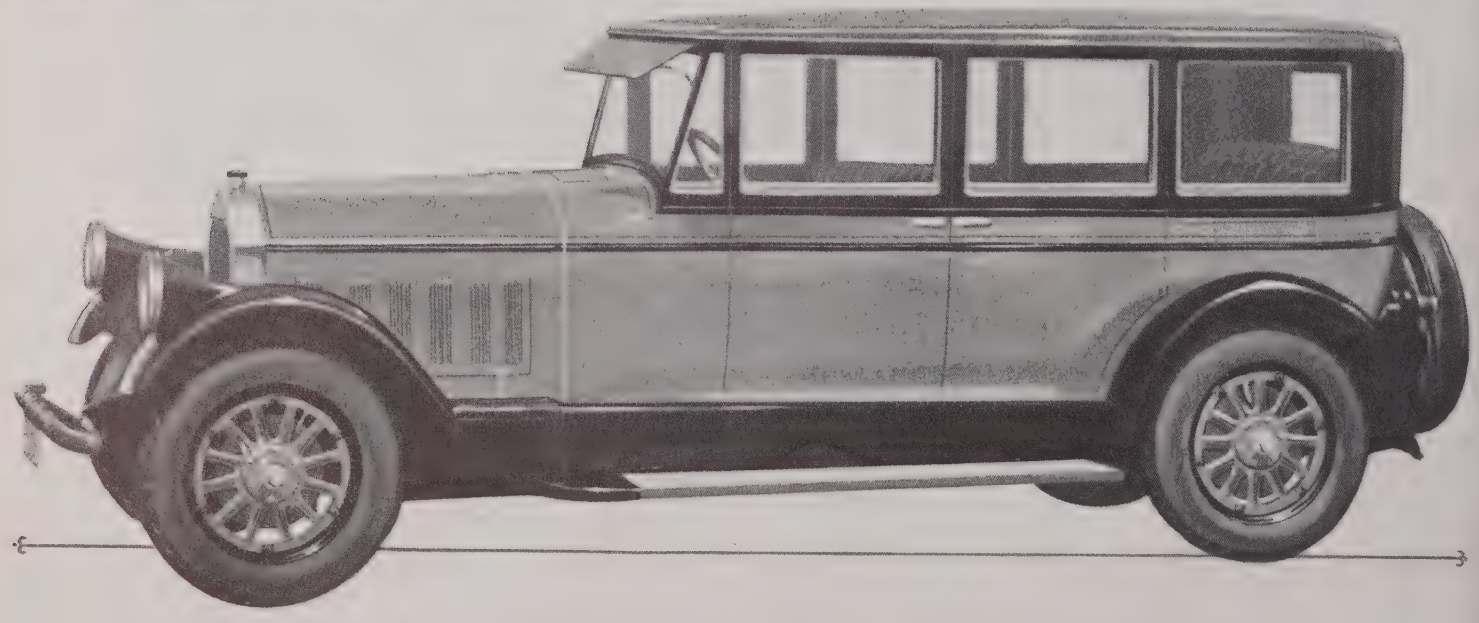
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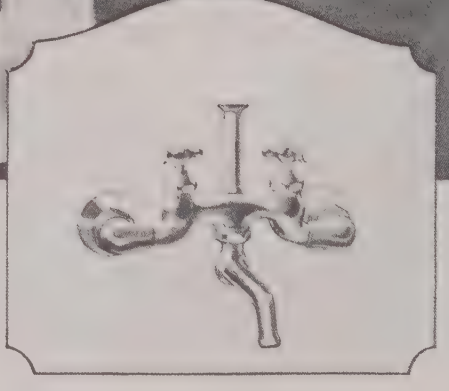
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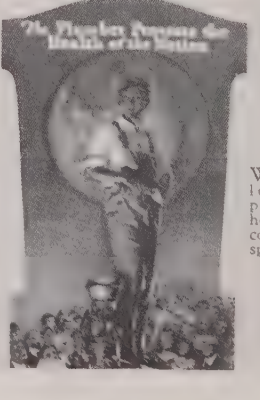
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FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



VANITY FAIR
November 1926

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Vol. No. 27, No. 3

ANNOUNCING





Even greater beauty with performance still years ahead

Today, Chrysler announces revolutionary style changes in its new and finer Chrysler "70", with its new appearance, a superb smartness, a resplendent beauty of line, a new vogue in motor car design.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies. You will look up from their cradling comfort as you pass other cars. You will see needless height, needless bulk, needless weight as you never saw them before.

Newer, more distinctive silhouette. An unbroken sweep of line from radiator to rear quarter. Sweeping top and roof lines of a newer smartness, accentuated with a newer, exclusive cadet visor on closed bodies.

Newer luxury of comfort. Deeper and softer cushions, with Marshall type springs, comfortably arranged to give you restfulness you have never known before.

Newer, greater riding ease, due to exclusive no side-sway vanadium springs, Watson stabilators and extra-sized full balloon tires, mounted on newly-designed, smaller wheels.

Newer richness of interior upholstery. Finer hardware and fittings, with a handsome clock added to the beautified, indirectly-lighted instrument board panel.

Newer refinements in controls, and head lamps, far in advance of current styles.

Newer, more attractive blendings by master colorists in body tones of tans, browns and greens, with newer and subtler harmonies in stripings and panelings.

And with this newer smartness and newer beauty is joined the superlative superiority in performance, dependability, economy, riding and handling ease and long life of the Chrysler "70"—*basically the same chassis, save for refinements*—still years ahead of contemporary achievement.

In its new attire, the new and finer Chrysler "70" is today more than ever the pattern to which all other motor cars will be cut for years to come.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NEW FINER CHRYSLER "70" PRICES—*Phaeton, $1395; Sport Phaeton, $1495; Roadster, $1495; Brougham, $1525; Royal Coupe, $1545; Royal Sedan, $1595; Crown Sedan, $1795; f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

THE NEW FINER

CHRYSLER "70"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



The ALTON

THE *versatility of the Sport Cap is truly remarkable. It is at home in almost every sport. With Knickers to match, it lends that harmony of ensemble so constantly the aim of the well turned out sportsman. Merton Caps with Knickers to match are faultlessly tailored of choice tweeds, cheviots and linens. At your dealer or, if he cannot supply you write us. The Alton shown above of tweed $4.00, Knickers to match $15.00. Write for the new Merton Style Booklet of Caps and Knickers. Charles S. Merton & Co., 210 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.*

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Notes to Men Who Would Bring Gifts . . .

SHEER SILK HOSE AND GLOVES TO MATCH



GUNMETAL

H21—"Bontell" silk hose with black heels give the appearance of sheerest black, and slimmest ankles. 3.75

CAFÉ CREME

H22—An exquisite shade in "Bontell" French super-sheer silk hose "50-gauge", with dropstitch clox. 10.50

G32—De luxe quality "Bontell" French suede pull-on gloves that may be washed perfectly. . 4.95

EGGSHELL

G31—"Bontell" French suede gloves, smartest for afternoon wear, perfect with gunmetal hose. 3.95

DOVE GRAY

H23—A lovely shade in "Bontell" very sheer all-silk hose with slender clox. 3.50

G33—Very fine "Bontell" French suede gloves with shirred wrists and little scalloped tops, washable. 3.95



BAMBOO

H24—The perfect shade and the perfect quality in sheer silk hose for about-town wear, our own "Bontell-Corinne". 2.95

G34—The smart about-town "Bontell" imported English type gloves to match in chevrette, softest quality, washable. 4.50

FROMAGE

H25—An ultra new afternoon shade in gossamer sheer "Bontell" French silk hose, "48-gauge", with smart clox. 8.75

G35—The exactly matching "Bontell" French pull-on gloves of finest washable mocha, with little scalloped tops. 3.95



Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Hosiery and Gloves
Main Floor





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A Guide to Perfection in Masculine Gift-Giving . . .

FINE BAGS AND SMART JEWELRY

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Jewelry and Bags Main Floor



A41—UNCURLED OSTRICH FAN, fashionable, flattering, in the color of her evening gown, with ten amber or jasper color sticks. 18.00



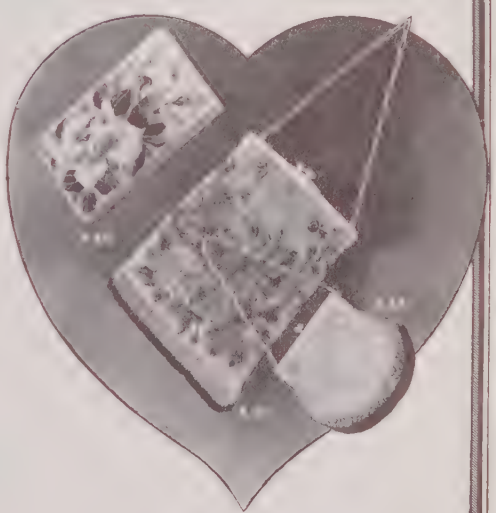
A40—IMPORTED POWDER VANITY, of enamel on sterling silver, in royal blue, green or black, richly gold engraved. large size. 25.00

A42—SEED PEARL NECKLACE, very finely selected genuine pearls in three strand twist with white gold clasp. 16-in. choker 35.00 *32-in. necklace* 75.00

A47—IMPORTED BEADED BAG, of tiny Venetian beads, floral designs in soft colorings on beige grounds, with engraved silver-gilt frame. . . 45.00

A46—FRENCH ENVELOPE WITH VELVET FLOWERS—tulips, roses or pansies in exquisite colorings appliqué on cloth of gold, or black or beige silk. 32.00

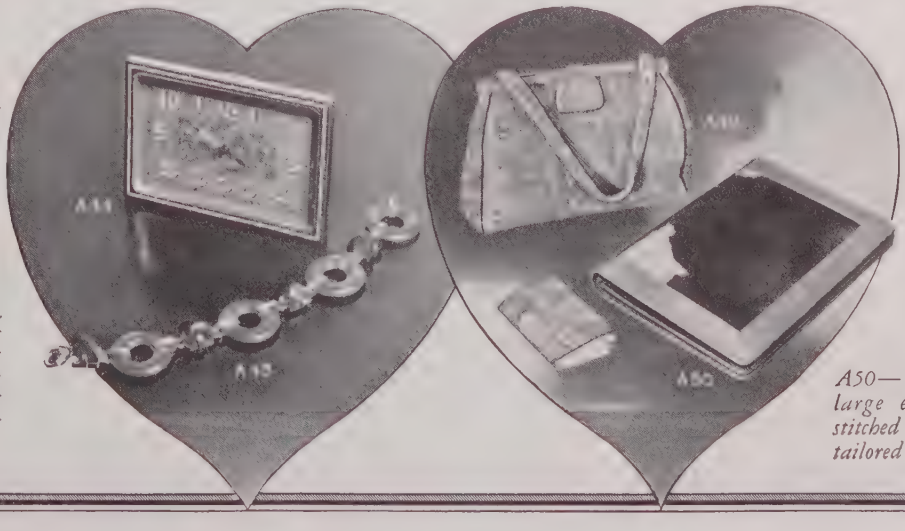
A43—SLAVE-LINK BRACELET of French brilliants combined with links set in semi-precious onyx or chrysoprase, or synthetic emeralds or sapphires. 45.00



A48—FRENCH RHINESTONE BAG, entirely of rhinestones or combined with pearls, pouch shape with rhinestone studded frame. . . . 28.00

A44—BOUDOIR OR TRAVEL 8-DAY ALARM CLOCK, gilt frame and engraved enamel dial. 15-jewel guaranteed movement, 3 adjustments. . 42.00

A45—SLAVE-LINK BRACELET, with semi-precious carnelian, chalcedony, chrysoprase or onyx rings and cushion cabochons 14-kt. gold links. 85.00



A49—SNAKESKIN BAG, new, roomy, smart! with many compartments and matching cigarette case with metal clips. 35.00

A50—"BABY CALF" BAG, large envelope with blending stitched leather edge—for her tailored costumes. . 19.50



SONS AND DAUGHTERS RESPECT *a well dressed* FATHER

That's what every father wants / the respect of his children. Good style helps to win it. The younger generation knows style through and through and respects it. You'll be as well dressed as your son when our label is in your clothes

The new overcoat fabrics are cavalry twills; many colors; stylish; long wearing

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of

MEN'S HATS

at Altman Square presents the finest products of foremost English, Italian and American makers

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SOFT FELTS

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THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

New York

MADISON AVENUE
THIRTY-FIFTH STREET



FEET THAT DANCE AWAY THE YEARS

Paula's slim, graceful fingers waved aside John's laughing protest.

"Don't tell *me* that men don't notice the details of a woman's dress," she insisted, "they're more observing than women."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," John countered, "we know a pleasing effect but we don't notice the small things."

"Nonsense," said Paula, "when Joan Larrimore first came here to live, not a man in our set paid the slightest attention to her."

"That's true," acknowledged John, "but you'll admit she *was* pretty frumpy when we first met her."

"That's just it," triumphed Paula, "she was dowdy in just *one* detail—she corrected that and now she has more partners than almost any other girl I know."

"What was the detail?" asked Elsa interestedly.

"Why, her shoes—we told her about Pedemodes and they simply lifted her out of the 'older girl' class into the debs."



Mona
Slender and chic in tan kid and suede.

The Pedemode Shop
Feminine Footwear

New York 570 Fifth Ave.
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Adrienne
Slenderizing line with smart snake trim.

Also obtainable at:

Cincinnati	Smith-Kasson Co.	Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.	Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Co.	Spokane	Davenp't Hotel Sport Shop
Memphis	J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.	New York	L. Livingston	Portland, Ore.	Knight Shoe Co.	St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Milwaukee	Caspari & Virmond Co.	Oklahoma Cy.	Kerr Dry Goods Co.	San Francisco	City of Paris D-G Co.	Toledo	Lauber's

JULIUS GROSSMAN, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



COATS SKETCHED

A brown pony coat with collar of kit fox and kasha lining. Left $265

A Nutria coat with leather trimmed collar, cuffs and pocket, and lining of printed kasha. Right in sketch, $645

Youthful Fur Coats

you will see at the big games

There's a difference about the fur coats the fashionable younger set is wearing this year. Not only in the furs—those flat furs that have won a new popularity—but in the details: touches of leather, greater slimness, standing collars; and in the linings, smartest when they are of kasha. These are among the things you will notice in the fur coats *Lord & Taylor* is showing for the football season.

FOURTH FLOOR

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

RADZIMIR BARRÉ



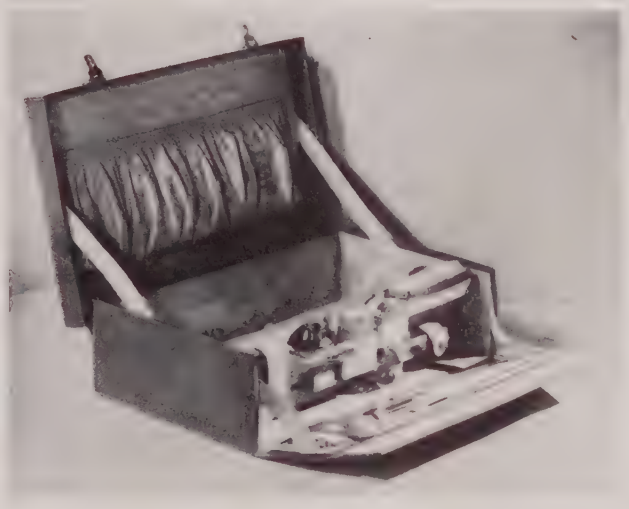
The tie makes or breaks the ensemble. If it is in proper harmony with the rest of the attire it completes the scheme of suit, shirt, socks, handkerchief and hat. One should choose a cravat that has been designed and made with this in mind—Cheney Cravats. The tie shown is a Radzimir Barré—a cloth of sturdy richness.

CHENEY
CRAVATS

CHENEY BROTHERS 181 MADISON AVENUE, AT 34TH STREET · NEW YORK CITY

THE MAN'S SHOP

Color and Simplicity Distinguish New Luggage

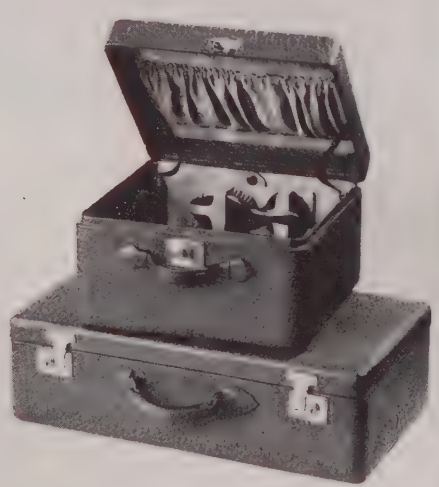


Sharkskin on French gilt fittings conveniently contained in front of case in separate compartment, distinguish this woman's suit case. Made in England of very fine quality selected pigskin. Exquisite workmanship. 20 inches—$425

Woman's fitted suit case of European type. Unusual number of bottles and jars with nickel tops. Fittings of imitation shell. 14 inch—$85. Man's fitted dressing case that may be carried in any piece of luggage. Of fine English pigskin with Howard fittings of Karibrose or natural ebony—$75



Pigskin, the aristocrat of leathers, in boar grain, grey or brown, is adapted to feminine use in the unfitted suit case and fitted hat box. Removable fittings of imitation shell or pearl and amber.
Suit case 22 inches—$27.50.
Hat box 14 inches—$42.50.





Man's kit bag made in England. An extremely simple design, hand-sewn throughout. Hand-made locks. Of mellowed English buckskin and new plaid felt lining. 24 inch—$95. Suit case to match 24 inch—$90.

EXPRESS ELEVATORS—TENTH FLOOR

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



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FIFTH AVENUE OFFICE
GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
FIFTH AVENUE AND 44TH STREET

The new elegance

WOMEN are women again—not boys, or paper dolls dipped in a single tone. They wear soft draperies, exquisite textures, colours that melt into each other, colours that make a contrast, brilliant or subtle, but always challenging. They wear black—most wickedly feminine colour of all....

Women of other days had figures. But only those of today have legs and feet.... Ah, those feet, in shoes like little works of art, cunningly designed to tell lies worth looking at!

Smartness, indeed, begins where slender heels tap the pavement; if it doesn't—it simply doesn't exist.



No wonder Vici kid has come into its own—the leather that fits like a slim glove, that takes suave lines so charmingly, that makes the foot look its smallest, slightest and most feminine—coloured to coax the slowest pocketbook to open three times where it planned to open once—because each shoe would be so perfect with its own inspired costume.... If you don't know the Vici colours, clip out the list below and take it to your favourite shoe shop.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA

Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

The new Vici colours

Vici Polo ... golden brown, perfect for the tailored shoe.

Vici Cochin ... rich, medium brown, good at all times of day.

Vici Cinna ... rose-brown, morning or afternoon.

Vici Rosette ... Winter beige, for formal wear.

Vici Walnut ... darkest brown, a most distinguished shade.

Vici Navy ... a deep blue, steadily increasing in favor.

Vici Black ... mat, the Paris-choice for the new black costume; glacé, for those who like a more lustrous finish.

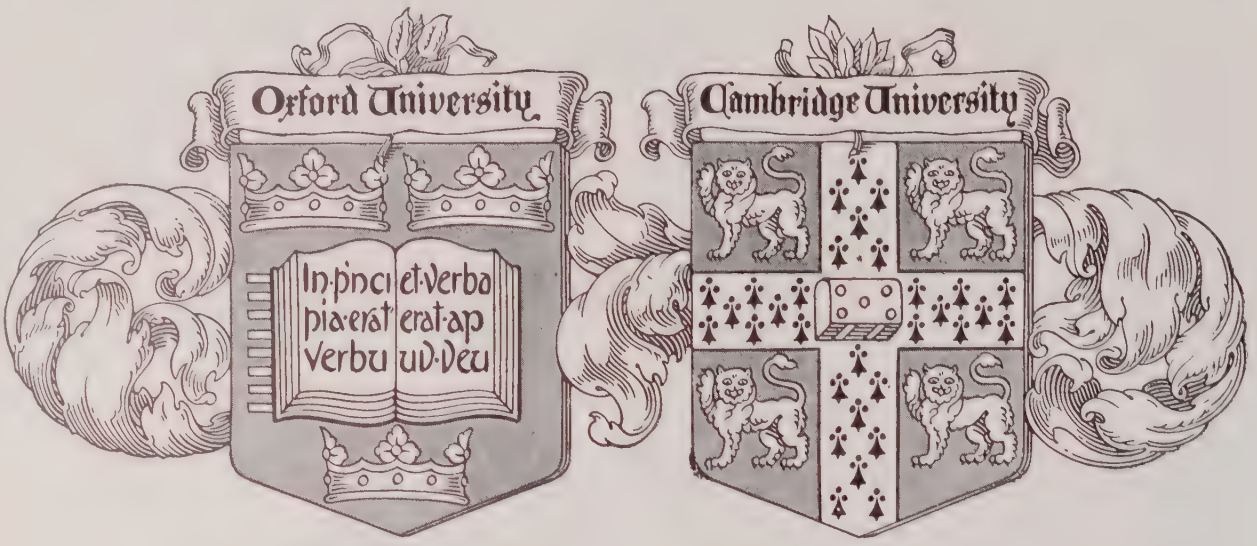
The Vici Lucky Horseshoe



Stamped inside shoes of Vici kid—assurance of quality, colour and smartness.

VICI kid

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



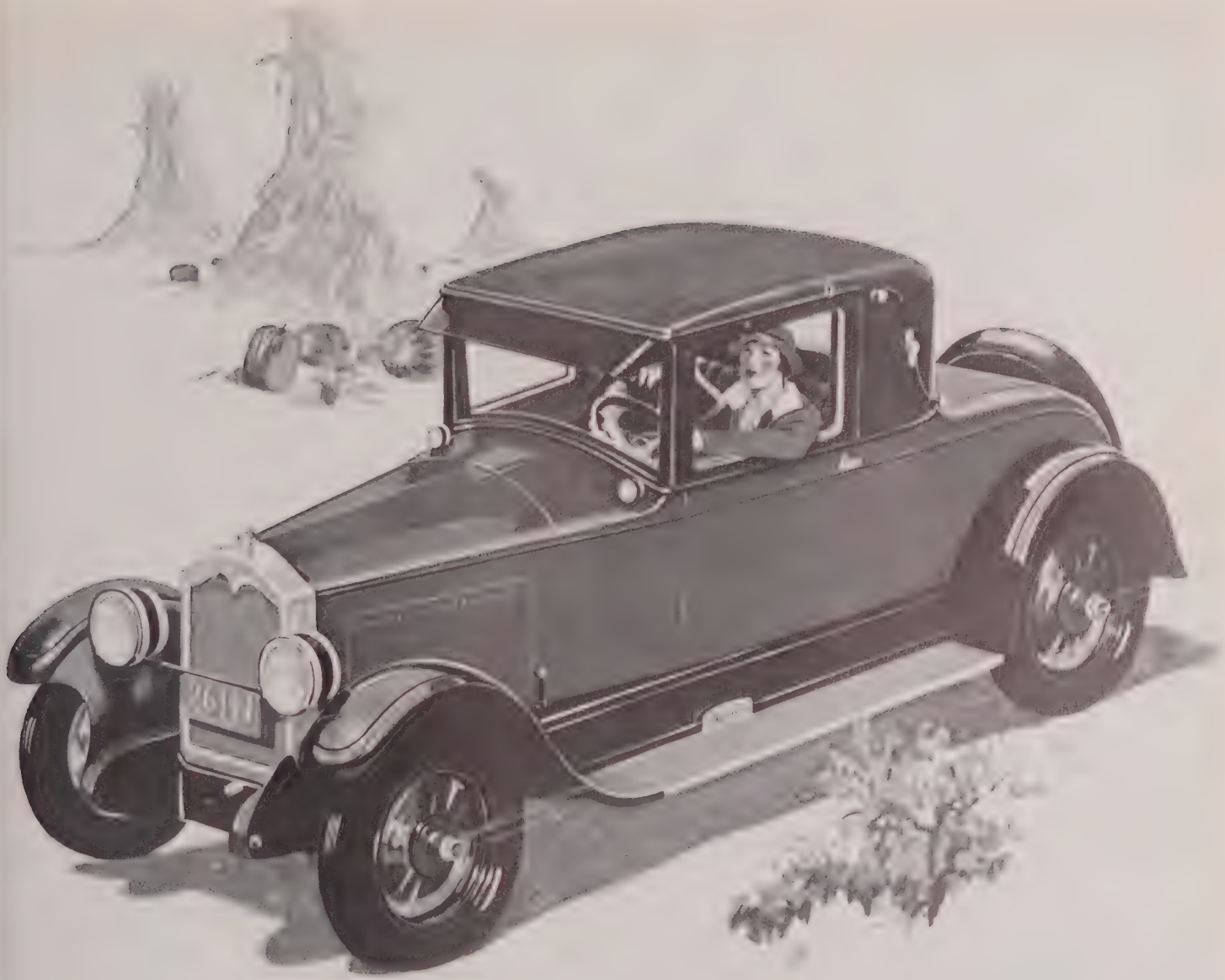
W. E. Fayers
12 Queen Street
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Joshua Taylor & Co., Ltd.
57-60 Sidney Street
Cambridge, England

These famous hat shops in the great University towns of England feature Stetson Hats. And Stetsons are the choice at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Michigan, Illinois, Stanford—in every place where young men congregate.

STETSON HATS

Styled for Young Men



PRINCELY BEAUTY and luxury adorn the Greatest Buick Ever Built and furnish exquisite atmosphere for performance that has startled the motor car industry. The Valve-in-Head Engine in this new Buick is literally *vibrationless beyond belief,* at every speed.

Buick

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

When the Thanksgiving feast is spread—and gay friends gather—when you're joyously thankful for another year of health and plenty
—have a Camel!

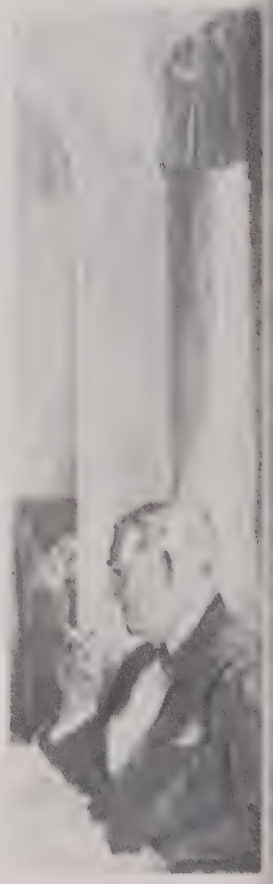


WHEN it's Thanksgiving. And your chosen friends are enjoying the good things of earth. As you are rejoicing over another year of health and good fortune —*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever gave so much added enjoyment to a Thanksgiving feast. No other was ever so welcome to your friends. Millions of experienced smokers are thankful each day for Camels. This distinctive cigarette brought the world a new measure of smoking satisfaction and contentment, for Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste. Before Camel it was impossible to get every good feature in one cigarette, no matter how much smokers were willing to pay. Such choice tobaccos were never before blended as they are in Camels. The makers of Camel set out to blend the world's finest cigarette regardless of price —and they succeeded!

So this festive day, with thanks for the good year that is gone, with hope for the better days to come — send up the fragrant smoke that is loved by millions. On Thanksgiving Day have the best that's made.

Have a Camel!



Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

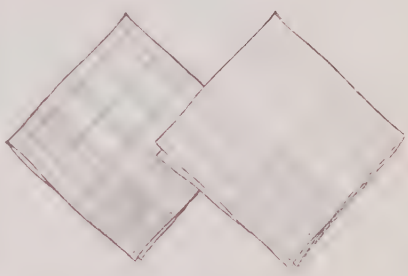
Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

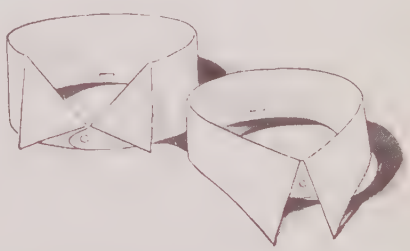




As the "man most likely to succeed," in the opinion of his classmates, E. G. Preston of Williams College, '26, typifies the considered good taste in dress which every man of every age recognizes as a definite social and business asset.



At this exclusive New England college, simple, self-pattern white handkerchiefs of imported linen are considered correct.



"The man with a longish face and long neck," suggests this typical Williams man, "will find Ide's Glengair a smart starched collar that broadens the facial lines. I think the Ideport is in excellent taste for formal dress."

Williams Men Are Not "Collegiate"

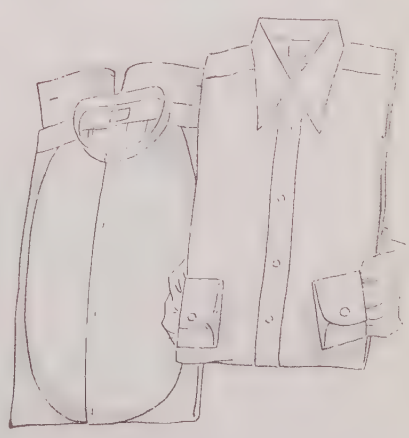
"COLLEGIATE clothes, so-called," says Elwyn G. Preston, '26, voted by his class at Williams College the man most likely to succeed, "are generally favored by a type of young man who certainly did not go to Williams."

At last a college man brands a misnomer in men's dress—*and tells and pictures for you in selections from Ide personal linen what well-bred college men of today really do wear.*

"Real men in college or out do not give to their clothes the undue consideration which results in accentuating extremes in style.

"Perhaps it is because Ide styles are so essentially correct that so many well-dressed men wear Ide. Certainly, I heartily approve the good taste shown in designing the Ide collars, shirts and handkerchiefs which I selected from the styles for the current season."

Mr. Preston's selections of Ide haberdashery are here sketched and described. Together with the selections of other men at Yale, Princeton, Brown, Chicago, Wisconsin, Cornell, Pittsburgh, Dartmouth, Columbia, these styles are described in a booklet which will be sent you at your request. Address Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.



"A white broadcloth shirt, like the Ide Etonstreet 8, made with attached collar, is always correct, sensible style. For evening affairs, I like the formal Valcourt."

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A progressive boarding school for boys and girls from 6 to 12
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TOME Overlooking beautiful Susquehanna River. A nationally-known preparatory school for boys. 190 acres. Faculty of specialists. Separate department for younger boys. Supervised athletics. Golf course; swimming pool. Catalog. Murray Peabody Brush, Ph.D., Port Deposit, Md.

NEW ENGLAND—Boys

ROXBURY
A Special Type of Boarding School. College Preparation. Sound Instruction. Tutorial Method. All sports. A. F. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

EDITORIAL NOTE

VANITY FAIR devotes most of its editorial pages to the arts, crafts, sports and cultivated tastes of America. There is, today, a large group of schools, in the curriculum of which these special departments of American life are expressly emphasized. Such schools are growing so rapidly in number and in importance, that we think it expedient to group their announcements together in this special section of the magazine.

FINE ARTS



Winter Term—52nd Year of
The ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE
215 W. 57th St., New York
CLASSES In Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Lithography, Etching and Wood-Block
Send for Catalog V.

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS · *San Francisco*
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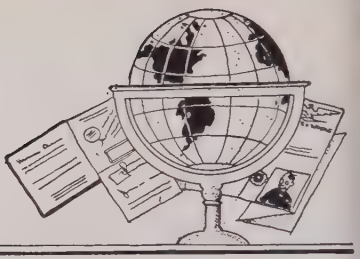
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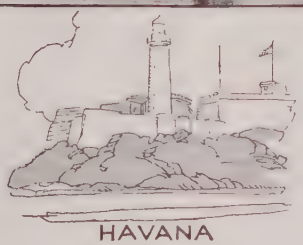
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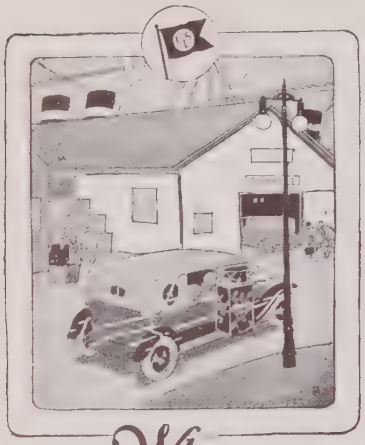
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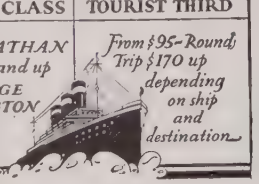
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in which those who are
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the finest in Europe
will feel at home

Opened October First

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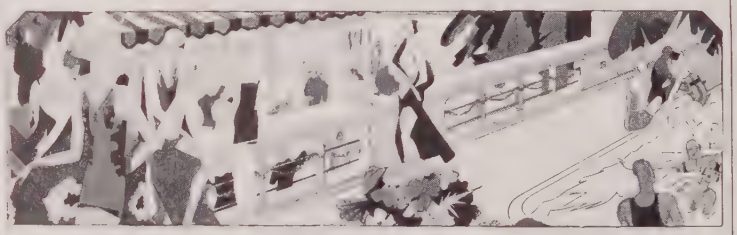
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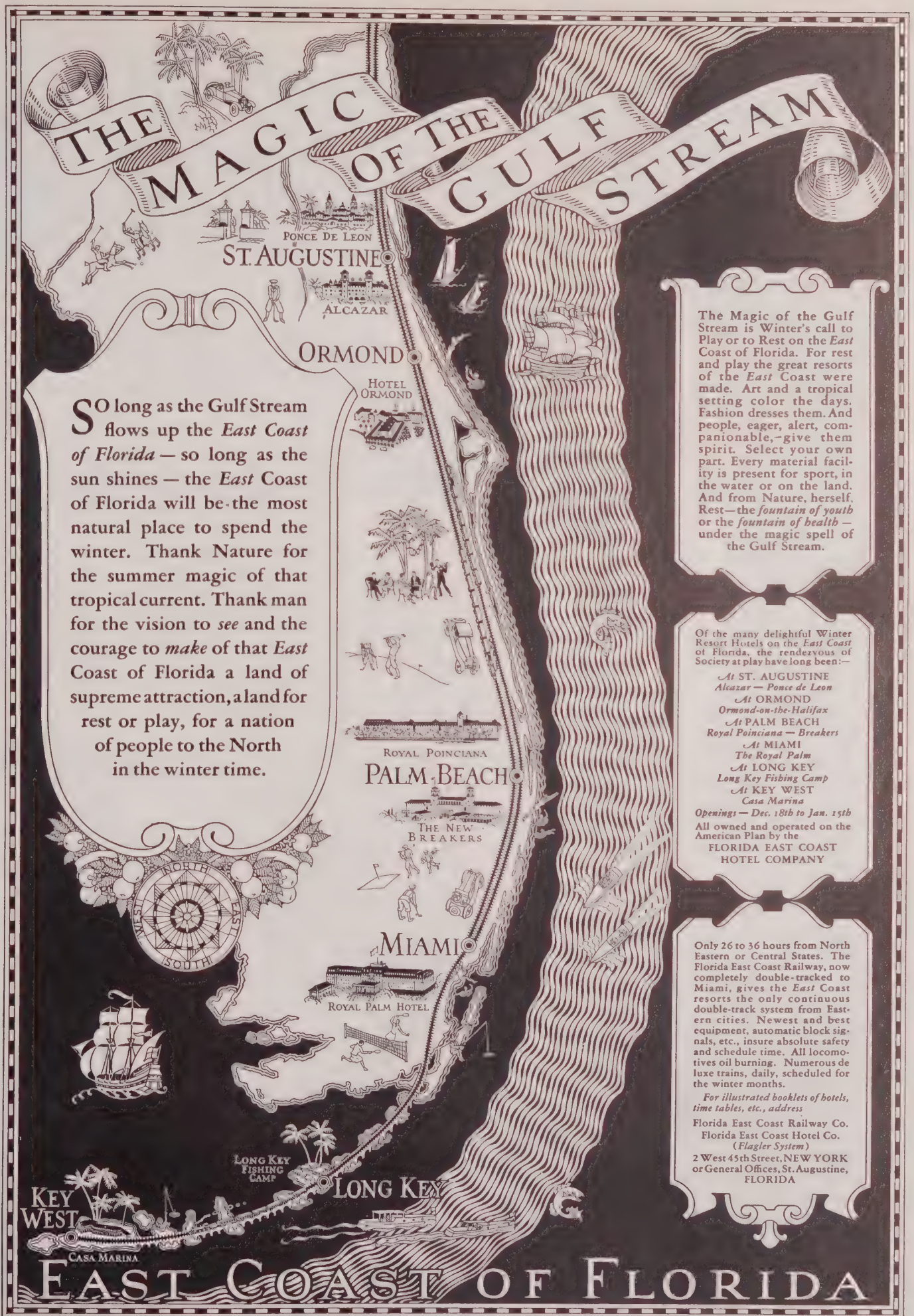
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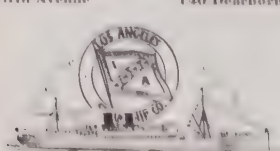
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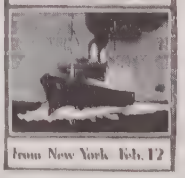


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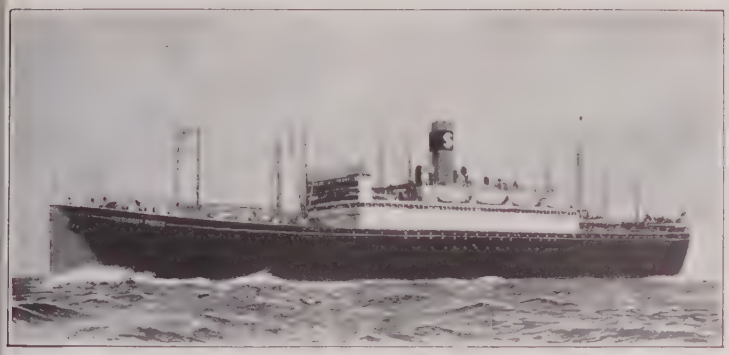
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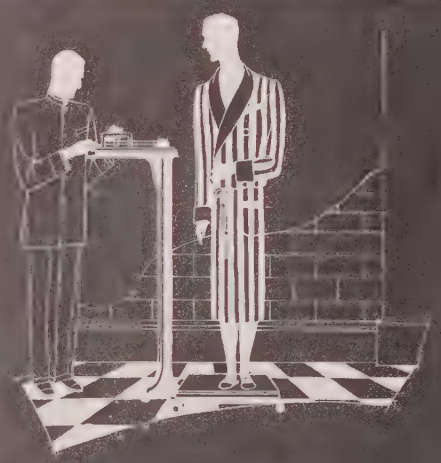
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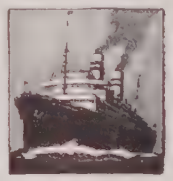
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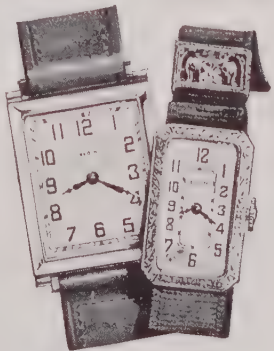
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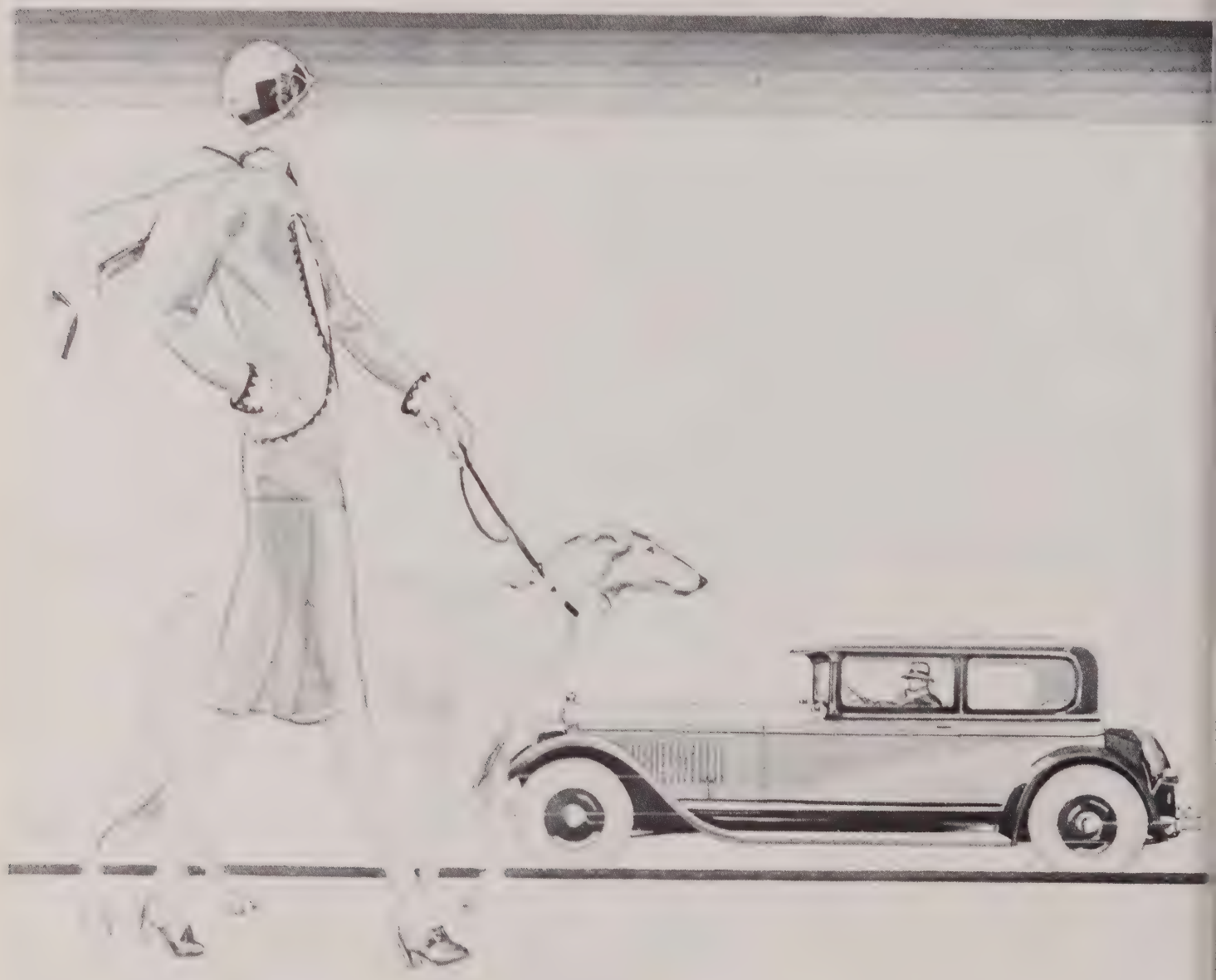
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THE Evening Jewelry he should have



Full Dress Set No. 1488, Krementz Quality rolled white gold plate rims, white mother-of-pearl centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons, in gift case $11.50



MEN appear at their best in evening clothes. But how absurdly conspicuous is the man who wears a tuxedo when the occasion requires full dress.

And the man who wears his tuxedo jewelry with full dress, or tries to make his full-dress set answer for all occasions, holds himself equally open to embarrassment.

The conventional form for full dress is white mother-of-pearl; for tuxedo, black enamel or dark mother-of-pearl. The vest buttons must always match studs and links.

Every man should have two sets of evening jewelry. This is not an extravagance—it is essential if he would dress correctly for all occasions. As a gift to him, you will find the ideal selection among the many pleasing designs in Krementz Sets of Correct Evening Jewelry for men.



You may see these sets at the better stores. Upon request we will mail you our illustrated booklet with Correct Dress Chart.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
Established 1866 — Time Does Tell
NEWARK, N. J.

Krementz Gift Jewelry for Men

Tuxedo Set No. 2061, Krementz quality rolled white gold plate rims, smoked mother-of-pearl centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons, in gift case $15.00



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Since 1845 the Choice of Gentlemen



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ARE you careful in the selection of your ties? Does it matter whether a hat is exactly the right one for you or is merely a head cover? Are you just as much concerned with the cut of your clothes as the material they're made from? ∾ Then these latest Banister Shoes were made for you! They have the distinction that comes from a style *created* —a distinction that is lost in a style copied. ∾ Banister *creates* these shoe styles for young men. It takes an old house with seasoned craftsmen to make new, young styles that are unmistakably correct—and smart. ∾ For eighty-one years we have made shoes and shoe styles. And for eighty-one years the young men who really count have chosen Banister Shoes! Priced at $12.50 and up.

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JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



Bi-Spinning has eliminated the Neglected Area from Trufab hose.



Typical Trufab Bi-Spun hose, of pure Virgin Australian Wool, with smart French clock-stripe effects in Rayon, retailing everywhere for only $1

BREAKING MEN *of the* HIGH-PRICE HABIT

Men who used to pay high prices have discovered that Trufab Bi-Spun hose satisfies the demands of the most careful grooming. In addition to smart styles and colorings, Trufab gives far longer service than old-type socks.

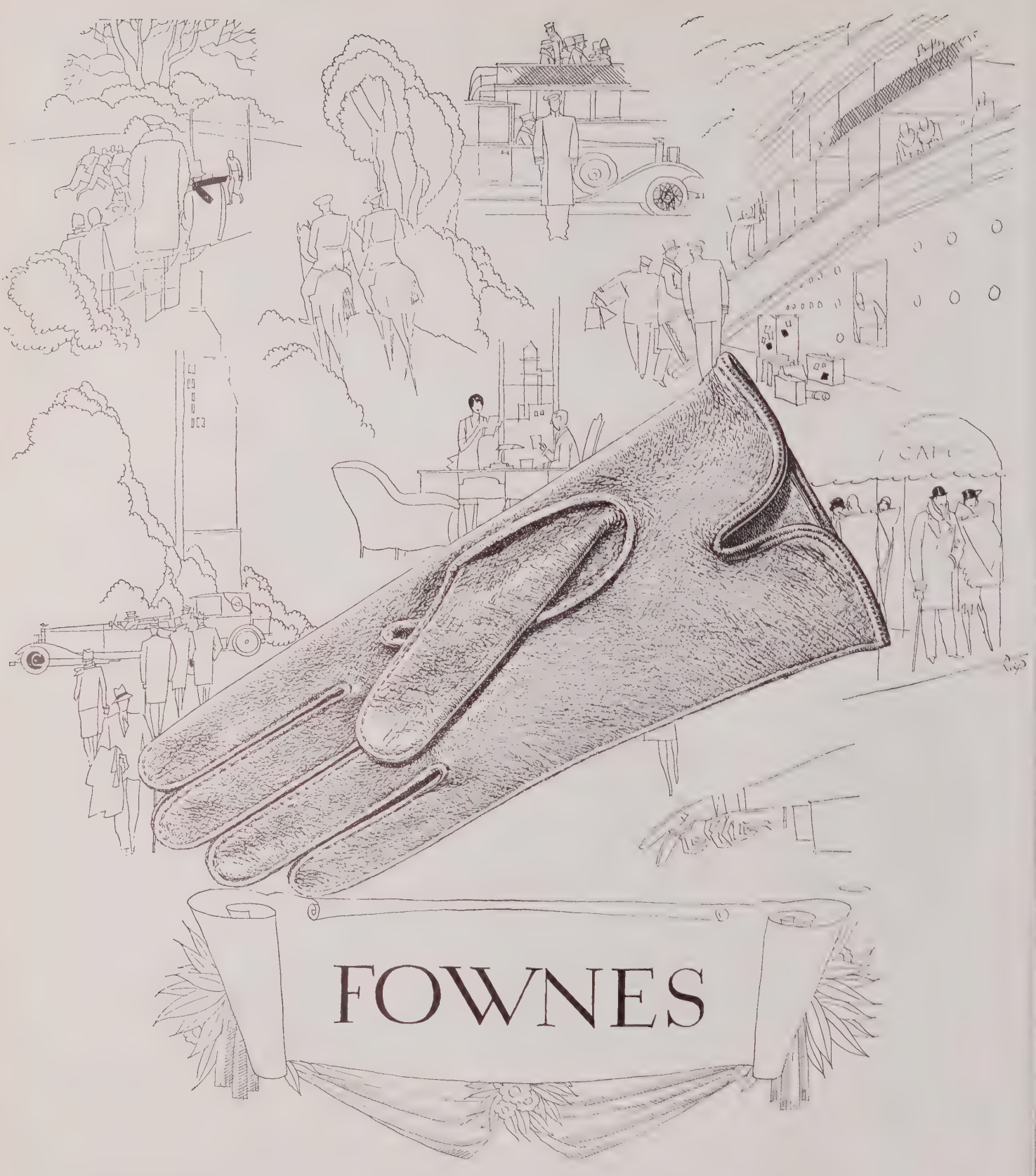
The reason is BI-SPINNING—the amazing new process that invisibly reinforces the entire sock, adding months of extra wear.

Bi-Spinning is exclusive with Trufab. It permits an unconditional guarantee: Either they satisfy you or you get your money back. This new discovery brings more attractive colors, helps keep Trufab socks trim-fitting through many launderings.

In the Trufab series every man will find precisely the style and material he prefers. Prices range from 35c to $1. Bi-Spun wool and rayon Golf Hose at $2.

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Tru-fab
Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN



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The Fownes Sesqui is something entirely new in gloves originated by the Fownes Company (patent rights applied for). It has a vent wrist which feels comfortable and looks smart. And the unmistakable Fownes quality of leather and perfect finish make it one of the season's smartest models—for general wear about town, for business and semi-sports. In three shades, priced at $5.00. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

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The Schoble Feature is the soft hat favored by well-dressed men. And the social season suggests the addition of the Schoble Derby for the more formal occasions. Sold by most fine hatters everywhere.

Seven to forty dollars

SCHOBLE HATS

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PHOENIX



The Book of Hosiery 284

ACTIVE men are insistent buyers of this particular silk hose, because they must have foot-covering that will survive extraordinary punishment and look well at the end of the ordeal. It is the famous Phoenix number 284. Made of the long strands of pure Japanese silk and adroitly woven with unique reinforcements, it supplies a wide range of color-selection for a colorful season. Strong and handsome! It is the friendly sock for the active foot.

No. 284
75 cents a pair

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SILK SOCKS
MILWAUKEE

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EVERY GENUINE BURBERRY COAT BEARS THIS LABEL

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EASE in the appearance of dress is recognized everywhere as one mark of the man of affairs. Many efforts at so-called smart styles are no more in keeping with the ideas of the really well-dressed man than exaggerated manners or speech. But there is no reason why ease and comfort should not have distinctive style as well. Burberry overcoats are famous on six continents for just this happy combination—and for another one, too, equally important. They combine the greatest warmth with an amazingly light weight.



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Reducing Corset: Cream colored rubber. Laced back, clasp front. Made to your measure, **$12.00**

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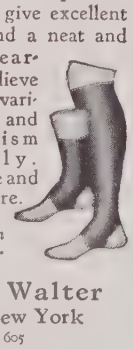
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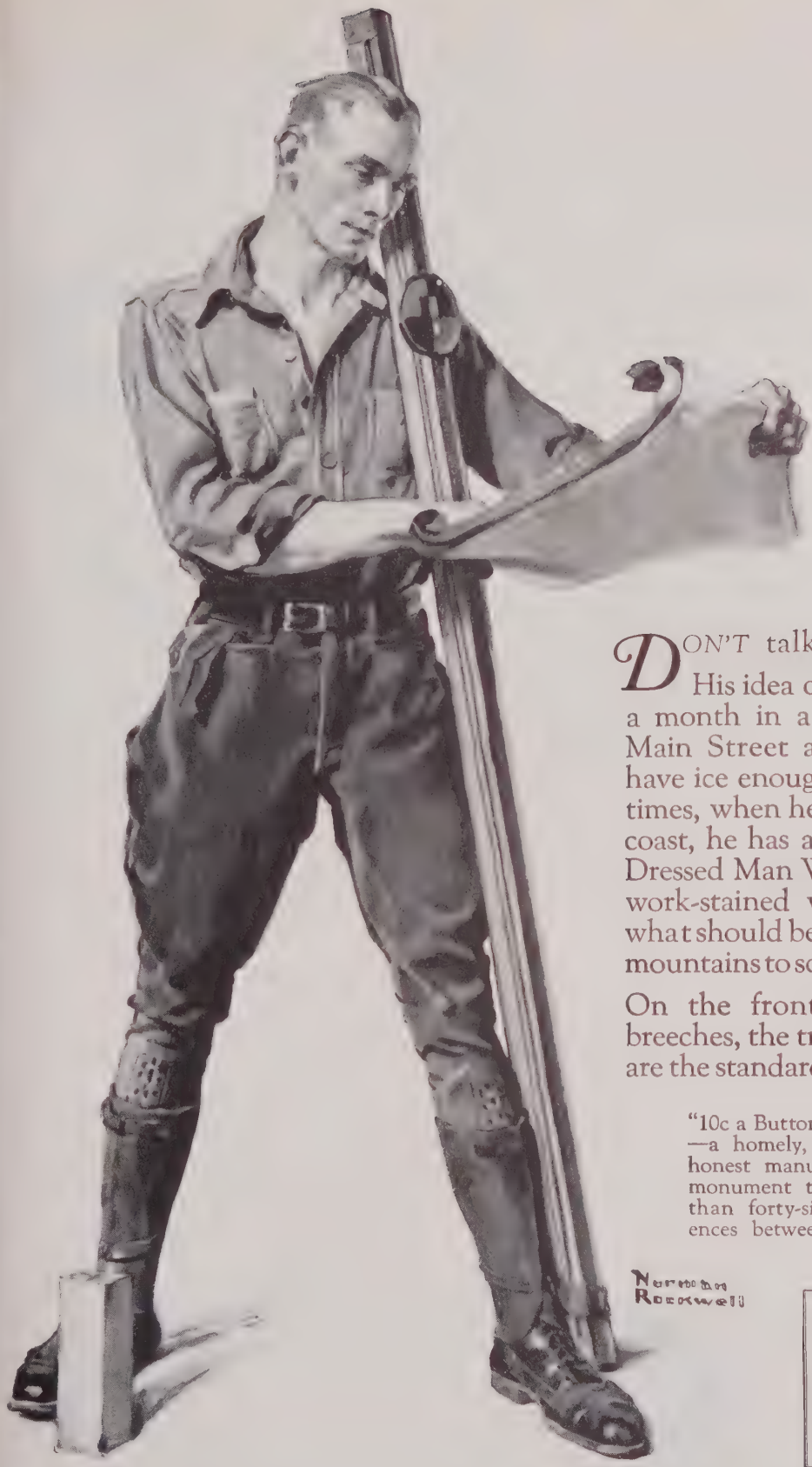
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On the frontiers of nations or of commerce, breeches, the trousers that are made to tuck in boots, are the standard equipment of men who do things.(*)

"10c a Button: $1.00 a Rip" originally was just a slogan—a homely, but sincere expression to the public of honest manufacturing intent. Today, the slogan is a monument to a promise kept unswervingly for more than forty-six years—it is one of the *tangible* differences between Dutchess Trousers and other trousers.

DUTCHESS TROUSERS
10¢ a Button . . $1.00 a Rip
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WARRANTY
YOU MAY WEAR A PAIR FOR TWO MONTHS
IF A BUTTON COMES OFF WE WILL PAY YOU 10¢
IF THEY RIP WE WILL PAY YOU $1.00
OR GIVE YOU A NEW PAIR

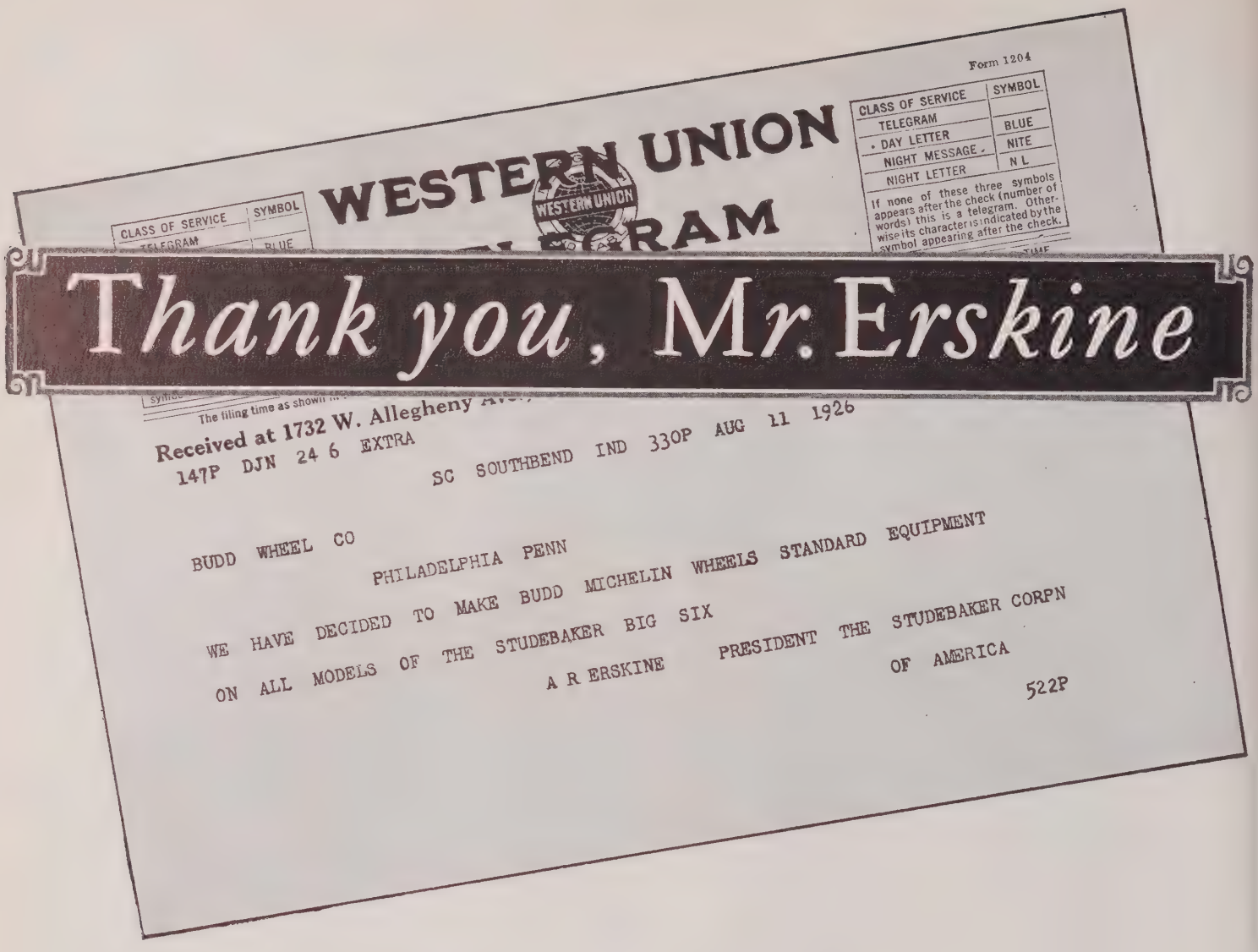
(*) *This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. The series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include:*

"Going on Nineteen" in FLANNELS
"Mr. Tracy" of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS
"Jim will be voting Next Year" in COLLEGIATES
"Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS
"Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS
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DUTCHESS

Trousers & Knickers

POUGHKEEPSIE (*Dutchess County*) NEW YORK



Thank you, Mr. Erskine

STUDEBAKER BUYERS, *congratulations!*

When you see the Big Six on Budd-Michelin Wheels, we believe you will join us in thanking Mr. Erskine.

And when you have driven one of these cars a few thousand miles, we *know* you'll feel the way we do about it.

For by that time you'll realize that Budd-Michelin superiority isn't solely a matter of distinguished appearance. . . . You may (we hope not) but you *may* have had occasion to thank your lucky stars for the added safety of All-Steel Wheels.

You 'll know how much easier it is to keep these wheels spick and span.

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Another famous automobile adopts Budd-Michelin Wheels. That makes half a dozen in recent months—and every one a leader.

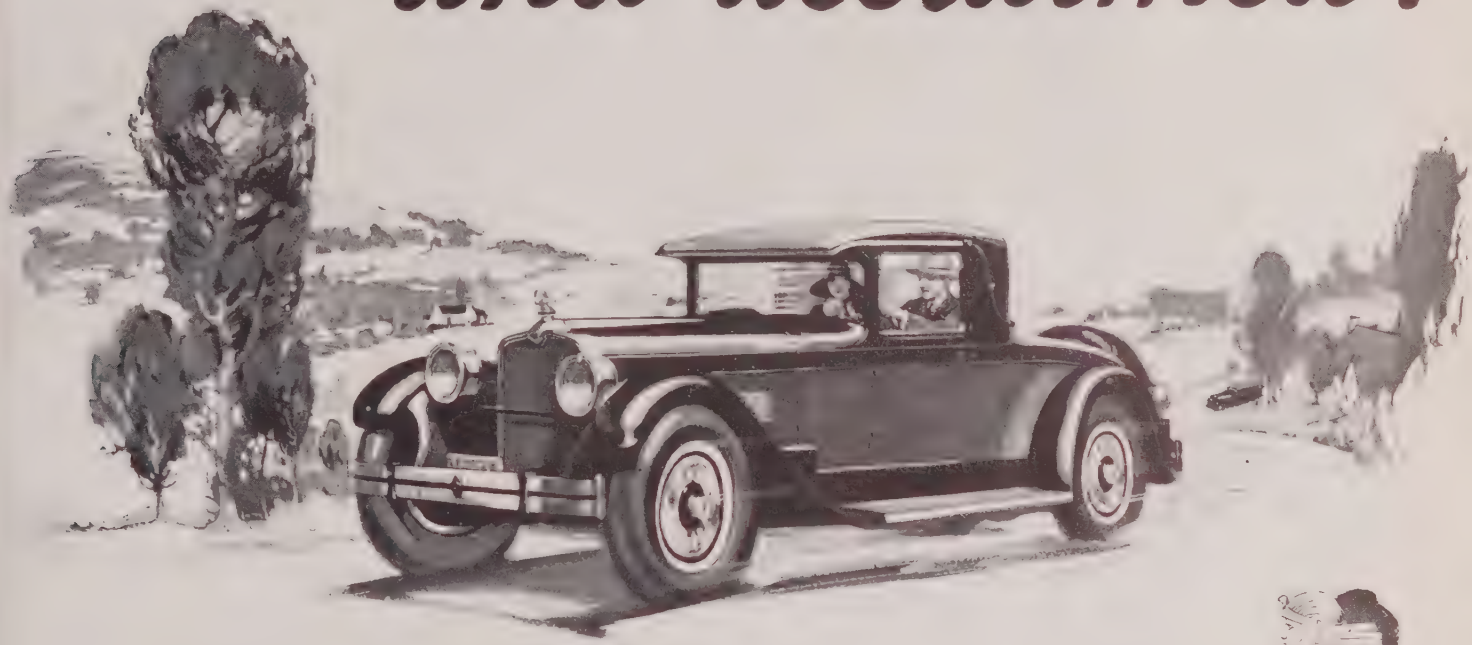
Thank you, Mr. Erskine!



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Also makers of the Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheel, which fits the same hub as the Budd All Steel-Wheel.

An ideal realized and acclaimed!



SUCCESS always begins farther back than the public sees.

The New Safety Stutz began with an ideal, fostered for years in the mind of an engineer.

Patiently, he and his associates awaited their hour of opportunity.

It came — and a new type of automobile was born.

The motoring public, long accustomed to wolf-cries of "new", at first was skeptical.

But the creators of the New Safety Stutz, it was found, were not merely adding to the already long list of "good cars".

Instead, at the Automobile Shows last winter, observers saw in the Stutz exhibits an automobile genuinely advanced, from a mechanical standpoint.

They looked upon a motor car with new basic features rather than "talking points".

They saw a car carrying its "useful load" (passengers) radically lower than ever before; not a mere semblance of lowness, but actual mechanical lowness accomplished by real engineering—and without sacrifice of road clearance.

What they didn't see was the many engineering problems met and solved in order to gain this bona-fide close-to-the-groundness without reducing either head-room or road-clearance.

They couldn't well know that an entirely new mechanical theory had to be evolved so that the motorist might be given the benefits of this new automobile architecture.

And the full significance of the New Safety Stutz design was yet to be revealed to the public and the automobile industry alike.

But soon—by tens, by hundreds, by thousands—buyers got their cars out on the open road. Then came a nation-wide realization and acclamation of the real importance of Stutz accomplishment.

A flood of letters from owner-drivers poured in. These letters expressed a delighted surprise at the new and complete sense of security experienced in riding in the New Safety Stutz.

They exclaimed over the ease of handling, and absence of side-sway and usual road-shocks and jolts; its "road-adhesiveness", its surety around corners, and its non-skidding characteristics. And all these features were deliberately engineered into the car.

Today, the enthusiasm of the Stutz owner-body for their cars is the marvel of veteran automobile men. It is without precedent.

This enthusiasm, and the car that inspires it, are in no degree accidental. All is the fruition of the success that was founded in the dream of the engineer.



The New Safety Stutz is permanently protected against theft, by The Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

An exclusive feature is Loss-of-Use Insurance, paying the car owner five dollars per day, up to thirty days, for loss of the car's use through theft. This also is without cost to the car owner.

The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft.

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New SAFETY STUTZ



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Back in 1906 Whitman's selected from the various chocolates they had been making since 1842 those particular nut centers, caramels, nougats and other firm and "chew-y" kinds that were preferred by a large class of candy buyers.

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IN VANITY FAIR

Don't Pry, Little Girl, Don't Pry

How Wisdom Came to Adam and Eve in the Sunken Garden of Eden

EVE, with fingers arched in artistry, moved to the dinner table and placed an ivory tusk, hollowed and filled with flowers, in its center. Shadows of twilight, like torn chiffons, faltered in dim corners of the cave. Tallow candles waited, slim and pendulous, moon-white in the dusk. Eve sighed.

"What a hostess I should make," she murmured wistfully, "if I only had some guests. Here we have a whole roast pig for dinner, and kneeling on its platter in a very mannerly fashion too—but its horrid jaws look so vacant. I should have liked to put an apple—"

Adam leaned his head upon his hand. In his side, where before the construction of Eve, he had cherished a rib, he now too frequently perceived a thorn. "Now don't let's start *that* all over again," he groaned.

"I'm not starting a thing. But this Prohibition simply brings out all the worst in me. You know *me*, Adam; I can be led but I cannot be driven."

"Well, all I know is," he said gloomily, "it's pretty dull for me, living in a place like this Eden where everything's done for you. I haven't a word against miracles, but what do I find this morning? That piece of desert over to the east flowing with milk and honey, and a brand-new potato-patch where the old swamp used to be. I'd like," concluded Adam plaintively, "to plant a little something myself now and then."

HIS wife raised a languid eyebrow. "Really, we've about exhausted the opportunities for self-improvement or even entertainment in Eden. I'm frightfully bored, and there's absolutely nothing to do after dinner."

"We might go for a moonlight swim in the Pool of Tears," he suggested with pessimism. Her brow became a deeper crescent of disdain.

"My dear man, these midnight bathing-parties are hopelessly *démodé*."

With a sigh, husband and wife sat down to their evening meal in silence. Around them, the garden intricately drowsed.

Eve, petulant in the bright sunlight, was rouging her lips with poppy-juice; a touch of bruised olive-leaf on each eyelid, a breath of rose-pollen over each cheek, and she rose and yawned. A mammoth heaved its velvet bulk through the whispering leaves.

"Nothing but mammoths, mammoths, mammoths all the day long!" fretted Eve, with a slight lisp owing to the difficult construction of the phrase. "I don't think Adam and I are really getting very much out of life," she sighed.

A soft wind stirred the Pool of Tears, and once more her eye strayed casually to the Tree of Knowledge, intimately a-bloom upon its banks, the apple gleaming like a ruby from its lowest bough. The Serpent lay coiled in languour among its foliage.

"Apples are so *triste*," reflected Eve, "I prefer the epicurean pomegranate." But the Serpent caught her interest. It was the only creature in Eden as bored as she.



EVE AND THE MIRROR

Wearily, Eve sought her reflection in the maiden's mirror. Her face swam like a shell, brittle and bland in its liquid surface. "I look very tired," she whimpered

Listlessly, she wandered by the pool in meditation. "I have youth, health, and social position. I am bored. Familiarity," she reflected, using the phrase for the first time, "breeds contempt."

A twisted dagger of lightning fell across the sky, and before her stood a handsome youth. His eyes were dark and wise, and upon his pallid brow dreamed a cool, candid moonstone.

"What you need," he said, "is a good, round, rosy apple."

Eve regarded him coldly. She was astonished, but concealed it perfectly, in the manner of a lady of fashion.

"I don't know who you are," she said, "but I am not supposed to know that there is another man on earth except Adam. I am married," she added, comprehensively.

The stranger bowed.

"However," she continued, yielding him the gift of a smile, artistically frosted, "if you care to—"

The stranger bowed again. "Thanks, I've got to make a fourth at bridge. I just dropped in to tell you about the apple." He was gone. But in her heart the wistful flowers of friendship lifted their heads a little. . . .

From a turquoise depth, a voice sighed to Eve, the words rattling like jewels upon her harder heart. "Are you happy," it whispered, "in a world where the only pink cloud is the rouge on your cheek, the only ripe cherries the cluster of your mouth? Where the only crescent moon is the arch of your eyebrow?"

"No," answered Eve thoughtfully, "I have never quite liked my eyebrows."

Spirals of blue smoke descended, danced, amazingly blended, and before her stood a tall maiden, amber-coloured and wise.

"Why, she is very like me," thought Eve curiously, "but I have the better figure." And she poked the stranger a little, dispassionately.

"Look!" cried the maiden. Eve surveyed her reflection in the mirror. Her face swam like a shell, brittle and bland, in its liquid surface. "I look tired," she said pathetically.

Now the azure mist again enveloped her. The maiden was gone; only a singing dusk filled the garden. As she listened, it grew into a kind of melody—faint, exquisite notes strung like stars upon threads of twilight. Bemused, she followed in a dream, and suddenly a shadow kissed her hair. She was beneath the Tree of Knowledge.

Upon its bough, the apple shone garnet-red in the milky light of evening; around its plaintive trunk, the Serpent gleamed emerald and copper through the dusk; the music still sang in the leaves, and now the Serpent's voice sang too.

"Bored?" he inquired politely.

"I was—frightfully. Aren't you?"

"No, I am only calm. You, my dear, are neurotic. Artificial. Dull. You want life, interest, the attention of your husband."

"I don't see how you knew," patronized Eve, "just sitting here."

The Serpent raised his head with its crown of gold and onyx, and smiled. "I was the handsome stranger in the garden," he said, "I was the handmaiden, I was the music that brought you here. I alone can give you the bright jewel that lies at the heart of the world, at the heart of my apple. And that secret—"

The wind sighed in her hair; her eyes widened a little.

Adam roared for his dinner in vain, as Eve bit into the apple and marveling, extracted the seed of happiness—a year's subscription to VANITY FAIR.

—M. C. M.

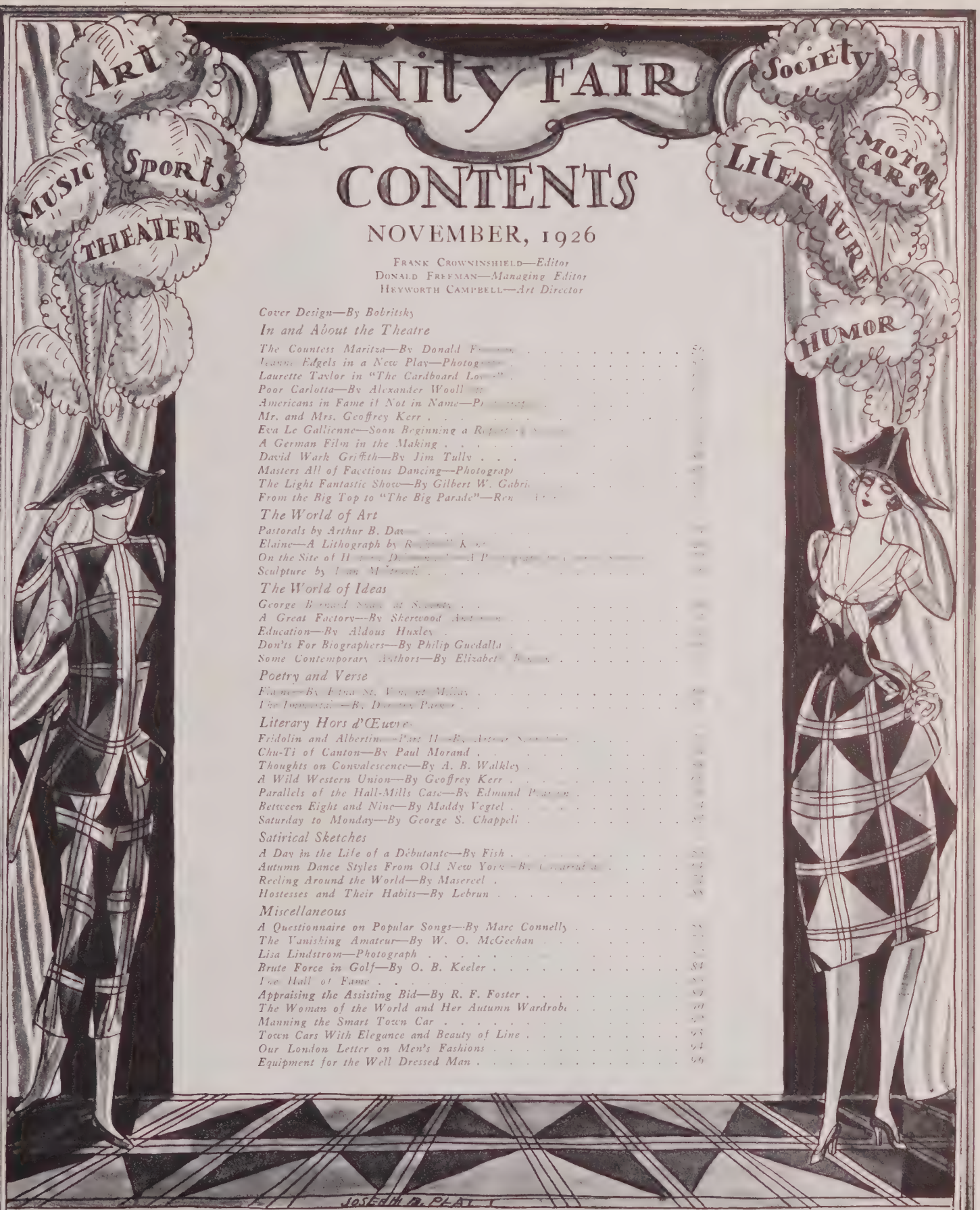


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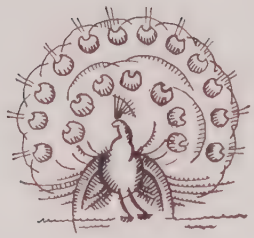


ESPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR VANITY FAIR BY NICKOLAS MURAY

George Bernard Shaw at Seventy

A Recent Study of the Famous Irish Playwright and Publicist Who Is Now Completing a Book In Defense of Socialistic Doctrines, to Be Followed Next Year by a New Play on a Historical Theme

Vanity Fair



A Great Factory

Problems and Attitudes in Life and Industry Considered from a Workman's Angle

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

MANY men, living in one long house. Rows of small frame houses, all built alike, along the streets of the industrial suburb. Other streets just like it running in all directions. A great city of such streets off to the north. If you took a street car you got down into the business section of the city. Great department stores, big hotels, swell restaurants. Lordy, how many people in this world! How do they all manage to make a living? You could take another car up to the park and on up to where the swell houses were. In your own street—dust, dirt, crying children, toughs in the pool room at the corner. Up there gardens, flowers, green grass growing.

There were two women—sisters—who ran the long house. One of them had married—a fleshy young man who always went about in his shirt sleeves and had a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth. He ran the pool room in the same street. Some of us went in there on Saturday afternoons or evenings. Harry and I did once or twice. It wasn't a very good place to go.

There were young men hanging about who never worked—better dressed than we were. Get into a game with one of them and, if you were sap enough to lay a bet, he stuck you every time. One of them stuck Harry for a whole week's pay. Harry said he had it coming to him. They were all pool sharks—the well-dressed, cigarette-smoking young men.

THE two sisters in that factory labourers' rooming house worked like mules. Harry and I hadn't much time to be sorry for any one except ourselves but we were sorry for them. They did the cooking in the house, swept and made the beds. It was a huge place—not too clean. Well, it wasn't clean at all. It was said the pool room keeper came home drunk sometimes and beat his woman. I never saw or heard anything of that.

The other sister. Well, you know how young labourers or factory hands talk. Their fancies linger over any woman they see. I was that way myself at that time. Harry may have been. He had a lot of natural reserve. A fellow named "Cal" told me he saw one of the sisters and a man named Slim Beal in a room together.

It was a lie. One day when I was ill she came into my room to make the bed. I could not help thinking of what Cal had said. When I looked at her the idea of her not being straight was absurd.

Trucks in the street outside, dust thick on the window panes. I sat by the open window and had in my hand a copy of George Borrow's *Romany Rye*. A lot of the other labourers in the factory used to call me "the professor".

The tall sister, with the bony hands and the tired sad-looking eyes, began to talk. Her cheeks grew a little red. She was embarrassed because she had got the impulse to talk and it was hard work for her. She told me about a younger brother who had died. It was evident he was the hope of the family. She said that the younger brother liked to draw pictures.

"I do, too," I said, "but I am not very successful. I suppose I'll just be a common workman all my life. I wish I could do something well."

SHE looked at me, sizing me up. "Of course," she said. It was evident she did not see anything in my looks to make her want to refute my statement. The brother, had he lived, would have been a genius. She knew it quite definitely. He could draw anything—a horse, a ship, a pig, just anything. Show him a picture in a newspaper or a magazine and the next day he would have it down in black and white, as natural as life.

The sister's eyes shone as she spoke of the dead brother. I tried to draw her out concerning her position in the house. "Why do you work here? I bet they don't pay you any too much."

My words frightened her and she went quickly away. It was the only talk we ever had together.

The factory where we worked was a big one. With the man at the next bench I got acquainted quickly. That was Harry. He was the only man there I did get to know well.

He did not belong to the factory or to factory life. Something was all wrong. How I knew I can't say. Harry had a certain air, walked across a room with a certain indefinable swagger. Later he lost most of his swagger.

Back of us both clung a memory of other places, other kinds of life—the life of fields, farms, orchards, small shops in small towns where the factories had not come yet, of nights on country roads under the moon, of rains and snows. "I'll walk out of this damn place when I get ready," I said to myself. I was strong of body. Work in fields is heavy, hard work and the pay is not much but there are no brick walls closing you in. I was in the presence of something tremendous, powerful—but it hadn't got me yet. It hadn't got Harry—yet.

I SAID something to him one day at the noon hour. His eyes grew bright. We became friends.

He took a room next my own in the great barrack-like place kept by the two sisters. Most of my own thoughts of factory life and what it means to the men in factories, what it does to men, are really his. Later I made my getaway but he stuck, became a drifting factory hand going from city to city, from shop to shop. He may not have been as shrewd as I was. I saw him once, fifteen years later. He had been hurt in a factory and was dying. They were taking the best of care of him. He had, in some mysterious way, kept track of me and sent me word. His opinions of factories hadn't changed much. He died, I thought, rather handsomely.

He thought the industrial age, the age of factories, too big for human comprehension, disastrous to men, but did not put the blame on any one.

Let me return to our life together. We used to go in the early morning down a long dirty street to the factory. Outside everything barren and ugly. Inside everything clean and shining. This particular company had built most of the houses in the industrial suburb. The houses were all alike. There was no expression of individuality. Well, you can't have artists building factory towns, can you?

HARRY walked beside me, worked beside me, came home with me evenings. We talked—trying to find ourselves in our world.

On some evenings we walked out beyond the town, on country roads or along railroad tracks. This was in the winter and it was often bitter cold, with biting winds blowing. We were young enough not to mind. It did me good just then to be with a man as impersonal as Harry. A lot of labourers are always flying off the handle, talking wild. You see I had to get factory life from the men's angle. I was one of them.

The factory was something—the walls well built, great light rooms. The factory stood for something very definite.

There was a row of shower baths where you could go and get clean after the day's work. Nothing lacking in physical comfort. The work was easy.

Something more than that—something splendid. Such vast quantities of goods made and very well made.

THE great factory in which we worked was an impersonal thing like something in Harry, who was to spend his life working in factories. The steady, even hum of vast machines—beauties many of them—so intricately made, doing such marvelous things. Click, click, click. Goods being made, carloads, trainloads, shiploads of goods. I could get a thrill any time, looking at the machines. They frightened me, too.

Harry was the son of a country doctor. He had left home because, in a quarrel, his father struck his mother with his fist. "I had to leave or kill him." He did not talk much about himself.

We were one in our admiration for the machinery and the organization of the great factory. Men had done it, the minds of men had done it. From the angle of production it was almost perfect. The sound of the machines sang in my dreams all night. They were powerful, persistent, accurate. They did not tire. Harry and I agreed often that men in general had little or no appreciation of what a marvelous thing the modern great factory had become.

It was far bigger than the men who owned it, who ran it, who worked in it. Were we afraid because it was bigger than the individual? We were. We were country-bred lads—individualists. My own individuality has always been the most bothersome thing in the world to me. Take it away and I am nothing. Solve all the problems of my life for me by industrialism, by standardization, and you leave me a dead man. I think I have always realized that. Nothing in the world could ever make me a socialist.

THERE were radicals enough about. They talked and we listened and on the whole thought them rather off the point.

Harry and I had both come from places where men still worked with simple, crude, rough tools. After he had left home Harry had worked as a farm hand. We had no illusions about labour—as labour. After listening to radical talk I remember Harry's saying, "These radicals are men who think that if they could change the form of government, the social scheme if they could take ownership out of certain hands and place it in other hands they would miraculously become good workmen." He thought that what men wanted was to be good workmen. I think so too.

Later, I remember, he somewhat revised that saying. "The reformer is a man who starts with a genuine passion for making life better for all men. The job is too big. A man has to save himself. The scheme the radical has fixed upon becomes in time the expression of his individuality. To give it up he must give up everything. He missed the point. The workman does not consciously call attention to himself. His work should do that. The difference is this—the radical is trying to change things—the workman to make things."

I have a notion that Harry did not get it all. There must be, somewhere back of every reformer, a sense of some divine order. It may be many of them are ready to surrender individuality for the common good. I am afraid I am not.

Workmen and artists are not primarily concerned with the fate of men. They are concerned with things, what they, as workmen, can do to things. I believe that, deep down in him, every man wants to be a workman more than he wants anything else. He wants it more than wealth, success, women, fame, honour.

Men want it as women want children. It's nature.

The great factory—modern industrialism—standardization—stand in the way. Well, what are you going to do about it? Industrialism, standardization have made the modern social scheme possible. They go together. You can't chuck facts. Without standardization you can't have the great factory—you can't have modern life.

You can't have your cake and eat it too.

YOU will understand that I am trying to speak of something huge and vast, to give as best I can, the feeling of two workmen regarding the great factory they worked in. Although for twenty years now I have not had one political thought, have no scheme for changing anything in the social structure, I am every day more keenly aware that my life is in no way what it would have been if great factories had not sprung up like mushrooms all over America in my time.

I am only saying here what the workman Harry and myself thought of the great factory while we worked together in it.

Admiring it, often overcome by a feeling of awe, admiring the men whose ingenuity had devised the specialization of work, the efficiency of it all—feeling that in bringing the comforts of life to men at a low cost in human labour, the great factory had come near self-justification, we could not go with the men of another generation in thinking the machine could solve men's problems. Organization of men in some socialistic state scheme, to make efficiency more efficient, we thought would make things worse.

The great factory—standardization—all that frightened us. I fled from it. He stuck. Modern life has affected me as deeply, getting out, as it did him, staying in.

TO return to our talks on winter nights, walking often under factory walls. At night the dark factories seemed like prisons. They are prisons. Some men think life itself is a prison. We helped each other to a kind of acceptance—that is the reason we became friends. I dare say many of our thoughts were crude enough. I am not presuming to be very certain I have got far with the subject on which I am trying to write. It is a rather large order.

I am only saying we were afraid of the great factory.

The shining wheels always flying, vast quantities of goods pouring out, lives of men made more comfortable everywhere, men employed, the power of the country growing, wealth being accumulated—in two workmen a feeling of fear. Not of wealth.

What of wealth? I would like to be wealthy myself. Wealth means to me the opportunity to do as I please. It means the chance to work always at what interests me most.

The many, in spite of dirty streets, ugly houses—better off in every way than labourers ever were before industrialism came. The terror of sheer brute, heavy labour that few men nowadays know—lifted, at least partly, from the shoulders of mankind.

Realizing that to blame any one rich man or group of rich men for what evil the coming of the great factory has brought is foolishness, childishness.

Still buried deep in us the feeling of fear.

Of what? Two boys walking, asking themselves that question, asking each other.

Did they know of what they were afraid?

SOMETIMES I think I do now. I have the individualist's fear of mass production—fear of losing touch. I never walk past a great factory now without having that fear. I am a man of the west, an individualist. Self-abnegation is not my strong point.

It may be that I am speaking only from the artist's viewpoint but I do not believe it. The artist is the man whose whole life is centered on the problems of not losing touch. I believe that any man who is a workman has something of the artist in him. The man who is not a workman is not a man at all.

Fear of losing touch. With what?

Why, with wood, cloth, iron, stone, earth, sky. The line this pen makes on this paper as I write, the quality of the paper, the ink, with everything in nature my mind or body touches. My life is centered here. Life, to me, has always this universal quality. There is something the machine cannot do for me. When the machine makes my fingers useless it makes me useless. I am afraid of the impotency that comes with the losing of the workman impulse.

Delight in the hands, in what the hands do, what the fingers of the hands do to things in nature. Is all that over the workman's head because he cannot express it? I express it in words because I am a workman in words. It is my job to find words to express such hidden fears.

MAN'S inheritance—his primary inheritance—being taken from him perhaps by mass production, by the great factory, by inventions, by the machine.

The great factory then, for all its wonders, remains a threat to the individualist, the workman. I, an individual, must save, for myself, my own individual touch. The tendency of the factory, of industrialism, is inevitably to place the emphasis on production, rather than on the process of production. That tends to destroy the workman in me. If someone can show me that I am wrong I shall be glad. There are already a great many great factories. There will be more.

It may be that the age of the individual has passed or is passing. Men are always rising up to say that the day of the artist is gone. They have said it many times in the history of man. When the workman, the workman impulse, passes there will be no more artists. I do not want to live in such an age and, being an optimist, do not believe it will come.

It may be after all a matter of emphasis. Now the emphasis is all on production. It may come back to workmanship one of these days.

Fridolin and Albertine

The Conclusion of the Exciting Tale of Love and Adventure in Vienna

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second part of the new novelette by Arthur Schnitzler, the first installment of which appeared in the October *Vanity Fair*. In the first part, the author depicted, with much intimate truth, the unusual psychologic relation between a physician and his (quite naturally, pretty) wife. The scene is, of course, Vienna; time, the present. After a gay Carnival ball, Fridolin (the husband) and Albertine (the wife) find that they do not really know each other—in fact, discover that secret thoughts stand as barriers between them. In a state of great desperation, Fridolin sets out to pick up what he imagines to be the broken threads of his life. As he wanders about, lost in thoughts, he meets a friend of his school days, who tells him of mysterious revels. Fridolin becomes possessed of the restless spirit of adventure. He ascertains from his friend the password of the mysterious house in which these revels are to take place. Moreover, he follows up the adventure, and actually goes to the house. He approaches, and two servants come to greet the trembling guest. At this exciting juncture the first part ended fortissimo. And now, as the phrase is, the reader is privileged to continue with the story.

TWO voices whispered, "Password?" And Fridolin replied, "Denmark." One servant took his fur coat and disappeared with it into the next room, the other opened the door and Fridolin entered a dimly lighted, high-ceilinged hall, decorated on all sides in black silk. Masked figures in clerical robes stalked up and down, sixteen to twenty of them, monks and nuns. The softly swelling music of a harmonium playing an Italian church melody was wafted from above. In a corner of the hall stood a small group, three nuns and two monks; they turned around, casually looking at Fridolin, and immediately turned away again as if intentionally. Fridolin, noticing that he was the only one who had his head covered, took off the pilgrim's hat and promenaded up and down as inconspicuously as possible; a monk touched Fridolin's arm and nodded a welcome; but a look darted from behind the mask which was for a second uncomfortably penetrating. A strange oppressive odour, as from a southern garden, embraced him. Again an arm touched his. This time, a nun. Like the others, she had a black veil wound around her forehead, hair and neck. Beneath the black lace mask, shone a blood-red mouth. Where am I? thought Fridolin. Among madmen? Among conspirators? Am I at a meeting of some religious sect? Perhaps Nachtigall was acting under instructions, was bribed to bring an uninitiate whom they might ridicule? But for a masquerade, all this seemed too sinister, too consistent, too uncanny. The music of the harmonium became mingled with the sound of a woman's voice, a soulful old Italian air sounded through the room. All stood still, seeming to listen. Fridolin, too, was captured for a while by the gorgeous swelling melody. Suddenly a woman's voice whispered from behind, "Don't turn around. There is still time for you to go. You don't belong here. If you are discovered, it will go badly with you."

Fridolin shuddered. For a second he considered heeding the warning. But the curiosity, the lure and chiefly his pride, outweighed all fear. I have gone so far, he thought, it does not matter what happens. And he shook his head without turning around.

The voice behind him whispered, "I am sorry for you."

Fridolin turned. He saw the blood-red mouth shimmering through the black lace. Dark eyes sang a melody into his own. "I stay," he said in heroic tones, which he did not believe himself capable of, and turned his head away again. The music rose majestically. The harmonium played a new, decidedly not religious air, instead earthy, lustful—thundering like an organ; and, glancing about, Fridolin saw that all the nuns had disappeared and that



DRAWING BY LEO KOBER

THE DISCOVERY

"Off with the mask," was the command to Fridolin. An arm reached out as if to tear off the mask when suddenly a door opened and one of the women stood, dressed in her nun's robe as he had first seen her

only monks remained in the hall. The voice, too, had risen from its sombre depths, through an artfully rising coloratura into brightness and jubilance. Instead of the harmonium, a worldly and persuasive piano tune had begun. Fridolin immediately recognized Nachtigall's wild, provocative touch, and the voice, at first so noble, in a last shrill, ecstatic cry had, so to speak, flown away, into infinity upwards through the high ceiling. Doors right and left had been opened. On one side of the room Fridolin recognized the dim outlines of Nachtigall's figure at the piano. The room opposite, however, blazed with blinding light and women were standing motionless, all of them with dark veils about their foreheads, hair and neck, black lace masks on their faces, but otherwise unclothed. Fridolin's eyes wandered from voluptuous to slim, from fragile to buxom figures. That each one of these veiled ones still remained a secret was an unsolvable riddle. Big eyes shone across to him through black masks and transformed the pleasure of gazing upon them into a mist of desire. This emotion on Fridolin's part was probably shared, however, by the other men. The breath of a charmed monk changed into a sigh; into a sound of deep woe; somewhere a cry rose;—and suddenly, as if driven, all the monks, no longer in clerical robes, but in festive, white, yellow, blue and red cavalier's attire, rushed from the dim hall across to the women who greeted them with a mad, almost wicked laughter.

Fridolin was the only one who had remained in monk's garb, so he sneaked somewhat cringingly into a distant corner, near Nachtigall, whose back was turned to him. Fridolin could see plainly that Nachtigall was blindfolded but, at the same time, he seemed to perceive how Nachtigall's eyes penetrated the high mirror opposite, where gay cavaliers were dancing with their partners.

All of a sudden one of the women came to Fridolin and whispered—for nobody dared speak a loud word—even the voices were secret: "Why so lonely? Why don't you dance?"

Fridolin observed two of the noblemen in another corner staring at him and he guessed that the woman beside him (she was boyish and lithe) had been sent over to test and tempt him. In spite of his suspicion, he opened his arms to draw her near, when one of the other women left her partner and ran directly over to Fridolin. He knew that it was she who had warned him before. She pretended that she was seeing Fridolin for the first time that evening and whispered, so audibly that it could be heard in the other corner, "Are you back at last?" And gaily laughing: "It's no use, you are found out," and turning to the boyish one: "Let me have him for just two minutes. Then you may have him again—forever if you like." And softly and happily: "It's he, yes he." The other girl, surprised: "Really?" and flitted to her cavaliers in the corner.

"Don't ask questions," the one who remained said to Fridolin, "and don't be surprised at anything. I tried to mislead them, but I'll tell you the truth: you can't get away with this much longer. Go before it is too late. And it may be too late at any moment. And be careful that they don't follow you. They mustn't learn who you are. The peace and quiet of your existence would be over for ever. Go!"

"Shall I see you again?"

"Impossible."

"Then I stay."

A tremor ran through her body which Fridolin felt and which almost robbed him of his senses.

"I can't risk more than my life," he said. "And you are worth that much to me at this moment." He took her hands and attempted to draw her close.

She whispered again, in despair and distress: "Go!"

He laughed and heard himself as one hears one's self in a dream. "I am conscious where I

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Chu-Ti of Canton

An Innocent Flirtation Involves a Traveller in a Maelstrom of Chinese Politics

By PAUL MORAND

WE left China shortly after the disturbance in Canton had reached its climax. The Communists were masters of the city and the river, and when we put into port at Hong Kong, the city was overflowing with Christian refugees, missionaries, silk merchants, Parsee and Arabian intermediaries, and dubious people of all races, who, for once, were outmastered and had taken to flight. Our ship was so crowded that, although I had the experienced traveller's trained eye, I did not know there were Chinese passengers on board, travelling first class, till, four days later, when we made a stop at Saigon. It was not until shortly before we arrived in Singapore that I noticed a high personage, surrounded by secretaries; it was General Ku-Tchong. The General was about thirty years old, tall, beardless, with a small, black, drooping moustache, like a seal, and a flat face. His appearance did not bespeak a high intelligence. He was in charge of a mission which, like most Chinese diplomatic missions, did not seem to have any definite purpose. Without doubt the object was to remove a certain number of distinguished persons from China for a period of months, and for this purpose gave them a certain allowance from the state revenues. Who were these people? No one on board ship could give me any information.

ONE evening, at the hour when everybody gathered on the forward deck to be part of the audience attendant upon a performance of Nature's—the sunset—I saw Miss Chu-Ti in a group of Chinese attached to the Ku-Tchong mission. She was a Chinese, dressed in a long white robe, wearing over it a short, pale blue silk jacket. Her hair was short and so slicked back with coco oil that one might have said it was painted with a brush; the eyebrows had been removed and a painted line replaced them. The sharply contrasting fullness of her carmine lips stood out on the background of a strangely pale complexion. As for the rest, the nose with scarcely bulging nostrils, the eyes, so drawn and narrow that one could hardly see them, were set in the same plane as the velvety, white face. Where could this ravishing Chinese girl have hidden herself for the past two weeks? I made my approach as well as I could, but General Ku-Tchong was distant and spoke only in a southern Chinese dialect so that I could do no more than have a chat with the secretaries, who, for their part, could not assume the responsibility of imposing such an indiscreet European as myself upon their chief. I was partially successful, in that I learned the name of the pretty Chinese, Miss Chu-Ti, and learned as well that she was the mistress of the General. She came from a respectable tea-house in Shanghai, knew more than two thousand poems by heart, varnished her fingernails every day and, inasmuch as she suffered from seasickness, seldom came up on deck. But the thing that astonished me so much was that she apparently was the object of extreme consideration on the part of the other members of the mission. At each port a fresh supply of provisions, mangoes, *liqueurs* and flowers was brought on board for her. At Colombo, the General returned with a handkerchief knotted at each corner and filled with precious stones; at Aden, he returned with an iron box full of ostrich feathers; at Djibuti, with white corals.

Several evenings after I had noticed Miss Chu-Ti for the first time, chance would have it that an *attaché* of the French consulate at Ceylon, who had been at Yunnan for a long time and spoke Chinese, came on board. I asked him to present my card officially to General Ku-Tchong with a few words of polite greeting. I was French and bent on a diplomatic mission, the same as he was. The boat we were traveling on belonged to the *Messageries Maritimes*; I could, therefore, take this initiative, without fear of offending convention. No sooner done, when the General invited me after dinner for a glass of *champagne* in the bar on the after-deck. We exchanged the usual polite phrases, and our calling cards with much formality, but Miss Chu-Ti did not appear. For several days I did not have any luck seeing her. But one night—a typical night on the Indian Ocean—stifling hot, full of pale and green stars—I was walking the deck, not being able to sleep in my badly-ventilated cabin. I was leaning over the railing, watching the phosphorescent spray flying off the prow of the ship like a shower of gossamer silver coins, when I became aware of the presence of Miss Chu-Ti. She also had come up to get a breath of fresh air. She was alone and I went to meet her and spoke to her. She knew a little pidgin English and I knew a few words of Chinese. Presently we had laid the foundation of an innocent flirtation.

Did she like to dance?

Passionately.

Could I do the Charleston, she asked me.

I COULD not, but nevertheless had the nerve to say that I was a past master of it.

I went to fetch my gramaphone from my cabin and on the deserted deck of the sleeping ship I gave her (and also myself) the first lesson. From that time on Miss Chu-Ti came often to the deck. Never in the morning; but, at the tea hour, she would make her appearance, every day in a different dress. It was a veritable floating exhibition of all the silks and all the colours of China. Occasionally she came down for dinner, and then she astonished the other passengers with her dresses of rose or green silk, as fragile as a design on porcelain, shaded as delicately as the paintings of Sung, with her small feet ensconced in satin slippers, and on her head a tiara made of kingfisher's feathers. Her eyes were painted with great care—full-blown, black flowers in porcelain vases of pale blue. Her shaved eye-brows, drawn over again, placed on her forehead much higher than the real ones, lent her face a serenity equalling that of Kwa-nonn. Yet, however she may have looked at other times, I felt that from under her puffed eyelids, which stood out as if in high relief, she often shot quick glances at me, more glistening than the surface of oil. One evening, after having again indulged in some *champagne* with the General and the ship's captain, emboldened by several ice-cold glasses which I had poured down when I was very warm, I seized Miss Chu-Ti by the wrist and started to dance with her in public. The Chinese General gave some signs of nervousness, that is to say, the colour of his temples changed ever so slightly and his right nostril quivered twice. But his young mistress must have reassured the General behind my back, because he never ceased smiling and never made any move to interfere. He even asked me to come down to his cabin to partake of a drink. It was tea—a green, perfumed and bitter tea—drunk amidst Innovation trunks, bamboo valises, Japanese lacquer boxes and revolvers. Chu-Ti's cabin connected with that of the General. On the table, facing each other, were two typewriters, carbon paper, Mauser automatics and a box of opium of the Indo-Chinese *Régie* brand. Every cup that was offered provided a pretext for new salutations.

THE General asked me if the *Moulin Rouge* was open, how many stories the Eiffel Tower had, if it were true that there were elevators on each of its four corners and if I thought that the President of the Council could receive him as soon as he arrived in Paris. Chu-Ti, who had left us alone at first, entered. Never had I witnessed so much gracefulness, so many artifices; never gazed upon a more seductive face. She was seated on a low stool at the feet of her lord, the General. The way I envied the latter made me realize that I was in love with Chu-Ti. Never had such a mixture of perfumes arisen from one woman at one time. They filled the small *cabine de luxe* with those Chinese perfumes which, like their wines, have a fruity taste—lime, bitter almonds or orange peel. I began to talk politics and asked Chu-Ti what she thought of the present revolutionary movements in the South of China. She answered me casually that she was a woman and that she understood nothing of politics. Shortly after, one of the secretaries of the Mission entered. He brought a radiogram and asked for instructions. The General made a show of reading it. I could see that he did not understand the contents. He handed the message to Chu-Ti. She got up and typed a lengthy answer. There must have been enough words in it to cost a hundred dollars. She opened her satchel and took from it a code book. I thought it would be polite of me to withdraw; but from that day I had my doubts about Chu-Ti being as ignorant concerning politics as she had claimed to be.

On my cot, before going to sleep, I lay thinking of Chu-Ti for a long time. The expression of deference I had caught in the secretary's eyes when looking at her, General Ku-Tchong's helpless and stupid attitude, gave me the impression that the soul of the

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A Day in the Life of a Débutante, According to the College Comics

How Our Collegiate Editors Depict Her Daily Routine

Drawings by FISH



8 P. M.
If we are to believe the college boys, who ought to know, the daylight hours in the life of Connie, the débutante, really don't count, so we shall start her off with dinner at the Colony



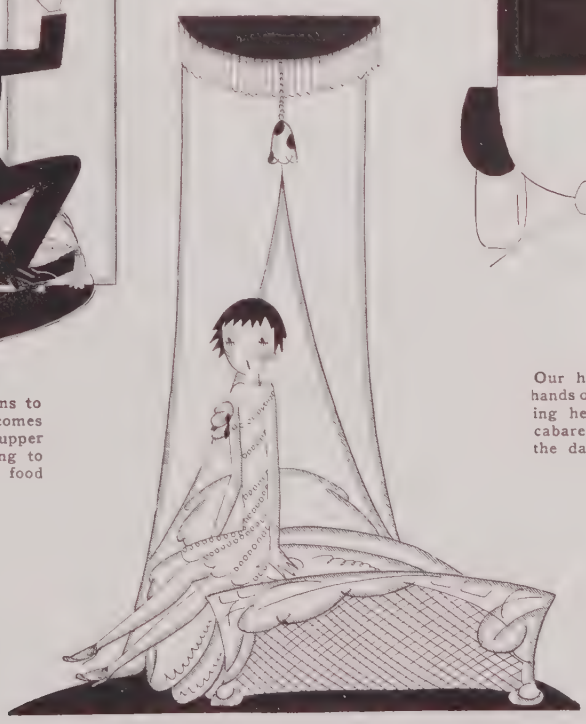
10 P. M.
After dinner, Connie hies her darling little self to a party at the Ritz, where she is literally rushed off her feet by Percy, the human top



MIDNIGHT
Every dance, to Connie, is a two-step: two steps with each partner, then someone cuts in. Alf is trying to make the most of his moment



2 A. M.
Just when Connie begins to feel a trifle footweary, comes the welcome relief of supper with Reg, who is trying to prove that alcohol is a food



6 A. M.
Home at last, to the tune of a rattling milk-cart, and Oh! Baby what a headache! What Connie's boy friends will feel like tomorrow is nobody's business —if the college comics were true



4 A. M.
Our heroine is in the very hands of Eddie, who is whisking her away to a Harlem cabaret, there to dance until the dappled dawn doth rise

The Countess Maritza

Concerning a Triumphal European Operetta and a Successful American Drama

By DONALD FREEMAN

STAMPED with the hearty approval of returned travellers who saw it in one or another of the European cities, the operetta called *Countess Maritza* has finally reached the New York stage. This is the piece which enriched considerably the promising composer from Budapest, named Emmerich Kalmán, and which for more than two years has kept him scurrying to all the remote corners of Europe that he himself might wield the baton at each new first performance. In case you do not read the foreign news, I may tell you that *Maritza* was the lone entertainment that survived the burdensome post-war season when scores of gasping and too seldom visited playhouses scattered around the continent were forced to close up shop on grounds of non-support. When the officious Mr. Breitner was tax commissioner of Vienna, and, by virtue of his office, causing no end of embarrassment to Max Reinhardt and managers of lesser importance in the *Kaiserstadt*, this entertainment was playing simultaneously on five Vienna stages.

This serious state of affairs made it quite impossible for an itinerant playgoer of any pretensions to avoid seeing *Maritza*, say, every other night, and impossible for any mere citizen or tourist to avoid hearing its melodies at any time of day or night on the slightest provocation.

This operetta also succeeded in bringing the luminaries of Europe's musical comedy world out of alleged withdrawals from public life and set them battling with the newcomers for the public affection. Thus such sumptuous *prima donnas* as Emma Kosáry, Betty Fischer, Rosa Mittemardi, and Jucy Labáss were at one and the same time playing the rôle of the haughty *Countess*. In fact, if any musical comedy *artiste* in Europe under the age of fifty did not attempt to make Mr. Kalmán's score articulate during the past two years, her name escapes me. There is, I know, only one consequential exception—the exquisite and captivating Louise Kartousch, of whose beguiling artistry I am considerably enamoured. A glittering representative of her sex, it was her custom to appear (to splendid advantage, of course) in the operettas of Franz Lehár in the anti-climactic days which followed in the wake of *The Merry Widow*. Save for a brief descent upon Lothar's *Duchess of Elba*, La Kartousch has, for reasons of her own, politely but firmly gone into a retirement from which even the chromatic possibilities of *Maritza* have failed to lure her.

SO many companies of the operetta were set loose at once upon devastated Europe, that soon there were not enough *Maritzas* to go around. Thus it was destined to become a sort of stepping-stone to fame and any personable young lady who could carry a tune and speak her lines without perceptibly trembling, might find herself elevated to aesthetic eminence by a single appearance in Mr. Kalmán's operetta. It came to be a tradition that once an actress was thrust into the title rôle, she became *ipso facto* an artist of the first rank.

Journalists began to write about *Maritza* with the same emotion which recently prompted a New York periodical to rank Anita Loos above such lesser humourists as Rabelais and Voltaire. In other words, *Countess Maritza* was applauded as a work of art, and Herr Kalmán found himself placed on the same aesthetic level as the late Puccini. Eventually *Maritza* succeeded *The Jewels of the Madonna* at the *Volksoper*,



VANDAMM

YVONNE D'ARLE

The American Maritza was a member of the Metropolitan and St. Louis opera companies before she was recruited to Broadway to sing Mr. Kalmán's score

which dwelling place of the Muse saw the first appearance of Jeritza on any metropolitan stage.

All of this was, of course, a mere perversion of values, for as New York now has opportunity to attest, *Maritza* is simply a first-rate operetta, with some excellent music of the better sort to which is affixed a none too potent *libretto* by the inevitable collaborators Brammer and Grünwald, who have in the past manufactured more mediocre filigrees for musical comedies than there are playwrights in Budapest. I have no patience with the delusion that Vienna is the home of operetta. This is one of the theatre's favourite and oft-repeated myths. Glance at any reference to a new musical show, the score or book of which is accredited to a Central European and you will find some allusions to the fact that it emanated from the homeland of this particular art. If this tradition has exerted any influence, it has been solely in the direction of quantity production. For every composer like Kalmán or Lehár there are a hundred mediocre talents like Robert Stoltz. The term "Viennese operetta" is still used with considerable respect, yet the identifying marks of the output of the past five years are staleness and a far from quaint old-fashioned air. Oscar Strauss' *Naughty Riquette* in its American production might easily have been mistaken for a revival of a piece originally produced in 1900. It is a pity that a composer with the imagination of Lehár cannot fit his music to a *libretto* of beauty and charm. But the composer of *The Merry Widow* lives where musical comedies are made on the factory plan, and must accept, almost without consultation, any book which his librettists concoct for him—in which, of course, one finds the usual inanities of plot and character and the inevitable allotment of humourless jokes.

IN America, I think, we are far more craftsmanlike in the matter of light entertainment, and seldom are the most flagrant faults of imported operettas discernible in our own. We, by the way, have no reason to complain of a dearth of musical genius. But, unfortunately, the syncopated rhythms of jazz result more often in noise than in melody. For my part, I prefer the latter—for semi-operatic purposes.

But to return to *Maritza* in its American presentation: it has been accorded a colourful production by its local sponsors, but for the most part, the rôles have been filled with a profoundly haphazard group of ladies and gentlemen. The important, albeit somewhat gaudy, title part of *Maritza* has been entrusted to Miss Yvonne D'Arle, formerly of the opera, who, except for a singing voice, has nothing whatever to commend her to her rôle. The part of the Gipsy has been expanded in the present version in order more deftly to display the talents of Miss Odette Myrtil of Paris and New York. Her performance is in the best *Grand Guignol* manner, and it is no mean compliment to Mr. Kalmán that his piece was able to resist her attacks upon its intrinsic merit. But, all things considered, *Countess Maritza* may be put at the head of the list of current musical comedies. Its tunes will, doubtless, become unduly familiar within the course of the next year.

THERE is, however, an event of more importance to chronicle here. I refer to the opus called *Broadway*.

Few plays of the current season in the New York theatre are likely to surpass it in general excellence. Here is a melodrama, given us by a new and discerning producer, Mr. Jed Harris, which delves deeply into New York life—that upon superficial examination appears merely to be devious and theatrical. The authors have peopled their play with recognizable characters, depicting each with amazing fidelity to life. A cabaret hoofer, a dancer, a bootlegger, a detective: these figure largely in the proceedings, yet not one of them bears the customary trademark of these characters as we have come to know them in the theatre (thanks, principally, to the profession called acting). It is out of such elements, plainly, that the Great American Drama will some day be written. The authors of *Broadway*, Messrs. George Abbott and Philip Dunning, are to be congratulated. Their play reveals a vivid knowledge of American speech. It reveals as well a more than passing acquaintanceship with the characters whereof they speak. The play is artfully staged, and cast to perfection.



STEICHEN

Jeanne Eagels in a New Play

After Four Years of "Rain", She Will Soon Appear in "The Garden of Eden", a German Adaptation

Thoughts on Convalescence

In Praise of New Methods of Nursing Which Almost Make a Pleasure Out of Pain

By A. B. WALKLEY

FASHIONS change, even in sick-nursing, one of the oldest of human institutions. There was the age of repression, not to say violence, of which the memorable figures are *Sairey Gamp* and *Betsey Prig*. *Sairey* held that the ideal method of bringing unconscious patients "to" was biting thumbs and bending the fingers backwards. *Betsey* favoured the more drastic plan of holding them (especially when lunatics) as close as possible to a hot fire. As the best aid for her own comfort the nurse was recommended to withdraw the pillow from under the patient's head. Dickens always maintained that *Sairey* and *Betsey* were fair specimens of hospital nurses a hundred years ago—otherwise we should be driven to the highly questionable conclusion that Dickens's historical sense equalled his sense of fun. It suffices for my point to assume that *Sairey* and *Betsey* were true *in principle*. The principle they stood for being, as I have said, contradiction, and general oppression of their sick charges.

Well, fashions change. What was then a mere field of adventure for a few hardy pioneers has now become an elaborately organized profession. Ah, organization, of course, the American reader will say, we all know what miracles *that* will accomplish. But let pause. Not in organization, I submit, is the explanation of modern nursing and its success to be found, but in quite another process—one of the secrets, Macaulay used to say, of the Church of Rome—the recognition, namely, and assignment of an official status to elementary and ineradicable human instincts. Is not the patting of pillows and cushions the ruling passion, if not the darling sin, of every woman born, blonde or brunette, gentle or simple?

NURSE no longer grabs the pillow beneath the patient's head to put it under her own; she gives it several vigorous thumps, a left upper-cut, followed by one of Carpentier's deadly right hooks, till the pillow is presumably punished enough; then she gently strokes and smooths it, caressing it fondly as though it were a Persian kitten; but lo! how cool and silky is that same pillow which you had thought as high, in places, as Mont Blanc or the *Dent du Midi* and as eruptive as Popocatepetl. You have enjoyed one of the most voluptuous sensations that modern nursing can give you.

Another which, if not exactly a *volupté*, is almost as delicious, is the complacent consciousness of unerring judgment and impeccable taste which you derive from the fact that, whatever you say, Nurse invariably agrees with you. You breathe an atmosphere of General Acquiescence which is, truth to tell, a little enervating. It appears to you that you must be a wiser, more judicious, altogether more intellectual person than you had thought. And you do your best to live up to this new character. Thus, when Nurse appears, you hastily drop the "detective" story you have in secret been devouring, lest she should assume your literary taste to be on a level with hers. It would be useless to explain to her that there are detective stories and detective stories, and that the sort she likes is not your sort at all. For you are cock-sure you know her favourite sort. It is the sort which makes the crime of less importance than the heroine, whose charms are catalogued with minute particularity in Chapter 1. What an odd idea some of these writers seem to have of the tender passion! They make an inventory of a woman's attractions and seem to think men will proceed to adore her, as per schedule attached. Thus her eyes (2) have that peculiar sea-green hue which is only seen off the Lizard and the Land's End. Her nose (1) is tip-tilted and chin (ditto) firm but finely chiselled. But the final item in the inventory is always her hair, which, if black, is sure to turn to purple when they have lit the candles on the dinner table (with its gleaming silver and glass and snow-white napery). But, for choice, it is red, and then, not only the dinner table, but everything within range will be illumined by the golden glory of her hair. And so I put down Nurse for a devotee of the golden glory school. But, it seemed, she couldn't abide those trashy detective stories. What she liked was Scott (there was a whole row of him facing her) and Hardy (as her eye dropped to the shelf below) and, oh yes, really, Henry James. (All was afterwards explained: someone had given her the tip that I was a kind of "literary gent" myself.) With my detective story now safe under the bedclothes, I ventured to congratulate this remarkably well-read Nurse on the catholicity of her taste. Little did I guess that it was all part of a system, the acquiescence of the New Nursing.

IT is difficult for an invalid to keep up false literary pretenses, but I did my best. How I toiled through Scott, his interminable prefaces and elaborate notes, his long-winded phrases in the stilted style of a parliamentary draughtsman and his Scottish vernacular! How hard I worked at Hardy's Dorsetshire peasants who talk like *Polonius* (and sometimes, indeed, like *Hamlet*), not to mention those nondescript people of his who talk like nothing on earth! As for Henry James—well, he was my friend, and if my frantic efforts to live up to Nurse's alleged taste seemed to turn him into a bitter foe, I remind myself that Henry James and Benger's Food do not go together.

At length my penance in the fields of what the French call "the high" literature was over, and lo! so was my illness, thanks to the ministrations of my well-read Nurse. She went her ways, and the family saw her to the train. All was then discovered. It seemed she had thrown off the servitude of professional acquiescence with her uniform. For I am credibly informed (by which I mean, my wife told me) that on Nurse's seat, staring them in the face, lay one of those magazines whose covers always flaunt a female head, impossibly pretty and with all charms as per schedule attached. There were the hazel eyes that would turn sea-green in the twilight, then the ivory teeth over the firm but finely chiselled chin. And there, flooding with its radiance the whole compartment, was the golden glory of her hair!

A QUESTIONNAIRE ON POPULAR SONGS

By Marc Connelly

How Many of These Can You Answer?

1. Which was the first of the songs, the burden of whose refrains was the spelling of a word?
2. Name three contemporaneous songs, almost equally popular, which praised three equally well-known brands of a departed beverage.
3. Who was the most famous absent lover of the songs of the beginning of the century?
4. What song had the first "patter" chorus?
5. What well-known playwright wrote the song called *Dearie?*
6. Which was the first of the deluge of "Indian" songs which occurred about twenty-five years ago?
7. Who sang and popularized *Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl?*
8. To what popular tune was the following parody sung:

   Carnegie, Carnegie,
   Sitting in his library;
   Cassie Chadwick on his knee.
   Carnegie, Carnegie.
   Sandy Andy, you're a dandy!
   Carnegie?

9. What popular American song books were published every few months for almost twenty-five years?
10. What popular song, published in 1910, suddenly became popular again, especially as a dance tune, ten years later?
11. What was the highest price ever paid a song-writer for the publication rights of a song?
12. What song written by the brother of Theodore Dreiser is as popular as his *Banks of the Wabash?*
13. What queen wrote a song which became internationally popular and is still frequently heard?
14. In what popular song was the first reference to wireless telegraphy?
15. What was the most popular song of 1923?
16. *Karama* and several other popular songs were written by the niece of a President of the United States. Do you remember her name?
17. What well-known motion picture magnate wrote the words of *My Brudda Sylvest?*

(Answers Will Be Found on Page 124)



A COUNTRY LANDSCAPE

More and more Arthur B. Davies is beginning to personify the romantic movement in American art. A painter of the very first magnitude, and one of whom any country might well be proud, Mr. Davies is stressing in his work rhythm and poetry—qualities classified, in aesthetics, as belonging to the romantic tradition



MONTROSS GALLERIES

A HILL OF THE SIERRAS

No other living American painter has succeeded so well as Mr. Davies in combining landscape and figures. Over a hundred canvases give glowing testimony to the artist's success in this field. While the setting of figures in landscape has been a favourite feat with Italian artists for centuries, Mr. Davies in no way imitates them

Pastorals by Arthur B. Davies

Landscape and Figure Designs Conceived by an American Painter of the Romantic Tradition



Elaine

The Poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
The Lithograph by
ROCKWELL KENT

OH, come again to Astolat!
I will not ask you to be kind,
And you may go when you will go,
And I will stay behind.

I will not say how dear you are,
Or ask you if you hold me dear,
Or trouble you with things for you
The way I did last year.

So still the orchard, Lancelot,
So very still the lake shall be,
You could not guess—though you should guess—
What is become of me.

So wide shall be the garden-walk,
The garden-seat so very wide,
You needs must think—if you should think—
The lily maid had died.

Save that, a little way away,
I'd watch you for a little while,
To see you speak, the way you speak,
And smile,—if you should smile.

THE POEM © EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Education

Why the General Principles of Our School System Have a False Foundation

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the first in a series of articles on the general subject of education by Aldous Huxley, the well known English novelist and critic. Beginning with a general survey of the present day educational system, particularly as to its theory, Mr. Huxley will turn in subsequent articles to a discussion of modern education in its more practical aspects. The purpose of this series is to state the true aims of education, and to suggest how these aims may be attained without necessarily revolutionizing the existing methods of the schools.

PART ONE

EDUCATION is applied to the mind and to the body. The body is visible and our ideas about it are, in consequence, tolerably correct. We are unable, on the other hand, to see the mind, and find it difficult in consequence to understand its nature. That is the main reason why our systems of mental education are so full of mistakes. We do not and we cannot know what mind really is. We do not and cannot know, for that matter, what anything really is. Still, we can get along very well for all practical purposes without knowing. We have no conception as to the real nature of electricity; but we ride in tram cars, we listen in, we make use of klaxons, electric cigar lighters and permanent waving machines. Without knowing anything about the real and intimate nature of mind, we ought to be able to form quite adequate working hypotheses about it—good enough at any rate to serve as foundations for a system of practical education.

Men have talked in a loose metaphorical way about "the contents of the minds," "the storehouse of memory," "the threshold of consciousness." Incidents, for them, are "imprinted on the memory" and they have "explored the recesses of their minds" in search of hidden motives or mislaid knowledge. Such phrases and many others as vividly picturesque and no less inaccurate are constantly repeated until, finally, those who use them begin to take them seriously and come to regard the mind as though it really were a sort of house with rooms, or a box divided up into compartments into which things can be put. This pretty conceit is systematized and becomes a scientific hypothesis.

THE compartments are labelled, their occupants are given names. There are, besides the pigeon-hole of the intellect, an affective compartment, full of emotions, and a conative compartment in which the will resides. And of recent years the psycho-analysts have added a sort of basement, in whose almost unrelieved darkness the vermin of the unconscious crawl and pullulate. "On the threshold," says Dr. Freud, "there stands a personage with the office of doorkeeper, who examines the various mental excitations, censors them and denies them admittance to the reception room (of consciousness), when he disapproves of them." The net result of the combined activities of all these sensations, associating ideas, emotions, conations, censors and the like is an individual—is you or I.

Now the mind, whatever the language we may use to describe it, is obviously not a box with compartments. The mind, like the body, with which it is associated to form an individual whole, is a living organism, composed of interdependent parts, which we may for convenience of description name and classify as separate entities, but which have in reality no separate existence apart from the whole to which they belong. The first mistake of the psychologists was to reduce the living mind to a mere receptacle. The next was to endow their system of classification with a real objective existence. The catalogue has been treated as though it were the reality which it summarily describes. Thus, ideas have become independent entities capable of associating with similar ideas, much as birds of the same species mate together in the spring. The Freudian censor is a real person with lodgings inside the skull. The emotions are so many allegorical figures, like the Virtues, Muses and Deadly Sins in old pictures.

The most superficial consideration of the nature of living things should have preserved psychologists from these fallacies. We do not treat the body of an animal as though it were merely the sum of its parts. We do not say, for example, "I see a tail, and four legs, and a pair of eyes, and two ears, and a lot of teeth and fur coming down the street." We say first, "I see a dog," and then proceed to classify its parts. The whole organism is the fundamental thing and gives sense to the parts. The parts co-operate to make the whole, are interdependent and have no significance, cannot even exist, except in relation to the whole organism.

IT is the same with the mind. The mind of an individual is a fore-ordained pattern varying in detail from the norm of his species. The whole mind in all its aspects, intellectual, affective, conative, is involved in the absorption of experience from the outside world. Ideas do not associate themselves inside the box which is called the mind; they are associated by a living organism, whose dominating intellectual passion is a passion for meaning and significance. Sensations, however frequently repeated, do not automatically imprint themselves on the memory; the living organism receives them only if they seem significant and therefore worthy of attention. The mind is not a receptacle that can be mechanically filled. It is alive and must be nourished. Nourishment is best absorbed by the organism that feeds with appetite. If we treat the stomach as though it were a bucket and pump food into it, it will in all probability reject the nourishment in a paroxysm of nausea. So will the mind.

The crude hypothesis, which regards the intellect as a compartment in the mind, inhabited by autonomous ideas whose numbers can be increased by the simple process of introducing new ideas into the box, seems still to dominate the Education Offices of the Western World. Most of our official systems of education are mere systems for pumping knowledge into the mind under pressure. There seems to be a belief among official educationists—a belief that would be pathetic and ludicrous, if it were not disastrous—that mere repetition (even if it nauseates the victim) is sufficient by itself to form good moral and intellectual habits in the childish mind, and that facts forced upon an appetiteless intellect will be retained and profitably absorbed—not promptly vomited forth. Even officials admit that the body must be regarded as a living organism. But the mind is still treated as a mere thing. Hence our extraordinary systems of education. These systems will survive, until the mind is universally regarded as a living organism, analogous with the body.

With the defects of the current official systems and the reforms devised to remedy them I shall deal at length later on. For the present I am concerned, not with practical details, but with the fundamentals underlying the whole theory of education.

HAVING decided on a satisfactory working hypothesis about the nature of the thing we propose to educate—the mind—we must now consider how far the mind is educable, what can be achieved by training and what cannot. The questions have received a variety of answers. The extreme optimists have believed that education can achieve everything. Children, according to the optimists, come into the world with minds that are practically blank and formless. Mould these virgin minds in the right way, and you can turn every brat into a great man. At the opposite extreme we find the pessimists who believe that heredity is everything and that nurture can do nothing to alter mental dispositions predetermined by nature. Observation of one's fellows and the study of history lead one to believe that the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes.

That people start life differently endowed with talents is a fact so obvious, that one wonders how anyone could have been foolish enough ever to doubt it. We cannot manufacture Newtons and Napoleons out of little Browns and Joneses; nor, we may feel perfectly certain, shall we ever succeed in doing so, however perfect the system of education we may finally evolve. No less obvious is the fact that we can train little Browns and Joneses to use such abilities as they possess in almost any way we choose to impose on them. Eighty years ago the Japanese were still being trained to use their abilities in a purely oriental way. They have changed their *weltanschauung* and with it their system of education. Today they are trained to use their abilities in a manner which is predominantly western. Similarly, the mentality of the average German in 1914 was profoundly different from that of the average German of only fifty years before. The old idealistic, domesticated German had been deliberately educated out of existence.

We may not be able to improve men's abilities by education; but we can certainly teach them to employ those abilities efficiently in almost any way and toward the

(Continued on page 98)



NICKOLAS HAZ

Laurette Taylor in "The Cardboard Lover"

She Is the Lady, Leslie Howard the Swain, in a New Comedy From the French of Jacques Deval

Poor Carlotta

A Program Note for a Chronicle Play Currently at the Guild Theatre

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

JUST fifty years after the heartsick Carlotta set sail from Mexico in one last hysterical attempt to drum up Europe's waning interest in the grotesque enterprise which had made her for a little time the Empress of the difficult and singularly unappreciative land below the Rio Grande, the curtains rose in New York on a chronicle play which sought to dramatize that enterprise. For it was in the chill dusk of a day late in 1866 in a curtained carriage summoned hastily to the Vatican where, in her last despairing interview with the Pope, her reeling reason had given way utterly, that poor Carlotta rolled along the streets of Rome and out of history—out of history into the twilight of the Sunday newspapers and an occasional paragraph in those sedate despatches which still issue from the fast disappearing kind of correspondent who writes out his pieces for the American papers in long hand and sends them here by mail.

To our own Clare Eames, busy in the early weeks of this autumn with the wigs and pretty bonnets and billowing crinolines for her rôle as the Empress Charlotte, it must have seemed that the trusty Mexicans themselves were seeing to it that the very front pages up North should play a kind of ominous overture to this *Juarez and Maximilian* which the Theatre Guild has selected as the first play for its new season. And to Miss Eames, as she learned her lines and practised the fine, peacock sweep of Carlotta's walk, it must also have seemed like a faintly monstrous touch in an Einstein phantasmagoria that, even as the rehearsals advanced, over in Belgium behind the walls of a *château* where the clocks stopped half a century ago, Carlotta herself, the tottering ghost of a dead day, was still living on.

FOR, of course, it was to the asylum of Belgium that they took her at last. After all, the Princess Marie Charlotte Amélie Auguste Victoire was a Coburg, born and bred. Old Leopold was her father and it was from Brussels that she had gone to marry the personable Maximilian, adrift then among the embarrassed chancelleries of Europe as the younger brother of Franz Joseph of Austria. It was a love match then and always between these two and every one was so pleased including, of course, her cousin Victoria, who celebrated the wedding back home by ordering wine for her servants and extra grog for her sailors and indulging herself in a very rash of italics and underscorings for that day's batch of letters.

Maximilian was a vague, kindly giant, devoted to Charlotte and to botany and to the personal care of the loveliest set of golden whiskers then extant in envious Europe. All dressed up, he was, and no one to rule. There have been few more absurd ventures in recorded time than that pretentious but fundamentally half-hearted expedition in which this affable young man found himself sailing across the world to become emperor of remote and uncordial Mexico. There is something more than half illusory about even the most insistent and republican summons to rule. But surely there never was a fainter whisper in all history than that which called the mild Maximilian from the scholarly tranquility of Miramar to the uneasy throne of Mexico.

The original expedition, made possible at all by the circumstance that Mr. Lincoln had a war on at the time in his own country, had been inspired by the repudiation of foreign debts which so endeared the bleak and alarming Juarez to his following among the mere na-



THE "EMPRESS" CARLOTTA

A photograph of Princess Marie Charlotte Amélie Auguste Victoire of Belgium, wife of Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, whose ill-fated expedition to Mexico led to his execution

tives. It was an expedition sanctioned and even blessed, for Juarez had promulgated that very anti-clerical decree which President Calles has more recently been trying to enforce, with results, in sheer newspaper space, so gratifying to the press agent of the Theatre Guild.

AN old grafter in Paris was involved in the invisible intrigue which sent a swarm of French Zouaves to die under a Mexican sun. The Commune got *him* later. Then one of the *bâtards* whom the first Napoleon left behind him was financially interested in any debt-collecting the French government could undertake. And Napoleon III was heavily responsible. Guedalla, in the brilliant Mexican chapters of his incomparable *Second Empire*, makes this crisp observation:

> "The Emperor had once stayed at the Washington Hotel, Broadway, and he suffered for thirty years from the hallucination that he understood America."

Into the motley skein which noosed the naïve Maximilian for the affair were woven many threads beside the brightly coloured single strand on which Guedalla pounces when he more than half implies it was the whiskers which made his selection inevitable. If you poke about a bit you may come to the conclusion that the choice of him rather than another had its origin in a squabble over a complimentary box at the opera in Paris years before. But, of course, the great factor was Charlotte. She wanted to be an Empress.

The Mexican *émigrés* in Paris cheered them on their way, much as you may even now hear fearful threats against Moscow across the tinkling wine glasses any night at the *Château Madrid*. Indeed, the whole expedition had about the validity and the chance of success which Wrangel's army enjoyed when it took a peek at vast, oblivious Russia.

In time the hollow cheering died down. Then the money ran out and at last the French troops were recalled. Maximilian was left alone in Mexico to face a foeman he had never seen—the phantom Juarez who had but to vanish in a waggon train towards the inaccessible North and wait until time and the Mexican sun disposed of that preposterous and impertinent invasion. Finally he was in the position to order Maximilian's death and the order was signed.

YET, far from grappling with Juarez, Maximilian had never even laid eyes upon him. That baffling element in the incongruous duel has been most cunningly translated in terms of the stage by this Franz Werfel, the young playwright from Prague who followed his *Goat Song* with this *Juarez and Maximilian*. For in this play, Juarez does not appear at all. You in the audience see him no more clearly than poor, befuddled Maximilian did. In the dramatic version of his great triumph, he remains a shadow, a threat, a presence in the wings and towers the more, of course, on that account.

The sound of the volley which pitched Maximilian into the dust at Querétaro never reached Carlotta's ears. The woe she knew was her portion, when she arrived in Paris and found no one to meet her, had unseated her reason in time to spare her that final blow. Indeed, in the tidings of her which, from time to time, have seeped through the high walls of her kindly shelter, she has ever been pictured as thinking herself still Empress of Mexico and thinking of Maximilian, who has now been dust for nearly half a century, as the handsome fellow who was in the next room, probably—and might come striding through the curtains any minute.

The world has always been fascinated by the figure of the immured Carlotta, a fortress invested, a character from some other play somehow preposterously left on the stage long after the curtain had risen on a new one. The world has clasped to its romantic heart the tales of the pitiful, pitying mummery of court life, the attendants backing out of the room, the telltale mirrors removed from the *château* walls, the same old birthday gifts trotted out year after year—this from Victoria, that from Franz Joseph and another from dear Leopold—all the tender conspiracy to spare the mad Empress.

One by one, the others of her day vanished from the scene. Napoleon, himself, riding

(Continued on page 110)

Autumn Dance Styles From Old New York

A Tour of the Town with Samples of the Steppers-Out

DO YOU DANCE?

Of course you do. And HOW? And where? Those are the questions. Are you stately and pontifical or do you romp? Now is the time to look over the dance steps and see if you are up to date. The nights are cool. Terpsichore, the Queen of Indoor Sports, comes into her own. If you are in doubt as to what style of dancing to take up in a serious way, a glance at our artist's spirited designs will be helpful in many ways

Sketches by COVARRUBIAS





THE HANDSOME HEADWAITER

"This way, sir," says Emile, the tactful headwaiter ushering you to your ringside table. Is there any feeling more gratifying than that which suffuses your whole being when you and your lady are thus thrust into the lime light—the cynosure of all eyes? Emile's graceful gesture, his well-bred smile of recognition, how charming they are. But needless to say, these luxuries are not had for the mere asking



HIGH HATTERS

Admirable is the style of dancing affected by Herbert Cokendyle and the lissome lady with whom he pivots every Thursday evening at the Ritz Roof. No gymnastics for them, no savage reversion to type. Truth to tell, they have danced so much together that it has become a habit rather than a happiness. She is flirting with the orchestra leader while Herbert's killing eyes are slaying a blonde in the corner

JUST FOR YOUNG FELLOWS

Roy has slipped his leash at Princeton and dashed up to th Village for a wham of a time with Irene, whom he met o the roller-coaster the night he went to Coney Island. Mor fun! And look at the grin that Irene flashes at the sodde sitters-out at the Samovar. Roy is conscious of being the bes dressed sheik in the joint. His scenery is by Klootz, know for his Kollege Kut Klothes and the pigments of his sweate



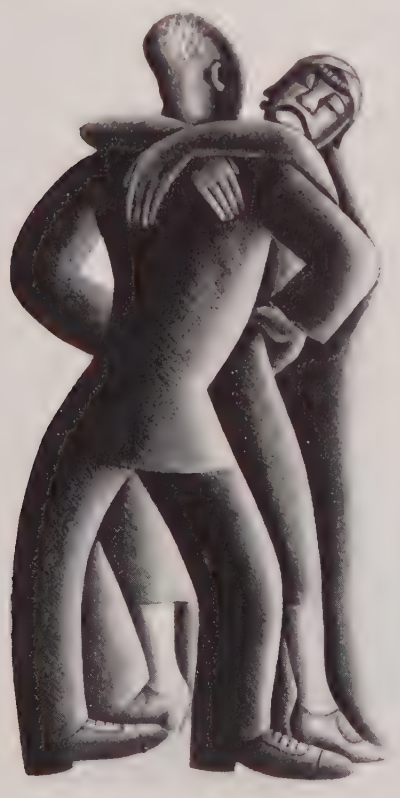
PAPA LOVE MAMA

When the I. O. O. F. of Little Rock, Arkansas, have their annual ball in the Second Regiment Armory, the big event is always opened by Col. and Mrs. Jasper Oontz. Everyone applauds and says, "Arrunt they won-derful! How happy they look!" Alas, their smiles are mere window dressing. "Hold me closer," hisses Mrs. Oontz. "It can't be done," grinds the Colonel. But their form is excellent



HOY! . . HOY!

In the big public dance halls, Abe and Sadie are sure laugh winners with their Kazotsky Charleston. The figure they are now executing is called the "Yiddisher Yump." It looks hard and is even harder. This turbulent type is best adapted to the wide, open spaces. On a crowded floor, as Abe admits, he is apt to "hit some feller a dirty kick", but that doesn't phase him in the slightest degree



BIG BOY

The maddening strains of *Black Bottom* induce a trance-like delirium in George and Mandy. Daytimes, George is a hall porter in a Bronx apartment house while Mandy runs a mangle, but evenings, at the Cocoa Club, with the first moan of the saxophone George shows himself a fancy stepper, while Mandy does likewise. This is the style among the more fashionable of the coloured débutantes



BUSINESS AS USUAL

The Big Butter 'n Egg Man has artfully turned away so that we can't be quite sure of his identity, but we are almost positive that it is Joe Krisshouser of St. Looey. His partner is Bernice, one of the sweet girl graduates of Miss Texas Guinan's Finishing School. She hasn't finished with Joe yet, but when she does, he will have had a liberal education and go home a poorer but wiser man

A Wild Western Union

Proving that Too Many Telegrams May Spoil a Week-End on Long Island

By GEOFFREY KERR

Lake Placid 15 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
KNICKERBOCKER CLUB NEW YORK NY
COME AND STAY WITH ME
JOHN HARFWYTE

New York 15 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
VERY SORRY AM WRITING ANOTHER PLAY
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Lake Placid 16 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
KNICKERBOCKER CLUB NEW YORK NY
YOU SHOULD BE SORRY BUT NEVER MIND COME AND WRITE IT HERE
JOHN HARFWYTE

New York 16 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
MUST BE ALONE WITH MY SHAME
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Burlingame 16 September

JOHN HARFWYTE JR
RYE COTTAGE SARATOGA SPRINGS NY
LEAVING HERE SATURDAY TO PAINT EFFETE EAST PURPLE FOR ONE HECTIC MONTH WHERE SHOULD I DO IT FROM
REGGIE FLAYME

Baltimore 17 September

MRS JOHN HARFWYTE
SYOSSET LONG ISLAND NY
BERTHA ANOTHER OPERATION LOOKING COMFORTABLE HOUSE GOOD AIR EASY REACH NEW YORK COULD TAKE IMMEDIATELY
AGATHA SOSHEL

Detroit 17 September

MISS ALICE HARFWYTE
CARE THOMAS L MINT NEWPORT RI
WE WERE MARRIED TODAY HOWS THAT FOR SNAPPY WORK
MARY AND TOM BLAR

Lake Placid 17 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
KNICKERBOCKER CLUB NEW YORK NY
THIS WEATHER NOT EVEN AUTHORS SHOULD STOP IN CITY STOP ADELA SAILS FOR EUROPE SATURDAY STOP HOUSE AT SYOSSET EMPTY AFTER THAT STOP GO DOWN THERE AND STOP STOP STOP AS LONG AS YOU LIKE STOP
JOHN HARFWYTE

Saratoga Springs 17 September

REGINALD FLAYME
BURLINGAME CAL
ANCESTRAL CASTLE SYOSSET VACANT AFTER SATURDAY IDEAL SPOT FOR WILD PARTIES SERVANTS ALWAYS THERE JUST WALK IN
JACK HARFWYTE

Syosset 18 September

MRS HENRY SOSHEL
27 EDWARDS ROAD BALTIMORE MD
YOU CAN BOTH COME HERE FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIKE I LEAVE FOR EUROPE TOMORROW HOUSE EMPTY EXCEPT FOR SERVANTS
ADELA HARFWYTE

Newport 18 September

MRS TOM BLAR
2760 NORTHERN AVENUE DETROIT MICH
HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS YOU TWO WHY DONT YOU HONEYMOON AT FAMILY DUMP AT SYOSSET NO ONE THERE BUT TROUPE OF TRAINED SERVANTS
ALICE HARFWYTE

Burlingame 19 September

JOHN HARFWYTE JR
RYE COTTAGE SARATOGA SPRINGS NY
THANKS OLD BEAN NOW STEPPING ON TRAIN IF ENGINEER STEPS ON IT ALSO WILL ARRIVE AT ANCESTRAL CASTLE THURSDAY
REGGIE FLAYME

Baltimore 19 September

MRS JOHN HARFWYTE
SYOSSET LONG ISLAND NY
OCEANS THANKS TOO GRATEFUL WONDERFUL EXPECT ENJOY TREMENDOUSLY ARRIVING TUESDAY JUST THING
AGATHA SOSHEL

Detroit 19 September

MISS ALICE HARFWYTE
CARE THOMAS L MINT NEWPORT RI
OH DARLING THAT WILL BE WONDERFUL EVER SO MANY THANKS DEAR WE WILL BE THERE WEDNESDAY DARLING
MARY BLAR

New York 19 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
SHOULD I REALLY BE UTTERLY ALONE
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Lake Placid 19 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
KNICKERBOCKER CLUB NEW YORK NY
JUST YOU AND YOUR SHAME AND THE SERVANTS
JOHN HARFWYTE

New York 19 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
MANY THANKS OLD MAN I SHALL GO DOWN MONDAY
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Syosset 21 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
JUST ARRIVED HERE GLORIOUSLY ALONE PROGRESS ON PLAY SHOULD BE TERRIFIC
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Syosset 23 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
GLORY DIMINISHED BY ARRIVAL YESTERDAY OF WOULD BE YOUNG LADY WITH INVALID ELDERLY DAUGHTER
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Lake Placid 23 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
CARE HARFWYTE SYOSSET LONG ISLAND NY
SO SORRY MY WIFE MUST HAVE ASKED THEM JUST IGNORE THEM
JOHN HARFWYTE

Syosset 23 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
CAN NO MORE IGNORE DAUGHTER THAN FOX CAN IGNORE HOUNDS HOWEVER AM LOCKING SELF IN ROOM
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Syosset 23 September

MRS JOHN HARFWYTE
SS LEVIATHAN
LOVE HOPE ENJOYING VOYAGE HAPPY COMFORTABLE CHARMING AUTHOR FRIEND JOHNS HERE TAKEN GREAT FANCY BERTHA BUT POOR MAN NOT WELL
AGATHA SOSHEL

Syosset 24 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE MOONED IN YESTERDAY
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Lake Placid 24 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
CARE HARFWYTE SYOSSET LONG ISLAND NY
SO SORRY MY DAUGHTER MUST HAVE ASKED THEM DONT TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THEM
JOHN HARFWYTE

Syosset 24 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
THATS EASY NO ONE EVER SEES THEM
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Syosset 24 September

MISS ALICE HARFWYTE
CARE THOMAS L MINT NEWPORT RI
OH DARLING SO HEAVENLY HERE DEAR WE ARE SO BEAUTIFULLY ALONE
MARY BLAR

Syosset 25 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
YOUNG CALIFORNIAN MANIAC ARRIVED YESTERDAY YES I KNOW DONT TELL ME YOUR SON MUST HAVE ASKED HIM
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Lake Placid 25 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
CARE HARFWYTE SYOSSET LONG ISLAND NY
SO SORRY PERHAPS YOU HAD BETTER COME HERE AFTER ALL
JOHN HARFWYTE

Syosset 25 September

JOHN HARFWYTE JR
RYE COTTAGE SARATOGA SPRINGS NY
ARRIVED OK YESTERDAY BUT HOUSE FULL OF STRANGE PEOPLE BUT SHALL THROW ONE PARTY TOMORROW AND SEE HOW IT GOES AM FINDING TROUBLE ELUDING BALTIMORE BELLE
REGGIE FLAYME

Syosset 25 Septembe

MRS JOHN HARFWYTE
SS LEVIATHAN
HOUSE NOW FULL CROWDS PEOPLE YOUNG MAN BURLINGAME PURSUING BERTHA HOPE PERSUADE LEAVE
AGATHA SOSHEL

(Continued on page 130)



STRAUSS-PEYTON

QUEENA MARIO

Born in Ohio under the Anglo-Saxon name of Tillotson, which she changed at an early age, Queena Mario, in her four years at the Metropolitan, has distinguished herself in such rôles as *Juliet* in Gounod's opera and *Sophie* in the Strauss *Rosenkavalier*



MISHKIN

ROSA PONSELLE

One of the Ponzilla Sisters—hailing from Meriden, Connecticut—Rosa Ponselle came to the Metropolitan via the two-a-day. Making her début as a full fledged star, she has held her place in the operatic spotlight for seven years with *Aida* and *Rachel* (in *La Juive*) among her most popular rôles



MURAY

NINA MORGANA

Caruso first brought Nina Morgana, of Buffalo, to the Metropolitan. A charming *Rosina* in *The Barber of Seville*, this most diminutive of the prima donnas has thoroughly dissipated the alarming theory that coloraturas inevitably eat and grow fat



MURAY

MARIO CHAMLEE

Tenors must be romantic if only in name, so Mario Chamlee dropped the aristocratic and unpronounceable Cholmondeley when he went on the operatic stage



MISHKIN

WILLIAM GUSTAFSON

Despite a Harvard education and the influence of his native New England, William Gustafson became a perpetual Wagnerite. His principal rôles are in the Bayreuth tradition



APEDA

RAFAELO DIAZ

A lyric tenor from Texas, Rafaelo Diaz carries none of the reputed marks of the wide-open spaces. His outstanding successes have been in exotic parts

Americans in Fame if Not in Name

Native Singers Who Have Won Distinction at the Metropolitan Under Foreign Names

Don'ts For Biographers

A Correspondence School Course for Those Who Would Write Histories of the Great

By PHILIP GUEDALLA

I SUPPOSE that by now there must be a manual of almost everything. Trifles like bee-keeping and the fret-saw were mastered long ago. Great minds have tabulated nearly all that can be known of the saxophone, commercial correspondence, and the appreciation of the Best in Art. Anyone who realises what a shame it is to go on earning fifteen dollars a week when he might be an electrical expert can, it appears, become one by the simple acquisition of a small handbook which costs him nothing and will direct him promptly (and from motives of the purest benevolence) towards a Bright Future. Every other science and most of the arts are apparently available in equally portable forms. Any traveller may enjoy his journeys in total ignorance, if he travels with a copy of *France at a Glance* or *Spain Without Pain*. Only the other day I was fascinated by an offer in my favourite magazine to improve my English: I daresay it could be. "Many a man," it said with something of menace in its tone, "has been held down all his life and suffered untold embarrassment because of mistakes in English." Now, if it had only stopped to ask me, I should have said that not nearly enough of its countrymen and mine suffered this tragic fate. "Are You Ever Ashamed of Your English?" it bawled. And I suppose it was that vociferous enquiry which set me thinking of the historians. Because the eminent men whose trained intelligences (like my own) are directed to the writing of history are admirable at the history but leave a good deal to be desired in the writing. When you point out to them a sentence that would be a disgrace to a railway time-table, they explain scornfully that literary adornment is a meretricious and superficial decoration, that there are several greater authorities in Germany who write still worse, and that history is a science, anyway.

BUT I have no intention at the moment of being drawn across the well-trodden morasses of that ancient controversy. Besides, this is not quite the place to renew the interminable debate whether history should be treated as an art or as an accident to a card-index. That dog-fight may be resumed outside. Meanwhile, when I started on this ramble, I had a far more important errand in view. For I glowed with a high resolve to write just one more manual, to compose (like all the other great-souled experts) my free booklet. It should enable countless fellow-creatures, now toiling at uncongenial occupations on inadequate salaries, to become biographers in their own time, out of office hours, and without learning how. It will be seen, I hope, that I have studied the best models.

The scheme, it seems to me, is not untimely; since everybody who is not writing his own life (or hers) is busy writing someone else's. The field of history, as that uncharted wilderness is pleasantly described, has been invaded in our own time by a horde of lively amateurs —of novelists tired for the moment of misrepresenting life, of dramatists out of work, of all (or almost all) the Men that Won the War—and several of their wives. The normal denizens of that area revenge themselves by reviewing them acidly and explaining with posthumous particularity the defects of their method and the evident imperfection of their technique. But how much kinder to tell them all these things beforehand, to give them a correspondence course in biography.

Let me be kind.

STATED in a neat, tabular form, "these simple little rules and few" will be found sufficient to ensure a respectful hearing for any intending biographer. If his first effort does not secure popular approval he has only to write another: the critics will then tell him, in accordance with their established custom, that it is not so good as his first, and that neglected work will begin to seem quite good by contrast.

Rule 1. If you really feel that you must write someone's life, cut out your own. I feel that this rule, to which my Course attaches the strongest importance, will cause deep disappointment among students. So many of our little contemporaries have found in the Autobiography an unrivalled vehicle for telling the truth about other people that we are all, it would seem, eager to write one. But need we? I think not. If you took part in important events, they are too near to be written about with candour. If you did not, why bother to write at all? A diary is sometimes allowable, an autobiography almost never; because the autobiographer knows all the time that he is posing for the camera—and though we sometimes look our best with the click of the shutter in our ears, we never look like . . . well, like what we really look like. Particular attention should be given to this rule by ladies; and it is a matter for especial regret that my Course had not been instituted in time to discourage . . . shall we be delicate and say "Madame Réclamier"?

Rule 2. If you despise a man, let him alone and write about someone else. This rule may appear to contravene the most approved modern practice. But all students will be expected to adhere to it strictly; because of all forms of condescension, the most offensive by far is to patronize the dead. Your job, in biography, is to make a dead man come to life; and the flail and the stiletto are equally inappropriate for this purpose. So, for the matter of that, is a house-painter's brush full of whitewash or a tin of treacle. For many years these implements enjoyed the widest popularity for biographical purposes, and their free use has been successful in defacing the effigies of most popular historical figures. But there is no need to react from treacle into vitriol. It is fun to be feline. But most women know that cats rarely tell the truth. Truth, after all, is the end of all historical writing; and the biographer's first business (and, if it comes to that, his last) is really to present a truthful portrait, not simply to raise a titter with a more or less successful caricature.

Rule 3. For goodness' sake refrain from telling the reader all you know. This, as some of us have found from bitter experience, is one of the hardest of all rules to observe. For there are few temptations stronger than the impulse, which besets every man at the end of a long piece of work, to confide the impressive evidence of his industry to an awestruck public. That is why so many books are in three volumes. Besides, it is far easier to write three volumes than to put the essence of three volumes into one. The three-decker is at liberty to forge merrily ahead in cheerful indifference to the stern dictates of proportion; and he will never know the anguish of bidding a sad farewell to little facts that it has cost him so much to discover—only to fling them overboard. But I am more than ever convinced that the remarkable renascence of biography in our own time is mainly due to the supersession of three-volume rag-bags of biographical information by the more graceful proportions of one-volume works. People will always call three volumes a Standard Work; but they will positively *read* one volume.

Rule 4. Tell us what happened, not what was going to happen in a few years' time. The most annoying passages in any historical work are those in which the author exploits his unfair advantage of having been born a century later. We all recall the exasperating gambit—"He little knew that this policy was doomed to futility by . . ." or "Strangely unaware of the inevitable march of events, he . . ." The march of events is rarely inevitable, although historians have an awkward way of seizing on the particular accident that chanced to happen and enthroning it in a blaze of platitudes as the Inevitable. But their job is just to tell us how it happened and what it looked like while it was happening. Now, all of us who have lived through the last twelve years of European history know that history rarely looks like history while it is going on. Sometimes a moment has the unmistakable flavour of history. August, 1914, was one; November, 1918, was another; and perhaps, for Englishmen, May, 1926, was a third—if it was really, as it seems to be, our 1848. But for the most part history and the lives of historical characters are just successions of events; and the biographer does well to present them without being intolerably wise after the event. The action of 1830 was sometimes wrong in the light of after-events; but just tell us if it was right by the light of 1830.

Rule 5. . . . But I desist. This preliminary announcement has gone quite far enough. It really must not spoil the market for my free booklet (with illustrations of biographers at work, the Young Biographer's Table-Outfit, and specimen profiles of Great Men). All that you need do is to fill in the coupon, which you will not find at the foot of this page, append your age and thumb-print, and let me have it. The free booklet will then be mailed to your last known address; and after that you can begin practice as a biographer. I daresay you will do it quite as well as some others have done before you.



STEICHEN

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Kerr

Two Well-Known Members of the Theatrical Profession Who Have Recently Become One

THE marriage of June Walker and Geoffrey Kerr was the pleasing and inevitable consequence of their being simultaneously wrecked on a desert island last Spring. Or at least each of these confirmed Broadwayites had been torn from the protesting bosom of New York to play engagements in Chicago, Mr. Kerr in a revival of *Divorçons,* Miss Walker in the trial flight of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* wherein, by dint of a corn-coloured wig, she depicts nightly the baby-faced but costly *Lorelei.* Mr. Kerr, besides contributing agreeable pieces to these pages, is the son of Fred Kerr, the distinguished London comedian. He himself came to this country five seasons ago to play the Prince of Wales in *Just Suppose.* June Walker, at first just a chubby *ingénue,* in *Six Cylinder Love* and *The Nervous Wreck,* has more recently emerged as a considerable actress in such aspiring plays as *Processional, The Glass Slipper* and *Glory, Hallelujah!*

Parallels of the Hall-Mills Case

A Similarity to Crimes of the Past May Help Solve the New Jersey Murders

By EDMUND PEARSON

AROUND the dead body of Mr. Enoch J. Drebber of Cleveland stood three men, —no less personages than Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson and Inspector Gregson from Scotland Yard. This was the first recorded case of Sherlock Holmes. Said he:

"It reminds me of the circumstances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year '34. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

This was one of Holmes's precepts: that familiarity with the crimes of the past was often useful in solving present puzzles; and that murders run in types or classes. Professional detectives find less to jeer at, in this theory of Mr. Holmes, than in most of his other notions. The ability to recognize certain types of murder is one of the ordinary accomplishments of the trained detective. When fragments of the body of Anna Aumuller were found on the New Jersey shore, a number of years ago, an especially intelligent member of the New York detective force made a number of perfectly correct deductions from the evidence merely of these fragments. He reasoned quite in the Sherlockian style, and accurately classified the murderer—then unknown—according to nationality and education.

WHATEVER the official view may have been of the Hall-Mills murders in New Jersey, it was clear that public opinion did not agree in classifying the crime. In one peculiarity it seemed possibly unique: few persons could recall any instance of the double murder of a clergyman and a woman, with the added sensation of the arrest of members of the clergyman's family, charged with the crime. Priests and ministers, in no small number, and in every country, have been tried for murder, and some of them have been convicted. From the shooting parson of Texas, indicted in this present year, back nearly a century to the Rev. Mr. Avery of Rhode Island, the American list has included the acquittal of the Rev. Mr. Hayden in Connecticut in the 'seventies, and the confession and execution of the Rev. Mr. Richeson in Massachusetts about fifteen years ago. Some of these cases have been extremely shocking to the public: when a clergyman is involved in a murder case it seems to be a rule that the details of the homicide are not the only scandalous items in the story.

The murder of a man and woman, however, or of one or the other of them, under circumstances similar to those of the notorious tragedy in New Brunswick, is anything but novel. Public opinion, when such an event happens, usually ascribes jealousy or revenge as the motive, and as there is frequently not much mystery about it, public opinion is often right. But not invariably, I believe. There happens to have been a great deal of mystery about the crime on the Phillips Farm, and despite the swarms of comic witnesses, who claim to have been standing about, seven tiers deep, the murder was a secret crime of darkness. Some newspaper readers were not content with the simple and obvious explanation; others who accepted this explanation at first, have found it bristling with difficulties, and have been interested in various other theories. A favourite remark of late has been: "Well, somebody did it!" That is true, but in itself proves nothing which is not patent, and the inability to demonstrate any one theory does not establish the truth of its opposite.

Murderers and the murdered, from time to time, change their methods a little, but the public may safely be expected to respond to a celebrated crime in about the same manner, today, yesterday and forever. The swarms of letter-writers, anonymous and otherwise; the horde of witnesses—honest, dishonest and simply deluded—which have appeared in the Hall-Mills case, are all spiritual descendants of similar persons who flourished during the Webster case seventy years ago; in the Nathan case fifty years ago, and in the Borden case, thirty years ago. Some of them have been absurdly alike: the convict in the California prison who, a few weeks ago, had important tales of bribery to relate, if he could only come East and assist the State of New Jersey, had his counterpart in a burglar named Irving, who in 1870 got a free passage from a California jail to New York, by pretending to be implicated in the murder of Mr. Nathan. (This was a case in which public opinion unjustly suspected a member of the murdered man's family.)

THE supposed importance of love-letters, in the Hall-Mills case, and the interest of the yellow press and its readers in these letters (or in others, concocted, perhaps, in newspaper offices) was duplicated long ago in Scotland, in the letters of Madeleine Smith and her lover, and in the recent crime of Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters in London. The refusal, four years ago, of the Grand Jury to find an indictment in the Hall-Mills case, was a repetition of an incident in the Molineux affair, in New York in '99. The final trial of Molineux took place four years after the crime, —and ended in a prompt acquittal. The fact that there might have been many persons with a motive for the murder of Mr. Hall or Mrs. Mills recalls the circumstances of the slaying of Mr. Elwell, the bridge expert, in New York, when the police were confused by the multiplicity of possible assassins. A trial for a murder, four years after the event is rather rare, but not unknown: I have served on a jury, in a trial for murder, *twenty* years after the crime. This, also, resulted in an acquittal.

The alleged recognition of accused persons, in a wood or field at night, is sure to recall Abraham Lincoln's famous cross-examination of the witness, Allen, in the trial of William Armstrong for murder. Here the hostile witness swore that he observed a murder by the light of the moon; but Lincoln, for the defence, destroyed his testimony by proving that the moon gave no light at the hour he named. The moon is a valuable piece of stage property in any romantic murder.

And naturally enough, it is only the romantic murder which attracts us. Many reporters feel it their duty to make ten thousand dollars' worth of romance bloom where less than two cents' worth is actually to be found. On the faces of conscientious readers of the newspaper reports of the New Brunswick tragedy, I have observed a look of personal injury, if anyone dared to snatch away the romantic interpretation of what might be a commonplace fact. Bold is the man who tries to destroy a romantic delusion. A face recognized by moonlight, love letters "strewn" over a dead body,—the public nurses such fancies as a child hugs a doll.

IT is ever the same. When this country was convulsed over the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Borden of Fall River, some inspired person chanced to recall the trial for mutiny, sixteen years earlier, of certain sailors on a schooner called the *Jefferson Borden*. It mattered not that Bordens in Fall River, and thereabouts, are as Cabots in Boston, or as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa: the romantic school were soon mightily interested. Could it not be that Mr. Borden (whose middle name was Jackson, which is near enough to Jefferson) should have owned the *Jefferson Borden*, and that the guilty mutineers should have descended upon him and his wife, after sixteen years, thus revenging themselves for their trial and imprisonment? It mattered not that all the mutineers were accounted for; it mattered not that Mr. Borden hadn't the slightest connection with the schooner. In a discussion of the Borden case, even today, somebody is fairly certain to offer the remark, as an especially sage observation, that the mutiny was never thoroughly looked into. There was also the touching belief in the "wild man", who, twelve days after the murders, still haunted the woods about Fall River, muttering the words "Poor Mrs. Borden", and shaking a hatchet which dripped with the warm, life-blood of that unfortunate old lady. These myths represent two of the contributions of the romantic school to a *cause célèbre* of the past.

THERE have been many counterparts of this in New Jersey's famous scandal. I am inclined to guess that one of America's greatest makers of legend is that anonymous reporter who first represented the letters of Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills as purposely "strewn" over their bodies, as if to publish their guilt to the world, and to justify and explain the crime of murder. Certainly this romantic interpretation of what may have been a prosaic fact, has become an article of faith to many persons; I have seen an expression of pained surprise upon the faces of these folk if someone questioned whether persons committing a murder for revenge, or because of jealousy, would so go out of their way to direct suspicion toward themselves. When the heretic further suggested that the letters might have fallen from the

(Continued on page 102)





GERMANY

The composite picture of the German film genius. Beyond good and evil. *Beelzebub*, materializing from a vase of flowers, blows a chill breath on *Gretchen*, the eternal Teutonic symbol of Eve. A hundred thousand eyes stare abstractly, the while an enormous time-piece silently and yet inevitably expresses the monotonous futility of all things

RUSSIA

The formula of a Russian picture has three chief ingredients—vodka, a moujik and murder. The tortured depths of the Russian soul are not limited to Dostoïevsky. In motion pictures, as in the despairing melancholy of life along the Volga, there are depths of despair and there are dregs. The Russians always manage to reach the dregs

FRANCE

The French specialize in cynical innuendos with subtitles *à la* Sardou. Below you will find a seduction scene from the great boulevard success *Toutes les Flammes*. The essential elements are chairs, sofas, and tables about which the hero and heroine drape themselves. The film ends when the hero discovers that the heroine is his Aunt Sophie

Stills by FRANS MASEREEL





SCANDINAVIA

The Scandinavian tone is a prolonged note of sweetness and light. *Karen* walks demurely through the meadows above Trogvoroden and dreams of *Niels*. She plucks a daisy in a daisy field and murmurs "He loves me . . . not . . . he loves me" while a ship sails blithely into the harbour. . . . The lovers are united. *Niels* kneels. Fade-out

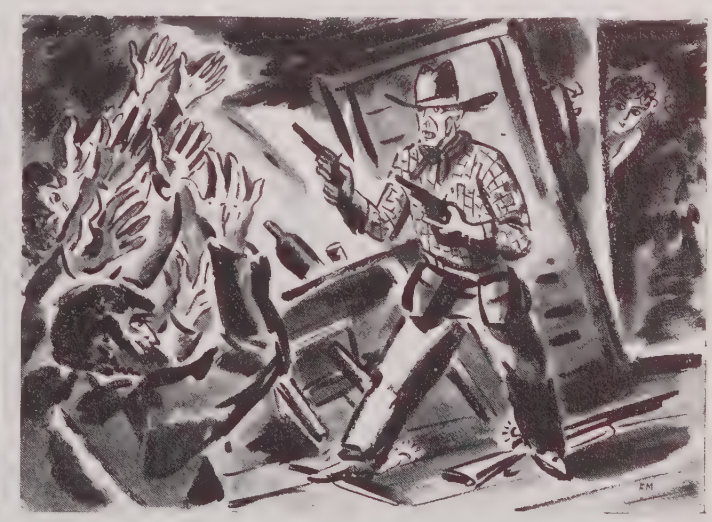
ITALY

For the Italians a theatre is a place to weep in. The tears collected after a performance of *Tosca* would float a gondola down the main street of Venice. An actress to make a success in Italian motion pictures must be able to turn tears on and off automatically like a soda water tap. Life in an Italian theatre is one long cry after another

THE U. S. A.

According to the best European authorities our native brand demands the wide-open spaces of the Wild West. Below *Two-Gun Pete* in his last hold-up, keeps the solid army of pursuers at bay. Behind the door is *Martha Sedley*, the village school teacher who in the next reel will lead *Pete* to the altar and away from his life of crime





Reeling Around the World

How the International Art of the Cinema Reveals the Soul of Half a Dozen Different Nations



CHARLES SHEELER

On the Site of Historic Delmonico's

A New Skyscraper Towering Above Fifth Avenue Replaces New York's Once Most Famous Restaurant

Some Contemporary Authors

A Child's Impressions of Lewis, Mencken, Cabell, Arlen, and Other Literary Figures

By ELIZABETH BENSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second article to appear in *Vanity Fair* by Elizabeth Benson, an author who is twelve years of age, and the youngest of the contributors to these pages. In official intelligence tests, Miss Benson secured the highest intelligence quotient ever recorded in American educational annals. One of the unusual things about her is that although so young, Miss Benson has done a prodigious amount of reading. In her twelve years, she has already read, perhaps, more than the majority of adults do in an entire life-time. Her impressions of books and authors have interest, and perhaps even a critical value. The especial worth of her views and emphatic opinions, however, lies in the fact that they are a child's reaction to traditional literature and to the works of contemporary authors.

ANY child, who has a passion for the best in literature, comes rather early to a turning point in a reading career. In the "age of innocence", when no parent dreamed of allowing a child to suspect that babies did not arrive via the stork route, there were only two types of food on the literary menu: first, the "classics"—Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott, among the novelists; Whittier, Poe, Lowell, Longfellow, and Coleridge, among the poets who could not corrupt the morals of youth; Holmes, Lamb, Burke, Emerson, Irving, among the essayists, prescribed conscientiously as brain food much as carrots and spinach are forced upon protesting palates, yearning for sweets; second, the gentle, sexless, rice-pudding books, written expressly for "young people"—the *Elsie Dinsmore* series, the *Rollo* books, the *Little Cousin* series, the *Little Colonel* series, the *Dorothy* books, the Alger work-and-win series, duplicated *ad nauseam*, and designed to make red-blooded, 100% Americans out of good little boys and girls.

I am devoutly grateful to fate for having allowed me to escape the "age of innocence", and for having given me a broad-minded mother who permitted me to read anything and everything I could lay my hands on, trusting in my innate good judgment to separate the wheat from the chaff. I devoured the classics, not because they were classics and hence a prescribed literary diet, but because they were exceptionally good books. I had read all of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and Shakespeare by the time I was nine years old, and then came the turning point in my reading career about which I generalized in my opening sentence. Of course, I had read the rice-pudding books, too, but had repudiated them as insipid pap. They still take up a lot of shelf-room in public libraries, and until I was ten years old, and in high school, I was not permitted to seek mental food outside the children's rooms of the public library.

I could not keep on re-reading the classics forever, and growing up seemed to be a slow business. My mother came to my rescue, by permitting me to read the books she was buying for her own pleasure, though she was severely criticized by some of our friends for doing so. At ten I read Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*, Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, a good deal of Leonard Merrick, whom I admired tremendously, *The Captain's Doll* by D. H. Lawrence, practically all of De Maupassant, Balzac and Dumas, much of Flaubert, all of Ibsen's plays, and the current American and English novels.

It was when I had exhausted the sophisticated modern classics among the English and French authors that I came sharply up against the fact that there are not a great many worthwhile books being published in America. It was a distinct drop from Hardy and Flaubert and Merrick to Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst and Rupert Hughes. For nearly three years I have read the most talked-of books issued in the great semi-annual flood from the publishing houses, and I have reaped disappointment far oftener than I have harvested inspiration or unalloyed delight.

There seems to me to be a dearth of genius in America. There is much talent—for we have Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Margaret Wilson, Carl Van Vechten, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Leonard Cline, Ruth Suckow, Sherwood Anderson, and innumerable others who are either tremendously earnest and conscientious, bowed down under noble missions and fanatic realism, or bent on entertaining us with their pretty gift of words and characterizations. But there seems to me to be no master among them all, unless it be James Branch Cabell, who is the lone wolf of American letters, the Rabelais of Virginia, driven to expatriating himself in his shelf of whimsical books, and creating an absurd, delightful, Freudian-free country of his own imagination.

I VERY much doubt that more than half a dozen books written in America during the last twenty years since our literary release from the trammeling "age of innocence" will live to attain the dignity of "classics," reposing in dingy red covers on the shelves of the public libraries, as the heavy meat dish on the prescribed literary diet for young people. Offhand, I could not name that meagre half-dozen to save my life. I am afraid my own children and grand-children will have to come to the conclusion that we had no great writers during the first quarter of the twentieth century.

If there is anyone in America today who is writing for the sheer love of words and ideas—except Cabell of course—I do not know who it is. Fannie Hurst does it occasionally, as in *Lummox* and *Appassionata*, but her love for words and for character dissection leads her into strange spasms of literary hysteria, which is unbecoming to an artist. And after *Appassionata*, beautiful and moving, in spite of its author's hysteria, she writes a thing like *Mannequin*,—which would not have been a bad first novel by an obscure youngster, but is inexcusable when it comes from the pen which wrote *Lummox* and *Appassionata*.

It is not the man who loves words, who has a passionate adoration for style and beauty of ideas, who wins recognition as a writer in America today. It is the man who uses words as hammers with which to knock American life, American manners, American small towns, American commercialism. Among the most successful destructionists are Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Ben Hecht and Carl Van Vechten, though the latter has other missions in life, and smacks more of the English or French novelist in the lightness and charm of his touch.

Sinclair Lewis is the dean of the school of destructionists. With his successful cynicism and his devastating scorn of the inhabitants and ideals of American small towns, Mr. Lewis has succeeded in tearing from the more sensitive type of Babbitt his protecting garment of Babbittry, but has given him nothing with which to clothe his shivering nakedness. Like all disillusioned spirits, Lewis is a destroyer. But he is not a builder. Of course I know that it is very seldom that wrecking-crews and architects inhabit the same offices, but I am a little tired of seeing everything destroyed and nothing built in its place. The Babbitts of America are rather like the pathetic *nouveaux riches* of society. Babbitt knows, because Mencken and Lewis and their kind have told him so, that all he has considered cultural and worthwhile and beautiful is uncultured, crude and ugly, but he does not know what constitutes good taste, culture, and beauty, or where he can find it. Maybe he once looked to New York as a Mecca for provincial Americans, but then along came Dos Passos' bitter and lengthy and incoherent *Manhattan Transfer*, proving New York to be as Main Street as Babbitt's own home town.

I rather pity the poor Babbitts and Dr. Kennicutts whose Rotary Club importance and Masonic finery have been torn from them by Lewis' ruthless hand, and who do not have the least idea what ideals and manners they should cultivate, so that they may become cultured and smart and urban, and thus earn Mr. Lewis' praise. But I doubt if Mr. Lewis knows how to praise; I think he must be permanently astigmatic from having looked with crossed eyes at life in the small towns for so long a time; and I suppose I really need not worry about the Babbitts and the Dr. Kennicutts, for they may not suspect that they have been ruthlessly exposed; they probably do not pay Mr. Lewis the compliment of reading his books.

MR. MENCKEN, too, seems to be in a frightful stew over the terrible state of affairs in the provinces—the crudeness and lack of culture in Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and Texas; the fact that women still attend literary societies and that a certain proportion of the population still believes in the Immaculate Conception and the Whale-and-Jonah story. He seems desperately unhappy over the rawness and crudity of American life—outside of New York and Baltimore, and probably Baltimore too is a little crude, in spite of the fact that Mr. Mencken honours it with his residence; but I think he would be even more unhappy if a fairy could wave a magic wand over the provinces and change them in a twinkling of an eye into whatever it is that Mr. Mencken would have them. (I am not sure what Mr. Mencken's ideas of an American Utopia of Culture are,

(Continued on page 122)

Between Eight and Nine

In Which a Lovely Dutch Actress Discovers That She Is Not Really in Love

By MADDY VEGTEL

NINI PENN, the actress, exclaimed: "How delightful!" as she stood in front of the open window and saw the slate-blue waves of the Channel not more than ten or fifteen yards away from her, and just beneath her a narrow strip of boulevard.

She turned to the waiter who had brought in her luggage and who was now on the point of leaving the room. "I want to have a note delivered at the *Hotel Beau Séjour*," she said. "Will you send someone up in about an hour—"

Alone, she started to hum, then to sing softly: *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*, and louder: *Ne sait quand reviendra—ne sait quand reviendra*. She felt very happy and was conscious that her heart was beating loudly and that her hands trembled. She went over to the wash-stand to take a drink but there was no water either in the jug or in the pitcher. Nor was there any rug or mat on the painted wood floor.

Oh well! what did it matter! Nini considered herself lucky to get a room at all in midsummer without reserving one in advance.

For only that morning she had packed her suitcases in a frantic hurry to catch the train which left The Hague at 7:25. It was 5 o'clock now and very warm. She unpacked, took off her dress and her jewelry; undid her hair, which she wore parted in the middle with a plait twisted round each ear, and lay down on the bed, her arms folded under her head. She looked at her legs admiringly, then at her hands, spreading the fingers wide apart, finally she took up a mirror and gazed at her reflected image.

WHEN the waiter came to fetch the note she gave it to him saying: "There will probably be an answer—"

What would it be, the answer? Her thoughts returned to what she had written: "Dear Tony, Imagine my surprise when I heard you were staying here—Could you come to see me this evening: I would love to see you again. I have not seen you in so long."—It was wonderful! After so many years, ten to be exact, ten years last June—and now she would see him. Even at this moment, probably not more than an hour's distance between them—What would the answer be? My dearest Nini, I will come to fetch you—Nini darling, you must come and dine with me—Nini, how delightful—What should she wear—did people dress here? Probably not. The place wasn't fashionable—, she would wear her white chiffon dress and pin the pink velvet gardenias on her shoulder—Ten years ago she had worn a dress with a short little bodice and a pattern of blue and mauve flowers sprinkled over the *paniers*, and she had worn a leghorn hat. In those days, she was the ideal *jeune fille*, fair, slim, fresh, with an oval face tinted in the palest pastel shades—her beauty had never really been striking till she had started to spend extravagant amounts of money for clothes. Her face and her figure both were easily adaptable to every whim of fashion.

Ten years ago. She remembered well! They had driven to Scheveningen in the evening—Nini, and her father. She had driven the governess-cart and had taken the route through the *Scheveningscheweg*, the avenue through the woods leading from The Hague to the sea. In Scheveningen they had gone to the *Kurhaus-konzert* and someone—was it Brigit Engel or Onegin—had sung: *Es ist bestimmt im Gottes Will', dass was sich am liebsten hat auf Erd, muss scheiden*—Afterwards they had met Tony and with him and others they had gone to the *Rotonde*—how wonderful it had been—that warm clear night, the dark blue sky, crowded with stars, the calm dark sea and the smell of the red roses which Tony had bought for her—and the gay people around her. And while she was looking at the sky, at the sea, at the people, she was conscious that Tony's eyes were fixed upon her—They were engaged, but no one knew but themselves. A week later the Standard Oil Company (Tony worked for it) transferred him to Singapore.

SHE had cried, telling her father between sobs, that if he did not allow her to marry immediately she would die. Then, months later, Tony had written that the company would not allow him to marry for three years at least and he thought it best to break the engagement. She had heard of him later through others,—heard he was doing well. He had left Singapore for Padang in Sumatra, he had gone to Java, he was living in Soerabaya—finally she heard Tony had married, never that he had returned to Europe.

And Nini, in Holland, lived a life of varying success. She became an actress, she became *en vogue*, she impersonated alternately the *Paulas*, *Mizzis*, *Dollys* and *Ninas* of Pinero, Jones, Molnár, and Schnitzler, but her own life was lived in dreams, *heureux mais un peu triste:* in dreams of dazzling white Javanese fields, of Sumatran hills, of Dutch-Javanese houses. Always she saw herself beside the man she loved, not, (if she had but known it) Tony, but a mere image which many years of absence had made her imagine Tony to be.

Hers was no mere love that depended on touch, sight or possession. A year ago she had cared for someone else, in fact become engaged. Then she had wished that Tony's image would not obtrude itself so persistently between her and the other man. The engagement was finally broken.

And now the day before yesterday a friend had told her that he had met Tony at a small French seaside resort—

Nini, in a frantic hurry, went to the resort: it was silly to talk about pride—after ten years. . . .

II

She saw him first as she passed through the *café*. At the moment a clock struck eight, she saw him sitting with his back turned toward her. He was wearing a grey suit and on the chair next to his lay a white straw hat, a pair of gloves and a walking stick. When she approached, he suddenly turned around, jumped up and stretched out both hands.

The thought rose to Nini's mind: he has changed! Meanwhile Tony was babbling on: how well you look—how are you—shall we sit down or take a little walk first? Let's walk, she answered. He took up his hat, his gloves, his walking stick and asked her which way they should go. She answered, left and they turned in the direction of the lighthouse . . .

For a minute or two neither of them spoke. Finally Tony asked: "Have you been here long?"

"Oh no!—that is, just a few days—" Why had she said that? why not the truth: I only came this afternoon.

"It was wonderful of you to have sent me that note—I never expected you would remember me—"

The moment had come for her to say: I loved you, and I still love you . . . but the words remained unspoken.

Somehow it was so different from what she had expected. She had half expected, that he would take her in his arms—in front of the hotel, and cry out: "At last!"

She glanced up at him, sideways; he was handsome but stern, his blond face looked as if it were a wood-cut portrait—the eyes seemed to be narrow slits—

SUDDENLY he looked at her, and to the question "Are you married?" replied: "No—I was, but my wife died not long ago—No children! You didn't know that? I thought you knew."

"Why should I," thought Nini. "Why is he so sure I am not married? I could have married if I had wanted to—"

"I am now at the Batavian branch, they are sending me out to America soon. I travel a lot—and you—you still live with your father, I suppose?"

Nini felt a sudden wave of anger, her cheeks flushed—He pitied her, that was it—did he dare think that she had sat home all these years waiting for him, that she had not married because of him, that she had grieved all these years because he had left her! It was unbelievable, why the newspapers devoted columns to her after the *première* of *Amoureuse*, there had never been a *Germaine* like her before, they had said, and Schnitzler himself after—and Echague had painted her, and Van Dongen, and the girls in Holland imitated her speech, her *démarche*—and now he presumed—it was unheard of!

"Perhaps," she said, her voice a trifle unsteady, "if you go to Holland you'll hear about me—I am quite well known there—in fact, I am their best-known actress—"

"Oh!" his voice sounded surprised,—"how wonderful—I have little time for books and theatres and that sort of thing—I am a very busy man—I have several sugar plantations in Sumatra and, of course, they need looking after and—" His voice went on, but Nini suddenly

(Continued on page 100)



STEICHEN

Eva Le Gallienne

Soon Beginning a Repertory Season

THE old Fourteenth Street Theatre, until recently given over to the entertainment of the Italian colony, of New York, has been brushed up and turned into the Civic Repertory Theatre, a habitation and a name for the tireless ambition of Eva Le Gallienne who has been moving relentlessly towards repertory for several seasons past. Tchekhov, Ibsen, Goldoni and Shakespeare figure in her programs for the first winter, but the play selected for the opening was *Saturday Night*, not the Cotter's, of course, but the piece by the Spanish dramatist, Benavente. Miss Le Gallienne, daughter of the poet, Richard Le Gallienne, has betrayed of late a marked disposition to go it alone in the theatre, without dependence on theatrical managers with their timorous notions about making money and all that sort of thing. Last season she wrestled with two of the more resisting plays in the Ibsen list and threw them both





MOTHER AND CHILD
Ivan Meštrović, once a simple Serbian shepherd, has become internationally known as a great master of modern sculpture, with a style highly individual, decorative, and arresting. He first exhibited in America in 1924

GIRL IN PRAYER (Left)
Meštrović's later work is much concerned with religious subjects, which he handles with an almost mediaeval devoutness of spirit, but also with a simplification, a stylization, which link him to the most notable of the moderns

WOMAN IN PRAYER (Right)
The sculpture shown on this page forms part of a striking collection of modern art, both painting and sculpture, from the sections devoted to Russia and other Slavic countries at the current Sesqui-Centennial Exhibit in Philadelphia



Sculpture by Ivan Meštrović

The Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia Houses Some Very Fine and Varied Examples of Modern Slavic Art

The Vanishing Amateur

Why Genuine Non-Professionals in Sport Are Becoming as Rare as the Bison

By W. O. McGEEHAN

IN a country that spends enough annually on sport to liquidate the war debt of the world, it is inevitable that sport likewise will become thoroughly commercialized. You may view this situation with alarm or accept it with complacency but the fact remains that we are not an amateur nation. We are frankly and honestly professionals.

The popular heroine of the moment, Gertrude Ederle, returned after conquering the English Channel and doing a great practical service for feminism. Before the cheering died down, her attorney and business representatives were earnestly consulting about contracts for the literary, vaudeville, motion-picture and exhibition rights. A second heroine, swimming the channel in the wake of Miss Ederle, demonstrates that a mother can be an athlete, and announces that she did it for the husband and kiddies—thus proceeding very honestly to collect for the accomplishment.

The football hero of the last few years who showed upon every occasion that he was ready to do or die for dear old Illinois is now simulating the acts of doing and dying for his own bank account. Many other campus heroes who did and died for various universities are willing to do a little doing and dying at the highest possible rates for various professional promoters.

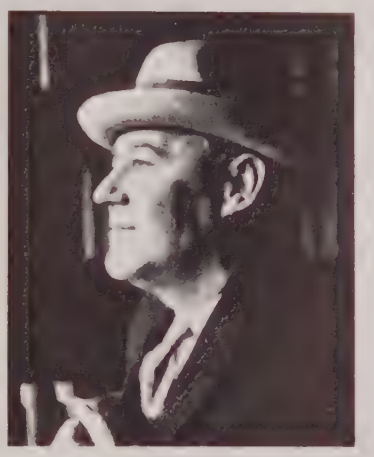
Professional sport pays and the pay is mounting. The heavyweight champion pugilist will not step into a prize-ring for less than half a million dollars. Walter Hagen, the golf professional, gets a bigger income than the President of the United States. Tyrus Raymond Cobb has reached his first million. George Herman Ruth will have squandered that much before the end of his baseball career.

A PROFESSIONAL promoter on being reproached for paying large purses to prize-fighters said, "They are worth what they can draw at the gate," which is another way of saying that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Our values may be distorted but the fact remains that they draw it at the gate.

In England, they have professional golfers almost as proficient as Hagen but their financial and social status is far from enviable. They may not enter the club-house and their fees for exhibitions are small. It would not enhance real estate values in any part of England if Vardon or Ray were announced as the pro at the golf club in the section to be promoted. Hagen is paid $30,000 a year for spending his winters at a real estate development in Florida.

Jack Hobbs is to English cricket what a composite Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb would be to baseball in the United States. The salary of Jack Hobbs is a trifle over $5,000 a year. When Jack Hobbs plays on a team with gentlemen and amateurs he must enter the field by a side gate. If our Babe Ruth were playing with a team of amateurs he would snub them or patronize them. At any rate he would keep the amateurs in their places; just as the British keep the professionals in their places. Our professionals have become the aristocrats of sport.

American lawn tennis is now somewhat hysterically on the defensive against frank professionalism. Tennis, though it has been for some time honeycombed by professionalized amateurism, was complacent in the belief that it was secure against the inroads of out-and-out professionalism. When Suzanne Lenglen turned professional they said in effect, "Good riddance." Then they asked, "But who will play with her?" William Tilden 2nd, whose six-year reign as amateur male champion has just been ended by the son of the ground keeper of the courts at Lyons, was the first to find particular fault with the erring Suzanne.



ROBERT H. DAY S

W. O. McGEEHAN

The author of this article, W. O. McGeehan, is the Sporting Editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and one of the most widely known of American sports writers. This is the first of a series on the amateur situation in sports which will be published in *Vanity Fair*

Mr. C. C. Pyle, the ruthless promoter who would make everything in sport pay, announced that he could get whatever amateurs he wanted. The tumult and the sneering hardly had died when it was announced that Mary K. Browne, one of the most popular of the amateurs and captain of the American women's team abroad this Spring, had joined the Pyle forces and would play with Suzanne.

Miss Browne is not only one of the most remarkable of the women athletes but she is also one of the most interesting writers in the country on sports. Miss Browne did not want to earn her living by playing professional tennis but she had her living to earn. While gentlemen like Babe Ruth earn more than many of our best writers for lending their names to literature that they never even read, Miss Browne could not earn enough from writing to resist the offer of C. C. Pyle. She was wise to realize on the only one of her talents that had an immediate market value.

A certain famous male amateur tennis player, when asked if there were any chance of him turning professional said, "Why should I? My income while I am a good amateur is fifty thousand a year. Pyle could not pay me that. Yes, you may quote me, if you care to. Why not?"

It makes one the least bit cynical to detect in the criticisms of Suzanne and Mary K. Browne, the avowed business women, an insistent note of curiosity from the critics. They cannot see how their tennis turpitude is going to pay. Could it be that some of them are waiting to see if there really is any adequate return from Suzanne Lenglen's Profession? Are they remaining pure at heart only because they are convinced that sport sin does not pay? Count me among the skeptics.

The rule of the United States Lawn Tennis Association is that an amateur tennis player under its jurisdiction must not profit financially, directly or indirectly, through his or her association with the game. Because of this rule the association has had many a tilt with William Tilden 2nd, who heaved the first and most virtuous brick at the devoted head of Suzanne Lenglen.

As a matter of fact this rule was made because of Mr. Tilden's remarkable versatility. Mr. Tilden is an actor, a novelist and a journalist. The United States Lawn Tennis Association was inconsiderate enough to low rate his many talents, advancing the preposterous theory that if Mr. Tilden were not the champion, tennis players, publishers, newspaper proprietors and producers would not be forming on the right to avail themselves of the output of that nimble intellect.

A SORT of compromise was reached. It was agreed that Mr. Tilden should be permitted to write even on tennis but that he was not to report tournaments in which he participated. Mr. Tilden, under protest that this was stifling his genius for literature, signed the agreement.

A gentleman connected with the United States Lawn Tennis Association told me that this action was precipitated by knowledge of a subtle attack by emissaries of a newspaper trust. They had approached Miss Helen Wills, then a mere freshman at the University of California with the offer of a monthly subsidy for the use of her name signed to a series of articles on tennis.

"Why, the thing is preposterous," he said. "Something must be done. The relatives of Miss Wills are very indignant. They sent us all of the details."

Being of a simple and credulous nature I was surprised to discover that Miss Wills, upon having attained the wisdom and literary polish of a sophomore, had started to contribute a series of articles on tennis to a syndicate, and for a financial consideration. When she undertook the conquest of the Riviera and Wimbledon the syndicate raised the ante until Miss Wills was being paid at least three times as much as any of our leading American non-participating tennis experts.

Even now I am convinced that Miss Helen Wills as an amateur will earn much more than Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen as a professional.

(Continued on page 126)



THE LOWER CITY

A scene from *Metropolis*, directed by Fritz Lang, who is known to America chiefly for the film version of *Siegfried*, in which he also acted. *Metropolis* purports to show New York City a century hence. It is really a dual city, one part rising stories high where the capitalists live at leisure, the other, an underground city, where the city workers dwell and labour



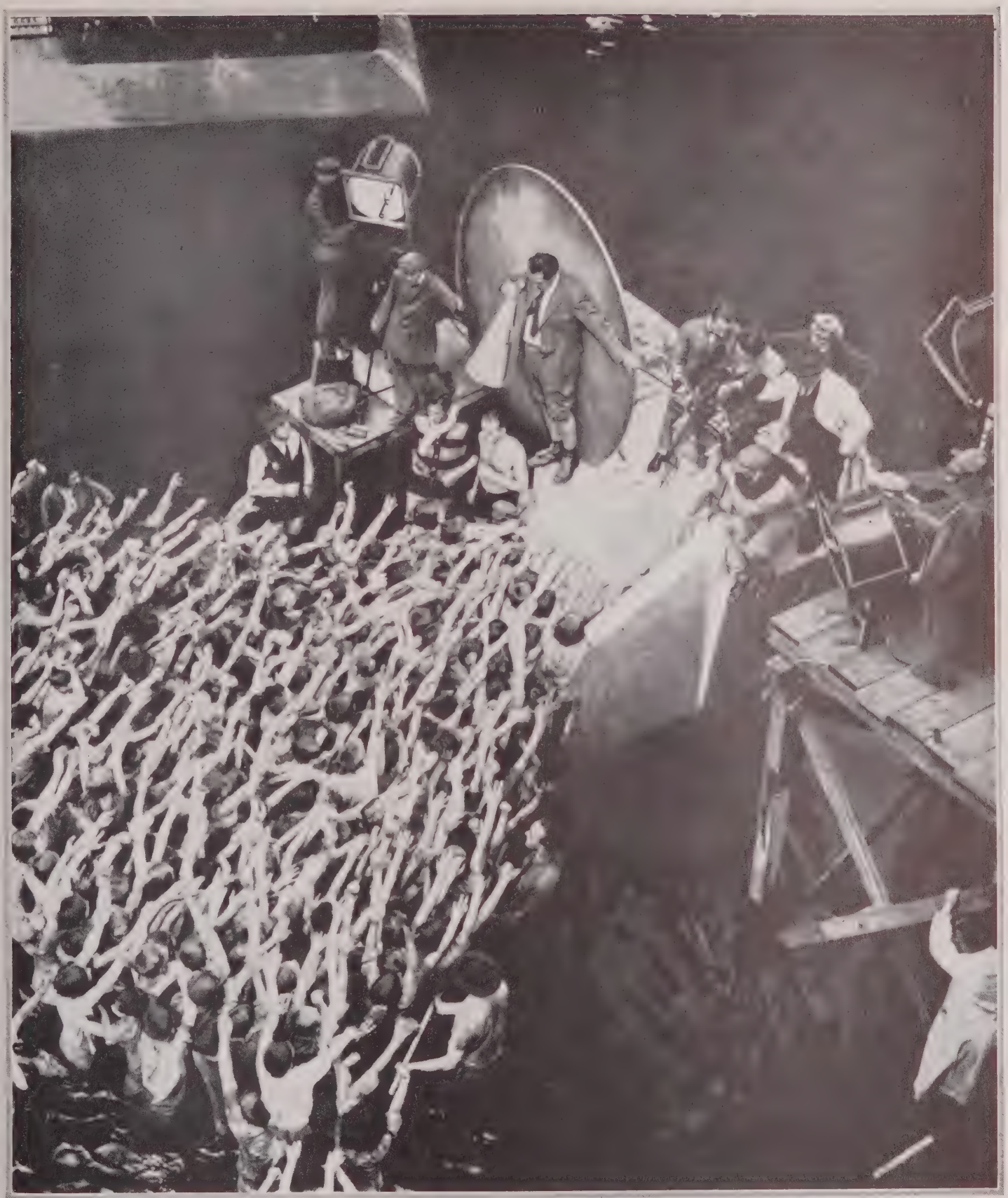
THE UPPER CITY

An office in the world of the capitalists, the only part of the great city which has access to light and air. The two tiers of lights projecting through the window create the effect of sunshine and centre the interest on the two chief actors. The room itself has a futuristic design and is equipped with fantastic devices which succeeding generations may in time invent

A German Film in the Making

Views From "Metropolis", the Latest of the Motion Picture Importations, Which Reveal the Secret of the Celebrated German Technique of Direction and Mechanical Effect

THE superiority of German films is accepted in America as another example of the technical genius of the Teutons. American critics have called it the triumph of cinematic technique. But the Germans emphatically disclaim any such achievement and assert that the German technique is that there is no German technique. Lothár Mendes, one of the leading *Ufa* directors, who is presently in America, interprets it rather as a triumph of common sense. American pictures, he says, far surpass the German in technique. The equipment and perfection of detail in an American studio is incomparably better than in the studios abroad. It is the director, in fact, who makes the difference. The camera man will do as he is told, so will most actors. It is the unified conception which must be original. The German director uses his camera as an eye. He develops the situation detail by detail and then illustrates the result of the accumulated episodes. The American picture reverses the process. It shows the scene first and then goes back and explains it. The American method is theatrical,—the German purely dramatic. The audience becomes part of the picture and loses its attitude of aloof detachment. This is the method of naturalism with the emphasis on the human equation. The director needs must be an understanding psychologist. *Variety*, the remarkable film which brought German film craftsmanship so vividly to the attention of the American public, is essentially the old, rubber-stamp triangle story. The director, Ewald André Dupont, made it a true human document



LEADING THE MOB

A scene depicting a flood in the underground city of the workers. The famed technique of a German mob scene is clearly revealed here. Water has broken through the pavements and the children of the labourers are attempting to escape from a rising flood. At the moment of greatest tension the girl, waiting at the side for a signal from the director, will rush to the platform and strike the huge gong in warning. In the view above, the director stands urging the crowd to action. The children's arms rise in frantic confusion out of the black morass. The camera, focused on the crowd, is moved forward and into the mass thus making the audience a part of the scene. The camera becomes the spectator's eye as well as that of the director. That is the well known German technique

David Wark Griffith

The Eighth in a Series of Interviews with Celebrated Motion Picture Personages

By JIM TULLY

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH is a Kentuckian, born in 1880. His father, an officer in the Confederate Army, was known as General "Roaring Jake" Griffith.

Kentucky has not yet produced an artist of the first grade. Full of mellow sentimentality, its citizens all bear the same imprint. Life is to them the third act in a melodrama. They are the last outpost in the lop-sided chivalry of America. They will die for the honour of the heroine—and let the bad girl take care of herself.

Griffith, imbued with Kentucky ideals, long wandered, a forlorn actor, over the tank circuits of America. Not even Ibsen could have survived such a background. It killed, spiritually and mentally, every man who waded through it.

There is a seed of greatness in Griffith. It rattles in the shell. The atmosphere of Kentucky wrinkled it like a lemon in the sun.

He is above medium height, raw-boned, ungainly. His head is well-shaped, his neck long, his nose eagle-bent. His face is cadaverous and none too deeply etched. There is about his eyes the expression of a country preacher who rubs his hands together while saying to the parents of a future film audience . . . "Let us all praise God."



PARAMOUNT

D. W. GRIFFITH

The first to introduce the spectacle in motion pictures, Mr. Griffith is now engaged in making "program" films of which the latest is *The Sorrows of Satan*

A director, name unsigned, recently wrote to a film journal and said that every successful director must have in him a streak of cheapness. This man touched the fringes of growth.

SEVERAL years ago I conducted a symposium in a western paper. My aim was to learn the trend of American literature for a few dollars. The editor wired Griffith. His reply was that virtue would be rewarded in the literature of the future as in the past—that

While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

I placed the weighty opinion in the symposium carefully. It was read with reverence in Hollywood.

In his early career Griffith was known as Lawrence. His comrades of the tank circuit called him Larry. When touched with the accidental wand of fame, he became known as David Wark Griffith.

D. W. Griffith knew what the vast majority of Americans wanted before any other celebrity in films. It was so obvious one wonders why they did not all see it at once . . . to give them in pictures that which they loved on the stage, *Hearts of Oak*, *Way Down East*, *Peaceful Valley*, and *East Lynne*.

He played in a Louisville Stock Company as a youth and took the romantic name of David Brayington soon afterward. The theatricalism acquired at this period still remains with him. His voice is heavy. His gestures are semi-tragic in the best manner of an American stage villain of thirty years ago. He once played Francis Lewisohn in *East Lynne*.

His life until he entered pictures was merely that of another "ham" actor. To Griffith's credit be it written—he had imagination. There was something of the dreamer in him—and a mentality far above the average. He wrote "dramatic notes" on the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. (This, however, had nothing to do with his mentality.)

Some years later he wrote a play. Its title suggests Griffith's early dramatic training—and the period. It was called *A Fool and a Girl*. James K. Hackett produced the piece. It failed. Who the girl was—no one knew.

Griffith is said to have shoveled ore and to have been a puddler in a foundry. I have never known a "ham" actor to labour. However, one should not doubt the account of a great director written by a publicity man. That inspired gentleman writes:

"David Wark Griffith bent over a shovel for hour after hour, and day after day, until his muscles began to develop surprisingly. It was the kind of work a man will enjoy—for a while. But to the poet, the dreamer, the aspirant for literary fame, the graduate from the editorial work-shop, the associate of great actors and actresses (the man who *knows* he has better stuff in him), ore-shoveling ultimately becomes tiresome and one longs for a change."

I would imagine as much. So did Mr. Griffith.

It seems he thought he wanted a lighter task. The publicity writer continues naïvely:

"Then young Griffith turned from ore-shoveling to a job at puddling in a foundry. It was a *change* anyway! And besides, it didn't last very long."

The last line roars with truth.

With the money earned as an ore-shoveler and puddler Mr. Griffith took time to write a poem called *The Wild Duck*. This should not be confused with Ibsen's drama of the same name. For the young ore-shoveler's poem appeared in *Leslie's Weekly*.

With the money which he received for the poem the future director bought admission to a motion picture show. He left the theatre feeling that he could write a better story himself than the one which he had witnessed on the screen.

He did not sell the first story he wrote. But the second tale sold for fifteen dollars to the Biograph Company.

Griffith now, like many a lesser and greater writer, decided to "write for pictures". A stock holder in the Biograph Company secured a position for him with that firm. He was later given an opportunity to direct, and his first picture was called *The Adventures of Dollie*. This happened eighteen years ago.

Griffith is credited with perfecting and introducing such things as the "flash-back", the "fade-out", the "long-shot", and "mist-photography" on the screen. That these improvements would have arrived by film evolution does not matter here. Griffith was the first to introduce them. The "fade-out" is in my opinion the most important. It allows for the smooth merging of a tale and keeps the characters from jumping on and off the screen. How much credit, if any, "Billy" Bitzer, his famous photographer, is to be given for these improvements, no one knows. I do know that many of the finest situations and incidents, called "gags" in the profession, are given to such leaders as Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and others, by men in their employ who receive small pay and no credit. These fellows are called "gag men". They feed vacuums.

The "mist-photography" adds a softer note to the film and gives a pathetic quality to the wistful dullness of the Gish sisters.

IN 1914, Griffith came across a tawdry and badly written novel by a fanatical preacher named Thomas Dixon, Jr. The book was adapted into a picture called *The Birth of a Nation*. Both Griffith and Dixon were narrow visaged southerners at the time. They turned bigotry and race hatred to good account and made Ku Klux Klannery the vehicle for their pseudo art. The picture was a tremendous success. Mobs over the world enjoy witnessing any race but their own subdued.

Griffith has a showman's first requisite—he knows the mob.

In the making of this picture Griffith stumbled across something of value to a director with imagination enough to conceive film drama on a large scale. He discovered that there was something epic in giant formations—great drama, for instance, in an army marching to battle and to death.

If a man could, with Napoleon's directorial genius, screen the Battle of Waterloo, he would have the greatest picture ever made. In such a picture the story thread is rightfully—nothing. A simple love affair, so dear to the hearts of moronia, is inconsequential with a background of such vast event. In gargantuan movement alone there is the greatest film drama. A whale lashing in the sea—a fire raging over a great forest—these things need no director, merely a good photographer.

Griffith next tried a film on a vaster scale. He waded in water too deep for him. The picture was called *Intolerance*. Griffith, a middle-class American, knows the local scene from an actor's viewpoint. But in *Intolerance* he tried to cover four eras, including the

(Continued on page 110)



CONNELLY

BUSTER WEST

Long submerged in a family vaudeville act, this pert and nimble youngster has recently outgrown his folks and bounded forward as a leading exponent of that caricature dancing where the art of the ballet and the clown become hopelessly and delightfully mixed



WHITE

JAMES BARTON

This superb clown, who can skitter like a wind-blown Autumn leaf and dance a Spanish fandango sitting on the floor, was a burlesque comedian when he drifted into a volunteer show, during the actors' strike and became a Broadway favourite in just four minutes



WHITE

JAY C. FLIPPEN

Another vaudeville entertainer, addicted to burnt-cork, escaped from the two-a-day last Spring long enough to play Mr. Tarkington's *Genesis* in the horrendous musical desecration of *Seventeen*. One had not previously suspected how much that lazy, chuckle-headed Midland darkey resembled Master Jolson. Jay Flippen, like Frisco and Bobby Clark, is always flourishing a huge cigar



WHITE

FRISCO

The hero of more anecdotes than any other two-a-day notable of his time, Frisco's career illustrates the silk-purse of a virtue made out of the sow's ear of necessity. Cursed from childhood with a stutter, he early turned it into a comic asset and has since sold it profitably to the doting American public which attends the varieties



JACK DONAHUE

This is the lanky comedian who foots it featly with Marilyn Miller and the rest in *Sunny*. He has some tricks all his own, including one hilarious pantomime of an awkward swain not knowing what to do with his hands and one sylvan ballet wherein Mr. Donahue makes a coat-hanger take the place of the archer's bow

Masters All of Facetious Dancing

Light-Foot Comedians Who Have Brought the Art of Satirical Stepping to Perfection



STEICHEN

A Rising Star Among Mermaids — Lisa Lindstrom

The Brilliant Aquatic Prodigy Who Is, at Fourteen, One of the Greatest Swimmers in America

WHEN Helen Wainwright and Gertrude Ederle retired last year from amateur swimming competition, they left a considerable gap in the ranks of women swimmers. However, Mr. Lawrence DeB. Handly, the celebrated amateur coach, has brought to the fore a young swimmer who, the experts agree, is certain, eventually, to excel all the stars of the past. Her name is Lisa Lindstrom, and she is but fourteen years of age. Two years ago she came under Mr. Handly's expert eye, and one year later she astonished followers of women's swimming by placing third in the National Long Distance Race. This year she won the National Junior Championship at 500 yards, and finished second in the National Long Distance Race. The *cognoscenti* of the swimming world are emphatic in the statement that Lisa Lindstrom is, at fourteeen, as fast as Gertrude Ederle was at fifteen, and it is fully anticipated by those who have observed her almost perfect stroke that she will, within the next two years, become an outstanding star such as the swimming world has never before seen in all its history

The Light Fantastic Show

The Disappearance From the American Stage of the Sheerly Imaginative Play

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

THE heyday of the Hippodrome was the ideal of fantasy on the American stage. That great grey lion *couchant* of Sixth Avenue, whose electric eyes waggle so valiantly above the "El" tracks nightly, used, in days before the net of vaudeville ensnared it, to lend its insides to tremendous spectacles of song and ballet, pet menageries, gymnastics, ice-skating, water-diving, panoramas as exotic as they were enormous. In an atmosphere damp with the spray of unexpected fountains and faintly tinctured with the presence of huge, complacent elephants, we breathed at once the spices of the Orient, the nectareal brine of Neptune's Court, the rare and painty air of some mythical woodland conclave where all the birds of brightest plumage took on human legs and practised amazingly gregarious gyrations, or where the hundred most prized gems from jewelers' lore, come suddenly to life, flashed fires from their leaping sequins. That was fantasy, all of it: fantasy with a thousand facets and resources. Like unto the Hippodrome we shall never be so lavishly fantastic again. But like unto the Hippodrome all our attempts at fantasy must evidently try to be for a century hereafter.

Carry the origins back further, if you insist, to the circus. Possibly it was Phineas T. Barnum who first expounded the meaning of fantasy in America: the blare, the dazzle, the gasp, the three-ring wonder, the glut of oddities seen but still unbelieved, to the accompaniment of a *ra-ta-plan* of crackling peanuts. But the circus is romantic only to the extent of your powers to generate romance of your own accord. Its marvels are matters of fact, not of imagination. Its appeal is muscular, its gaiety animal throughout. It permits you not a single moment of that gentle pensiveness, that instant settling of the feather of fun on the tip of the nose of sorrow, which true fantasy requires. It was only when the Hippodrome could turn the circus slightly, so slightly, self-conscious, that things were fecund for fantasy.

But then, fantasy is probably the thinnest of all strings to pluck in any *étude* of American drama. Its vibrations must be almost wholly negative. The theme is not of our fantasies, but of our lack of them. Not a single genuinely fantastic play has ever been worth its watts in footlights on our stage. Few as have been attempted, fewer justified the attempt. You must fling your latitudes wide if you wish to recollect any fantasies by American playwrights at all.

BECAUSE a benign old ghost lends his influential presence to the scenes of Belasco's *The Return of Peter Grimm*, for instance, you may call even so unfantastic a play a fantasy. If so, in spite of this, that and Belasco, it remains perhaps the best knit and most interesting one any American has yet constructed: simple, moving, semi-real, gently eerie, lacking only in that sensitive capriciousness, that whim for whim's own sake, which is come to be the blade-mark of all proper Anglican fantasy.

Talk of fantasy to a Londoner (or a New Yorker, for that matter) and you are inevitably talking of Barrie. It is gone out of date to recollect even *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* when *Dear Brutus* or *A Kiss for Cinderella* is so much closer to modern memory. A cupful of *Perrault*, a pinch of *Phil May*, two or three grains of sweetened *Rochefoucauld*, stirred into a sort of High Episcopal *Hänsel und Gretel*—and, sure enough, a Barrie fantasy is ready for the public oven. No complaint against such nice ingredients. But they have become the items of a standard recipe; and fantasy, of all forms, must suffer most from standardization. To the credit of those two or three Americans who have tried to twirl the light fantastic show, they have done their spryest to break through Barrie's fairy ring of wistfulness.

THE IMMORTALS

By Dorothy Parker

If you should sail for Trebizond, or die,
Or cry another name in your first sleep,
Or see me board a train, and fail to sigh,
I should appropriately clutch my breast and weep.
And you, if I should wander through the door,
Or sin, or seek a nunnery, or save
My lips and give my cheek, would tread the floor
And aptly mention poison and the grave.

Therefore the mooning world is gratified,
Quoting how prettily we sigh and swear;
And you and I, correctly side by side,
Shall live as lovers when our bones are bare;
And though we lie forever enemies,
Shall rank with Abélard and Héloïse.



Many fond hurrahs were exhaled last season in praise of Marc Connelly's *The Wisdom Tooth*. Quite all of them congratulated the somewhat distracted author on the kinship of his pen to Barrie's. Fantasy, Barrie . . . an irremediable conjunction of terms. But there was five times more of James Whitcomb Riley in *The Wisdom Tooth* than of Barrie. It was American in its sentiments, in its satire. For style it wore shirt-sleeve garters made nowhere but in the U. S. A. And, speaking of satire, it prickled with those comical barbs which we seem to feel necessary to the fulfillment of fantasy over here. Three-quarters of such plays of ours have used the fantastic only as a means to trayesty and gibe. Mr. Connelly was more lenient about it in *The Wisdom Tooth* than he and George Kaufman were in that *Beggar on Horseback* which they so successfully de-Teutonized a few years ago—but the parentage was apparent. Barrie was not even a godfather of the affair.

The only wholly, steadfastly fantastic piece of American playwriting in recent years was Sidney Howard's and Edward Sheldon's *Bewitched*. A dream play, a castle as mysterious as Otranto, a hero tumbled from the clouds, a wicked old magician, a maiden elusive as the shimmer of leaves in the old French forest where she wandered . . . here was the stuff of pure, untroubled fable, distillation of honey-hued fancy. *Bewitched* failed. Of all moods to which the stage may consecrate itself, fantasy is the most difficult to enliven, humanize, sustain. It needs more nimbleness to keep a toy balloon off the ground for three hours at a stretch than it does to uphold a millstone.

But *Bewitched* failed more conclusively because of its audiences than of its own fault. It was elaborately wasted on a directory of hearers who can no longer hear of fairies without smirking, and whose turn for legendry is done up in chuckles at the warts on the knuckles of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

As with great playwrights, so it is with huge populations: only after the pain, the hard-begotten wisdom of long years—the precious and ultimate wisdom to put reality in its place—can reverie be honorable, caprice a boon, fantasy prosperous. For fantasy may begin as the mothering comfort of childhood, but it is more often the petted elf of dignified and saddened dotage, the last and secretly favourite descendant of one whose knee is not yet too withered for dandling, but whose eyes, fact-sick, are already on God's top-story window-panes.

WE have shot up—quickly, boisterously—past our age of innocence. We are still far in thought and feeling from senescence's hearth-chair. We neither believe nor disbelieve enough to be makers and followers of fantasy. Neither sufficiently naïve nor sufficiently decadent, we can only resent those liberties which the fantastic takes, can count exquisiteness of idea for exquisiteness's own sake naught but a silly and presumptuous trespass. We are as apt to accept a fantasy without a blast of utilitarian satire in it as we are to elect a congressman without a platform.

Mr. John Howard Lawson, who described his exciting *Processional* as a "jazz symphony", would probably ram a beam into any eye which saw this play of his in the light of a fantasy. Fantasy he certainly did not intend. Nightmare, perchance, truths tipsy, the hot rampage of corn-whiskey scummed with coal-dust, and none of your sweet, sparkling Rhenish wines. Yet fantasy is in the smack of it, for all that. Hoarse, coarse, painfully plain and forthright fantasy, pitched to a snarl instead of to a coo, perfumed with sweat instead of with *patchouli*, daubed with such dark slobber and swift,

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Brute Force in Golf

Proving That the Long Shots of Bobby Jones Are Not Solely the Result of Rhythm

By O. B. KEELER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—O. B. Keeler, the author of this article, is a resident of Atlanta, Georgia, and fellow-townsman of Bobby Jones, the young American golf champion. Mr. Keeler, who is the golf editor of the *Atlanta Journal*, has had ample opportunity to watch the development of Jones' remarkable golfing talent from its first beginnings. More recently, he has accompanied "Bobby" to all the important tournaments in which he has competed, and has made a close study of the young Southerner's skill on the links. Mr. Keeler was with Jones at the British tournament (at Lytham and St. Anne's, Lancashire,) and the American Open Championship played at the Inverness Club at Toledo, Ohio, this year. Both of these events Jones won in characteristically flawless style.

THERE are times when I feel that my young friend Bobby Jones is the most misunderstood golfer in the world. They—meaning the galleries—say he is devoid of nerves. They say he never is worried. And they say, erroneously, that he gains his extraordinary range in the big shots without effort. They say lots of things about him. The women always say the same thing: "Isn't he a nice-looking boy!" Bobby really ought to be a nice-looking boy, because, with the customary misuse of the term, he is a thoroughly "nice" boy, and employing the word properly, he is an excessively nice golfer, especially around the greens, where his nicety has won him a number of important titles.

But that oft repeated phrase about his ability to hit a ball an amazing distance without effort, causes me a distinct pain. And sometimes I so far forget myself as to attempt to set the speaker right.

There was the case of the chunky old gentleman, palpably a banker, who was at Merion during the National Amateur Championship of '24.

BOBBY was playing the fifteenth hole, the one where you either shoot perilously toward the boundary line (a road) or put your back into one and carry as much of some awe-inspiring rough as your courage and dorsal equipment will permit. Bobby put his back into one and bit off something like two hundred and forty yards of intermediate rough in the angle of the dog-leg. And the chunky banker said:

"Now, isn't that remarkable? Here I wallop a ball just as hard as I can, and drive only about half as far; and this boy, with no effort at all, hits it a mile." It was not a mile, of course. It was something more than a furlong. But the exaggeration was not of moment.

I spoke up, out of turn. The old gentleman had not been addressing me.

"Did you ever, in watching this young golfer, sit by the edge of the tee," I inquired, "and refrain from watching the ball, and look up at Bobby's face when he is busting one with that effortless swing?"

The old gentleman regarded me a bit sourly. "No," he admitted, finally, "I can't say that I ever did." He said "cawn't," I recall. I was not in a good humour because Bobby was having a rather inexcusably close opening round with Bill Thompson of Canada, and when the chunky banker got to cross-examining me I was sorry I had started it. I always like to concentrate on Bobby's game and it is difficult so to concentrate and deliver, at the same time, a lecture on the function of the *latissimus dorsi* and the *gluteus maximus* in the full golf shot.

However, I explained as carefully as possible that I had seen enough of Bobby's golf, and of other people's golf, to be perfectly sure that one absolute essential in projecting a golf ball more than two hundred yards was plain and unmitigated brute force. "But what about his face?" inquired the gentleman. "He doesn't exert brute force with his expression, does he?"

The point was well taken. I explained that Bobby's facial expression was symptomatic rather than causal.

"How does he look?" was the next question. The old gentleman appeared to be interested. "Did you ever see a close-up of the faces of a squad of young men arriving at the tape at the end of a hundred yard dash? Well, Bobby looks that way," I said, "when he is letting out on a big shot. Just at the moment of impact."

The banker was now frankly interested. "You don't say!" he exclaimed. "And it all looks so smooth and easy, the way he hits the ball. Do you mean to tell me that his face looked that way just now, when he hit that drive?"

I SAID that I had often watched his face, when he was *really* hitting one, and that it always revealed the amount of effort involved in the shot. "And he hit that one pretty hard." Then I began to fear that I had given him a wrong line, because there are a number of component factors in getting great distance in golf, in addition to wrinkling the face.

It is a sort of maxim of golf, that smoothness and rhythm and the not very well understood art of timing, yield not only direction but distance. Golf teachers tell their pupils so, and it is wise to tell them so. The average golfer, even of sorts, will do far better to leave out the brute force and occupy his soul with smoothness and rhythm, and a well-grounded ambition to keep his weight out of the stroke as long as possible. But the champion is not the average golfer, and no champion today, in an era of 7000-yard courses, can reach a championship title lacking the further element of brute force. Even the ladies have discovered it, perhaps subjectively—those of them who are champions.

The beautiful swing of Bobby Jones, reminiscent of the classic poses of the ancient gladiators, of Pavlowa in a swan dance, and other delightful things,—the beautiful swing of Bobby Jones conceals in its flowing progress the transmission of enormous power, the sole obvious evidence of which is in his face, in that fleeting instant when the club is coming on the ball. The trained observer in golf may descry other evidences: the "cocking" of the left wrist at the top of the swing; the infinitesimal lift of the hands just before the downward stroke begins; the curious little twitch of the hips at a certain juncture of the stroke, releasing the extreme

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O. B. KEELER

JONES DRIVING
When Bobby Jones drives a golf ball three hundred yards, it is because he hits at it with all the strength he can muster. This photograph shows how Jones' face is twisted with the intensity of the effort, like a sprinter's. The popular notion that his full swing is "easy" and "effortless" is plainly a fallacy





READY (Above)
At the top of his swing, Jones' left wrist is coiled like a very powerful spring. There is a curious lift of the hands, and then the spring uncoils, sending the club-head down and through with vicious force. Jones claims that much of his remarkable control and power comes from the fact that this left hand does most of the work

ADDRESSING
Holding the club firmly in the left hand and more delicately in the right, Jones "waggles" just long enough to be sure that his stance is correct, and then starts his back-swing. In this, the left hand has complete control, and sweeps the club-head back smoothly and firmly. Jones' method of gripping the club is the one devised by Harry Vardon

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



ILLUSTRATED NEWS

DEEMS TAYLOR

Because he is perhaps the leading American music critic and composer; because his *Through the Looking Glass* is in the repertory of every symphony orchestra; because he is a walking encyclopedia; and finally, because his first opera, *The King's Henchman*, (book by Edna St. Vincent Millay) is soon to be produced at the Metropolitan



MURAY

FRANK SWINNERTON

Because he is one of the finest stylists among modern British writers; because he first recognized the genius of Joseph Conrad; because he is one of the keenest of literary critics; because he has published fifteen novels, and finally, because his new novel, *Summer Storm*, is among the season's successful books



CLAUDE P. GRENEKER

Because he is the most important of theatrical press-agents; because he was an actor-manager at thirteen; because he is probably the most prolific anonymous writer in America; because he has made publicity a fine art; and finally, because for sixteen years he has fathered the plans of the Messrs. Shubert in the public prints



WALERY, PARIS

SACHA GUITRY AND YVONNE PRINTEMPS

Because the Guitrys, *M. et Mme.*, are the most popular comedians of the boulevards; because Guitry is a deft caricaturist as well as a keen satirist; because after years as a *farceur*, he wrote in rapid succession a revue, a musical comedy, *L'Amour Masqué*, and an operetta, *Mozart*, thereby making Mlle. Printemps a prima donna; because he is the most prolific of playwrights; because his father, Lucien Guitry, was the greatest French actor of his generation and finally, because they are to bring *Mozart* to America this season



PAINTING BY HUBERT VOS

ELBERT H. GARY

Because he is the greatest figure in America's great steel industry; because he had the vision and ability necessary to make the United States Steel Corporation the most powerful in the world; because he has been Chairman of the Corporation since its inception in 1901; because he was formerly a successful lawyer and judge; because, like "Red" Grange, he was born in Wheaton, Illinois; and finally, because on the occasion of his eightieth birthday this year, he announced that he did not intend to relinquish any of his duties



CHARLES SHEELER

From the Big Top to "The Big Parade"—Renée Adorée

A French Circus Rider Who Became a Motion Picture Star by Virtue of a Single Performance

FOR some years one of the cinema's most reticent and most infrequent players, Renée Adorée became the idol of the discriminating by dint of a magnificent and self-effacing performance as *Melisande*, the French peasant girl in *The Big Parade*, the film epic of the Great War by Laurence Stallings. An equally effective embodiment of *Musette* in the somewhat denatured film version of *La Bohème* exploded all theories of an accidental triumph. The career of Renée Adorée began in a travelling circus, where she was a considerably able equestrienne, due probably to the fact that her parents were circus folk. She came to America when the German occupation became a source of some slight annoyance to the Belgian natives, and for the last six years has been around the motion picture studios. Miss Adorée will continue the Gallic tradition in an adaptation of *Rose Marie*, the operetta which ran for two years in New York and which put the tottering Drury Lane Theatre in London on its financial feet by taking in the neat sum of £40,000 in a single year

Saturday to Monday

A Report of the Week-End Season Now Happily Passing Into History

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

GLANCING back over the now waning season, I am struck, as I am annually, by the paucity of week-ends; also by the slipshod way in which they are usually handled. It is in the hope of bettering these conditions that I write this article—now, while my summer sufferings are still fresh in my mind, for I have no reason to suppose that week-ends will not continue to occur at regular intervals.

Consider the question of their number. The average stay in the country where week-ends are possible is three months, say from the fifteenth of June to a like date in September. After that date some thirty million mothers tell each other simultaneously, "We would stay much later if it were not for the children's school."

In those three months there are twelve week-ends with perhaps one spare in case of a puncture or blowout. But let us say twelve because thirteen is unlucky and I am superstitious and glad of it. Now, out of your twelve week-ends you and your wife are practically certain to be dated up elsewhere for at least four. Struggle as you may, you can't have people visit you without having to visit them. No, sir, when they are with you they inevitably bring up the question of a return game on the home grounds. "Come on, now, no foolin'," says your guest, "will you come to us for the twelfth, or is the nineteenth better?" You and your wife glare helplessly at each other. You finally agree on the twelfth which is soonest over and then, drat it! you find that Will has been reading out of the 1927 calendar, the old skeezix, and the painful choice has to be made all over again.

In passing, have you ever noticed that as soon as you are lashed to the mast for a particular date two or three other alluring possibilities heave over the horizon? You have to say "No" to an invitation to run down the Sound in the Hookers' yacht because, O Death! you have promised to spend the night in a remodelled barn in the Jersey *hinterland*.

SO I assume you will concede that you are lucky if you crawl out with less than four of these inflictions. That leaves you eight week-ends for home consumption. How pitifully inadequate this number is, considering the number of people whom you either must or wish to entertain. You have to do it in the summer because your cottage is really quite attractive—with ivy covering the place where the shingles came off (memo: fix shingles next Sat.) and you wouldn't have them see your two by four walk-up on Eleventh Street for anything.

One of the first things we do in our house is to ask a lot of people to visit who we know cannot possibly accept. They are going to Europe or Canada or Wyoming. But we get a slice of *kudos* out of it and they are, in a way, indebted to us. We asked them, you know. Then we settle down to the serious business of fixing up our dates. As everyone does, we have guests with strikingly dissimilar characteristics. There is a science in arranging the sequence of their visits just as there is in the arrangement of a vaudeville bill.

For instance, the Willings are athletic and the Zabriskies are literary and highbrow. I wouldn't think of having either pair follow the other. The strain of an intellectual holiday after the fury of three days with the Willings would put me in a sanitarium. So we space them, sticking the Burkharts, who are delightfully topheavy morons, in between.

The Willings led our batting list this year. I reasoned that we would be in better condition to take them on when we were fresh from the city than later in the vacation period when everyone is all fagged out. Mabel and I went into training a few days before their arrival, swinging our golf clubs and tennis rackets and swimming although the water was icy, for I hold that it is the duty of host and hostess to prepare themselves for the entertainment of their guests, making up a menu in advance, be it athletic, intellectual or merely social.

The Willings were more strenuous than ever this year. Ned tried to get me to take the morning train out of the city so that we could have eighteen holes before supper but I spiked that proposal with a stern refusal. I had enough punishment ahead of me without begging for more.

WE had two cloudless days which I should have regretted more but for diplomacy on my part. The sunshine gave Ned a chance to follow out his program without a hitch. It consisted, to mention only the main events, of getting to the club at eight on Saturday morning so as to get started ahead of the crowd, a swim at eleven with a brisk run up the beach, tennis immediately after lunch followed by a snappy nine holes and dancing at Cedar Grove Casino in the evening. We were then through for the day except that Ned suggested that he and I walk home (2 miles) letting the girls drive. Sunday was the same, except that there was no dancing, we being on the way back to town.

A year ago I tried to keep up with a schedule like this, with the result that I couldn't go to the office until Thursday, and I was peeling so that my stenographer fled in horror. So this year I resorted to diplomacy by arranging most of the events with friends. Mabel and I played some mixed doubles and I took him on for a round of golf. The rest of the time I farmed him out. It was all one to Ned. He doesn't care whom he is with as long as he is sweating. Mabel worked the same thing with Frances so that a pleasant time was had by all.

We have formed the habit of staging Relatives' Week right after the Athletic Carnival, because it is sedentary and restful (in a sense), and also because it is one of the set pieces that we are glad to have over. Both Mabel and I are fond of our in-laws, but we like them better in retrospect than in anticipation. There is a good deal of awkward kissing on these occasions, about which the children are becoming dangerously turbulent. My wife called my attention to the fact that I ought to speak to my youngest daughter about the rude way she escaped between her Aunt Jane's legs, but I pointed out that quite probably this rudeness prevented Aunt Jane from prolonging her stay indefinitely, so the offence was condoned.

As a foil to this solemn festival, we had the Whipples out for our third week-end. Lois and Tom Whipple belong to the younger drinking set. There was nothing formal or dull about their hours with us. My preparation for this consisted of merely a consultation with our local bootlegger, who brings the stuff right into his own dock in his lobster boat, the authorities notwithstanding.

MABEL had orange juice ready, fresh mint in a glass of the only water I saw for forty-eight hours, cracked ice in the bowl, and glasses, shaker, corkscrew and bottle opener handy. Marvellous Mabel! A perfect woman, nobly planned. We had cocktail parties at noon, Scottish rites at intervening hours and a wham of a supper party Saturday night that ended with mixed bathing at midnight and mixed singing by a double quartette at dawn.

It was just as well, I think, that we spent the following week-end away. It seems the neighbors were beginning to talk.

Our next guests were the Lloyds, who are at present suffering from curly maple in its most acute form. For this week-end also our own community saw little of us, for we were on the road from dawn until dusk, covering four hundred miles and half that number of antique shops. Mary Lloyd priced nine thousand highboys, tables and chairs, bought a footstool and returned to town with her purse bulging with the cards of disappointed dealers whom she had asked to save things for her. I hope she made good on her promise to write to them. If she didn't, there are a lot of aching hearts in old Connecticut.

BY this time the alcoholic aura left by the Whipples had dissolved and we decided to play our trump card, a visit by the Burkharts, who for some unknown reason enjoy stopping at our modest cottage once a year. They come over from Long Island in their sleek motor boat, and the big moment of our summer is when we walk down the dock to meet them. Maybe we're not the top of the heap then!

But this annual splash is not without its frightful responsibilities, particularly for Mabel. Two of the children have to be evicted so as to supply the proper housing and aquarium facilities. Fresh cakes of soap and our most regal towels are installed with strict commands to our regular inmates not to touch them under pain of death.

Our simple meal schedule goes completely away. The Burkharts breakfast in their room, not appearing in public before eleven. Luncheon is at two and a state banquet is served at eight. Outside help has to be hired in the person of Mrs. Peabody, the iceman's wife,

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DANCING

Effie Waite loves to dance with her boy-friends. Moreover, she prefers to spend the entire evening with one partner. It is her way of testing his mettle. Adolph, who is completing his fifth one-step, feels as if he were swimming the English Channel with the *Leviathan* strapped to his ankle



Sketches by
LEBRUN

Hostesses and Their Habits

Warning the Younger Men Against the Coming Season

DINING

Beatrice likes best to be hostess at one of those little dinners in a smart restaurant, the check going to her escort. She has an impulsive way of saying, "Let's dine at the Voisin tonight." And some poor boobs actually think they are being invited to dinner

DOZING

Mrs. Hammerfest inherited her opera box and, of course, has to use it. If you like that type of thing, all you have to do is say so and you will surely be bidden for a Wednesday. Don't worry if you go to sleep. Your hostess will undoubtedly beat you to it





DROOLING

Angela is one of those Villagers whose idea of entertainment is to sit on a divan and explain why she does not get anywhere. "I am a failure," she says, "but why? I have beauty, brains and a soul, too much soul." Angela's major premise is correct but otherwise the poor child is wrong, all wrong

DREAMING

Dorothy has discovered that the surest way to charm and delight her guests (or guest) is to sit back and just be her own sweet self, without ideas or prejudices. She is a dandy listener, too, a trait which always goes big with men. In a word, Dorothy is the pick of the pack, the Pluperfect Hostess

Appraising the Assisting Bid

Simple Rules by Which the Bidder's Partner Decides Whether or Not to Assist

By R. F. FOSTER

THERE is probably no part of the tactics of auction bridge in which the average run of partners is so unreliable as in the matter of assists. This is probably because most players overlook, or their attention has never been called to, two important factors in their estimate of the strength or weakness of their hands, when they are called upon to assist or not to assist their partners' original bids. That is, free bids made by the dealer, or by second hand when the dealer passes. For the sake of clarity, we shall suppose the dealer is always the bidder.

The first and most important consideration is that at least three of the prospective tricks in the partner's hand, if he has so many, are included in the dealer's bid. The second consideration, and almost as important as the first, is the exact value of their trump holdings, which is something the average player is continually overestimating.

It is generally conceded by good players that if the dealer has as good as ace and king at the top of a five-card major suit, he has a sound original bid, regardless of the rest of his hand. Let us suppose this suit to be hearts. Experience and calculation have agreed in showing that such a trump suit will be good for four tricks on the average. This does not mean that it will win four trump tricks every time the bid is left in, but that it will produce 400 tricks in 100 trials, if the opening bid is one heart and the hand is played with hearts for trumps.

But the dealer who bids a heart on four tricks undertakes to win seven, not four, and he will undertake to do this, even if he has nothing in his hand but those five hearts to the ace-king. That is his contract, to win seven tricks with hearts trumps. It is quite true that his hand may be much stronger than that, but his original bid of one heart does not say so. That will be shown when he rebids his hand, if he is overcalled.

IF the second hand passes, the dealer's partner is not called upon to say anything unless he is so short in hearts that he must or should deny the dealer's suit, but that part of the game is not at present under discussion. If the second hand overcalls the dealer's heart bid, let us say with a spade, the dealer's partner may have two good reasons for refusing to assist the hearts. He may not have more than normal strength in the heart suit itself, which would be three small cards; or two, one of them as good as the queen. Or, he may not have more than the three tricks that were included in the dealer's bid when he undertook to make seven with only four in his hand.

Taking the normal assistance in the heart suit for granted, there are three elements that constitute assisting strength in the partner's hand. The first is high cards in other suits. The second is the ability to ruff the first or second round of a suit. The third is the number of trumps more than normal, which make it probable that the declarer will not lose a single trick in trumps if he holds five to the ace-king.

The high cards, aces and kings, or such combinations of honours as are given a standard average value, are counted on the assumption that the hand is going to be played at hearts. The only change in these values is when the suit in which any of these high cards are held is bid by an adversary or by the dealer. In such cases the ace falls to its face value, one trick, and if it is the trump suit it counts nothing except as an extra trump if there are three of them, or more.

One of the most common and persistent errors in the average player's assisting is attaching too great a value to length in trumps, regardless of what can be done with them. Taking three small trumps as normal, they are worth nothing in counting up the assisting value of the hand, because the dealer expects you to have them and they are therefore included in his bid. Four or five trumps add only one trick to the assisting value of the hand, and this value is due to the probability that, with so many between the two hands, the declarer will not lose a trick in trumps.

One of the important values in an assisting, or dummy, hand, is the ability to trump the first or second round of a suit, or both. By putting a trump alongside a singleton, one may count that trump as equal to the king of that suit. Putting two trumps where there is a missing suit, one may count it as equal to three tricks in the play of the hand.

Take the following examples of third hands on dealer's bids:

A	♡ Q 6 ♣ A 8 4 2 ◇ K 9 7 5 ♠ 10 6 3	
B		♡ 9 6 3 ♣ 4 2 ◇ A Q 10 6 ♠ 9 7 5 2



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want seven tricks. How do they get them? Solution in the December number

If the dealer bids a heart, second hand a spade, neither of these hands is good enough for a sound assist, for two reasons. The trump holding in each case is only normal, with no ability to trump any suit until the third round; and neither hand contains more than the three tricks that are included in the dealer's bid. If he has only four tricks himself, but has undertaken to win seven, you are carrying him beyond his depth if you force him to win eight.

If we change these hands a little we might get this distribution:

C	♡ Q 6 4 ♣ A 8 4 2 ◇ K 9 7 5 3 ♠ 10	
D		♡ 9 6 3 2 ♣ 9 8 6 4 ◇ A 9 8 6 4 ♠ none

In C, we find a four-trick valuation, counting the club ace as worth 2, no one having bid that suit; the king of diamonds as 1, and the ability to trump the second round of spades as equal to the king of that suit, worth 1; total 4, which is a trick more than the dealer expects. If he has 4, to which you add 4, the total is eight, equal to a bid of two hearts.

In D, the ace is worth 2 tricks, and the ability to trump both first and second rounds of a suit 3 more, bringing the value of the assist up to 5, which is good for two assists.

IT should be noted that whether the suit that can be trumped is the suit bid against the dealer or another suit, does not matter. It should also be remembered that any extra length in trumps should not be counted twice over. If the trump is counted on for ruffing, it must not also be counted on for length only. Take these two hands as examples, dealer bidding a heart and the second hand a spade.

E	♡ 9 6 4 2 ♣ A 8 5 ◇ K 7 3 ♠ 9 4 2	
F		♡ 9 8 7 3 2 ♣ A 8 5 ◇ K 7 3 ♠ 9 4

In E, we count the ace as worth 2, the king 1, and the extra trump 1. These 4 tricks are an assist. The reason for counting the extra trump is that if the declarer holds five to the ace-king he may win five tricks in trumps.

The reason that F is no better than E is that nothing can be done with the extra trump, and all five of them will probably fall on the five held by the declarer, the prospect of trumping a third round being too remote to justify bidding on it.

If the dealer is overcalled, and the third hand passes without assisting, and has no suit good enough to justify a shift, it is often found that the dealer is quite strong enough to rebid his hand. This invariably shows that he holds one or more sure tricks in some suit or suits, other than the one named in his bid. On some occasions he may have a two-suiter and bid them both.

When a two-suiter is shown, the question of strength for an assist is secondary, and the important thing is to indicate which of the two suits can be the better supported. In other

(Continued on page 108)



DRAWINGS BY LESLIE SAALBURG

TEA AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

When tea is partaken of at the country club, the little woollen frock is observed in the smartest gatherings, for it is the perfect expression of the semisports feeling of the hour. The frock at the left has a jersey blouse with fine horizontal stripes, a monogram *motif* in crepella, and a box-pleated crepella skirt. It is a Vionnet model from Altman. The dress next to the right is duvetyne with a surplice closing the length of the front and an alligator-grain leather belt at one side; from Kurzman

The two-piece frock in the foreground is an excellent type for the woman who only watches from the side-lines, but must be a harmonious part of the picture. It is in grosgrain, the blouse in a light shade, the skirt in a darker shade; Saks-Fifth Avenue. The two-piece dress in back is of finely mixed woollen with diagonal seaming on skirt and blouse; Jane Regny model from Altman. The dress at the right is a Lanvin model with a blouse of a new Rodier fabric and plaid skirt from Altman

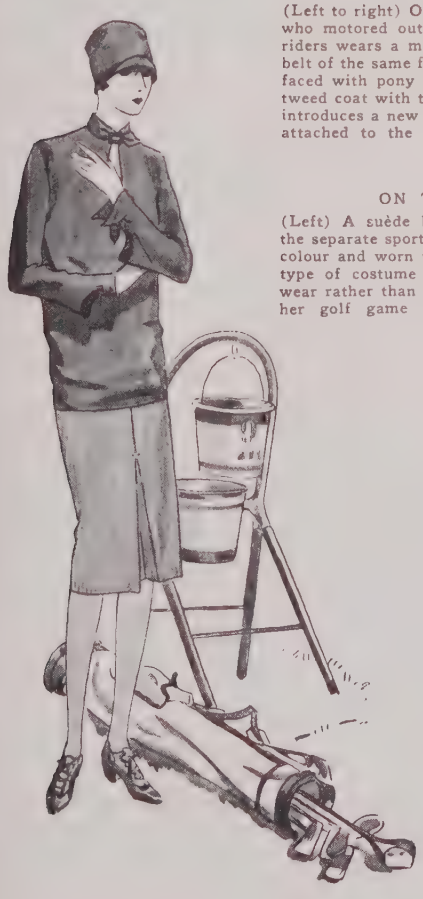
The Woman of the World and Her Autumn Wardrobe



AT THE POINT TO POINT RACE ON LONG ISLAND

(Left to right) One of the smart spectators who motored out to watch the gentleman riders wears a mannish tweed coat with a belt of the same fabric and a notched collar faced with pony fur; from Kurzman. The tweed coat with the bolero cape suggestion introduces a new note in its stock of nutria attached to the coat; Saks-Fifth Avenue

The coat of soft woollen fabric worn by the lady in the motor is an excellent semi-sports model that can be used for many occasions in town and out. It has collar and cuffs of wolverine, one of the distinguished new furs; from Jonas. The tweed coat at the right is a sporting model with tweed belt and badger collar; Dobbs

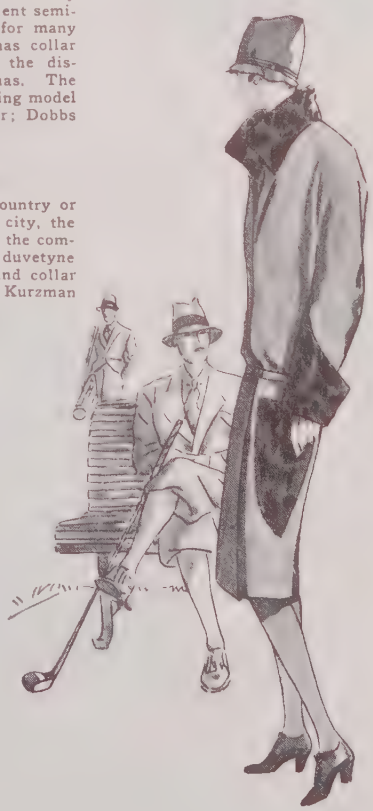


ON THE LINKS

(Left) A suède blouse is a new form of the separate sports jacket, lined in a bright colour and worn with a jersey skirt. This type of costume is meant for semisports wear rather than for the woman who takes her golf game seriously; from Altman

IN COOL WEATHER

(Right) For chilly days in the country or for the same sort of days in the city, the well-dressed woman selects one of the compromise semisports coats. This duvetyne model has a narrow suède belt and collar and cuffs are of ponyskin; from Kurzman



THE little woollen sports dress is an inevitable item in the well equipped wardrobe this autumn, for it is one of those excellent garments that stays in the city or goes into the country with equal *chic*. Is the well dressed woman invited to spend the day at a country place in Long Island? She has only to slip her heavy coat over the little scarlet dress she has been wearing in town, and she is as suitably dressed for the country as those who live in its midst. Does the day include luncheon in the city and tea at the country club, with shopping in between? The ubiquitous woollen sports dress graces all occasions. This semi-sports mode has been a matter of great concern to the Paris *couturiers* this season, with the result that the sports feeling predominates in a great majority of the woollen dresses of autumn, and that the successful semisports coat —hitherto a somewhat rare phenomenon—has taken a very important place as a connecting link between town and country modes.



LIVERIES FROM BOW & SELIGMAN

TOWN CAR LIVERIES

The livery of the chauffeur illustrated in the left hand figure is appropriate to the heavy town car that is used for both town and country, while the heavy ulster overcoat, illustrated at the right, is correct for all types of limousines and town cars. It will be noted that both chauffeurs are wearing breeches and leather leggings



SHORT JACKET

A popular livery for the chauffeur of the town car is shown here. It is a matter of taste whether the owner chooses this cut or that on the right



HIGH COLLAR

Every well turned out chauffeur on the box of a town car should have a livery with a high, semi-military collar, for the reasons explained below

Manning the Smart Town Car

Correct Uniforms for Metropolitan Chauffeurs



GLOVES

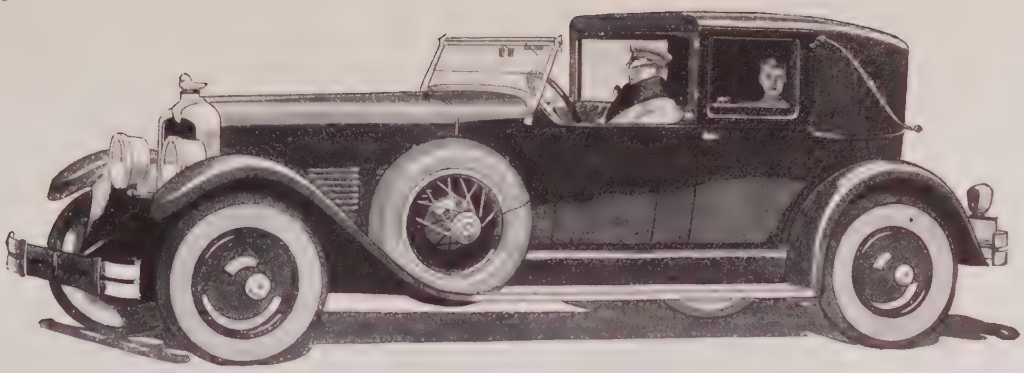
The correctly liveried chauffeur wears black gloves, fleece or fur lined in winter, or unlined and perforated for summer

THE smart town car should be manned by a correctly liveried chauffeur. The chauffeur who is not neat about his appearance and does not live up to accepted standards of how a correctly uniformed driver should look has no place on the box of the modern town car, just as a shabby looking coachman would never have been tolerated in the days when the neat little brougham sped up and down Fifth Avenue. One of the first requirements for the chauffeur on the town car is that he wear leggings and breeches instead of the more usual long trousers and black shoes. In addition to this, his tunic should be cut with a high, semi-military collar so that the personal taste of chauffeurs in coloured collars and shirts, poorly chosen neckties and the inevitable scarf pin affected by them, cannot possibly be visible to the casual observer. He should at all times wear black gloves and his uniform should be pressed, spotless and finished off with well polished shoes and leggings. Since most town cars are painted in dark colours, a chauffeur's livery should be of a matching or harmonious colour, though it is not unusual to see maroon livery or livery in a light bottle green or even a shade of grey to harmonize with some of the newest town cars which are painted in rather light shades of grey. The chauffeur on the family limousine that does duty for both town and country should wear long trousers and a belted tunic with a V opening at the neck. He should be compelled to wear white shirts, low white starched collars and always a black tie and black calf shoes. The chauffeur so liveried, while not giving as smart an appearance as the chauffeur in the proper regalia for the box of a town car, will look quite correctly dressed provided he is not allowed to wear coloured shirts, coloured neckties, coloured socks or tan shoes which are not suitable.



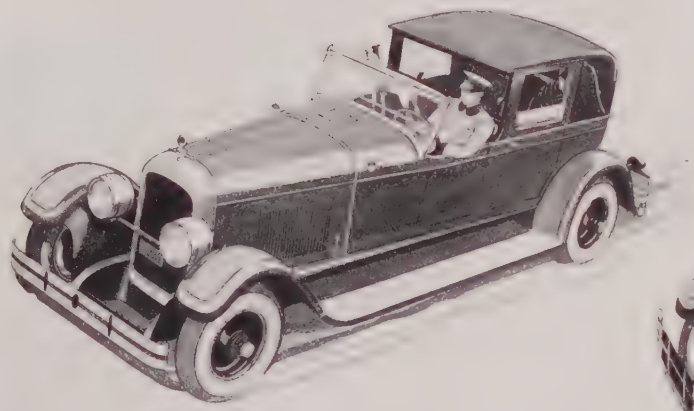
OVERCOAT

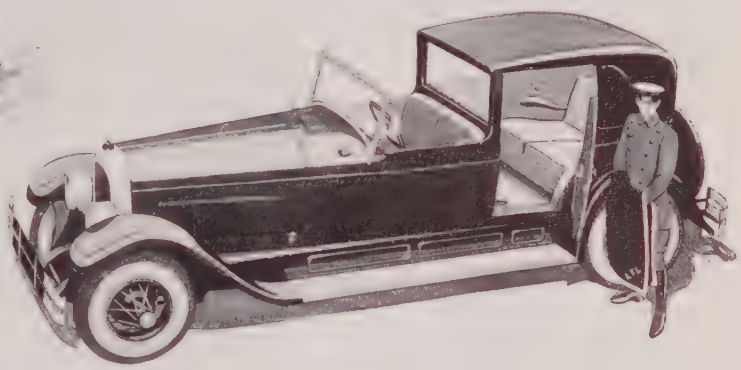
The chauffeur's heavy winter overcoat with high fur collar may also be fur lined or have a fleece or leather lining



THE NEW STUTZ

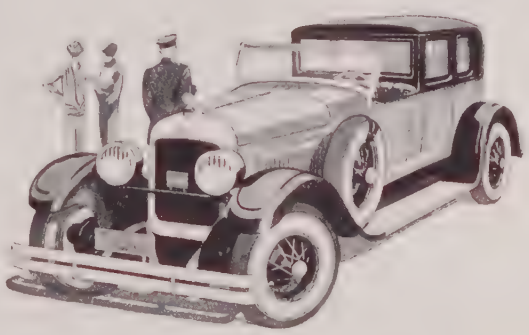
The Stutz town car presents a very smart picture because of its long lines and low hung chassis, which makes it easy for the body builder to design a graceful, luxurious, and dignified vehicle





MARMON

The Marmon town car is another distinguished *habitué* of Fifth Avenue, and has great distinction of design with its long high bonnet and unusual slope of the roof at the back which gives a graceful, low appearance



LOCOMOBILE

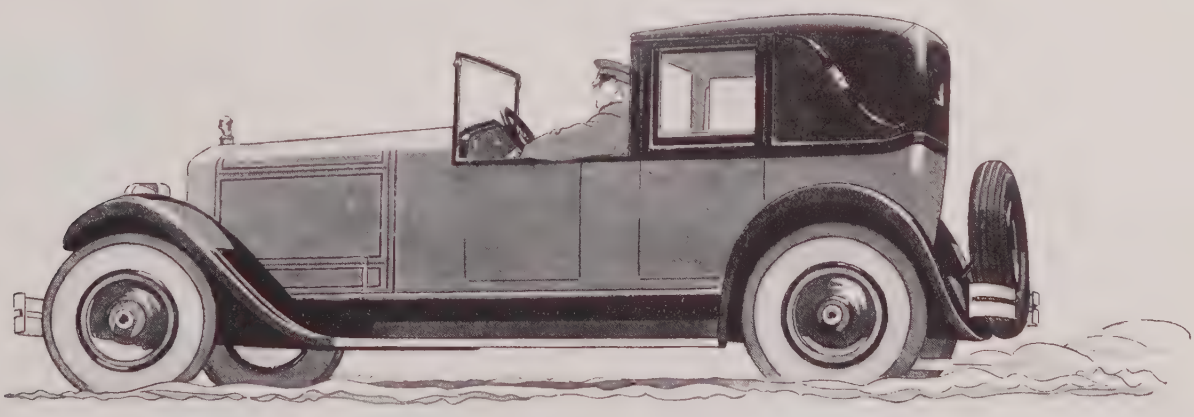
The small Junior Eight Locomobile town car has a very interesting line because of its long hood and very short tonneau, there being seats inside for only three. Much taste has been shown in the designing of this car

STUDEBAKER

The big custom built Studebaker town car is shown in several models, one of the most attractive of which is shown here with a window by the owner's seat instead of the usual leather rear quarter with landau bows

FRANKLIN

The Franklin town car has a very foreign look and bears the marks of the continental designer and incidentally an air of great comfort, roominess and luxury. It is, of course, on the Franklin air-cooled chassis



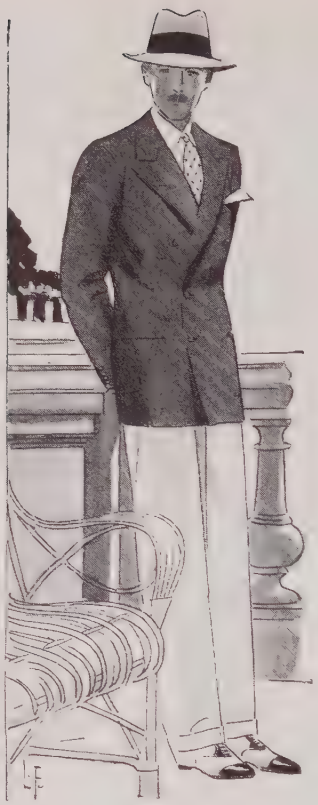
Town Cars With Elegance and Beauty of Line

Such Motors as These Should Be Manned by the Chauffeurs Shown on the Opposite Page



SWITZERLAND

The mackintosh suit is ideal for skiing because the collar of its tunic may be opened and rolled down if so desired, while additional warmth is provided for the chest by reason of its wide double-breasted cut. Heavy woolen socks are worn



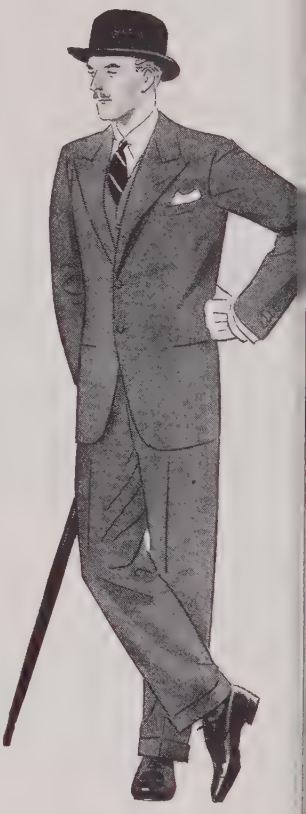
THE RIVIERA

The dark double-breasted jacket worn with flannel slacks and shoes of buckskin and leather are seen everywhere on the Riviera, as are also soft felt hats and ties of foulard or *crêpe de Chine* in attractive colour harmonies



EGYPT

A normal wardrobe is essential for India or Egypt, but must be made of tropical materials throughout if one is to be really comfortable. For these countries, light cotton materials and shantung silk are especially suitable



LONDON

The new lounge suits, although they remain tubular in appearance, are cut with a much looser fit than hitherto, the jackets hanging in straight lines from the shoulders. The combination of soft collar and bowler hat is something of an innovation

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

Autumn Modes, with Three New Variations For Switzerland, Egypt and the Riviera

LONDON during the autumn months is apt to be a little dull, as nearly all the well-known men-about-town are away on holiday, either shooting in the North or else playing polo at Biarritz or some other well-known autumn resort. Nevertheless there is invariably a constant flow of people passing through, especially men, who return to London to renew their wardrobes.

Not so very long ago certain seasons of the year were synonymous with certain sports. Cricket and tennis, for example, were played during the summer months; men usually shot during August and September and in the winter they would either visit some warm, sunny clime such as Egypt or else go to Switzerland for winter sports, which were confined to skiing, bobbing and skating. Nowadays, as far as possible, everybody does everything at the same time. People go to St. Moritz for winter sports equipped with flannels and a tennis racquet, and the same thing applies nearly everywhere else. Consequently, a man's wardrobe is, of necessity, large, no matter where or for how short a time he goes away.

It might be well to begin by saying a few words about the new autumn suitings. Grey and brown still seem to be the most prominent colours though all the time there is an increasing number of men who wear the old-fashioned blue serge suit. The whole tendency for modern suitings is to remain plain without any pattern and lounge suits are being cut on an increasingly loose model. The coats of the lounge suit, although they remain tubular in appearance, are cut rather more loosely and do not fit quite so snugly as hitherto. They are still made with a comparatively tight fit around the hips, but there is additional material around the shoulders and every season sees the waist line less and less pronounced. Sleeves are also being cut on a rather broader pattern, which is a very good thing, as the tight sleeves which have been fashionable up to the present moment have always been extremely uncomfortable and were quite impossible to keep in shape, as they invariably bagged at the elbow. The single-breasted lounge coat with three buttons is the most usual for present-day wear and it should be noted that all three buttons should be made to fasten. This autumn will see an increasing number of double-breasted models which again are cut with a comparatively loose fit, and are made with the two rows of buttons down the front placed as wide apart as possible, according to the figure of the wearer.

All trousers are now of a more or less standard width and are again being made with a turn-up cuff. They retain their pleats around the waist, a feature which many of the younger generation are apt to exaggerate grossly, defeating the object of the four pleats, which is the correct number. If more than these are used the trousers are apt to have an absurdly full appearance which does not show so much when the wearer is standing as when sitting. It is then that the surplus material produces a ridiculous effect.

Grey flannel has been very popular during the summer and is being worn a great deal during the autumn months. Men are now even using this material for knickerbocker suits. The great trouble with grey flannel is that it creases easily

(Continued on page 156)

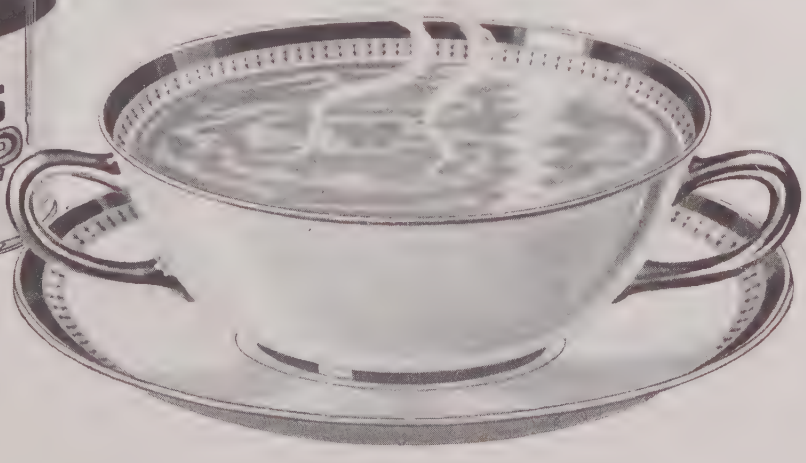
WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!



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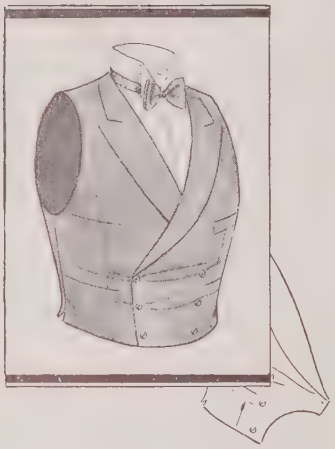




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Equipment for the Well Dressed Man



A FORMAL WAISTCOAT

This waistcoat, for wear with a cutaway or with a short black coat, is made in shades of tan and fawn coloured cloth. The part covered by the buttoning has been cut away to give a flat appearance. From Finchley, Inc



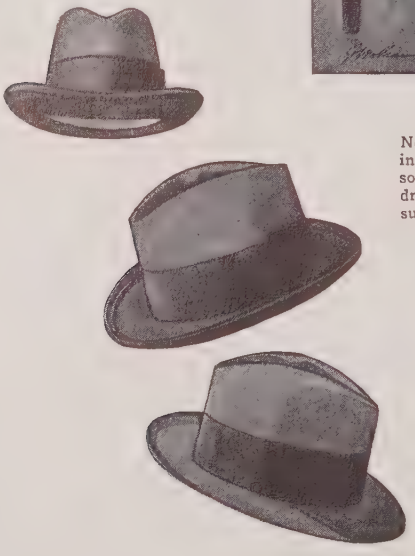
SILK DRESSING-GOWN

Nothing is more luxurious for the well dressed man in his hours of relaxation than a dressing-gown of soft silk lined with a silk of a contrasting colour. The dressing-gown illustrated is of heavy silk crêpe in subdued colour combinations. From Kaskel & Kaskel



A CORRECT MUFFLER

The most satisfactory muffler of all is the white silk reefer made of fine *crêpe de Chine*, as it is equally correct for day or evening wear. The black and white cut out monogram adds a note of distinction. From Sulka



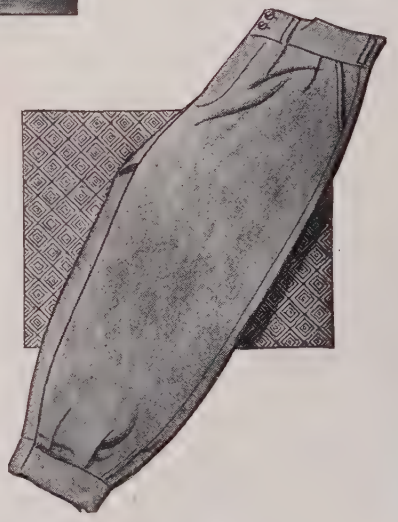
THREE HAT MODELS

The hats illustrated above are noteworthy for their extremely smart lines. The upper hat has a silk bound edge and a tapering crown, while the centre hat is a Homburg with a moderate brim and a welt edge. The third hat is of the snap brim variety primarily intended for wear in the country. From F. R. Tripler & Co



TOP HAT

The silk top hat for day and evening formal wear has come back into its own and this very excellent model shows the rather wide curling brim at the sides and the slightly bell-shaped crown which are in favour. From Knox



GOLF KNICKERS

Knickers made of English doe flannel in autumnal shades of heather mixtures cut moderately full and in no way extreme should appeal to the autumn golfer in the north and the winter golfer in the south. They combine comfort and excellence of appearance with great adaptability to any outdoor purpose. From Dobbs



It is Sterling

~more can not be said

"Oh! Please let me see it"

Since her wedding day—a hope deferred. But now—this Christmas—a hope fulfilled: her Sterling service made complete—by him whose gift bespeaks his heart. Wrought of solid silver, such gifts last forever—their unchanging beauty and usefulness ever a reminder of the giver.

In a secret corner of somebody's heart there's a wish. Fulfill it this Christmas with a useful gift of Sterling. Let your jeweler be your counsellor—the mark "Sterling" your guide to genuine solid silver—nothing less.

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Major Richard Ingoldsby, who in 1691 subdued the self-appointed governor of Manhattan, Jacob Leisler, loved beauty quite as well as battle—as his Sterling dish by Jacob Boelen proves. We also may indulge our taste for solid silver by enlisting our jeweler's willing aid.



The word "STERLING" testifies the worth of silver. By law, only genuine solid silver can boast that mark.

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Education

(Continued from page 61)

achievement of almost any purpose. In the sphere of scientific research this fact is of the highest importance. For one of the cardinal discoveries of the nineteenth century was the discovery of a technique of scientific invention. A method was evolved by which men of average, second-rate abilities, organized in co-operating teams, could achieve many of the things which had seemed possible, in the past, only to the man of genius. Men of genius appear but rarely; average men can be trained in any numbers. The process of continuous and progressive invention can be carried on smoothly and uninterruptedly by means of the team work of suitably educated Browns and Joneses. True, the Browns and the Joneses, however numerous, well trained and well organized, can never produce those significant generalizations, which give direction to the scientific thought of a whole epoch. These illuminating syntheses are the peculiar creation of exceptional minds. What the well trained second-rates can do is to save the great man the trouble of preparing the material from which he starts to generalize. They also do valuable work in carrying the great man's ideas into practice. The theory belongs to the man of genius; the documents on which it is based and the practical applications of it are provided by the trained and regimented little men. Headlong material progress may be a desirable thing, or it may not. That is a matter of opinion. In any case, the rapidity of such progress in recent times is almost entirely due to the labours of the well trained second-rates. For good or for evil, education has altered the world.

One final question must be asked and provisionally answered, before we proceed from general principles to practical details. What is the purpose of education, and to what end are our children sent to schools and universities?

In a previous paragraph I hinted that the aim of education was to enable every individual to achieve the maximum efficiency attainable by a person of his particular endowments. In other words, the end of education is to assist every human being to become fully and completely himself. But this statement requires certain qualifications. The individual human being is a part of a larger organism and cannot be considered except in relation to the society of which he is a member. Just as the liver and the heart cannot survive and have no meaning except in relation to the whole body, just as the intellect cannot be thought of apart from the psychological and physiological whole to which it belongs, so the human being exists and is significant only in relation to society. Education is not, and cannot be, a mere training of the isolated individual. Its aim is to help the individual to achieve his maximum efficiency within and in relation to the social organism of which he forms a part. Human beings are not by nature so highly socialized as bees or ants. We are all richly endowed with anti-social as well as with social instincts. To man's anti-social tendencies the old theologians gave the name of Original Sin. It is the business of education to encourage the social tendencies in children and to suppress, or preferably find a socially harmless outlet for, the tendencies classified under the name of Original Sin.

Such, in their most general form, are the aims of education. But it must be clearly borne in mind that there is no such thing as Education with a large E; there is no one sovereign type of training suitable to the children of any people at any period of history. Each culture has its own world-view, its own particular solution of the problem of life. Thus, the Indians lay special stress on the virtues of asceticism and quietistic resignation; they see the universe as a spatially boundless and everlasting mechanism of recurrent cycles, working according to an impersonal moral law; matter, for them, is more or less illusory and the present moment seems unimportant by comparison with the eternity of future lives; misfortune is accepted as inevitable and deserved. The education evolved by the Indians would not be suitable for the children of our contemporary West, where the unit of time is the human life, not the almost endless cycle of recurrent existences; where the active virtues are regarded as the highest, and where reaction to misfortune and a determined refusal to accept the inclement facts of nature are moral duties; where the material world is felt to be intensely, almost uniquely real, and excites a boundless curiosity; where metaphysics and a speculation that is divorced from experiment are discouraged as a waste of precious time. Take another case: the Greeks and our own mediaeval ancestors almost completely lacked the modern sense of history, the modern feeling for perspectives in time. Greek and mediaeval systems of education consequently ignored history. In our modern education the idea of historical development in time is a root idea. Again, how remote is the purely rationalistic outlook of the mediaeval schoolman from our own scientific empiricism! And with what different eyes do we and did the ancient Athenians look on beauty! For the Athenians it was the highest of spiritual values; to live beautifully was the ultimate and all-sufficient ideal. Beauty with us is, unfortunately, a matter of secondary consideration. The education of the Athenians was a training in the art of achieving beauty in life. That is most certainly not the avowed purpose of our contemporary systems of education.

Cultures vary and education is, mathematically speaking, a function of culture. It is also, to some extent, a function of state policy. The State, it is obvious, has certain rights in regard to the education of its subjects. But it would be very difficult to say how far these rights extend, or to decide *a priori* and theoretically the exact point at which State interference with education should stop. The historical fact remains that State

(Continued on page 100)

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The man who buys a new 90-degree eight-cylinder Cadillac is not especially interested in having his attention called to one or the other examples of Cadillac manufacturing excellence. He knows that every earnest, honest effort to build a good motor car has for its inspiration and example the desire to approach Cadillac fineness of fabrication; that he will never long for deeper motoring satisfaction until and unless a greater Cadillac appears. That is why new hosts of buyers are flocking to the 90-degree Cadillac and surpassing all Cadillac sales records for 24 years.

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A good guide to good shoes is this sign on the windows of Bostonian Dealers. It will lead you to better fitted style—style that IS different.

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The individuality of Bostonians is well shown in the Fall Style Booklet. We have a copy for you. May we send it?



Between Eight and Nine

(Continued from page 74)

became aware of their surroundings. It was nearly dark and the Boulevard deserted, the Channel was rapidly rolling on towards England, leaving behind it a large expanse of beach—a little gust of wind suddenly made her shiver. Why on earth had she put on that thin white dress? If she only had her coat—or her blue-and-white shawl—next time she was in Paris she was going to buy a black one, one with—

But just then Tony interrupted: "Do you intend to stay here long?" he asked—"Perhaps we could go back to Holland together—via Brussels—" He was looking at her intently now, his eyes went over her face, over her body—

"Let's turn back," Nini said. She ignored his question, and walked on silently, her lips trembling with anger—

How did he dare, what did he think, she had been a fool to write that note—what had possessed her to write it—

It was quite dark now. Behind them was the lighthouse.

Tony took her arm, "Come, let's go to my hotel and drink something to warm us up—"

"I am tired—"

"Oh—come—!" he was trying to persuade her.

"No", she replied somewhat curtly.

They walked back in silence. In front of her hotel they said goodbye. He held his hat, stick and gloves in one hand, the other clasped hers. "But tomorrow," he said, "tomorrow I'll fetch you at eleven—no, I have to see someone at that time, twelve, I'll fetch you at twelve—we have so much to talk about"—"Yes", she said. A "good-night" and she was gone, leaving him standing there, smiling, his eyes half closed, thinking of a decidedly agreeable future.

III

The train rushed through France, Belgium and back to Holland. It was 3 o'clock in the morning,—not more than six hours since she had left Tony standing in front of the hotel. Nini Penn, alone in a dark compartment, sat up, her hands folded around her knees, a checked blanket thrown over her shoulders.

"Tony," she thought, "I have seen Tony." It had really come about and now—he was nothing to her anymore. She simply did not love him. That feeling, a trifle sad but unutterably sweet, was gone, and forever—she could love again and when she did, it would be like never-having-loved-before. Tony's image would no longer come between her and any other man. It was strange but wonderful—

But was it? Being free of that love. And she wondered if she could ever experience such happiness in loving another man as she had experienced in loving the Tony who had really never existed . . .

Education

(Continued from page 98)

have dictated and are still dictating the sort of education that their subjects are to receive. Thus, the Spartans bred up their children to be soldiers. The Jews inculcated a fanatical hatred of all who were not Jews, the Moslems of all who were not Moslems. The Catholic States of the Reformation period taught their children to hate the Protestants and the Protestants brought up theirs to detest the Papists. Contemporary French education has a decidedly anti-clerical bias and education in Tennessee is officially anti-evolutionary. All modern States tinge their education, more or less consciously, with chauvinism and militarism. And all agree in insisting that the schoolmaster shall be an apostle of the Existing Order. Those who in State schools fail to preach that "whatever is, is right" are promptly shown the door. Of this I shall have more to say at a later stage. For the present I need only observe that this preaching of the Established Order makes for educational variety. For in any state the Established Order is perpetually changing; the conservative of one generation is never conserving the things his father conserved, and his sons in their turn will live to conserve something entirely new. Moreover, the things which are, and are therefore right in one country, are not the things which are, and are right in another.

The aim of education is to assist the individual in achieving his maximum efficiency within society. No doubt. But societies alter. No two cultures have the same world-view or the same preferences among the moral virtues. Nor are the political needs of any two states ever the same. It therefore follows that the ideal of maximum individual efficiency will vary in different places and at different times, and that the methods and immediate aims of education will vary correspondingly. We must be tolerant of those whose ways are different from our own; we must be un-arrogant, ready to admit that we may be mistaken, ready to learn. In any case, however, we belong to the West. We have a western world-view and a western morality. Our education, in so far as it is not mediaeval, is modern western. It is not necessarily better than other and older systems; but it is necessarily different. Our education will develop as our whole culture develops, moulding, ever more consciously, and being moulded by, the world in which it finds itself part of a world system.





THE EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL

chooses Cannon Towels for the very reasons you would buy them for your home





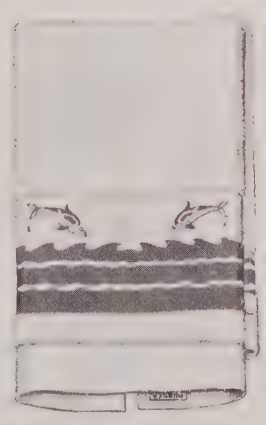
CANNON TOWELS

Absorb quickly-Wear well-Cost less

THE Edgewater Beach is one of the show places of Chicago. Its location is ideal; its furnishings are luxurious. Naturally its appointments represent the last word in beauty and comfort—inevitably Cannon towels were chosen in preference to other brands, for this great hotel.

Cannon towels of the better kind are indisputably gorgeous, great snowy things one uses with delight. What is quite as important, their wear is extraordinary. Even under the constant laundering and hard usage which a hotel towel endures, Cannon towels last a long, long time.

This exceptional wear has been proved again and again by America's hotels. Together with the low Cannon prices, it is the reason why Cannon towels are used in most of the country's hotels. It is the reason, also, why Cannon towels are used in the vast majority of homes.



The new "Flying Dolphin" turkish towel

Quality for quality, as compared with other towels, Cannon towels are really remarkably low priced. Because of quantity production, the Cannon mills, which are the largest in the world, make an important saving on manufacturing costs; and this saving is passed on to you.

Cannon towels come in unlimited variety. There are beautiful bath towels of fine texture and heavy weave—patterned or bordered in colors. Medium sized towels of lighter weight. Splendid huck towels for the hands and face. You can buy Cannon towels singly or by the dozen, at prices ranging from 25c to $2.50. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York.

* * *

All Cannon towels patterned or bordered in colors are absolutely color-fast, and may be washed and boiled as fearlessly as white.

ESTABLISHED 1818

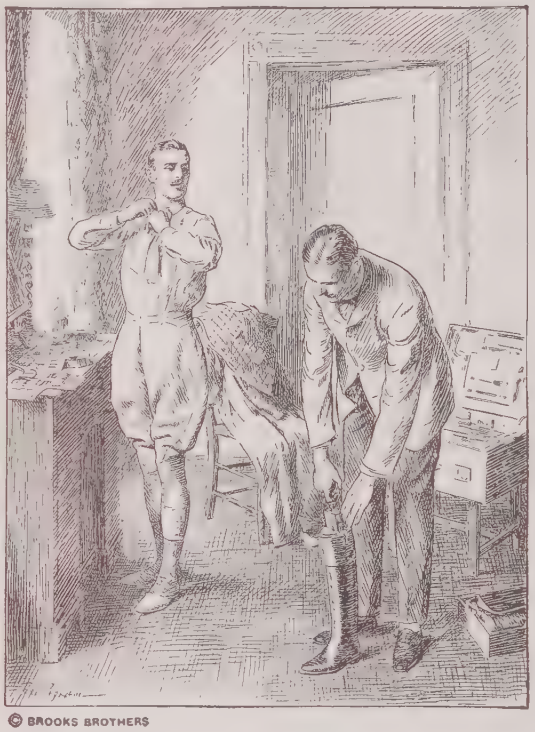
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Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
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Complete Equipment
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Send for BROOKS'S *Miscellany*

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Parallels of the Hall-Mills Case

(Continued from page 70)

clergyman's pocket, or that the wind might have done the "strewing", then the members of the romantic school became actually exasperated. It is outrageous to seek to destroy a picturesque story.

The calling-card, "propped" against Mr. Hall's boot-heel—with all the winds of outraged Heaven obligingly stilled for thirty-six hours to keep it in place—this, also, is a bit of stage property beloved by the romantics. Far be it from them indeed to think that it, likewise, may have been one of a number of cards and letters, falling or taken from the dead or dying man's pocket, and afterwards blown about at the mercy of the wind. Few persons, in discussing the crime, seem to remember that the bodies lay there in broad daylight, for one whole day, (not to mention two nights) which intervened between the crime and its first *reported* discovery. And this in a place notoriously frequented, not only by myriads of lovers by night, but by thieves and their pursuers, by loose and odd fish of various kinds, by rivals in a love affair of a more sinister variety than that which ended in the murders, and, it has been said, by members of a secret society with a *penchant* for the forcible regulation of private morals.

It is quite impossible to add to the romance which actually surrounded the famous crab-apple tree. Not even the wood near Athens where roved *Oberon* and *Titania*, where *Bottom* and his crew had so many tricks played upon them, ever throbbed with so much passion, nor did its lovers seem so willing to come forward in such large numbers and claim to have been among those present. The "sturdy figure" of the pig-woman, mounted upon her celebrated mule, Jenny, and the charmingly named Miss Barbara Tough have completely fascinated the public. Far from being a private murder, the number of witnesses—if we believe what they say—made such affairs as the death of Julius Caesar and the murder of Stanford White look by comparison like dark and impenetrable mysteries.

Perhaps there is nothing in the history of the tragedy which recalls so many famous crimes of the past as the testimony of the pig-woman, dramatically offered two or three weeks after the event. In other murder cases which have been discussed excitedly, and minutely reported in the newspapers, it has been a frequent occurrence to have some amazing testimony offered by a woman. Sometimes she appears for the defence, sometimes for the prosecution, but she is so frequent a phenomenon that I have kept a symbol for her in my note-books,—for convenience I label her M. F. W.,—Marvellous Female Witness.

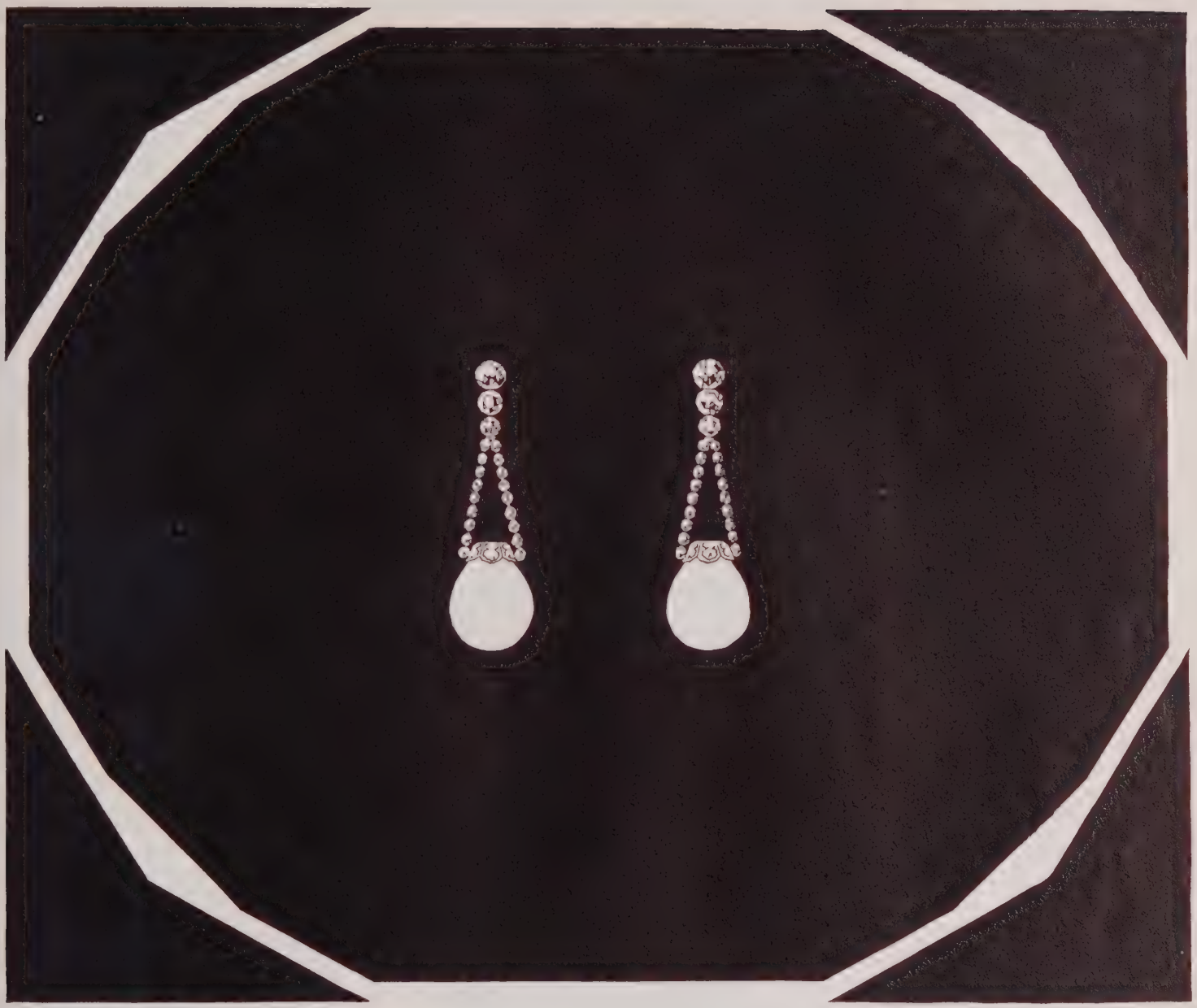
In 1850, at the trial of Professor Webster, she was named Abby B. Rhodes, and she met Dr. Parkman—met him and exchanged bows with him—on the streets of Boston, near Bowdoin Square, at five o'clock of the afternoon of November 23rd. Dr. Parkman's body, in an extremely damaged condition, was, as a matter of fact, lying in the Massachusetts Medical College at that minute,—thanks to the attentions of Professor Webster. But that did not shake Mrs. Rhodes. She knew the day and the hour, (and, land sakes!) she guessed she knew Dr. Parkman, and had known him for twenty-five years. And she was sure of the day, because she had been to Hovey's with her daughter—it was the only day she went there that week—and bought eleven yards of muslin *de laine* at twenty cents a yard. Hovey's books recorded the purchase. Yet the facts about Dr. Parkman's condition at that hour were as I stated them.

The Marvellous Female Witness appeared again in 1872, as Miss Annie Keenan, a music teacher from Fort Lee. She came to Court, to identify one Billy Forrester as a man she saw in West 23rd street one night in July, two years earlier,—the night Mr. Nathan was mysteriously murdered. Yes, she told the Court, Forrester was the man; he had a "crazy look" in his eye (murderers always have it) and he had some "rigid implement" up his sleeve. For two years the New York papers had been constantly discussing the iron "dog" or bar, with which Mr. Nathan had been murdered, and it is possible, just possible, that Miss Keenan had read something of this. But, as Billy Forrester turned into the Nathan house, with his crazy look and his rigid implement, he obligingly struck his arm against the stonework, and it gave out a clang like an iron bar! How he could have done much more, unless he had worn a silk badge with the words "The Murderer of Mr. Nathan", it is hard to see. But, somehow or other, the Court failed to believe Miss Keenan.

She had another incarnation at the time of the second Molineux trial. At the first trial it was maintained by the State that at about five o'clock of a certain afternoon, Mr. Molineux had mailed a package at the General Post Office in New York. It contained a very unpleasant substance, and it was addressed to Mr. Harry Cornish at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. At the first trial, public opinion was strongly against the accused man, and the jury apparently believed the story of the "poison package", for they convicted him. Meanwhile, the address on this package was printed and reprinted in the papers, and endlessly discussed. At the second trial, public opinion had shifted, and there now appeared the Marvellous Female Witness: a married lady, this time. She had been at the Post Office on that very afternoon, and at that very hour, and she saw a man—*not* the prisoner—mailing a package. Her eye caught the address: "Cornish" and "Knickerbocker"—yes, she was certain. Her husband didn't think much of this testimony and tried to keep her from appearing, but Mr. Molineux's lawyers thought very highly of it, and so they should have done, for it helped acquit their client.

If I were juror in an important case I should wish to see a most careful test made of witnesses who positively connect past events with certain exact dates; or who recognize persons in speeding automobiles, or who claim to recognize strangers, years after one

(Continued on page 106)



THE JEWELS OF AN EMPRESS

Once empress of Mexico, the princess Charlotte, wife of Maximilian of Austria, still lives in a great chateau near Brussels. Recently the smiling, gentle old lady celebrated the 69th anniversary of her marriage. Intimately associated with the days of Charlotte's power and beauty are the imperial earrings illustrated upon this page. Hanging from antique diamond chains, the earrings are large pear-shaped pearls, beautifully matched and weighing 200 grains.

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RELAX



BASEBALL is a game of spurts and dashes more than a game of continued action. The pressure on the nervous system is frequently heavy. It is for this reason that smart ball players relax at every chance. They have discovered that no one can remain geared up for six months without breaking down before the finish. And so in any game where the opportunity comes, whether resting on base or on the bench, they keep relaxed before the next vital effort is demanded. Through these moments of relaxation they retain their keenness from April to October.

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Relaxation is possible only when you know that no force can throw you. The only way to prevent any force from throwing you is to resist *each* force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented and Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.



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Such pre-eminent cars are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring.

"SPURTS and dashes....pressure on the nervous system....strain begins to tell....relax at every chance."

What Grantland Rice says of ball players, he might well say of all the rest of us. We spurt and dash from one business or social engagement to another, almost always under pressure. So, like Mr. Rice's smart ball player, those of us who are wise make the most of every opportunity to relax.

All those innumerable hours you spend in your car—are they refreshing interludes between activities? Not if you must ride tensed against the expectation of a sudden comfort-destroying thrust or throw. But in a Stabilated car, you *can* relax, and you do!

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UNPERTURBED fleetness; phenomenal smoothness; eager, confidence-inspiring responsiveness from its quiet 92 horse power engine; driving facility entirely unlike any previous experience; and an easement of riding conditions completely satisfying for the first time all your theories and concepts of what constitutes perfect motoring comfort.

This but begins to describe the decidedly unusual kind of motoring luxury which Standardized Quality brings to you in the Chrysler Imperial "80".

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A fixed and inflexible quality standard which enforces the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision in alignment and assemblage—the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process.

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ORIGINAL

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"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"



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Bearer of a name that goes back to the ninth century Former minister to Rome from Georgia, Russia. The Prince is but one of the many scions of royalty and nobility the world over who smoke and endorse Melachrino cigarettes.

Melachrino cigarettes are made of the very finest Turkish. No tobacco in the world equals Turkish in delicacy of flavor, aromatic qualities, smoothness and richness.

June 2d 1925
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I am glad to tell you how much I like your Melachrino cigarettes and I smoke them with the greatest of Pleasure

Prince Georges Matchabelli



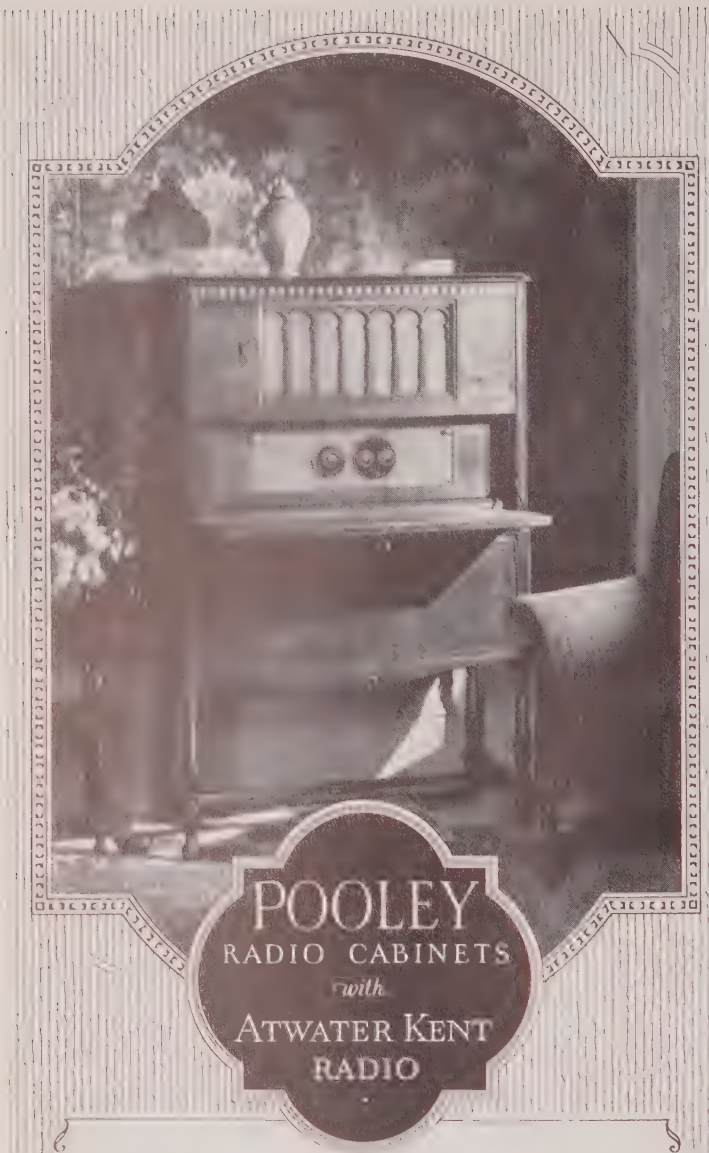
Plain-Cork or Gold Tips



The sportswoman endorses the Rolls-Royce as unreservedly as the woman whose primary interest is art or society. Alert and responsive is this best of motor-cars—courageous and unfaltering, however difficult the footing. The sportswoman thinks of it as a thing alive, indeed compares it with her thoroughbred, prize-winning hunters. It mingles with assurance in smart company when hounds meet, and sweeps into place graciously at the side of polo field or country race-course. She drives it herself, by choice, because she has found the hours at the wheel do not tire her. Rather, they increase her pleasure in its swift, sure power, for it is cushioned on luxurious springs and balanced so matchlessly that she seems to be flying rather than driving. Her friends remember well the morning, five seasons ago, when she first appeared in this roadster. They approved its smartness then. They are as ready to do so today, in spite of the fact that it has covered, without the annoyance of frequent repair bills, upwards of fifty thousand miles. There is no question in their minds nor in the mind of the owner that Rolls-Royce performance and Rolls-Royce appearance more than justify owning the finest motor-car obtainable.

A one-hundred-mile trial trip over roads you may select will be arranged at your convenience. Rolls-Royce, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York. Branches in principal cities.

ROLLS-ROYCE



A masterful combination of tone and cabinet beauty
approved by Mr. Kent in these words:

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."
(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT

WHAT you see—the Pooley Cabinet itself, in lovely period designs. The receiving set, factory-installed and tested, is Atwater Kent.

Then the magic that you never see—the magic of the Pooley built-in (patented) floating horn. Hidden behind its ornamental grille, this golden-voiced instrument awaits your pleasure. Its tone is a true achievement of scientific design and careful making, a delight at full volume or low.

An extraordinary combination: radio so truly an adornment, radio such an endless joy to hear. Beautifully, sturdily made, all batteries and wires out of sight, though instantly accessible—Pooley Radio Cabinets bring you the utmost in performance, beauty, convenience, and tone. In other words, all you could ask in complete and lasting radio satisfaction.

All the Pooley Radio Cabinets and Pooley Speakers are shown and described in our new catalog. Send for it.

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1696 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Model 1100-R-2 (shown above)

Finished in American Walnut or English Brown Mahogany, with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries, $200 to $280. Other Pooley Radio Cabinets, equipped with Atwater Kent Radio, from $135 to $390. Pooley Cabinet Speakers, which will accommodate Atwater Kent Sets, $40 to $60.

Beware of imitations — look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada

Parallels of the Hall-Mills Case

(Continued from page 102)

view of them, and that, maybe, by moonlight, or by the "light of their cigars" (a favourite form of illumination in detective stories) or by an electric flash light. It is a strange form of electric torch which throws its light on the face of the person holding it. I should like to know what skill in woodcraft enables a person to creep up so close to strangers engaged in a criminous enterprise, that they may be recognized at night, and yet enables the observer to make an escape unnoticed.

The human desire to be at the centre of things, to be able to say "I saw that myself!" has an odd effect upon testimony. How many a sober citizen comes home at night to tell his family that he heard the sound when the powder magazine blew up twenty miles away; or that he saw the crowd gathered around the eminent man who had dropped dead in the street. He wishes to think he heard and saw these things. Had he cared to investigate, he might have learned that the noise was a heavy door slammed in another part of the office building. As for the crowd in the street, they were looking at two newsboys fighting; the eminent man perished eight streets away, two hours earlier, and his body had already been removed.

If the officers of the law, after a murder, are trying to establish their belief that the murderer carried the body of his victim in a wagon down a certain country road, late at night, in order to dispose of it in a lake, and if they make their inquiries at the farm-houses on that road, they are practically certain to get the information they wish. Some farmer's wife was lying awake that night, or some woman who lives alone and is much given to brooding about things, heard the very sound. Yes, it was about half-past one. The wagon had one loose wheel, (the officers suggest) and made a rattling sound on the highway,—did she notice that? Yes; she did; she thinks she did. She thinks about it for a few more days, and at the end of that time, she *knows* she heard the sound. She would be angry if anybody suggested that she could be mistaken. She has heard of the murder, is shocked by it, and eager to help the cause of justice. She enjoys the prominence which comes to her as an important witness.

William James wrote: "The most frequent source of false memory is the accounts we give to others of our experiences. . . . We quote what we should have said or done rather than what we really said or did; and in the first telling we may be fully aware of the distinction, but ere long, the fiction expels the reality from memory and reigns in its stead alone. We think of what we wish had happened, of possible interpretation of acts, and soon we are unable to distinguish between things that actually happened and our own thoughts about what might have occurred."

The marvellous witness has usually a small basis of fact; upon a slight foundation he or she builds an enormous structure of fancy. She heard a shot—or something like a shot—on *some* night; she saw an automobile, heard a scream, or witnessed part of a quarrel on *some* night. Her mind is easily susceptible to suggestion, and it has, working upon it, the powerful influence of sensational newspaper reports, and the gossip of neighbours.

The Phillips Farm and De Russey's Lane were the resorts of all varieties of folk: merely frisky folk, disreputable folk, and probably habitual criminals. The double murder which happened there would be unlike every other crime if it did not work upon persons easily influenced by suggestion, and make them really believe that they had witnessed wonders.

The Light Fantastic Show

(Continued from page 83)

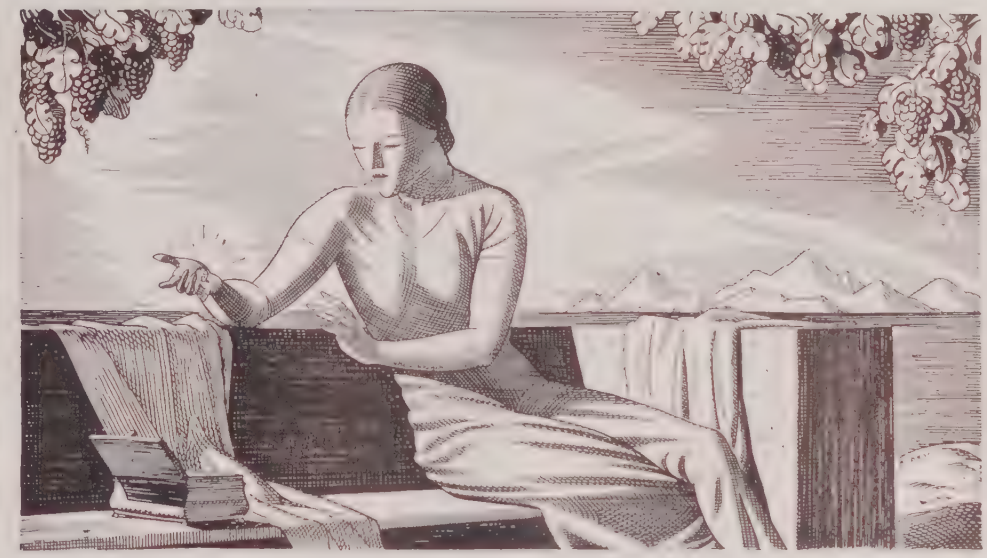
sulphuric highlights as turn the fun of it vengeful, the agony of it purposely vulgar . . . *fantasia* none the less it is, *fantasia* for trombone and bass-drum, not for harpsichord.

Disciples are already rushing up Mr. Lawson's alley. John Dos Passos's *The Moon Is a Gong* was even more admittedly fantasy, and no less frenzied. The same clew of savage parable, the same social buffooneries and ecstatic vituperations, the same rabies of taunt and beauty in and out of modern highways. Above all, the same sense of latterday *Harlequins* self-crucified on the steel girders of our newest sky-scrapers. This way goes fantasy in America—but how far?

Meanwhile, we weary almost immediately of the tender musings of Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*. Even Molnár's all too sophisticated faculty of turning gutter-pups and bawdy-house keepers into bright angels by the mud-bath process—we treat it as an irrelevant stranger in the midst of our everyday drama. The mood of fable in *The Glass Slipper* went all for nothing—or for worse. Because humanity on fancy's terms is not for us. That is a heritage we decline truculently, scarcely covet.

And, in a world that is too much with us, what heritage could be higher? The laughter in a frisky terrier's bark is proof enough that dogs, too, have their idea of comedy. Tragedy cannot be wholly beyond the ken of bees around a shattered hive. Ask some gaily tossing butterfly the meaning of realism, and he will not hesitate to plunge his *antennae* into unmentionable filth. But, to know the commonplaces of comedy and twist them into enchantment, the grit of tragedy and turn it whimsical, the bondage of reality and the way of escape from it into an empyrean where truth is measured by no such commercial rules as time and space and plausibility . . . this seems to be the holy privilege, the excellent and unique talent of that peculiarly pink and hairless cousin of the primates, man.

But as for man in America, he will have none of it. He will not even have the Hippodrome.



THAT UNCONQUERABLE CRYSTAL

CENTURY after century, the diamond continues to receive the admiration and affection of people in every corner of the earth. Its superb beauty is easily apparent. Its desirability is universally admitted. There is a steady and insistent demand for it. And it has won its place fairly, for the diamond retains unchangingly and permanently, through the years, its unmatched light and brilliance.

Diamonds vary so widely in color, proportion, cutting and degree of perfection that the first rule (some say the only rule) to be observed in buying is: deal with a responsible jeweler. If a diamond is too thick, it lacks brilliancy. If too thin, it is apt to be glassy. Unskilful cutting, easily discernible by experts, reduces its value. And these are but a few of the many factors which govern the price of diamonds, and which are often unknown to the buyer.

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Diamonds in many shapes and sizes . . marquise, square, round, pear-shaped, and the favored baguettes. . . . Single stones from $20,000 *to* $100. . . . *A remarkable collection of pearls, star sapphires, emeralds and black opals in exclusive and unusual settings.*

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

At the corner of Fifth Avenue and 45th Street, New York City
and Palm Beach, Florida

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Helbros Watches



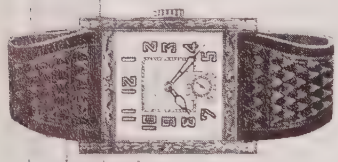
No. 95283 Helbros "Superb." $50.
15 jewels, 14 k. solid white gold, 3-piece case



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Folder of newest Helbros Watch Fashions free on request

Appraising the Assisting Bid

(Continued from page 89)

words, the partner is called upon to choose; not to assist.

Suppose the dealer bids a heart, second hand a spade and third hand holds any such combination of values as is shown in A or B examples, he would be justified in assisting on the second round, although not on the first, if the dealer rebid the hearts and the second hand went to two spades. If the dealer has 6 values for his rebid, and his partner has 3, that is 9, equal to three odd in hearts. The dealer will know that his partner has exactly 3 tricks, because with 4 he would have assisted the first time, and with less than 3 he would not assist the second time.

It must not be imagined that, just because a hand is not worth an assist, or should not assist more than once, such bids should never be made. Every good player will occasionally overbid a hand, but the point to be kept in view is that he should know just how much he is overbidding and how much risk he is running of being doubled and set. That part of the game belongs to what is called "poker bridge" and "push-em-up", both of which are great favourites with a certain class of players.

Here is a deal which shows several of the points connected with assisting bids:

The Partner

♡ Q 10 7 2
♣ A 9 3
◇ 8 7 4
♠ K 5 4

2nd Hand
♡ K 8 6
♣ K Q J 8 2
◇ K 9
♠ 9 8 2

Y / A B / Z

4th Hand
♡ A J 9 5
♣ 10 6 5 4
◇ Q 5 3
♠ J 7

♡ 4 3
♣ 7
◇ A J 10 6 2
♠ A Q 10 6 3

The Dealer

The dealer bid a spade, the higher ranking of two suits, each of which is worth 3 tricks, total 6, worth a rebid. Second hand bids two clubs. The dealer's partner passes, as his ace of clubs falls to its face value as soon as an adversary bids that suit, and his hand is worth 2 only, the ace and the extra trump, as king and one small would be normal.

Instead of rebidding the spades, which he might do, the dealer tries the diamonds, and second hand goes to three clubs. Now the dealer's partner cares nothing about his strength but indicates his preference for the spades by bidding three.

It is a game hand in spades if the dealer sees the importance of getting two finesses in diamonds by letting the trumps alone and taking the first finesse on winning with the club ace; and, on getting in again, leading high trumps from his own hand, dummy winning the third round and giving him the second diamond finesse.

ANSWER TO THE OCTOBER PROBLEM

This was the distribution in Problem LXXXVIII:

♡ K 8
♣ 10 8 2
◇ A 5
♠ A

♡ Q 6
♣ J 9
◇ Q
♠ K 9 5

Y / A B / Z

♡ 7 3
♣ K
◇ K 10 4
♠ 4 2

♡ 4 2
♣ A 5 4
◇ none
♠ Q 8 7

Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want seven tricks. This is how they get them:

Z leads ace and another club, A winning the second round with the jack, as nothing can be gained by B's trumping the trick.

If A leads a diamond, Y passes it up, allowing Z to trump it and come through A's minor tenace in trumps, so that Y can pick up both of them and make the rest of the tricks.

If A leads a spade, Y wins with the ace, and leads a small diamond for Z to trump, and again Z can lead trumps through A.

If A leads the trump, Y wins whichever trump A plays, and leads the small diamond for Z to trump, getting in with the ace of spades to pull the trumps and make the third club.

Brute Force in Golf

(Continued from page 84)

tension acquired previously by the body-torsion known as the pivot. All these and other subsidiary anatomical manoeuvers, synchronized by that devilishly difficult and obscure art of timing, go into the big shot. And the conclusion is this—it contains quite a little brute force.

Nothing but brute force—controlled and synchronized, to be sure, but brute force none the less—could have torn that ball from a hanging lie in the knee-deep hay that was the rough along the tenth fairway at Scioto, and projected it over three tall and inconveniently placed trees, 170 yards to the invisible green. Nothing but brute force, directed by a master-stylist, could have driven that ball 300 yards against a light wind, from the seventy-second tee at Scioto, to make possible a spared iron shot to the green on a hole of 480 yards, and a birdie 4 that won the American open championship, that sultry July afternoon of this very year.

I honestly believe that Bobby Jones can hit a golf ball as hard as any man living, when he lets out at it, in a pinch. And if you fancy, perchance, that his vast range and his amazing recovery shots are the product of perfect timing and graceful stroking alone, sit yourself down modestly at the right side of the tee, the next time you are following him, and keep your eye, not on the ball, but on his face.



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David Wark Griffith

(Continued from page 80)

Babylonian period, the Middle Ages, and the present. His historical periods were exactly what a fellow out of an *East Lynne* cast would conceive them to be. The principal subtitle of this picture was *Love's Struggle Through the Ages*.

When the war came, Mr. Griffith made sentimental pictures to help the boys die for patriotic reasons. He filmed *Hearts of the World*, while men were dying. It was a love story. Later, in England, he photographed a number of society women (by request). These women were shown doing many things (in their opinion, wonderful) to help win the war. This episode was incorporated in *The Great Love*. Other mediocre pictures followed. Slowly the name Griffith was barnumed into greatness.

Next came *Broken Blossoms*, an adaptation of Thomas Burke's overwritten *Chink and the Child*. This picture was possibly more false to reality than Burke's story—if this be possible.

In it, one of the greatest bruisers in London fights to empty seats. England surely takes its leading pugilists more seriously.

Among other pictures which followed were *Way Down East* and *The Two Orphans*—thus bringing a long record of film sentimentality more or less up to date.

To those who would search for an answer to Griffith I would say: He is America.

Then I would qualify it by adding that he is larger than the rank and file of America. In bigger moods he blends compassion with something of David Belasco and Harold Bell Wright. As a young man he must have touched a spark from the forge of life. It burned his fingers and he let it go. But the scar remains. For, in spite of everything, Griffith is touched with greatness. Born twenty years later, with more liberal thinking as a background, he might have been—but I am a realist.

Griffith is a kindly man. He wishes, at least in an interview, to hurt no human being. He seems to have the mistaken notion so prevalent in filmland, that honest criticism hurts. . . .

I had accused him previously of miscasting an otherwise excellent actor in the part of Danton.

"Where can you get a Danton in America?" he asked, kindly.

"George Bancroft," I answered.

"Oh well—you are right—but he was not playing then. . . ." He paused. "Bancroft's part of *Slade* in *The Pony Express* was the finest bit of western acting I have ever seen."

I forgot the actor in his evident sincerity.

"I intend to grant you sincerity in this interview, Mr. Griffith." He took another rôle, and returned with:

"None of us are sincere."

I touched a more delicate point. What would a popular director say about America's pet inhibition—sex. The question put—"Your idea of sex—Mr. Griffith—in the films?" He was the suave actor again, his keen brain working. . . .

"I don't give it the importance so many do," he answered slowly. "My pictures are nearly all of large movement with big backgrounds . . . with these, sex has little to do. I think as a whole, sex is exaggerated," he went on thoughtfully, weighing each word as though talking to club women. "Take a man like myself—I work hard—often from nine in the morning until late at night. I must retire early and rise early—consequently I have little time for sex." ("Napoleon," I thought, "was a busy man.") Then Griffith's voice . . . "America is a working nation . . . the farmer, the miner, in fact, nearly everybody lives for his work. After all, Plato and Euripides—men before them and men after—said all there is to say about sex." (I thought of Freud.) Then Griffith's voice, "Everything about life is in the copy-books anyhow. If you are honest and upright you will be rewarded—it all breaks about even in the end."

His voice was heavy, like Victorian plush. I again forgot the actor in the man—a dangerous thing to do—with Griffith.

He adjusted his black scarf around his lavender collar. . . . "You know when a man gets to be my age (Griffith is 46) he begins to wonder what it is all about . . . he finds his only solace in work."

Griffith's personality is warm and compelling. He is amiable, restful, and companionable.

Some day I hope to see the actor with his mask off. . . . It will be when all the movie girls are old and all the dreams are done.

I am certain there is a civilized man smirking behind it.

Poor Carlotta

(Continued from page 63)

ingloriously out of Sedan, then the great Queen across the Channel, then Franz Joseph, then, at last, even Eugénie, who seemed, towards the end, so incredible an anachronism. But Carlotta still lived on. The world war rolled its tide to her very gates but even that did not disturb her merciful oblivion, for the German commander saw the Hapsburg crest over her portals and his orders bade the soldiers walk softly past the house where Carlotta dwelt.

Now they have brought her youth to life again for a few hours on a New York stage. One wonders if she knows that. It is possible. For in the summer the cables said Carlotta had had a lucid interval. And if, she could see that play, one wonders, too, if the character as played by Clare Eames would seem to her any more remote and unbelievable than now, across the vista of the years, does the ambitious, loving, insatiate Charlotte, who sailed across the sea so long, so long ago, to be the Empress of Mexico.



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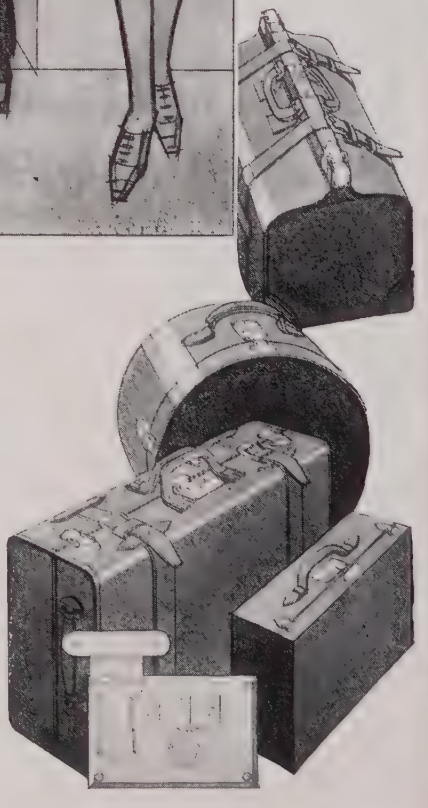
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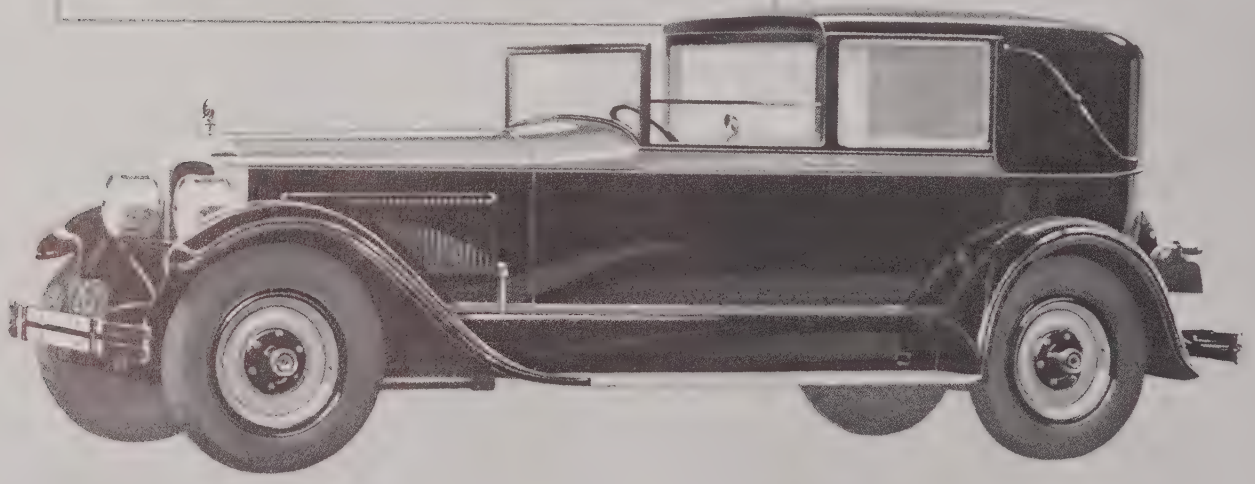
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Chu-Ti of Canton

(Continued from page 54)

Mission, its real leader, was she. If she had been one of those intellectual Chinese women, in knickerbockers, educated in American universities and wearing glasses, I would have had no difficulty in understanding it. But this was not the case at all; on the contrary, she was, without a doubt, plainly a courtesan; one of those Shanghai "flowers" whom one can see, luxuriously kept by the tea merchants and the big opium smugglers, driving in their Cadillacs or varnished rickshaws around the *Bubbling Well* in the summer at the hour which brings the refreshing coolness of the evening.

Little by little I felt that the invisible threads of an intrigue of Far Eastern politics were being drawn tighter and tighter around me. Outwardly, the General treated me with great consideration. From the moment when he realized that I was not indifferent toward Chu-Ti he made it easy for her to be with me.

Chu-Ti, I must admit, seemed well enough pleased with me. She laughed at the things I said, at my stuttering attempts in the Chinese language, and she asked questions about Europe, which she had never visited. She disapproved of the Kommittang movement in Canton, for the reason that her father was a mandarin and a literate. She asked me to give her an address where she could buy polish for her finger nails. Having nails shining like crystals apparently was her greatest happiness. One morning I found all my Chinamen crowding around the radio office: bad news had arrived.

There was a certain number of young Europeans traveling on board our ship who were interested in Chu-Ti. As it often happens when traveling on a boat, I had aroused some jealousy. A few of the rumours that were circulated reached me. I was given to understand that my Chinese friends, who represented themselves as siding with the Pekin government, were, as a matter of fact, known to be connected with the most radical sects in China. Yet, knowing the fever for controversies, the spitefulness and calumnies that long ocean cruises give rise to, I put little faith in what I heard. I continued paying court to Chu-Ti, although, I must say, without ever gaining the slightest advantage. But I learned from the stewards and the cabin boys on deck that she locked herself up in her stateroom every night, copying stenographic reports; that, in fact, her behaviour was quite above reproach. This served as some consolation for me. One evening I had stayed up late, playing poker, and was on my way up to retire to my cabin, when curiosity prompted me to make a detour over the top deck where the *cabines de luxe* were located. We were crossing the Red Sea then, and it was very hot indeed. The cabin portholes had been left open. I risked a glance through the one which opened into Miss Chu-Ti's room. The electric light had been left burning and, in order to make a draft, the door also had been left ajar. A fan was purring away. Chu-Ti was lying on her bed asleep. Through the transparent high-necked silk *crêpe* chemise, which was modestly fastened with little bows on her shoulder and under her arms, I could see her slender child-like body. With her short hair, she almost looked like a young boy, asleep. A fountain pen had been left lying on the bed and had spilled some of its ink. Chu-Ti had been overtaken by sleep in the very midst of her work. A fairly large book was lying on her stomach; I bent forward to have a look: It was a dictionary, one of those French-Chinese dictionaries gotten up by the Jesuits at Shien-Sien. Looking more closely I observed that apparently Chu-Ti's task had been to enter into this dictionary in ink certain words which were contained in a thin rice-paper memo book which had dropped on the floor; the draft from the fan was playing with its leaves, making a noise like the rustling of stiff silk. How beautiful she was, lying there like that! And how desirable! I came in from the deck and went along the passage, thinking that I would risk a glance into her cabin through the curtain over the door, so as to have a better look at my pretty little friend. My steps made no sound on the rubber mat of the passage-way. The ship was asleep. When I had walked around and had reached the corridor into which her cabin opened, I noticed a white object at my very feet. It was the rice paper memo book which I had seen but a moment ago lying right on the carpet of her stateroom and which the draft from the fan must have blown out to the passage entrance. My curiosity was stronger than all other instincts; so I bent down, picked up the thin note book and hastened away.

When I had reached my cabin I put the papers under my pillow. The writing on them was Chinese. The next day I borrowed a small and very bad dictionary of the Mandarin language from the ship's library and attempted to decipher the contents. However, I could not make out very much. Apparently it was concerning very obscure instructions. Concentration centers and meeting points for certain groups were indicated by a system of numerals. I should say that it was a sort of mobilization plan, written in code. There followed lists of names of Chinese societies in Paris and in other parts of Europe. The whole business seemed rather foolish to me like all politics concerning open or secret societies of Chinese in foreign countries. I put the note book away amongst my papers with the intention of giving it eventually to some of my friends in Paris who were interested in the internal affairs of China. But in all the bustle and excitement of my arrival in France, I forgot all about it.

I had been back in Paris for three weeks and gradually had stopped thinking of Chu-Ti, because it had been her appearance, her lithe outer shell which attracted me, rather than her intrinsic personality. But one evening, as I was dressing for dinner there was a loud knock at my door. A Chinese handed me an envelope which had these words written on it in vermillion: "The French Mandarin

(Continued on page 116)

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Chu-Ti of Canton

(Continued from page 114)

is requested to follow the chauffeur who is bringing this message and to come to see me without losing one moment's time. Signed, Chu-Ti." I did not hesitate and, in order to see my beautiful friend again, I gave up my dinner engagement. I noticed that this chauffeur, although he was a Chinese, seemed to know Paris very well. He went by way of the *Invalides, Avenue du Maine* and the Porte d'Orleans. At Villejuif, after having followed the road to Fontainebleau, the car turned to the right, passed through a gate and stopped in a court. I followed my guide across a suburban garden which was littered with rubbish. There was a pavillion. A little door led into it which was opened with a prison key almost as large as the door itself. On the second floor, there was a room decorated with Chinese silks. Chu-Ti was there reclining on a mattress, smiling, her neck, her arms and her feet bare.

"Chu-Ti sent for you, companion of my ocean voyage," she said, "because she loved you very much,—but only as a friend. By rare chance she is free for this entire night. The General is on a trip with all the other members of the mission, so let us talk, just like two good friends."

"And was that your only purpose in . . ."

"Yes, my only purpose."

"No, Chu-Ti, I feel distinctly that you have something else to say to me. Is it perhaps a secret?"

". . . Perhaps. But I cannot speak of it before the night is spent. Yes, it is something that concerns you. Something very serious. Let the hours pass. Or is it such a hardship for you to be resting here, close to me, your head on these hard cushions, enveloped by this sweet smoke . . .?"

She handed me a silk robe and I stretched out on the matting.

. . . When morning had come, Chu-Ti got up. She half opened the window and bent over me. A fresh breeze blew into the room. One could hear the empty wagons of the truck farmers, who had just sold their vegetables in Paris, rumbling along on the Louis XIV cobble stones on the Fontainebleau road.

"I have asked you to come here," said Chu-Ti, "because I have a feeling of friendship for you, and your life is in danger."

"In danger?"

"Yes. And through your own fault. Were you not so imprudent as to keep in your possession those papers which disappeared one night out of my cabin? Did you not know that you have been watched all this time?"

I blushed and did not know what to answer. I acted as if I had forgotten.

"Did you read those papers,—or did you have somebody read them?"

". . . I cannot recall . . . No, you need not comb the ocean for them; they are still in my possession," said I.

"They are political documents of the greatest importance to us. You were seen picking them up. We had to have them at any price. When you come home don't be surprised that your apartment had been entered during the night. I wanted to prevent your being there. I was afraid that you might offer resistance . . . and that it might cost you your life, for I knew that our men were determined and would stop at nothing to regain possession of those documents. . . . Now," she added smiling, "you may go home in peace. The thunderstorm has passed . . . at least so far as you are concerned."

I returned to my apartment. I fully expected to find a crowd gathered on the street under my windows. There was not. The *concierge* showed no signs of surprise. The door of my apartment was locked as usual. Not the smallest knick-knack had been disarranged in my sitting room. When I entered my bed room I thought that I was dreaming, for, although the windows were tightly shut, I keenly felt the fresh morning air in the room: A square had been cut very neatly in the window pane and taken out with the aid of soft wax; it was lying on the floor. My lacquer box, where I usually kept all my papers filed away, had been broken into. Chu-Ti had not told me a lie. I had been the victim of a regular burglary, and the nocturnal visit had come off at the appointed hour. They entered my rooms without much difficulty from a neighboring balcony; this they reached by a drain pipe which extended down to the street. I put together all my scattered documents: The little rice paper note book had disappeared.

I carefully refrained from making a complaint and I did not tell of this adventure to anybody until one day, two weeks later, an inspector of the Department of Justice called on me. He asked me if I had entertained any relationship with certain Chinese whose names he mentioned. I did not know any of them. These Chinese had been arrested a few days ago, as they were marching on the Chinese Legation in the Rue de Babylone at the head of a mob. They had entered the minister's office, cut the telephone wires and forced the representative of the Pekin government to sign a document which would make him a member of the communist party. Notified in time, the French police had interfered and had arrested the leaders, of whom . . .

"The last Chinese that I have been in contact with," said I, "were members of an honourable, official mission . . ."

"Are you referring to General Kon-Tchong?" asked the Police Inspector.

"Precisely."

"And his companions,—and Miss Chu-Ti?"

"Yes, I referred to her also."

"It was known to us," said the inspector, smiling, "that you were on excellent terms with them."

"How did you know that?"

It appeared that when they searched the little house in Villejuif they had found a telephone book, and in it my name, underlined in red.

I then spoke of Chu-Ti and of the Mission couching my statements in careful terms, yet without hiding anything. The Inspector was taking notes.

(Continued on page 118)

The New Style in Table Covering

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What faultless suitability . . .

is here expressed in the Linen Damask table covering! Here . . . where the service is quiet, deft . . . where the silver has a classic simplicity of line . . . where china and crystal introduce their delicate note of elaboration . . . here the suavely patterned expanse of pure linen damask seems inevitable.

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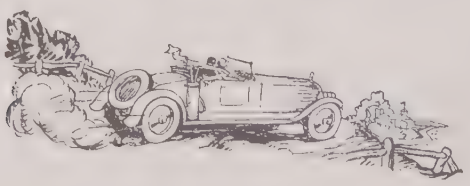


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OSHKOSH TRUNKS



Chu-Ti of Canton

(Continued from page 116)

I even told of the night which I had spent so close to the young girl, and yet in such purely friendly relationship, out in Villejuif. By and by, I recounted all the details up to the time of my return to Europe. I even ventured to touch upon my love for Chu-Ti. The Inspector smiled. He took notes; he was always taking notes. He annoyed me. I began to question him in turn. He was from the South of France, and he, too, had a great desire to talk.

"Sir," he said with great show of authority, "you need not have any doubt but that you fell in with a gang of most dangerous Chinese communists; particularly dangerous to those of their countrymen who did not share their political opinions. They all had been traveling on false passports and under assumed names. The one whom you thought to be the General Ku-Tchong is a graduate of the Canton Lycé with a university degree and the instigator of a number of terroristic conspiracies in the United States. While his accomplices were drugging you with opium and lulling you to sleep with music at his haunt in Villejuif, your host had several former ministers taken prisoners. The fake general had a part in the kidnapping and punishment of the Chinese general who was hiding in the London fog—and also his subsequent murder. Without doubt you read the account of this sensational occurrence in the papers. He also had a share in the robbery of the Mongolian Bank. As to the young person with whom you were pleased to entertain a courtship. . . . "

"Has any misfortune befallen her?"

The inspector looked at me and hesitated.

"Her enemies accomplished their revenge . . . She was found yesterday, in the room where she indulged in her opium pipes,—murdered."

I got up; I thought I was choking. I rushed for the open window. The inspector stepped between me and the window. He was snickering.

"I can see now that you have been marvelously tricked by . . . "

"By whom?"

"By this young man."

"I fail to see how any young man has anything to do with this."

"Nevertheless, there was one. A very handsome one too."

"Explain yourself."

"Your supposed Chu-Ti never was the favourite of the communist Ku-Tchong, alias Lia-men-ho, formerly a bandit, then executioner and finally political assassin. Your Chu-Ti was not a Chinese girl at all, but merely another young Chinese communist. He had been strictly forbidden to lift his disguise to anybody. His rouges, perfumes and simperings all were calculated to work their seductive charms upon certain people and lure them into certain snares set for them . . . For one reason or another, probably because he had taken a real liking to you, the ex-miss Chu-Ti, or to be more exact, Ah Tung, young college graduate and terrorist, saved your life by keeping you from being present during the raid on your apartment. You caused those people much concern. You were keeping in your possession a copy of their plan of action in Western Europe which was to start by taking possession of the legation in the *Rue de Babylone* and was to be followed by murderous *attentats* in London and Berlin. That plan is now under seal at the Paris police headquarters. Their safety demanded that this plan should not remain in strange hands, and they would not have stopped at using forcible measures to regain possession of it."

"It is always sweet to owe one's salvation to a woman," said I, "or at least to somebody whom one believed to be a woman."

"It is only faith that saves us, Sir," remarked the inspector.

For a long time I was thinking of the pretty Chinese girl whom I had noticed for the first time on a certain evening on the Indian Ocean. It did not seem possible to me to think of Chu-Ti in other terms, despite the truth that I had just learned.

"Poor Chu-Ti!" I exclaimed.

This time the inspector gave me a look, not devoid of severity.

Saturday to Monday

(Continued from page 87)

who winks at me as one who might say, "You old fake!, pretending you live like this when you know that you owe my husband forty dollars." But she really has a heart of gold. Two years ago the cook walked out on us just after the Burkharts arrived, but Mrs. Peabody turned to and cooked the finest dinner I ever ate. My daughter disguised herself as a maid and made such a hit that Mrs. Burkhart tried to hire her away from us.

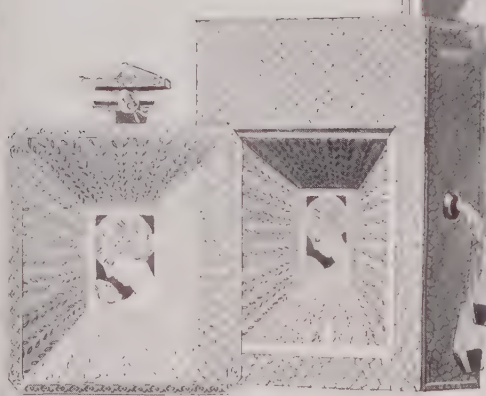
This year their visit was a grand success. Mr. Burkhart brought over some champagne, which apparently still grows on Long Island, and we made merry in a most decorous way. Mrs. Burkhart talks a lot, and he says little and thinks less but they are charming, restful people.

All in all, I think I prefer their visit to that of the Zabriskies, who are so highbrow that it hurts. Paul is pale and literary and has clammy hands, but Sigrid is the worst. She took the name Sigrid because she says it makes her over into something different and my son said, "You're different, all right."

We sit through fearful hours listening to Sigrid's theories, one of which is that when children do anything bad the parents should be punished. She is so earnest about it that you would know right away that she hadn't any children. We asked them once, out of pity and they have since assumed that the date is a fixture.

Thank goodness, the season is over, and we shall have no more of them this year.







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Bright, cool days. People are back in town. Life takes on a quicker pace—a more enticing rhythm. The shops are aglitter with luxurious, lovely things, and richness is in the very air!

One looks and feels the spirit of the moment as an artiste of the theatre senses her role—it calls for a slender silhouette, for deep color, and superb perfume . . . Chosen wisely, the frock is taken from the tempting palette of Paris—the perfumes are those of Houbigant. Individually, the perfumes are Subtilité, La Belle Saison, Mon Boudoir, Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, and Le Temps des Lilas.

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TONE, *YES*—AND *BEAUTY*, TOO

GREAT ARTISTS, including [illegible], Lucrezia Bori, Frances Alda, Louise Homer, Mary Lewis, Albert Spalding, and Reinald Werrenrath, use and approve Atwater Kent Radio Speakers.

Naturally, they are sensitive to imperfection of tone, and so they prefer the instrument that reproduces the broadcast programs faithfully.

You, too, know that when a good receiving set delivers the electrical pulsations to the speaker, the task is only half done. The speaker must convert those electrical waves into sound waves—that is, speech or music, and do it so that nothing of the original is lost.

All speakers should do this—but sometimes receiving sets are blamed for "poor reception" when the speaker is really at fault.

Atwater Kent Radio Speakers are designed especially [illegible] truly re-create *all* the notes with impartial fidelity.

AND now into the picture comes a [illegible] Here's a Radio Speaker in two [illegible] and sage-green. The finish is crystal[illegible]. Somewhere you will find the right decorative note [illegible] scheme in this more brilliant new member of the family. Some of you will prefer the dark brown of our other models. You have your choice of colors—the tone quality remains the same.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, [illegible] gram. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central, [illegible]

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WFI . . . *Boston*	WSAI . . *Cincinnati*	WOO . . . *Philadelphia*	
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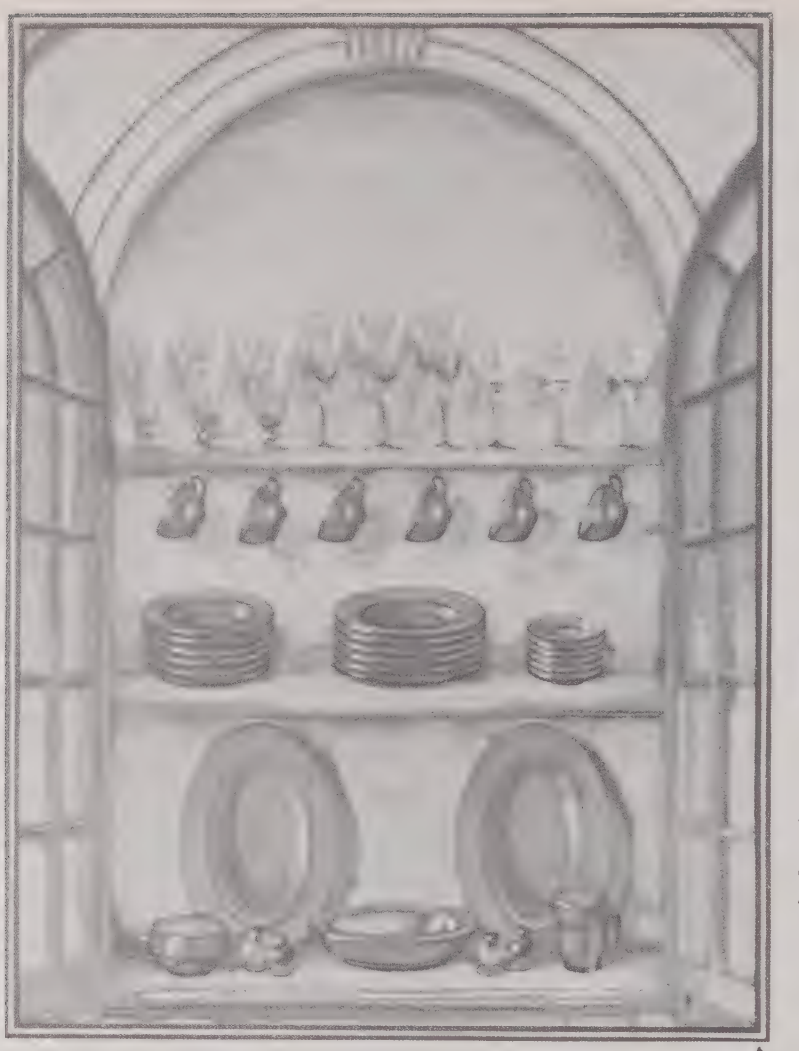


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As you know the 7-bearing crankshaft design is now the most modern motor construction—*the world's smoothest type.*

It develops a power-flow of almost magical smoothness and quietness.

And further deepening operative silence is the Nash standard practice of heavily insulating the motor from the frame with rubber cushions at the motor supports.

Nash also provides in these new Advanced Six models such important attractions as: a new crankcase "breather" which prevents crankcase dilution; a new type motor muffler, which increases operative quietness; a new instrument board, indirectly illuminated, with all instruments including a hydrostatic gas gauge in a single panel under glass; new double beam headlights with control on the steering wheel; motor heat control by new thermostatic water regulator; a new oil screen "agitator" preventing oil coagulation in coldest weather; and an electric clock.

And as standard equipment Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery, attractive vanity case and smoking set; air cleaner, oil purifier, gasoline filter, full force-feed lubrication, 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels.

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OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN

Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

Some Contemporary Authors

(Continued from page 73)

and I doubt if he is himself). For Mr. Mencken would then be deprived of his only pleasure in life—that of telling us what is wrong with America. I read *The American Mercury*, and admire much of it, but it isn't my Bible, and it nearly always manages to irritate me by its harping on the one subject of America's rawness. I sincerely believe that if the destructionists could be persuaded to turn their talents toward the creation of literature for literature's sake, not for the sake of reforming America, that more good would be accomplished than the destructionists dream of.

Carl Van Vechten has no reverence for America, but neither does he consider himself a God-appointed reformer. He is, rather, a reporter, with a smart "colyumist's" trick of attracting attention. He writes lightly, with ease, and without quotation marks, which device he seems to have hit upon as a clever way of proving that he is different. In *Firecrackers* and *The Tattooed Countess* he achieves a smart sophistication, qualifying as a stylist with a Continental flavour. His latest contribution, *Nigger Heaven*, throws him back into the rank of his American contemporaries with a mission, but it is excellent reporting, in spite of his too-evident fear of offending, on one hand, the aesthetic feelings of the whites, and, on the other hand, the sensitiveness of the Negroes, whom he honestly tries to understand and with whom he is deeply sympathetic in their struggle for a right to live and work and love. It was a spiky fence to straddle, but Mr. Van Vechten does it fairly well, except in the character of his heroine, Mary Love, who is a straw figure, lacking the picturesque savagery of her black blood and the forcefulness of character with which her white blood might have been expected to endow her. The book will probably please neither the whites nor the blacks very keenly. Passages of description in the beginning and toward the end of the book are extraordinarily vital and colourful, for in them Mr. Van Vechten forgets his mission and allows his clever pen to dance as madly as the half-savage characters he describes.

Not all reporter-novelists write with the brilliance and ease of the deft Mr. Van Vechten. But some of these graduate reporters turned novelist write with more conscience and with pencil-clutching, heavy handed sincerity, labelling their efforts realism. Theodore Dreiser, with his great, slow-thinking brain, his feeling of kinship with middle-class people, his humourless eyes—seeing everything and recording it in infinite, painful detail, is a good reporter, though not an inspired one. He has a great deal to say and he conscientiously tells it.

Of the bald, ruthless realists, those who scorn to dress up a story with the beauty of words skillfully chosen, Ruth Suckow and Sherwood Anderson achieve distinction by their sincerity, though a bit cursed with "missions" and "messages." Anderson is developing a new deftness and a sort of style, though I found *Dark Laughter* emotionally cold.

Ben Hecht, in spite of his love for the bawdy and shockingly obscene, achieves a sort of delirious prose beauty in *Eric Dorn*, *Humpty Dumpty* and *Count Bruga*, though the latter is tinged with a curiously bitter malice. Hecht can describe emotions and mental processes with more brevity and brilliance than any other American author, but he can conceive of few emotions and few mental processes not intimately connected with seduction.

Cabell, I should say, is destined to live, to become a classic, although censorious librarians will undoubtedly keep his most perfect conception, *Jurgen*, out of the reach of "young people." Cabell writes with such a fastidious pen that, on first reading, his books appear to be froth, but that froth holds, under its whipped cream surface, strange, fantastic, almost frightening significances. He writes with an Englishman's charming, easy detachment about everything, even sex! He has a genius for creating characters that his readers love tenderly. Without quite realizing why, I find myself loving *Jurgen* of the poetic imagination, who possesses the gift for brilliant, fantastic conversation with which Cabell endows most of his favourites; thinking tenderly of grim old *Coth of the Rocks*, a stubborn, grumbling patriarch, with a great love glowing in his heart; *Dom Manuel*, tall, squinting, and gray, stirs me deeply, though he is seen but in shadow and through the eyes of his followers.

Cabell dreamed a fantastic dream, and out of that dream grew book after book. And though that idea was impossible make-believe, it seems to the reader the realest thing in the world, while the Cabell magic is working. In *Jurgen* and *Figures of Earth* and *The Cream of the Jest* Cabell, through some magical mutation, transforms dreams and visions of purple and rose and gold into human beings, and brings the most precious and delicate of illusions down to the most ordinary ken.

But *The Biography*, as Cabell calls his shelf of books, is ended. Perhaps he spun the cobweb of his dreams too fine. At any rate, Cabell, unless he is to go down to posterity as the man who dreamed only one dream, must find a new field for his genius.

English novelists, with the exception of those numerous earnest young writers who persist in telling the entire story of their lives, from birth through public schools and Oxford, to war and death, are not so concerned with realism and reform as our own American novelists. To judge by Merrick, Locke, Meredith, Barrie, and Galsworthy, English authors dare to be more romantic than our own writers. Perhaps that is one reason why they are so popular over here.

One curious manifestation of our craving for romance is the meteoric success of Michael Arlen. Arlen's books are pseudo-sophisticated versions of the Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth tales of dukes and earls who love governesses and gardeners' daughters. Stripped of his smart cloak of words his plots will hardly bear analysis. When I began *The Green Hat*,

(Continued on page 124)



New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

Beauty in furniture often reveals itself in the simplest forms, the hewn timbers hiding no secret of the artificer's pride in his handicraft.

¶ Thus, in the library pictured above, one may be captivated by the charm of an old Spanish chest, surmounted by a cabinet of tooled leather panels supporting an ancient ship model. Crudely fashioned after the manner of Iberian artisans, this rugged piece contributes poignant contrast to the more elaborate, richly carven sofa and tables, lending color and interest, and a feeling of restraint withal, to its surroundings.

¶ The full possibilities of this intriguing idea may be visualized at these Galleries—not alone in the profusion of furniture and related incidentals here, but in the fascinating manner in which rare antiquities and hand-wrought reproductions of historic examples are arranged in a series of decorative ensembles.

¶ Before a sympathetic background such objects grow upon one's affection with further acquaintance, until the purpose of utility is almost forgotten in the joy of their companionship.



New York Galleries

INCORPORATED

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The Sands of the Desert Yield Styles for Knit Neckwear



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BERKLEY KNIT
The Tie of a Thousand Knots

Some Contemporary Authors

(Continued from page 122)

thought I had discovered a very clever new stylist, a man who dressed his pages with ropes of pearls. But I soon found that the pearls, like his lords and ladies, were synthetic.

Arlen has created one man and one woman, or rather, he has created *formulae* which he labels "hero" and "heroine". His heroine must be exceptionally lovely, must be a "lady of quality"—a phrase which *Monsieur* Arlen rolls under his tongue as if it were a piece of hard, sweet candy—must talk as cleverly as the characters in a French farce and as naughtily, and must, before Arlen will have anything to do with her, have lost her virtue. The hero must be as beautiful as the heroine, though in a more virile way, must also talk like the characters in a French farce, and must have a quixotic sense of honour which will lead him into impossible situations where he may have a chance to be a perfect foil for the lovely and unvirtuous heroine. Arlen's plots are all slight variations of the same bedroom farce. As for his minor characters, they are all pale copies of the hero and heroine, all are witty, debonair and unvirtuous. Arlen's one serious concern with them is to see that an Armenian is always included in the *dramatis personae*. The Arlen shelf of books, produced with amazing rapidity, plainly betray a middle-class viewpoint, the viewpoint of the devoted sycophant of the fantastic world which he imagines exists on the other side of closed doors. Of course I know nothing from personal experience of English society—Mr. Arlen's beloved Mayfair—but I have a hunch that the real lords and ladies are truly amazed at their portraits and wish they could talk only half as brilliantly as Mr. Arlen makes them converse on his cream-tinted, deckle-edged pages.

But the Englishman who gives me more unalloyed delight than any other author is Aldous Huxley. It is hard, I find, to put my finger on the quality that endears Huxley to me. It becomes more elusive as I search for it. His plot, of course, is negligible. He would prefer not to have one at all but for the fact that readers do so insist on a "story". His style is his chief charm. But he embroiders the lovely patterns of his sentences with pearls of information, strewing them with a lavish, careless gesture, as if a little ashamed of his amazing fund of knowledge on every subject under the sun. My chief ambition at present is to know one-tenth as much about all the charming things and places in the world as do Aldous Huxley and James Branch Cabell. Their erudition, and their absence of snobbishness and showmanship, fascinate me. Just reading one book of Huxley's—*Those Barren Leaves*, for instance, or that charming book of travel essays, *Along the Road*, makes me far more dissatisfied with being a crude, uncultured American than all the issues of *The American Mercury* put together.

When anyone asks me which single book of all that I have read I like the most, I answer, "Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*". I have read it four times and will probably read it once a year for the rest of my life. I have almost the same fondness for Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, which I have read three times. Butler has done more than any other writer to champion the cause of freedom for children, but aside from the mission of the book it is fascinating entertainment. We need an American novelist who can write as understandingly and profoundly of the relationship between parents and children.

ANSWERS TO POPULAR SONG QUESTIONNAIRE ON PAGE 58

1. *C-H-I-C-K-E-N.*
2. *Budweiser's a Friend of Mine, Under the Anheuser-Busch* and *Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows.*
3. Bill Bailey, the hero of two very popular songs: *Ain't Dat a Shame* and *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?*
4. *Take Me Up With You, Dearie,* by Junie McRee and Albert Von Tilzer.
5. Clare Kummer.
6. *Hiawatha.*
7. Marie Dressler.
8. *Tammany.*
9. The *Delaney Song Book* published from 1892 until 1916 at 117 Park Row, New York.
10. *Chinatown, My Chinatown.*
11. Leo Feist paid George M. Cohan $25,000 for the rights to *Over There.*
12. *My Gal Sal,* usually known as *Frivolous Sal.* By Paul Dreiser.
13. Lilluokulani of Hawaii, who wrote *Aloha Oe.*
14. Mister Dooley.

    And young Marconi eats macaroni
    With Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo.
15. *Yes, We Have No Bananas.*
16. Mabel McKinley.
17. Jesse Lasky.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *All the songs mentioned in this questionnaire were written since 1900)*



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Since early pioneer days, "Pendletons" have been made exclusively for the Indian, their designs and coloring more truly interpretive of his racial instincts and tribal preferences than he could reproduce by his own crude methods of weaving; their quality more enduring under the hardship to which his blankets were subjected.

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PENDLETON INDIAN BLANKETS

The Vanishing Amateur

(Continued from page 77)

Perhaps this teaches us a great moral lesson—the virtue of amateurism is its own reward (in dollars and cents).

I anticipate being severely criticized for this statement, for our Helen is a young lady of much pulchritude and charm. Already she is the reigning goddess of sports. She differs considerably from Suzanne, who has a disposition that only a mother could put up with.

"Why," I will be asked, "should not this lovely and accomplished girl who comes of poor but estimable parents make an honest penny for herself? It is not violating the law of the United States Lawn Tennis Association." My patriotism will be impugned and I may lay myself open to the chance of an open assault, for the followers of our Helen are susceptible and even to hint the appearance of professionalism in the same breath with the name of the fair Helen is blasphemy.

But if Miss Helen Wills, even though she is now a junior at the University, happened to be ranked under the first ten instead of being the women's champion, would this syndicate, recognizing her sheer literary ability, seek her out and implore her to sign her own contract to write articles on tennis? I remain brutal enough to doubt it.

"Why, she writes her own stuff," shouted one of her young defenders. "Don't you dare compare her to Babe Ruth or Jack Dempsey and all that purely faked stuff. She works hard over her stuff." One would risk his physical well-being by saying that it read like it, or asking whether she would be forced to burn the midnight oil, were she not a tennis champion.

Suzanne is literary, too. She produced a book, called *The Love Match.* It was first brought out in England but it was not heard of until an enterprising American publisher found a copy of it in a London bookstall and bought the American rights. Suzanne had forgotten all about it because when the correspondent of a New York newspaper said to her, "Congratulations, I hear that your book is going very well in the States," Suzanne in bewilderment asked, "What book?"

Let us try to be charitable to Suzanne, even though her temperament has grated upon us. Of course, it is impossible for us to condone this step aside. But let us regret that it was not possible for some good man to have made an honest woman of her (speaking amateurishly) and given her his name and his cheque book to have averted her downfall from the amateur ranks.

Admitted that she had to make a living for herself and Lenglen *Père* and Lenglen *Mère* and the little dog, Gyp, it does seem tragic that she must don the gowns of Patou and sell the charms of her tennis on the public courts. But it is largely filial piety that moves her to make the sacrifice. The Japanese, you know, extol the virtues of the young woman who passes the tea as a geisha to lift the mortgage from the old homestead at Nagasaki or Kobe. From many points of view, Suzanne is the noble and dutiful daughter selling her great talent to the highest bidder to keep the sheriff away from the old home on the Riviera. All credit to Lenglen *Père,* who begged her not to make the sacrifice.

Mr. William Tilden 2nd has been a constant annoyance to the heads of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. Those gentlemen are very earnest fellows and naturally possessed of no very keen sense of humour. When the association broke the news to Mr. Tilden that he could not report tennis matches in which he participated that genius declared flatly that he was an author and that he could not and would not give up his art. But he did.

Later he made an excursion into the silent drama and announced that this was his art. He would not have the time to do himself justice in the Davis Cup play. Instead of expressing alarm the United States Lawn Tennis Association said, "Really," or something of the sort.

Then Mr. Tilden became an actor-producer and again intimated that he might have to give up tennis for his art. The Lawn Tennis Association's attitude was disconcerting. It expressed no concern whatever. If Mr. Tilden wished to immolate his tennis upon the altar of his art that was his business. Of course there could be no insinuation to the effect that Mr. Tilden profited either directly or indirectly through the ballyhoo obtained through his prowess on the courts. It is obvious that as many-sided an artist as Mr. Tilden would scorn such aid.

He has made a great sacrifice or rather a succession of sacrifices *pour le sport.* Since his defeat early in the season by Vincent Richards, his closest American rival, Tilden has decided to pass up his dramatic art entirely for the time being and concentrate on what the sports writers call a come-back. This is not because the title of champion has any commercial value but Mr. Tilden happens to be of a self-sacrificing nature. You never read about him without learning that he has just made a sacrifice.

Mr. Tilden no longer is champion. He will have more time to devote to his arts. He should feel relieved of a great responsibility that was weighing him down. And yet he does not seem altogether happy about it.

But this exposé is not an arraignment of Mr. Tilden or of lawn tennis. It is an inquest on amateurism, which, British sports writers maintain, is depressingly defunct in the United States. I am taking up tennis at the start because the heads of the United States Lawn Tennis Association made a very brave attempt to define amateurism and to keep the players under their jurisdiction, amateurs in thought, word and deed.

It is my notion that the amateurs were making their last stand in tennis and in intercollegiate football. But now we are faced with the alarming fact—if we permit ourselves to view it with alarm—that the most colourful figures in both of these sports have turned professional and under the management of the same Mephistophelean promotor, Mr. C. C. Pyle.

Mr. Pyle seems to be the most prominent serpent in the garden of amateurism and the two who have partaken

(Continued on page 130)





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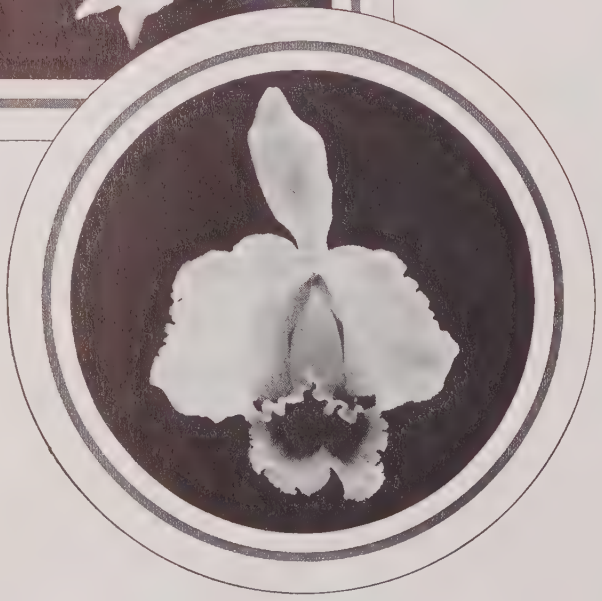
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—and for the health of little children

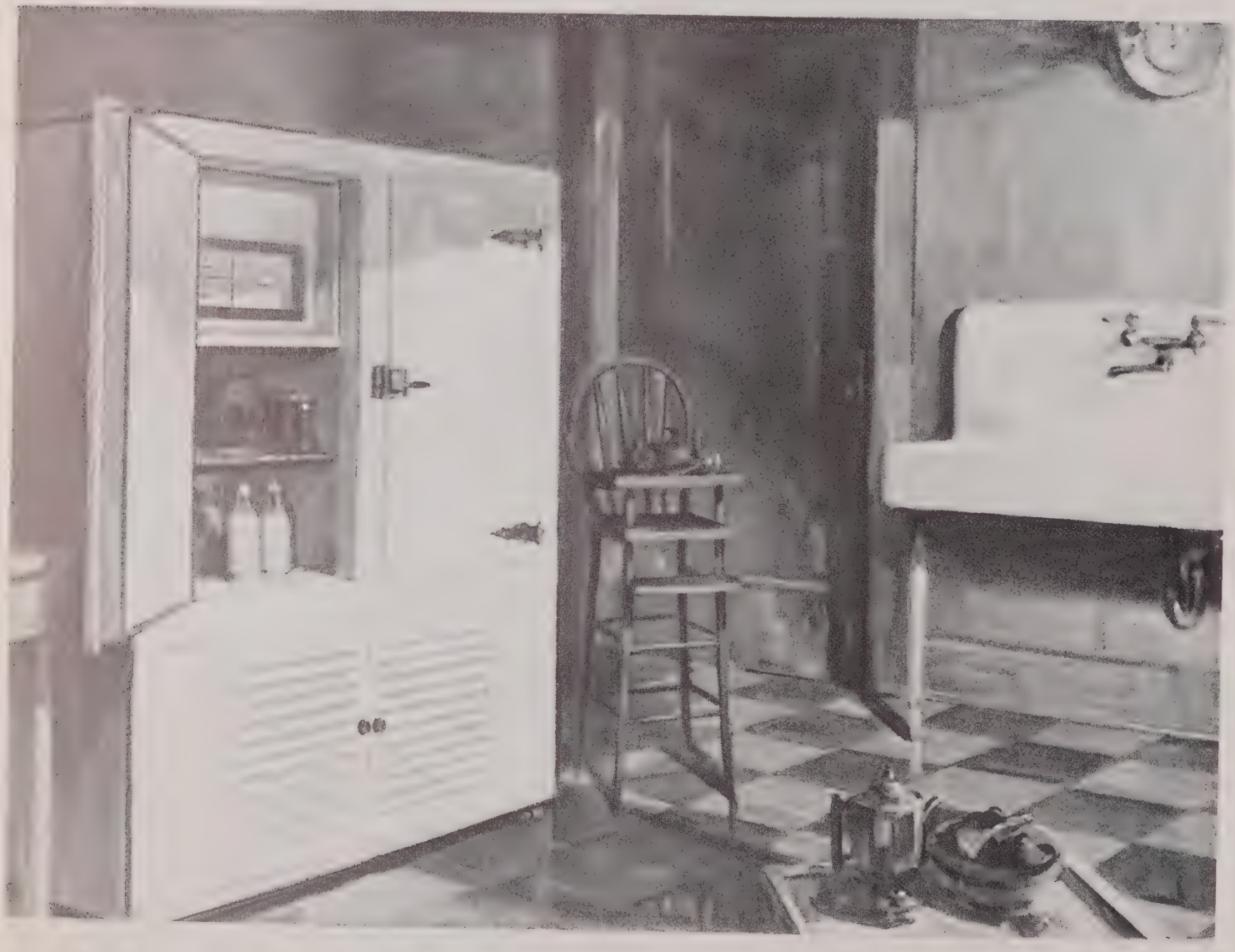


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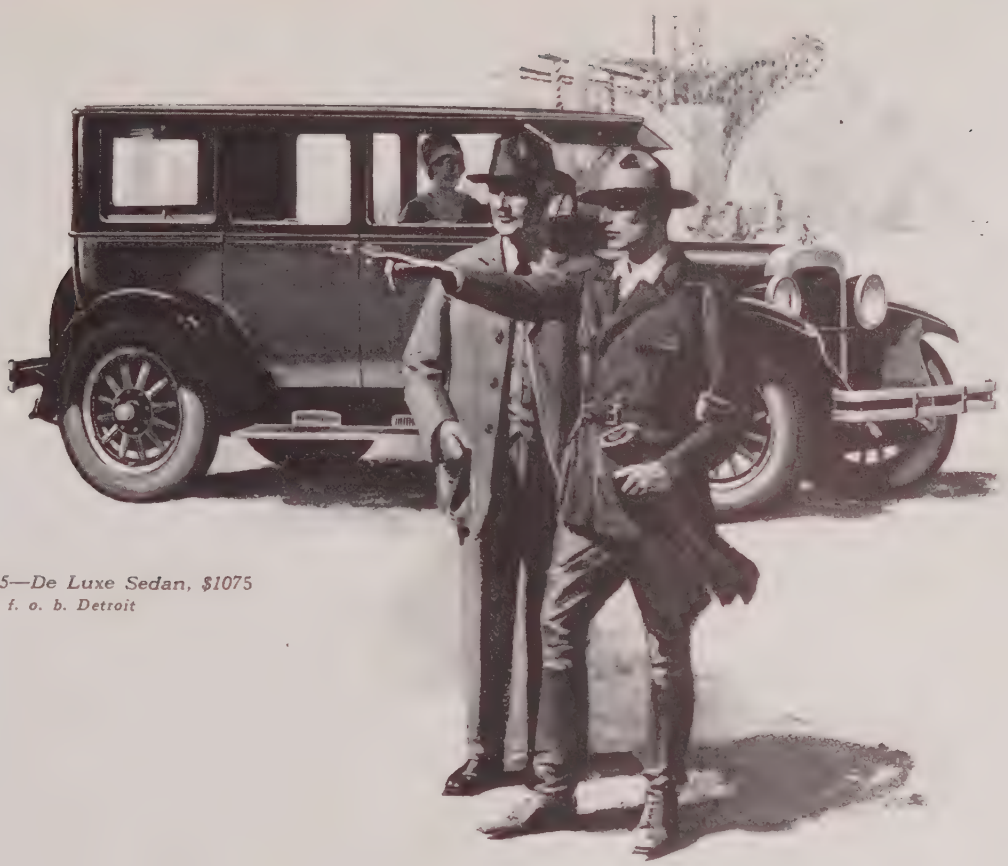
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ROCHESTER N.Y.

AUTHENTICALLY STYLED

The Vanishing Amateur

(Continued from page 126)

of his certified cheques have been driven out by the various amateur associations with their flaming swords. Before we start the pillorying of Pyle let us consider first the extent of his iniquity. But for him "Red" Grange might now be a bond salesman with a list of clients from the *alumni* of the University of Illinois. But for him Suzanne Lenglen might have the Queen of England still waiting for her at Wimbledon.

For one thing Mr. Pyle is no hypocrite and he will sooner or later bring this entire problem of amateurism to a head. A year from now let us see whether "Red" Grange is still selling touchdowns or cursing the day he was steered away from becoming a bond salesman.

Let us wait a year in the case of Suzanne. It may be then that when she says her evening prayer—for even professionals may be devout—that it will be "God bless *père* and *mère* and little Gyp and Mr. Pyle." Or it may be that Suzanne will be making remarks that will still further menace Franco-American amity. Whatever happens Mr. Pyle will be the instrument of eliminating some of the hypocrisy from the problem, which will make him a public benefactor.

There has been much brooding over the subject of amateurism. It does seem strange that while the amateur is highly regarded in sport, he is avoided, detested and dreaded in the arts, for instance. We shun amateur acting, amateur writing and amateur painting but we must have our amateurs in sport. The amateur artist is even more sincere and more willing than the amateur sportsman but his very sincerity and willingness make him all the more boresome.

In the series of articles that will appear in *Vanity Fair*, there will be an effort to trace the decadence of amateurism and this is difficult because of the various definitions of the word and the various interpretations placed upon them by the different associations governing the various amateur sports. The cynic's definition is, "An amateur is an athlete who will not accept *cheques*," inferring that the proof of flagrant violations of amateur rules is exceedingly difficult to get.

It is only once in a while that such proof comes to light. A short time ago an amateur hockey player sued an amateur hockey association in Boston for back wages due him for his services as an amateur hockey player. He alleged that it was the custom of the management and its understanding with the players that the weekly salary would be left in a tobacco tin in the box office every Saturday night.

On successive Saturday nights this trusting amateur went to the tobacco tin and lifted the lid. He found it as bare as the cupboard of Mother Hubbard, so he went to the courts to establish his amateur rights. This arouses some terrible suspicions: Are there tobacco tins on the tennis courts, the golf links, the track and field and even on the gridiron?

There is this to consider. First we must have a comprehensive definition of the word "amateur," understandable in all civilized countries. This looks like a task of a century's duration for the League of Nations. And then, after we get the definition, what are we going to do with it? The world is spending billions annually on sports. Professional sports become more respectable every day. Familiarity with the evil one, at present impersonated by Mr. Pyle, may convince us that our ideas of amateurism have been tommyrot all along and that, after all, professional frankness is better than amateur hypocrisy.

At any rate, our amateurs are vanishing like the bison and the Indian. When the League of Nations arrives at the definition we may learn that there never were any amateurs.

A Wild Western Union

(Continued from page 66)

Syosset 26 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
STAYING ON TO SEE THE FUN PARTY REINFORCED TODAY BY ONE SPECIALIST TWO TRAINED NURSES TWO YOUNG HARVARD MEN THREE FOLLIES GIRLS AND A MR AND MRS SMITH
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Lake Placid 27 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
CARE HARFWYTE SYOSSET
LONG ISLAND NY
PLEASE REPORT PROGRESS OF HOUSE PARTY DAILY WHO ON EARTH ARE MR AND MRS SMITH
JOHN HARFWYTE

Syosset 28 September

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
THEY DONT SEEM TO KNOW
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Lake Placid 29 September

MR AND MRS SMITH
CARE HARFWYTE SYOSSET
LONG ISLAND NY
FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY BUT WHO ASKED YOU TO STAY AT MY HOUSE
JOHN HARFWYTE

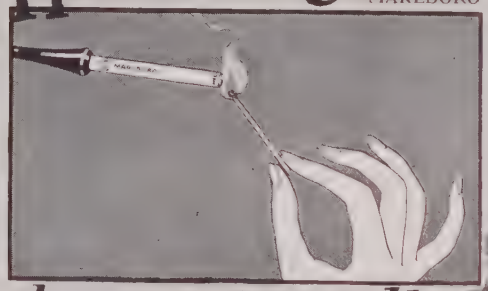
Lake Placid 30 September

ARTHUR FREEMAN
CARE HARFWYTE SYOSSET
LONG ISLAND NY
PLEASE HAVE SMITHS REMOVED
JOHN HARFWYTE

Syosset 1 October

JOHN HARFWYTE
LAKE PLACID NY
CALIFORNIAN AND FRIENDS HAVE DEPARTED IN HASTE WITH FOLLIES GIRLS STOP MOTHER AND DAUGHTER IN HIGH DUDGEON WITH RETINUE STOP MR AND MRS SMITH IN YOUR ROLLS ROYCE WITH ALL THE SILVER STOP AM STAYING ON
ARTHUR FREEMAN

Here's a cigarette
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that starts well—
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wins favor as you smoke—
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and ends by making a new friend every time





In One Short Year

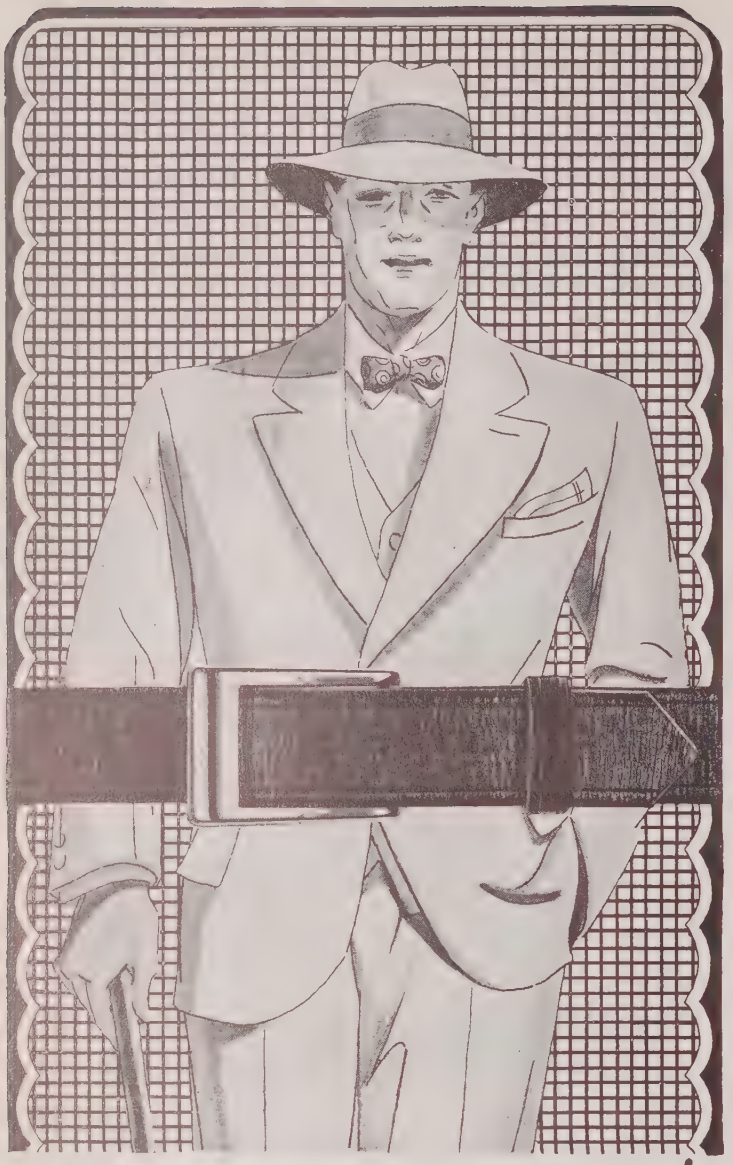
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"Live" Leather Belt

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

GENUINE LEATHER



Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 53)

I am. You aren't here just to make men mad at the sight of you! You are merely playing a practical joke on me to drive me completely out of my senses."

"It will be too late, go!"

Fridolin did not want to hear. "Will all these people take leave of each other with a kiss on the hand? It doesn't look like it."

And he pointed to a couple dancing to the mad melody of the piano in the glaring mirrored room—glowing bodies against blue, red and yellow silk. No one paid any heed to Fridolin now except the woman at his side: they were standing quite alone in the dark middle room.

"It's the last minute," she whispered. "Fly!"

"Come with me."

She shook her head vehemently, in utter despair.

Fridolin laughed again and did not recognize his laughter. "You tell me an untruth. Did these men and women come here to excite, then to cheat each other? Who can stop your leaving with me if you want to?"

She breathed deeply and bent her head.

"Ah, now I understand," he said, "this is a punishment you have meted out to those who come here uninvited. You couldn't have conceived a crueller one. Let me out, grant me a pardon. Punish me differently. Only don't make me go without you!"

"You're mad. I can't leave here with you, no more—than I could with anyone else. And whoever should try to follow me would forfeit his life."

Fridolin was as if drunk—not only because of her sweet-scented body and fiery red mouth; not only because of the devastating fear held by this room, or the voluptuous secrets surrounding him;—he was drunk and at the same time thirsty, with all the adventures of this night, none of which had reached a finale; drunk with himself, with his daring, with the change he felt in himself. And with his hand Fridolin touched the veil thrown about her head, as if to pull it off.

She grabbed his hands. "One night it occurred to someone to tear off a veil during a dance. The mask was torn from his face and he was whipped out of the room."

"And—she?"

"Perhaps you read of a beautiful young girl . . . it was only a few weeks ago . . . who took poison on her wedding day?"

He remembered, even the name. He mentioned it. Was it not a girl from a Royal House who was engaged to an Italian prince?

She nodded.

Suddenly one of the cavaliers stood before him, the noblest of them all, the only one in white; and with a short, polite, but curt bow, he claimed the woman Fridolin was talking to. It seemed to Fridolin as though she hesitated for a moment. But the other man had already taken her in his arms and danced away with her, joining the other couples in the bright hall.

Fridolin found himself alone and this sudden desertion came over him like a frost. He looked around. At this moment no one seemed concerned about him. Perhaps this was his last chance to escape unscathed. What still held him in this corner, where he could feel unseen and unnoticed? The disgrace of an inglorious and somewhat ridiculous retreat; the unstilled desire for the body, whose scent still lingered about him; or the thought that everything that had happened so far was possibly a test of his courage, and that the heavenly woman might be his prize? That he did not know himself. However, it was obvious to Fridolin that this anxiety was no longer bearable and that he had to make an end to it in the face of all possible danger. Whatever he resolved to do, it could not cost his life. Perhaps he was among madmen, perhaps among satyrs, certainly not among knaves or criminals. And the idea came to him of stepping forward to denounce himself as an intruder and to surrender himself up like a gentleman. Only thus with a noble gesture could this night end, if it was to mean more than a wild, ghastly succession of sombre, dreary, scurrilous and lustful adventures, none of which had been lived through to the end. And breathing more freely Fridolin prepared himself.

Just then someone beside him whispered: "Password!" A chevalier in black had joined him unexpectedly, and, since Fridolin did not reply immediately, he repeated the question. "Denmark," answered Fridolin.

"Quite so, my dear sir; that is the password for the outer door. The password of the house, if it is not too much trouble?"

Fridolin was silent.

"You won't be kind enough to give us the password of the house?" It sounded sharp like a knife.

Fridolin shrugged his shoulders. The chevalier in black stepped into the middle of the room, raised his hand, the piano stopped, the dance broke off. Two other cavaliers, one in yellow, the other in red, walked up. "Password?" they asked simultaneously.

"I've forgotten it," Fridolin replied, with an empty smile, feeling absolutely calm.

"That's too bad," said the man in yellow, "for here, it's all the same whether you've forgotten the password or whether *you never knew it.*"

The other men drew near. The doors on both sides were closed. Fridolin alone wore a cowl, in the midst of the gaily dressed cavaliers.

"Off with the mask!" they shouted as one man. As if for protection Fridolin stretched out his arms. It would be a thousand times worse to reveal his face amid all these masks, than suddenly to appear naked in a crowd of fully dressed people. And in a firm voice, he said: "If any one of the gentlemen feels offended by my appearance I stand ready to give satisfaction in the accepted fashion. But I will only remove my mask if all of you do likewise."

"It is not a question of satisfaction,

(Continued on page 134)



A Custom Car for Captains of Commerce

THE PRESIDENT
A Big Six Custom Sedan
(for seven)

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THE President is the first custom car ever exclusively created for the American business executive and christened in his honor.

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The interior of its low-swung custom body is luxuriously upholstered in broadcloth or Chase mohair with broadlace trim—and its equipment includes disc wheels, four-wheel brakes and a ventilating system (exclusively Studebaker) which insures fresh air without drafts or moisture.

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Pyorrhea seizes

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Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. This pleasant tasting dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly and wards off decay. Start using Forhan's at once. At all druggists', 35c and 60c in tubes.



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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 132)

but of punishment," said the cavalier in red, who had not spoken previously.

"Off with the mask!" another one ordered in a high pitched, insolent voice, which reminded Fridolin of the commanding tone of an officer. "We will tell you to your face what is in store for you, not to your mask."

"I will not take it off," said Fridolin in a still sharper tone, "and woe be to him who dares to touch me."

An arm reached out as if to tear off the mask, when suddenly a door opened and one of the women—Fridolin could not doubt which one—stood dressed in her nun's robe, as he had first seen her. Behind her, in the glaringly lighted room, were the others, unclothed, with their faces veiled, huddled close together, silent, a panicky flock. But the door closed immediately.

"Let him go," said the nun, "I am ready to go his bond."

A short ominous silence, as if something terrible had happened. Then the black cavalier, who first asked Fridolin for the password, said to the nun: "Do you know what you are bringing on yourself?"

"I know it."

A deep sigh went around the room.

"You are free," said the cavalier to Fridolin. "Leave this house without further delay and do not dare to inquire into our secrets. You have brazenly crossed our threshold. If you should try to put anyone on our trail, successfully or not—you are doomed."

Fridolin stood rigid. "How can this woman go my bond?" he asked.

No answer. Arms pointed to the door, a signal that he should go immediately.

Fridolin shook his head. "Do with me what you will, gentlemen, I will not allow another human being to be accountable for me."

"Nothing you could do," said the black cavalier softly, "could alter the destiny of this woman. If a promise is once given here there is no taking it back."

The nun nodded slowly, in confirmation of this. "Go!" she said to Fridolin.

"No," he answered, raising his voice. "Life is worthless if I leave here without you. Where you come from, who you are—that I do not ask. What can it matter to you, unknown gentlemen, whether you finish this carnival comedy—even if it is supposed to be serious—or not. Whoever you may be, gentlemen, in any case you lead double lives. I, however, do not play comedy, not even here, and, if I have involuntarily done so up to now, I stop immediately. I feel that I have wandered into a fate which has nothing to do with this masquerade. I will tell you my name, I will take off my mask and I will take all the consequences."

"Beware!" exclaimed the nun, "you will only ruin yourself without saving me! Go!" And to the others, "Here I am, for all of you!"

The dark gown fell from her as if by magic and in the glory of her white body she stood there. She reached for the veil wound about her forehead, hair and neck, and with a lovely sweeping movement she unwound it. It sank to the floor, dark hair fell over her shoulders, breasts and thighs—but before Fridolin could catch a glimpse of her face, he was grabbed by powerful arms, torn away and pushed towards the door; a moment later he found himself in the foyer, the door behind him closed. A masked servant brought him his fur coat, helped him into it and the house door opened. As if pursued by an invisible force, Fridolin rushed out. He stood on the street, the light behind him went out. Turning around, he saw the house standing silent, with barred windows through which no light shone. I must remember this spot exactly, was his first thought. I must find this house again, the rest will be easy.

Night surrounded him. Some distance above him where the carriage was supposed to wait, a lantern glowed dimly. From the depths of the street, the funereal carriage drove although he did not hail it. A servant opened the door.

"I have my own cab," said Fridolin. The servant shook his head. Fridolin added, "If it has left, I will walk back to town."

The servant dismissed this remark with a gesture so little like that of a servant, that it left Fridolin no other course. The coachman's top-hat extended ridiculously up into the night. The wind was blowing strongly, across the sky flew violet clouds. After his previous experience, Fridolin saw plainly that there was nothing to do but step into the carriage which started immediately.

Fridolin resolved to begin to investigate his adventure as soon as possible and in the face of all danger. His existence, or so it appeared to him, had lost all point if he could not succeed in finding the mysterious woman, who, at this very hour, was paying the price of his salvation. What price was easy to guess. What cause had she to sacrifice herself for him? To sacrifice—was she, after all, a woman to whom that which confronted her, that which she was allowing to happen, was a sacrifice? Since she had come to this gathering what was its significance to her? It could not have been the first time, for she knew a great deal about its customs. One of the cavaliers or all—a matter of indifference? Yes, could she be anything else but a courtesan? Could all these women be anything else? Courtesans—no doubt. Even if they all had some double, so to speak bourgeois, existence, this one was, after all, the life of a courtesan. And perhaps what he had experienced was nothing but a cruel joke they had played on him? A joke, which had been planned, prepared, even rehearsed, in the event that an uninitiate should sneak in? And yet, as he recalled to his mind this woman who had warned him from the very beginning, who was now ready to sacrifice herself for him, there was something about her which could not possibly be a lie—in her voice, in her manner, in the majesty of her body. Or was it only his, Fridolin's, sudden appearance

(Continued on page 138)

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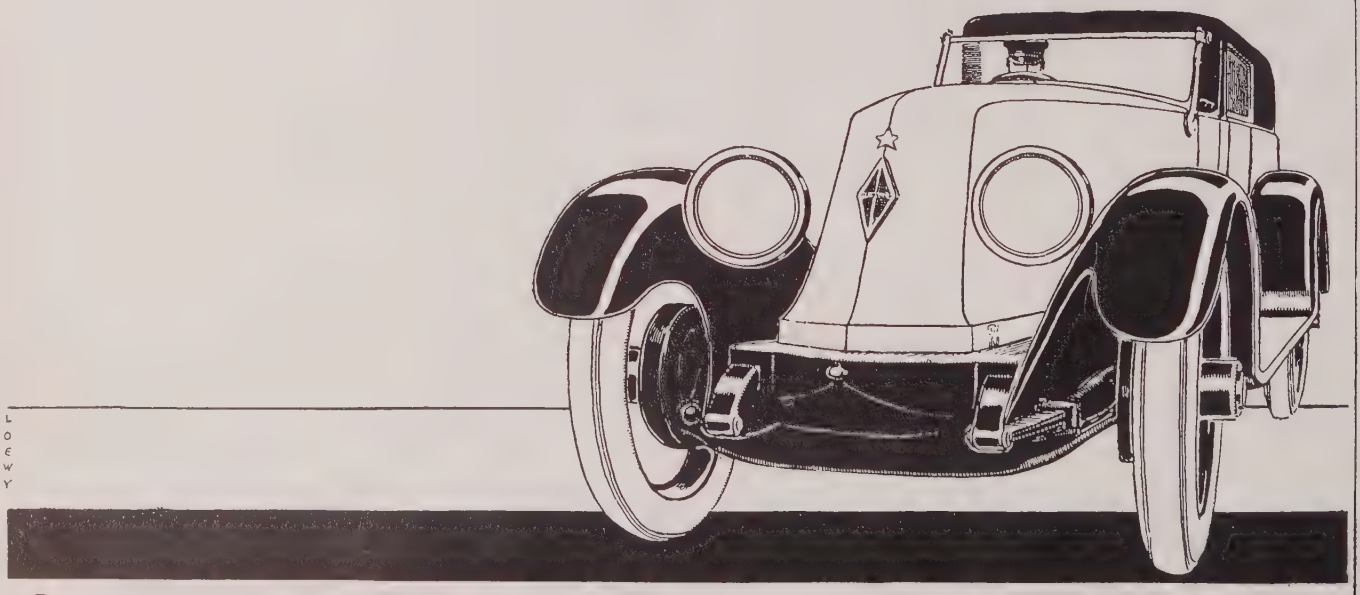
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Here's good news for you—

It's a fact: Listerine, the safe antiseptic, and dandruff simply do not get along together. Many were incredulous when we first announced this. But the word is fast going around from the lips of those who have found how wonderfully it works.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease and that annoying white shower on dark clothes is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—falling hair, possibly baldness.

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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 134)

which had so miraculously changed her? After all that he had encountered this night, he did not even think such a miracle impossible—and he felt that this thought was not a conceit. Perhaps there are hours, nights, he thought, when men who ordinarily have no particular power over the opposite sex breathe forth a strange, irresistible charm?

The carriage moved on up the hill. In the ordinary course of events, it would have turned into the main road long before. What was being planned against him? Where was the carriage taking him? Was the comedy to have a sequel? And what kind? Explanation, perhaps? A gay reunion somewhere else? Reward for successfully passing a test? Admission to the secret society? Undisturbed possession of the marvelous nun—? The windows of the carriage were shut. Fridolin tried to look out and found them opaque. He tried to open the windows, right, left; it was impossible; and just as opaque, just as tightly shut, was the glass between him and the driver's seat. He knocked on the panes, shouted, yelled; the carriage kept on going. He tried to open the doors, right, left; they did not budge under his pressure. His repeated shouting was lost in the rumble of the wheels, in the whistling of the wind. The cab began to jog along, went downhill, faster and faster. Fridolin, restless, terrorized, was about to break one of the opaque windows, when the carriage suddenly stopped. Both doors opened simultaneously, as if by a mechanism, as if ironically Fridolin now had to choose between right and left. He jumped out, the floors slammed shut, —and the carriage drove away, through an open field, into the night, and the coachman paid not the slightest heed to Fridolin.

The sky was dark, the clouds chased by, the wind whistled. Fridolin was standing in the snow, which spread a pale light about him, standing alone with his fur coat open over his cowl, the pilgrim's hat on his head, and he had a feeling of weirdness. At a distance ran the main highway. A procession of dim flickering street-lights pointed the direction to the city. Fridolin, to make a short cut, ran straight across the slightly sloping, snow-covered field, to be among men as quickly as possible. With wet feet he reached a small, almost dark, lane, for a while walked between high wooden fences, creaking in the stormy wind; round the next corner Fridolin entered a somewhat wider street, where occasional small houses alternated with empty lots. From a church tower, it struck three o'clock. Someone approached, in a short jacket, hands in pockets, head drawn between shoulders, hat down over the face. Fridolin prepared to be attacked, but unexpectedly the stranger turned and ran. What could this mean? Fridolin asked himself. Then he realized that he probably looked strange enough, took the pilgrim's hat off, buttoned his coat, under which the monk's robe fluttered about his ankles. Again he turned a corner—into a suburban main highway; a man in peasant's dress passed him and greeted him as one salutes a priest. The ray of an arclight fell across a street sign on a corner house. *Liebhartstal*,—not a great distance from the house he had left scarcely an hour before. For a moment he was tempted to make his way back and to wait near the house for further developments, but he gave that thought up immediately, realizing that he would only find himself in worse danger and would come no nearer a solution of the puzzle. The thought of what was happening at this moment in the villa filled him with fury, despair, shame, terror. This feeling was so unbearable that Fridolin almost regretted that the tramp he had met had not attacked him, yes, almost regretted that he was not now lying along the wooden fence in the forlorn street with a knife thrust between his ribs. In this way the senseless night, with its trite, broken-off adventures, would have had at least some sort of meaning. To return home, as he was about to do, appeared positively ridiculous. But everything was not lost. Tomorrow was another day. He vowed not to rest until the woman, whose blazing beauty had intoxicated him, was found again. And only now he thought of Albertine,—but only as if she too had to be conquered, as if she must not be his again until he had deceived her with all the others of this night, with the mysterious beauty, with *Pierrette*, with Marianne, with the little Mizzi of the narrow street. And should he not also try to find the bold student who had bumped against him and challenge him to swords, or better yet, to pistols? What did another life, what did his own life matter? Was one to risk it only for duty, for sacrifice, never for a mood, for passion or simply to challenge fate?!

And again it occurred to him that possibly he already carried the germ of a deadly disease in his body. Wasn't it silly to die because a child sick with diphtheria had coughed in one's face? Perhaps he was already sick. Didn't he have fever? Wasn't he at this moment at home in bed, —and all that which he had thought he had lived through, nothing but delirium?!

Fridolin opened his eyes as wide as possible, stroked his cheek and forehead, felt his pulse. Hardly quickened. Everything in order. He was wide awake enough.

He went along the highway toward the city. A few market wagons came up behind him, rumbled by. Now and then he met poorly-dressed people, for whom the day was just beginning. Behind the window of a *café*, was a table over which a gas flame flickered. A fat man with a scarf about his neck was sitting there, his head in his hands, asleep. The houses were still in darkness, a window was lighted here and there. Fridolin imagined he felt the way men feel who begin to wake up, felt as though he saw them stretch in their beds and get ready for their poor miserable day. There was one ahead of him too, but not

(Continued on page 140)



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LINING SATINS with a durability found in no other silk fabric—so uniform in quality that the world recognizes them as *standard*—so rich in appearance that fashion prescribes them in all well-tailored garments—*Skinner's Satins.*

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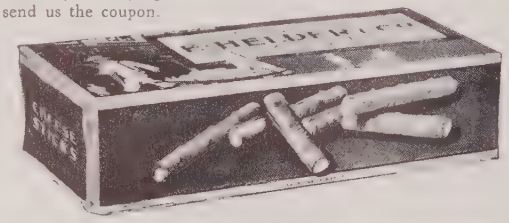
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Shipping Directions: .....

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 138)

poor and drab. And, with a peculiar beating of the heart, Fridolin became joyously conscious that only a few hours later, in his white linen coat, he would be walking between the beds of his patients. At the next corner stood a horse cab, the driver asleep. Fridolin waked him, gave him his address and stepped in.

It was four in the morning when Fridolin went up the stairs to his apartment. First he went into his office, carefully locked the costume in a chest of drawers, and, since he did not want to awaken Albertine, took off his shoes and clothes before entering the bedroom. He switched on the dim night lamp, carefully. Albertine lay quietly, her arms folded behind her neck. Her lips were half open, surrounded by painful shadows; this was a countenance Fridolin did not know. He leaned over Albertine's forehead which contracted immediately as if shrinking from a touch; her expression became oddly distorted; and, still asleep, she laughed so shrilly that Fridolin was shocked. Involuntarily he called her name. She laughed again as if answering him, in a completely strained, almost uncanny way. Again and louder Fridolin called her. Now she opened her eyes slowly, painfully, wide; stared at him as if she did not recognize him.

"Albertine!" he called for the third time. Only now she seemed to regain her senses. An expression of repulsion, of fear, of terror was in her eyes. She raised her arms futilely and despairingly, her mouth remained open.

"What is the matter with you?" Fridolin asked breathlessly.

And, since she still stared at him in terror, he added, consolingly: "It's I, Albertine." She breathed deeply, tried to smile, let her arms fall on the blanket and, as from afar, she asked: "Is it morning?"

"Soon," Fridolin replied. "It is past four o'clock. I just came home."

She was silent. He proceeded: "The *Hofrat* is dead. He was dying already when I came,—and, of course, I could not—leave the relatives alone."

She nodded, seeming hardly to have heard or understood, stared through him into space and it seemed to Fridolin—ridiculous as the thought appeared at the moment—as if she knew what he had lived through this night. He bent over her and touched her forehead. She trembled slightly. "What's the matter with you?" he asked again.

She only shook her head slowly. He stroked her hair. "Albertine, what's the matter with you?"

"I dreamed," she said vaguely.

"What did you dream?" he asked mildly.

"Oh, so much, I can't remember it clearly."

"Perhaps you can."

"It was so confused—and I am so tired. And you must be tired too."

"Not at all, Albertine; I don't think I shall sleep any more. You know that when I come home late—it would be better if I sat down immediately at my desk—in these early morning hours—" He interrupted himself. "But wouldn't you rather tell me your dream?" He smiled somewhat forcedly.

She answered, "You ought to lie down a little."

He hesitated for a while, then complied with her wish and stretched out at her side, but he was careful not to touch her. A sword between us, he thought, remembering a similar remark half-jocular which he had made some time ago, on a similar occasion. They were both silent, lay with open eyes, felt each other's nearness, felt how far away they were from each other. After a while he leaned his head on his arm, looked at her for a long time, as if he could see more than the mere outline of her face.

"Your dream!" he said suddenly, once more, and it was as if she had been waiting for his request. She stretched out her hand to him; he took it and from force of habit, more absent-mindedly than tenderly, played with her slim fingers. But she began:

"Do you still remember the tiny room in the cottage on the *Wörthersee* where I lived with my parents the summer we became engaged?"

He nodded.

"That is how the dream began. I dreamed that I stepped into the tiny room, I don't know from where—like an actress onto a stage. I only knew that my parents were on a journey and had left me alone. I was surprised, for our wedding was supposed to take place the next day. But the bridal gown had not yet arrived. Or was I mistaken, perhaps? I opened the closet to look for it, and, instead of the bridal gown, I found a lot of other clothes, costumes, operatic and gorgeous, Oriental costumes. Which one was I supposed to wear for the wedding, I wondered. Then, all of a sudden, the closet closed again or disappeared, I don't remember. The room was quite light. But outside before the windows it was still dark night. . . . All at once you stood before me; galley-slaves had rowed you over; I saw them disappear in the darkness. You were clothed in gorgeous robes, in gold and silk. You had a dagger in a silver girdle at your side and lifted me from the window. I, too, was now marvelously dressed, like a princess. We both stood in the open, in the dusk, and a thin gray mist rose up about our ankles. It was the countryside we were both familiar with: there was a lake, before us the mountains. I saw the cottages as well. They looked as if they had come in a box of toys. We two, however, you and I, were floating—no, we were flying over the mist, and I thought: So this is our wedding trip. But soon we did not fly any more, we went along a path in the forest which led to the *Elisabethhöhe*, and suddenly we found ourselves high up on the mountain in a sort of clearing which was surrounded on three sides by woods, while at the back rose a steep wall of rock. Over us was a starry sky, so blue and widespread it was unreal, and this was the ceiling of our bridal chamber. You took me into your arms and loved me very much."

(Continued on page 142)



Johnston's Cavalier Package

Here's Candy Glorified—

Kingly sweets made more enticing in The Cavalier Package . . . Johnston's newest creation . . . Fashioned in metal . . . finished in red and gold . . . colored exquisitely . . . inviting! And what enticement lies within! Goodness of a generation's standing. Rare and delightful sweetbits—satiny chocolate, deftly molded with delicacies from world ports—incomparably delicious. Worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

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PRESS THE TRIGGER —there's your light

Startling in its simplicity, in its precision, is the Douglass Lighter. Dealers are just now showing it. See it today.

In corners where smart smokers gather, raised eyebrows have lately been replaced by open mouthed admiration—over a new lighter.

For certain enlightened ones display upon occasion a shiny bit of silver, gold or leather covered ingenuity. They lift no gadgets, thumb no sooty wheels but, merely pressing a trigger, produce a flame which they offer with an aggravating air of superiority.

Joy has gone from the lives of chronic jokesters who smirked while one thumbed and perspired over some trick lighter that "usually works."

Silent now are those who taunted, "Here's a match"—like earlier of their ilk who shouted, "Get a horse."

But they may be seen, one by one, inquiring at tobacconist's or jeweler's for the new Douglass Lighter.

A fascinating device indeed, needing scant attention yet serving faithfully. Sized to fit vest pocket or vanity with equal grace. And worthy of the praise its cleverness brings.



An ideal gift, withal, and so new there's no better time than now to add it to some smoker friend's cherished possessions.

Pardon us a moment while we talk to your dealer

Unlike any other lighter ever offered, simple in its design, perfect in its workmanship, the Douglass Lighter will be in great demand by your customers.

Write or wire to Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago for an assortment. There's no time to waste for Christmas is almost upon us, you know. The Douglass Co.

The Douglass Lighter

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HARGRAFT

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 140)

"I hope you loved me, too," Fridolin said with a scarcely perceptible, bitter smile.

"I believe, much more than you loved me," replied Albertine seriously. "How am I to explain that to you—in spite of the most fervent embraces, our tenderness was quite melancholy, weighed down by a sense of impending sorrow. All of a sudden it was morning. The meadow was light and gay, the forest around was fragrant with dew, and over the rocky wall sunbeams trembled. And we two were supposed to go back into the world, among men. It was time for us to do so. But something terrible had happened. Our clothes were gone. An incomparable terror seized me. I burned to my very soul with shame. At the same time I was angry with you, as if you alone were responsible for what had happened. I experienced terror, shame, fury not to be compared in intensity to anything I had ever felt while awake. You, however, conscious of your guilt, ran away, naked as you were, to go down and get us clothes. And when you were gone I felt quite relieved about you. I did not pity you or worry. I was only glad that I was alone. I ran happily around the meadow and sang—the dance melody which we had heard at the *Redoute*. My voice sounded beautiful, and I wished they could have heard me as far as the city. I did not see the town, but I knew where it was. It lay deep down below me and was surrounded by a high wall; quite a fantastic city, which I wouldn't be able to describe. Not Oriental, not quite old German, and yet now one and then the other, at any rate a town of a type long since gone. Suddenly I lay stretched out on the grass in the sun,—much more beautiful than I ever was in reality, and, while I lay there, a man stepped from the woods, a young man in a light, modern suit. He looked, as I realize now, like the Dane of whom I told you yesterday. He went his way, greeted me very politely as he passed, paid no further attention to me, went directly towards the rocky wall and examined it carefully as if thinking how to get over it. At the same time I saw you, too. In the city in the valley you were rushing from house to house, from store to store, now under arcades, now in a sort of Turkish bazaar, and you were buying the most beautiful things you could find for me: clothes, lingerie, shoes, jewels;—and all that you put into a small yellow leather handbag in which, somehow, there was room for everything. All the time, however, you were being pursued by a mob which I could not see—I heard only the hollow, threatening howling. And now the other one appeared again, the Dane, who had remained standing before the rocky wall. Again he came toward me from the forest and I knew that meanwhile he had wandered around the entire world. He looked different, but it was the same man. He stopped before the rocky wall as he had done before, disappeared again, came once more out of the forest, disappeared, came out of the forest; this was repeated twice or three times, maybe a hundred times. It was always the other one. Each time he greeted me as he passed. Finally he stopped in front of me and looked searchingly at me. I laughed seductively, as I had never laughed before in my life; he stretched his arms out for me; I wanted to flee, but I could not,—and he sank down beside me on the grass."

She stopped. Fridolin's throat was dry. In the darkness of the room he became aware that Albertine was hiding her face in her hands.

"Strange dream," he said. "Is that the end?" And when she said no: "Why don't you go on?"

"It is not so easy," she began again. "It is hardly possible to express these things in words. Well—I felt as if I had lived untold days and nights; there was neither time nor space, nor did I see myself any more in the clearing surrounded by forest and rock. I was on a broad, unending, widely stretched plain, gay with flowers, which spread out on all sides to the horizon. I had not been for a long time—odd: this 'for a long time'!—alone with this particular man. But whether there were three or ten or a thousand couples beside me, whether I saw them distinctly or not, whether I belonged only to one group or to several, I could not say. But even as the emotions of terror and shame are more poignant than anything else imaginable while awake, so I am sure that there is nothing in our conscious existence to equal the utter relief, the freedom, the happiness, which I came to feel in this dream. And yet I did not forget you for a single instant. Yes, I saw you, saw you, as you were captured, by soldiers, I believe; there were also clergymen there; someone, a gigantic man, tied your hands, and I knew that you were to be killed. I realized it, but felt no terror, no pity, from afar. They led you into a court, the court of a castle. You were standing with your hands tied behind you, and naked. And as I saw you, although I was in another place, you saw me too, and the man who held me in his arms as well—and all the other couples. In this endless flow of bodies around me, I and the man who held me were no more than one wave. While you were standing in the court of the castle, a young woman with a diadem in her hair and a purple mantle appeared at one of the high windows. She was the reigning Princess. She looked down at you with a severe, questioning glance. You were standing alone—the others, a mass of them, stood to one side, pressed against the walls. I heard a nasty, threatening murmur and whispering. Then the Princess leaned over the rampart. It grew quiet, and she signaled to you, as if she were ordering you to come up to her, and I knew that she had determined to pardon you. But you seemed not to notice her glance, or seemed not to want to notice it. Suddenly, with your hands still tied, you stood opposite her, in a black cloak. Not in a room, but somehow floating in the open air. She had a parchment in her hand,

(Continued on page 146)



At the Yale Bowl—Berg Hats head the crowd of well-dressed men



The New BERGSTER—*A favorite autumn hat by Berg (featured), priced at $7.*

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STRONG-HEWAT VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS

Alex Hacker
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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 142)

your death-sentence, on which your guilt and the reasons for the decree were inscribed. She asked you—I could not hear the actual words but I sensed them—whether you would become her lover, if she had the death-sentence revoked. You shook your head. I was not surprised, for this seemed the proper thing to do and could not have been otherwise. You had to keep faith with me in the face of all danger and through all Eternity. Then the Princess shrugged her shoulders, whisked into space; and I saw you suddenly in a subterranean cellar, whips lashing you, but I could not see the people who beat you. The blood ran down your body in streams; I saw it flow, and was conscious of a cruel feeling without being surprised. The Princess stepped up to you. Her hair was down and flowing around her naked body. She was holding the diadem in her hands before you—and I realized that she was the girl from the Danish beach whom you saw one morning, naked, on a bath-house walk. She spoke no word, but she was there, silently to ask whether you wanted to become her husband and the ruler of the country. And when you again refused, she suddenly disappeared, and at the same time I saw them building a cross for you;—not below in the court of the castle, no, in the flowery meadow, where I rested in the arms of my lover, among the other couples. And I saw you passing through the old streets, without any guard, and yet I knew that your path was predestined and flight was utterly impossible. You came up the woody path. I awaited you anxiously, but without the slightest pity. Your body was covered with scars, but they no longer bled. You ascended higher, the path grew wider, the forest receded on both sides, and I saw you standing at the edge of a meadow, a tremendous, incredible distance away. But you smiled to me with your eyes, as if to tell me that you had fulfilled my wish and brought me everything that I needed:—clothes and shoes and jewels. But I considered your behaviour unbelievably stupid and nonsensical, and I was tempted to mock you, to laugh into your face,—and because you had, for my sake, refused the hand of a Princess, suffered tortures and now had stumbled up here to suffer a still more terrible death, I ran to meet you; you were walking at a faster pace—I began to float, you too were swimming in the air; but suddenly we vanished from each other's sight; and I knew we had flown past each other. Then I wanted you at least to have heard my laughter, while they crucified you.—And so I laughed, as shrilly, as loudly as I could. That was the laughter, Fridolin, which woke me up."

She stopped and remained motionless. He did not stir nor speak. At this moment any word would have appeared feeble, lying, cowardly. The further she went with her story the more ridiculous and unimportant appeared Fridolin's own adventures to him, as far as they had gone. He vowed to himself to live them all through to a *finale*, then to tell Albertine everything, thus revenging himself on this woman who had revealed herself in a dream as she really was, faithless, cruel and treacherous, whom he now believed he hated more deeply than he had ever loved her.

Fridolin noticed that he still held her fingers in his hands and felt an unchanged, only more painful, tenderness for those slim, cool, familiar fingers; and automatically, quite involuntarily, before he released the familiar hand, he touched it tenderly with his lips.

Albertine did not open her eyes. Fridolin thought he noticed that her mouth, her forehead, her entire face smiled with a happy, transformed expression of innocence, and he felt an inexplicable desire to bend over Albertine, and to impress a kiss on her pale brow. But he desisted, thinking that it was only a natural reaction to the stirring adventures of the last few hours, which seemed, in the deceptive atmosphere of the bedroom, to be a longing tenderness.

But however Fridolin felt at the moment—whatever resolutions he might make in the course of the next few hours, the urgent command of the present was, for a while at least, to drown his thoughts in sleep and forgetfulness. He had even slept during the night following the death of his mother, had slept, slept deeply and dreamlessly, and should he not do as much tonight? And he lay down at Albertine's side. She had already fallen asleep again. A sword between us, again the thought came to him. And then: like deadly enemies we lie here side by side. But it was merely a phrase remembered.

The soft knocking of the maid woke Fridolin at seven o'clock. He glanced quickly at Albertine. Sometimes, not always, this knocking woke her too. Today, she slept on, motionless, too motionless. Fridolin dressed quickly. Before leaving he felt a desire to see his little daughter. She was resting quietly in her white bed, her tiny fists clenched in the manner of children. He kissed her on the forehead. And once again on tip-toe he went to the door of the bedroom where Albertine was still sleeping motionless. Then he left. In his black handbag, carefully packed away, he carried a cowl and a pilgrim's hat. He had mapped out the program for the day very carefully, rather dogmatically. First came a visit, quite nearby, to a young lawyer who was rather seriously ill. Fridolin examined him very carefully, found him somewhat better, expressed his satisfaction; honestly pleased, he marked the old prescription with the usual repeat. Then he went directly to the house where, the night before, Nachtigall had played the piano in the cellar. The place was still closed, but, in the *café* upstairs, the cashier knew that Nachtigall lived in a small hotel in the *Leopoldstadt*. A quarter of an hour later Fridolin drove up before the door. It was a miserable tavern. In the vestibule there was an odour of unmade beds, rancid fat and chickory. A repulsive looking porter with red-rimmed, shifting eyes, always prepared for questioning by the police, readily gave information. Mr. Nachtigall had

(Continued on page 148)

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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 146)

come home at five this morning in the company of two gentlemen who hid their faces with their scarfs, probably intentionally. While Nachtigall went to his room, the two men paid his bill for the last two weeks; when, after a half hour, Nachtigall had not reappeared, one of the gentlemen went up to fetch him, and then the three of them left for the railway station. Nachtigall seemed very excited. Yes—why shouldn't he tell such an amiable gentleman the whole truth—he had tried to slip the porter a letter but the two gentlemen had immediately interfered. Letters for Mr. Nachtigall—so the two gentlemen said—would be called for by an authorized person. Fridolin was glad that he carried his doctor's bag when he left the house; nobody would take him for a tenant of this hotel but rather for an official. So there was nothing to be done as far as Nachtigall was concerned for the time being. One had to be careful, very likely with reason.

Then he drove to the costumer's. Mr. Gibiser himself opened. "I am returning the costume I hired," Fridolin said, "and want to pay my bill." Mr. Gibiser mentioned a small sum, took the money, and entered it in a big ledger, looking up at Fridolin somewhat surprised when the latter showed no apparent intention of departing.

"I am also here," Fridolin said, in the tone of a district attorney, "to say a word about your daughter."

Gibiser's nostrils quivered;—annoyance, contempt, anger, one couldn't say which.

"What do you mean?" he asked in uncertain tones.

"Last night you mentioned," Fridolin said, leaning with one hand on the desk, "that your daughter was not quite sane. The episode we participated in might lend evidence to that belief. After all, since chance made me somewhat of an onlooker of a strange scene, I suggest, Mr. Gibiser, that you consult a physician."

Gibiser, revolving an unusually long penholder in his hand, with an unabashed look, measured Fridolin with his glance.

"And you, as a doctor, would perhaps be good enough to take the case?"

"I would thank you not to put words in my mouth," replied Fridolin curtly, but somewhat hoarsely, "words that I have not spoken."

At this moment the door leading to the interior of the apartment opened and a young man entered, his overcoat unbuttoned, over his dress suit. Fridolin knew immediately that it was one of the Knights of the *Feme* of the previous night. No doubt, he came from *Pierrette's* room. He seemed embarrassed when he saw Fridolin, regained his composure immediately, however, greeted Gibiser with a casual wave of the hand, lit a cigarette from a box of matches standing on the desk, and left the room.

"I see," Fridolin remarked, the corners of his mouth trembling disparagingly and with a bitterness in his voice.

"What do you mean, sir?" Gibiser asked quite unmoved.

"In other words you did not, Mr. Gibiser," and purposely Fridolin let his glance wander from the entrance door to the other one, through which the Knight of the *Feme* had entered, "you did not call the police."

"We arranged matters differently, Doctor," said Gibiser coolly and rose as if to terminate the interview. Fridolin turned to go, Gibiser opened the door politely for him and with an immobile face he said: "If you should need anything else again . . . not necessarily a cowl."

Fridolin slammed the door shut behind him. That's over, he thought with a feeling of anger which he himself realized was too strong. He rushed down the stairs, made his way slowly to the Polyclinic, and from there rang up his home to ask whether a patient had sent for him, whether mail had arrived, whether there was any other news. The maid had hardly answered his questions, when Albertine herself came to the telephone and talked to Fridolin. She repeated everything the maid had already said, then she told him casually that she had just got up and now was about to have breakfast with the child. "Give her a kiss from me," said Fridolin, "and enjoy your breakfast."

Her voice had done him good and for this very reason he hung up quickly. He originally had intended to ask what Albertine planned for the morning but what business was that of his? In the depths of his soul he was through with Albertine, however their everyday life might go on. The blonde nurse helped him into his white operating coat. While doing so she smiled a bit at him, as all women smile, whether you are interested in them or not.

A few minutes later Fridolin was in the ward. The chief physician had informed him that he had to leave unexpectedly for a consultation, the assistants were to make their rounds alone. Fridolin was quite happy when followed by the students, he went from bed to bed, examined patients, wrote prescriptions, talked shop with the assistants and nurses. There was some news. The journeyman locksmith Karl Roedel had died that night. Dissection this afternoon at five o'clock. In the woman's ward a bed had been empty but was filled again. The woman from bed seven had to be transferred to the operating division. Meanwhile personal questions, too, were aired. The appointment for the eye-ward was to be decided the day after tomorrow. Huegelmann, now professor in Marburg, only four years ago assistant to Stellwag, had the best chance. Meteoric career, thought Fridolin. I shall never be a candidate for director of one of the divisions, simply because I have never been an instructor. Too late. Why, after all? If I started scientific experiments again, or resumed my earlier researches more earnestly. A private practice leaves time enough.

He asked Doctor Fuchstaler to conduct the clinic, and was forced to confess to himself that he would rather have stayed than have gone to the *Galizin* Hill. And yet, it had

(Continued on page 150)

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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 148)

be. This was not the only matter that had to be followed up; several other things had to be taken care of today. And so Fridolin resolved to entrust even his evening's work to Doctor Fuchstaler, to be prepared for all emergencies. The young girl in the last bed with her consumptive cough smiled at him. She was the same one who, the other day during an examination, had pressed her breasts so trustingly against his cheek. Fridolin returned her glance darkly and turned away frowning. They are all alike, he thought bitterly, and Albertine is like the rest—she is the worst of all. We must separate. It can never be all right again.

On the stairs, he exchanged a few words with a colleague from the surgical ward. Well, how was it with the woman who had been transferred during the night? He, personally, did not think an operation absolutely essential. They should not forget to inform him of the results of the histological examination.

"Of course, *Kollega*."

At the corner he took a cab. He pretended to look some address up in his note-book—a ridiculous comedy played for the benefit of the driver, as if he had to decide in which direction to go. "To *Ottakring*," he said, "the street towards the *Galizin* Hill. I'll tell you where to stop."

In the carriage, he felt excitement, mingled longing and pain, a guilty feeling because he had scarcely given a thought to his deliverer during the last few hours. Would it be possible to find the house? Well that could not be particularly difficult. The question was only: what then? Notify the police? This might have evil consequences, particularly for the woman who had sacrificed herself for him, or who had at least been ready to sacrifice herself. Or was he to hire a private detective? This seemed rather banal and unworthy. But what else to do? He had neither the time nor probably the talent to make the necessary investigation skilfully.—A secret society? Well, yes, surely secret. But they knew each other? Aristocrats, perhaps, gentlemen of the court? He thought of certain Archdukes who would be capable of such pranks. And the ladies? probably . . . recruited from brothels. Well that was by no means certain. Certainly selected types. But the woman who had sacrificed herself for him? Sacrificed? Why did he really always imagine that she had been a victim? A comedy. Of course, the whole thing had been a comedy. He ought to be glad to have escaped so cheaply. To be sure, he had behaved admirably. The gentlemen surely had noticed that he had not been just anyone. And she had noticed it too. Probably she liked him better than all these Archdukes, or whatever they might have been.

At the end of the *Liebhartstal* district, where the road definitely begins to rise, Fridolin got out and cautiously sent the carriage back. The sky was pale blue, fleeced with white clouds, and the sun was spring-warm. He looked back—nothing suspicious was in sight. No cab, no pedestrian. Slowly he climbed the hill. The overcoat was heavy; Fridolin took it off and threw it around his shoulders. He reached the point where, to the right, the side-road, on which the ominous house stood, should branch off; he could not miss it; the road led downwards, but by no means as steeply as it had seemed while driving that night. A quiet street. In one of the front gardens were roses, carefully wrapped in straw, in the next one he saw a baby-carriage; a little boy dressed in blue was pushing it to and fro, from the window on the ground floor a young woman looked laughingly on. Then came an empty plot, and here, no doubt—, was the house he was looking for. It surely did not look pretentious or marvelous,—a mere two-story cottage in modest Empire style which obviously had not been renovated in a long time. The green shades were lowered in every window; there was nothing to suggest that the cottage might be inhabited. Fridolin looked all around. Nobody was to be seen on the entire street; far below, two boys with books under their arms were walking in the opposite direction. And what now? Simply walk back? This would have appeared ridiculous. He looked for the electric button. And if they opened the door, what was he to say? Well, quite simple—was this pretty cottage not for rent for the summer? The door, however, opened, and an old servant in simple morning livery came out and walked slowly down the path towards the garden gate. He held a letter in his hand which, through the fence, he silently gave to Fridolin. His heart beat loudly.

"For me?" he asked hesitatingly. The servant nodded, went in; the house-door shut behind him. What does this mean? Fridolin asked himself. Perhaps from her? Perhaps it is she who owns this house—? Quickly he went up the street again; until now he had not noticed that his name was on the envelope in bold, impressive letters. At the corner he opened the letter, unfolded one leaf and read: "Give up your investigations which are absolutely to no purpose and consider these words as a second warning. We hope in your interest that other will not be necessary." He let the paper drop.

The message disappointed him in every respect; at any rate it was different from the one he had foolishly thought possible. The tone, however, was reserved, quite without sharpness. It denoted that the people who sent the message did not feel any too sure of themselves.

Second warning? How so? Oh yes, the night before he had received the first one. But why second—and not last? Did they want to test his courage once more? Was he to pass a test? And how did they know his name? Well, that was not so extraordinary, after all; they probably had forced Nachtigall to betray it. And besides—he smiled over his absentmindedness—his initials and exact address were sewed in the lining of his fur coat.

But even if he had made no further progress, the letter had visibly calm-

(Continued on page 154)



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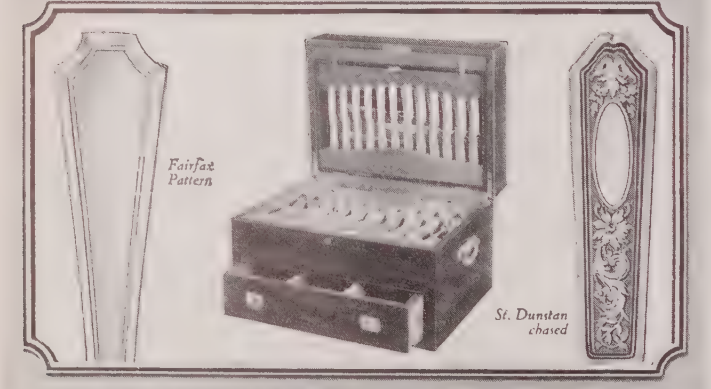
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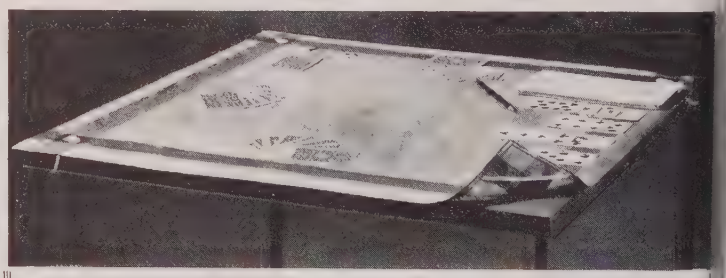


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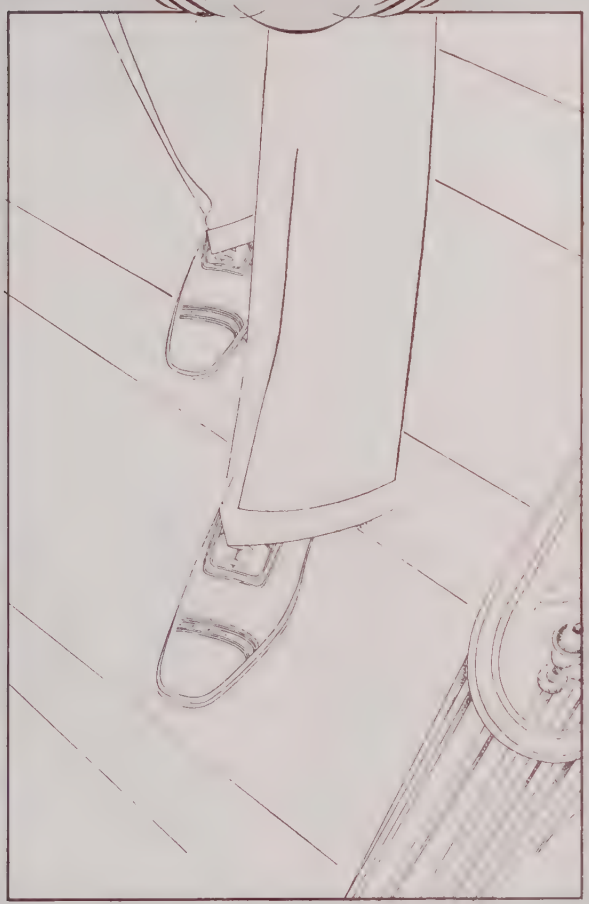
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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 150)

Fridolin—why he could not quite tell. He was particularly sure that the woman for whose fate he had felt anxiety was still alive, and that it was up to him to find her,—and he could if he went about it with caution and shrewdness.

But he was somewhat tired, even if in a peculiarly relieved mood which he nevertheless felt to be treacherous. When he reached home Albertine and the child had already had their lunch, but kept him company while he took his meal. She was sitting opposite him—she who during the night had quietly permitted him to be beaten and crucified—looking angelic, womanly, motherly, and, to his own surprise, he felt no hatred for her. He enjoyed his meal; was in a somewhat excited, but nevertheless gay, mood, and, as was his habit, he spoke lightly of his professional adventures of the day, particularly of personal questions about which he invariably kept Albertine informed. He related that Huegelmann's appointment was almost certain and talked of his own resolution to resume his scientific work somewhat more energetically. Albertine knew this mood, knew that it never lasted very long, and a half-smile betrayed her doubts. Fridolin grew excited, whereupon she stroked his hair to quiet him. He shrank back and turned to the child to escape further disagreeable contact. He took the little one on his lap, was just about to bob her on his knee when the maid announced that some patients were already in the waiting room. Fridolin rose immediately, relieved, mentioned in an aside that Albertine and the child ought to profit by the sunny afternoon and take a walk, then went into his office.

In the course of the next two hours, Fridolin had to see six old and two new patients. In each case he was absolutely absorbed by his task, examined, made notes, prescribed—and was glad that after the last two nights, passed without sleep, he felt so fresh and so much a master of his faculties.

After office hours, as was his habit, he looked in on his wife and child once more and noticed, not without satisfaction, that the mother had gone calling while the little one was studying French with her nurse. Only when he was on the stairs did he again become conscious of the fact that all this security of existence was no more than a deception and a lie.

In spite of the fact that he had announced his absence he was strongly drawn to his ward. There were two cases on record there which were particularly suitable for the scientific work he planned, and for a while Fridolin had concentrated more on them than he had done previously. Then he had to take care of another patient in the heart of the city, and so it was seven o'clock in the evening when he stood before the old house in the *Schreyvogelgasse*. Only now, as he looked up to Marianne's window, did her picture which had paled in the meantime become alive once again. Well—here he could not miss out. Here he could start the work of his revenge without particular effort, here were no difficulties, no dangers; and the fact which might have prevented others from seeing it through—the betrayal of the *fiancé*—was to him almost an added stimulus. Yes, to betray, to deceive, to lie, to play a rôle, now to be Marianne's, now Albertine's, for the benefit of the good Doctor Roediger, for the benefit of the whole world;—to lead a double life, to be the capable, reliable physician with a future, the splendid husband and *paterfamilias*—and at the same time a *roué*, a seducer, a cynic, who plays with mankind, with men and women, just as his inclination bids him—this, at the moment, appeared something particularly precious:—and the most valuable part of it was that later, when Albertine was feeling quite secure in her quiet married and family life, he could confess all his sins, smiling cynically, and thus revenge himself for whatever bitter-

(Continued on page 155)

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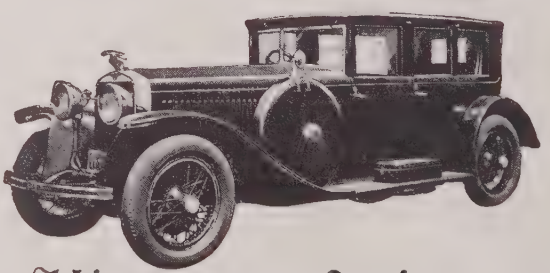


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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 154)

ness and disgrace she had inflicted on him in her dream.

In the foyer he found himself facing Doctor Roediger, who stretched out his hand in a harmless, good natured fashion.

"How is Miss Marianne?" Fridolin asked. "Has she quieted down a bit?"

Doctor Roediger shrugged his shoulders. "She was prepared for the end long enough in advance, Doctor.—Only when they called for the corpse this noon—"

"Oh, that has happened already?"

Doctor Roediger nodded. "Tomorrow afternoon at three the burial will take place. . . ."

Fridolin looked up. "Probably—the relatives are with Miss Marianne?"

"Not any more," replied Doctor Roediger, "now she is alone. She will surely be pleased to see you, Doctor. Tomorrow we shall take her to *Mödling*, my mother and I." And, answering Fridolin's politely questioning glance, "There my parents have a small house. *Au revoir*, Doctor. I have a number of things to do. Yes, there is enough work—when something like this happens. I hope to find you upstairs, Doctor, when I return." And he stepped through the door to the street.

For a moment Fridolin hesitated, then he slowly walked up the stairs. He rang the bell; and it was Marianne herself who opened it. She was in black, wearing a string of black beads around her neck which he had never seen on her before. Her face flushed softly.

"You kept me waiting a long time," she said with a little smile.

"Pardon me, Miss Marianne, today was particularly strenuous for me."

He followed her through the death chamber, in which the bed was now empty, into the adjoining room where, yesterday, he had filled out the death certificate under the picture of the officer in the white uniform. A small lamp was burning on the desk so that the room was in a half-light. Marianne indicated a seat on the black leather couch and sat down opposite him at the desk.

"I just met Doctor Roediger in the foyer.—So, you are going to the country tomorrow?"

Marianne looked at him as if surprised by the cool tone of Fridolin's question and her shoulders drooped when he proceeded with an almost callous voice: "I think that's very wise." And he elaborated professionally on the beneficial results to her of the splendid air, and the new surroundings.

She sat motionless, while tears rolled down her cheeks. Fridolin saw them without pity, rather impatiently; and the thought that she might lie at his feet again the next moment to repeat yesterday's confession filled him with terror. And since she remained silent, he rose abruptly: "As sorry as I am, Miss Marianne—" and looked at his watch.

She raised her head, looked at Fridolin, and her tears kept on flowing. He would have liked to say a kind word to her but could not bring himself to do it.

"You will probably stay in the country a few days," he began forcedly. "I hope to hear from you. . . . Doctor Roediger tells me that the wedding will take place soon. Permit me to express my best wishes."

She did not stir, as if she had not heard his word of congratulation, his farewell. He stretched out his hand, which she did not take, and almost reproachfully he repeated: "Yes, I sincerely hope to hear from you. *Au revoir*, Miss Marianne." She was petrified. He started to leave, for a second stood in the doorway, as if to give her a last chance to call him back. She seemed to turn her face away, and he went out closing the door behind him. On the landing he felt something akin to regret. For an instant he thought of returning, but he felt that to do this, above all things, would be ridiculous.

But what now? Home? Where

(Continued on page 157)

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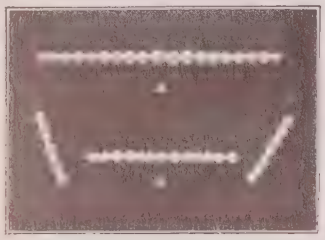
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Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

(Continued from page 94)

and needs to be ironed carefully every time it is worn.

There are three distinct ways of spending the winter, all popular with the Englishman. One is to go to St. Moritz or some other Swiss winter sports centre. Another very popular itinerary is the South of France with trips to Vienna, Budapest and like places. A third is to spend the winter in India or Egypt, both of which countries require very much the same sort of outfit.

The most important item in a winter sports outfit is, undoubtedly, a suit made of waterproof material which is even more necessary for the beginner than for the expert. If a man is travelling with an ordinary European wardrobe, he need only add one of these suits and a few pull-overs and woolly scarfs in order to possess all that is required for St. Moritz.

For skating and bobbing nearly everybody wears ordinary tweed knickerbockers with either a turtle-neck sweater or else the ordinary old-fashioned sweater with a V-shaped opening at the neck, usually made in white wool with a line of either club or regimental colours round the neck and at the bottom.

The waterproof suit is usually made in two pieces—the upper part or coat is cut like a tunic with a high collar which buttons round the throat, but will turn down if required. This tunic coat is of course double-breasted and there should be a row of inside buttons on which to fasten the inside flap, as well as a double row outside. The sleeves should be of a very easy fit round the shoulders and should be made to button tightly round the wrist with a very broad wrist-band. The trousers are made on very much the same lines as ordinary trousers and should fasten just above the ankle with a broad strap worn inside the sock.

White flannels are now absolutely necessary at St. Moritz where there are covered tennis courts, on which almost incessant tournaments are held.

There is one very important point to remember for those choosing clothes for winter sports, and that is, that in Switzerland, at any rate, wind and damp are practically non-existent and there is always a brilliant sun. Consequently clothes should consist for the most part of medium weight materials, all the extra warmth necessary being obtained by easily removed garments, such as thick woolly scarfs and gloves, and cardigan jackets made in a very large size which will pull on and off over other sweaters.

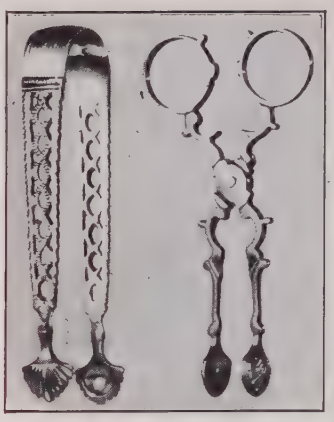
It is also important to remember that at nearly all the fashionable places, such as St. Moritz, there is a great deal of looking on, as there are numbers of international competitions as well as horse races on the frozen lake. A warm overcoat is essential for this purpose. The smartest men have now discarded both fur and leather for these overcoats and they are now wearing very thick tweeds and friezes lined with either Jaeger wool or some fancy material, and made on the model of an old-fashioned ulster. It should be double-breasted and cut with a very loose fit and should reach to about half way between the knee and the ankle. Some of the latest models are made with a perfectly plain back with a long box-pleat at either side from the hips down to the end of the coat.

For the Riviera, of course, an entirely different wardrobe is necessary, as it should consist for the most part of flannels. As in Switzerland the basis of the wardrobe is a mackintosh suit, so on the Riviera the basis of a well dressed man's clothes is a grey flannel suit. White flannel trousers are of course essential and shoes play a very important part in making for smartness on the Riviera. Brown and white shoes are of course very popular, but the majority one sees are made on a very ordinary model.

Sports clothes are necessary for golf and tennis, though, of course, both games can be played in white flannel trousers and a tennis shirt.

For India or Egypt an ordinary wardrobe is essential, made throughout in tropical materials. For Egypt, and, for that matter, India too, it is essential to have one or two suits made of a light cotton material or Shantung silk.

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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 155)

else! He could not do anything else today. And tomorrow? He felt awkward, helpless, everything seemed to melt in his hands; everything became unreal, even his home, his wife, his child, his profession, yes, he himself, mechanically walking along the dark street, lost in thoughts.

The clock in the *Rathaus* tower struck half past seven. After all it didn't matter how late it was; time lay before him utterly of no use. Nothing, nobody mattered. He felt a slight pity for himself. A passing thought came to him, in no way a conscious resolution—a mere idea—to drive to one of the stations, to go away, no matter where, to disappear from everybody who knew him, to reappear somewhere in a strange country, to start a new life as a new man He remembered certain cases he knew from psychiatric books, cases of so-called double-existence: a man suddenly vanished from his regular existence, lost, returning after months or years, did not know himself where he had been all the time, but later someone recognized him who had met him somewhere in a foreign country, and the homecomer did not know anything about it. These things were, of course, rare, but they happened nevertheless. And in milder form probably everybody experienced them. When one returned from a dream, for example? To be sure, one remembered . . . but surely there were also dreams which one forgot completely, of which nothing remained except some mysterious mood, a benumbed sensation. Or one did not remember until later, much later and did not know whether one had actually lived through an experience or just dreamed it. Only—only—!

And while he went on involuntarily walking in the direction of his home, he found himself in the neighborhood of the dark, rather disreputable street where, only twenty-four hours ago, he had followed an unfortunate girl into her shabby but none the less comfortable home. Unfortunate—she? This street disreputable? How one always branded streets, fates, men—tempted to do so by words, and lazy habit! Had not this young girl after all been the most charming, almost the purest of all those strange chance contacts of the previous night? He felt somewhat moved when he thought of her. And now he remembered yesterday's resolution; he bought some eatables in a nearby store; and, when he walked along the walls of the houses with his package, he felt rather happy in the realization of the fact that he was about to do something sensible, something almost laudable. He turned up his coat collar when he entered the foyer, took several steps at once when going upstairs, the bell sounded unwelcomely shrill to his ears; and, when he learned from an old woman that Miss Mizzi was not at home, he breathed more freely. But before the woman had a chance to take Mizzi's package a girl, rather pretty, wrapped in a sort of bathrobe, stepped into the vestibule and said "Is the gentleman looking for someone? Miss Mizzi? She won't be home very soon, either."

The older woman motioned to her to be silent; Fridolin, however, as if he wanted to confirm an intuitive feeling of his said simply: "She's in the hospital, isn't she?"

The girl came quite close to Fridolin, who said crisply: "I only came up while passing by to bring Mizzi something," and all of a sudden he felt like a youthful swain. And in a new, professional tone, he asked "In which ward is she?"

The girl mentioned the name of a professor, to whom, Fridolin, years before, had acted as an assistant. And then she added good-naturedly: "Hand over the package, I'll give it to her tomorrow. Trust me I won't take nothing neither. And I'll bring her your regards, too, and tell her that you're still true to her."

At the same time she approached him again and smiled at him. But

(Continued on page 158)

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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 157)

when he shrank back slightly, she gave up immediately.

When Fridolin stepped into the street from the house, he felt a lump rising in his throat; but he realized that this meant less that he was touched than that his nerves were on edge. Purposely he walked quicker and more briskly—in accord with his mood. Was this another, a last sign that everything was to come to naught? Why? That he had escaped this danger might also be taken as a good sign. And was that all that mattered: to escape dangers? All kinds of other dangers were probably still before him. He surely had not given up the idea of proceeding with his search for the wonderful woman of last night. Now, of course, it was too late for that. And besides one had to consider carefully how to proceed with an investigation. Yes, if one had somebody to talk things over with. But Fridolin knew nobody he would dare tell about last night's adventures. For years past he had taken no one but Albertine into his confidence, and he surely could not discuss this with her—not this or ever anything else. For, last night, incredible enough, she had allowed him to be crucified.

And now Fridolin realized why his steps were leading him further and further away instead of in the direction of his home. The best thing to do was to dine somewhere, then to look up his two cases in the ward—and under no circumstances to go home—"home!"—before he could be quite certain that Albertine was asleep.

He went into a *café*, one of the more pretentious and sedate ones near the *Rathaus*, telephoned home to leave word not to wait for him for dinner, hung up quickly to prevent Albertine from coming to the telephone, then sat down near a window and pulled the curtain to. In a distant corner a man sat down, in a dark overcoat, otherwise quite unobtrusively dressed. Fridolin remembered having seen this face somewhere else in the course of the day. This, of course, might be a coincidence. Fridolin took one of the evening papers and read as he had last night in another *café* a few lines here and there: reports of political occurrences, theatre, art, literature, of small and big accidents of all kinds. In an American city, the name of which he had never heard before, a theatre had burned down. The chimney-sweep Peter Korand had thrown himself out of a window. Somehow it appeared odd to Fridolin that chimney-sweeps, too, commit suicide occasionally, and the thought rose to his mind whether the man had washed himself properly or had wandered into darkness, black as he had been. In an expensive hotel in the heart of the city a woman had poisoned herself during the morning, a lady who, a few days ago, had rented rooms under the name of Baroness D. . . . A remarkably beautiful woman. Immediately Fridolin felt a strange presentiment. The woman had returned home at four o'clock in the morning, accompanied by two men who left her at the entrance. Four o'clock. At that exact hour he had returned home, too! And towards noon—so the article went on—she had been found in her bed with all the symptoms of poisoning . . . a remarkably pretty young woman . . . well, after all, there were quite a few remarkably pretty young women. . . . There was no real reason to believe that the lady who had engaged rooms in the hotel under the name of Baroness D. was one and the same as a certain other young lady. And yet—his heart was beating and the newspaper was shaking in his hand. In an expensive city-hotel . . . where—? Why so secretive?—So discreet? . . .

He dropped the paper and noticed that simultaneously the man in the distant corner raised a big illustrated sheet newspaper like a screen before his face. Immediately Fridolin held up his paper again, and at that moment realized that the Baroness D. could not possibly be anyone else but the woman of last night. . . . "In an expensive city-hotel". . . . There were not so many who could be mistaken for a "Baroness D. . . ." And now, at all costs, this clue had to be followed up. Fridolin called the waiter, paid, went. At the door he turned around once more to look at the man in the corner. Oddly enough, he had already disappeared.

Poisoned. . . . But she was still living . . . when they found her she was still living. And, after all, there was no reason to think that her life had not been saved. Anyway, dead or alive, he would find her. And he would see her again—under any circumstance—dead or living. He would see her; no power on earth could prevent him from seeing the woman who came to her death for him—yes, for his sake. He was responsible for her death—he alone—if it were she. "Returned home at four in the morning, in the company of two men!" Probably the same two men who had taken Nachtigall to the railway station a few hours later. Their consciences were not particularly clear.

He stood in the open square in front of the *Rathaus* and surveyed his surroundings. Only a few people were in sight, the suspicious character from the *café* not being among them. And if the man were afraid, he would have had the upper hand. Fridolin hurried on; at the *Ring* he took a cab, went first to the *Hotel Bristol* and asked the porter as if he were entitled or instructed to do so whether the Baroness D. who, as was well known, had poisoned herself this morning, had lived in this hotel. The porter was not particularly surprised, mistaking Fridolin perhaps for a police official or a reporter. At any rate he replied politely that the unfortunate case had not occurred at the Bristol, but at the *Hotel Erzherzog Karl*.

Fridolin drove to the *Erzherzog* immediately and was told there that the Baroness D. had been transferred to the *Allgemeinen* Hospital directly after she had been discovered. Fridolin asked the clerk how the attempted suicide had been found out; what had been the reason to disturb a guest at noon who had returned home as late as four in the morning? Well, that was quite simple; two men (again

(Continued on page 162)

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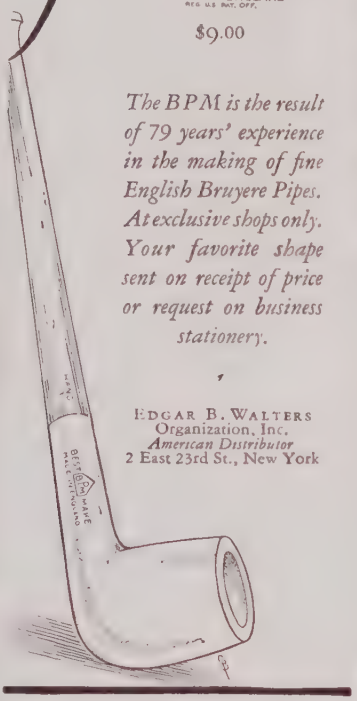
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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 158)

two men!) had asked for her at eleven o'clock. When she did not answer repeated phone calls, the chambermai. had knocked at the door; and, as no sound was heard and the door remained locked from the inside, there was nothing else to do but to open it forcibly. Thus they had discovered the Baroness unconscious in bed. They had immediately called an ambulance and the police.

"And the two men?" Fridolin asked sharply, seeming to himself like a private detective.

Yes, these men were very suspicious, but they had disappeared. As a matter of fact the lady was probably not Baroness Dubieski, although she had registered under that name. She had registered at the *Erzherzog Karl* for the first time and in truth there was no record of a family by the name of Dubieski, at least, no noble family.

Fridolin thanked the clerk for his information and left rather abruptly because one of the assistant managers of the hotel had come up and was scrutinizing him with some suspicion. He stepped into his carriage again and drove to the hospital. A few minutes later at the information desk of the hospital he learned not only that the Baroness Dubieski had been transferred to the second ward but also that she had died at five o'clock in the afternoon—without regaining consciousness—in spite of all medical attention.

Fridolin breathed deeply, at least he thought so, but it was, in fact, a heavy sigh. The official on duty looked up, somewhat surprised. Fridolin regained his composure immediately, took leave politely and was in the open again a moment later. The hospital garden was almost deserted. In an adjoining alley a nurse in a blue and white striped smock passed him. "Dead," said Fridolin under his breath. —If it is she. And if it is not? If she is still alive, how am I to find her?

He knew exactly where the corpse of the deceased was at this moment. Since she had died only a few hours previous, her body was surely in the morgue, hardly a hundred paces away. As a physician he would have no difficulty in gaining admission even at this late hour. Yet—what could he do there? He only knew her body, had not seen her face, had only had a fleeting glimpse of it the night when he left the hall,—or rather, when he had been ejected from the house. He had not considered this fact at all, because since he had read the newspaper item—hours ago—he had come to think that the suicide whose face he did not know had Albertine's features. Yes. He realized now with a shudder that it had been his wife whose image had been before him as the woman he was seeking. And again Fridolin asked himself what he could do in the morgue. True, if he had found her alive, today, tomorrow—years hence—whenever, wherever and under whatever circumstances—he would definitely have recognized her. Of this he was sure—sure of her walk, her bearing, her voice. Now, however, he was only to gaze upon the dead body of a woman —upon a face of which nothing was familiar except the eyes—eyes which now were without life. Yes—these eyes he knew and the hair which, in the very moment they ejected him from the hall, had come down and enveloped the nude body. Would that be sufficient to tell him without mistake whether or not it was she?

And slowly, with hesitating steps Fridolin made his way through the long-familiar courtyards to the Pathological-Anatomical Institute. He found the door unlocked so there was no need of ringing. His footsteps echoed on the stone-covered floor as he passed through the dimly lighted passage. A familiar, almost homelike, odour of all sorts of chemicals, which supplanted the original scent of these buildings, surrounded Fridolin. He knocked at the door of the histological cabinet where, no doubt, an assistant would still be working. After a somewhat brusque "Come in!" Fridolin entered the high, almost festively lighted hall, in the middle of which, lifting his eye from peering through a microscope, was Doctor Adler, the assistant of the Institute, who rose from his chair, as Fridolin expected.

"Oh, my dear *Kollega*." Doctor Adler welcomed him somewhat sharply, but at the same time he was surprised. "To what do I owe the honour of your presence at this late hour?"

"I beg your pardon for the interruption," said Fridolin. "You are in the midst of your work."

"Exactly," Adler replied in the curt tone which had been a habit with him since his student days. And lightly he added: "What else could one do in these holy halls at midnight? Naturally you don't disturb me at all. What can I do for you?"

And since Fridolin did not reply immediately: "This Addison person you sent down this afternoon is still quite untouched over there. Dissection tomorrow morning at eight-thirty."

And after a negative gesture on Fridolin's part: "Oh I see—the pleural tumor! Well, the histological examination has undeniably proved that you don't need to worry over that."

Again Fridolin shook his head. "This is not—an official visit."

"Well, so much the better," said Adler. "I feared that your bad conscience brought you down here at this late hour."

"My visit actually has something to do with my bad conscience, or at least with my conscience in general," replied Fridolin.

"Oh!"

"In short—" Fridolin made sure of a non-commital, dry tone—"I would like to get some information about a female person who died this afternoon of morphine poisoning in ward two and who is probably down here by this time. A certain Baroness Dubieski." And he continued more quickly: "I suspect that this Baroness Dubieski is a person I knew slightly some years ago. And it would be of interest to me to find out if my suspicion has any foundation."

"*Suicidium?*" Adler asked.

Fridolin nodded. "Yes, suicide," he translated, as if he intended to make

(Continued on page 164)

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Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 162)

the incident once more of a private character.

Adler jokingly pointed his index finger at Fridolin. "Unfortunate love for your honour?"

Fridolin denied this somewhat angrily. "The Baroness Dubieski's suicide has nothing at all to do with me personally."

"Please, I had no desire to be indiscreet. We can convince ourselves immediately. As far as I know the police have not made any requests as yet. Therefore—"

Coroner's inquest, thought Fridolin. That was quite possible. Who knows whether suicide was voluntary? He thought again of the two men who had disappeared so suddenly from the hotel, after learning of the suicide. This might well become a criminal case of first magnitude. And perhaps he—Fridolin—would be subpoenaed as a witness—yes, perhaps he would feel obliged to offer testimony voluntarily.

He followed Doctor Adler across the alley to a door opposite which stood half ajar. The cold, high room was dimly lighted by two gas jets on a horizontal arm. Of the twelve or fourteen benches for corpses only a few were occupied. Some corpses lay uncovered, over the others sheets had been spread. Fridolin stepped up to the bench nearest the door and, carefully, pulled the sheet from the head. A penetrating light from Doctor Adler's pocket light fell on it. Fridolin saw a yellowish, bearded man's face and re-covered it quickly with the sheet. On the next table lay the emaciated corpse of a youth. From another table Doctor Adler said: "One between sixty and seventy, hardly the one you are looking for."

Fridolin, however, as if suddenly strangely impelled, went over to a corner of the morgue where he saw the glow of a female body. The head was bent sidewise; long, dark hair reached almost down to the floor. Automatically Fridolin reached out to turn the head, but hesitated with a shyness quite foreign to him as a physician. Doctor Adler joined him, and, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, said: "None of the others are possibilities—how about this one, then?" And with his flashlight, he illuminated the female head which Fridolin, overcoming his shyness, took in both hands and raised a little. A white face with half-closed lids stared at him. The jaw hung down, the small, receding upper-lip showed the bluish gums and a row of white teeth. Whether this face had ever been beautiful, whether it had been beautiful yesterday—no one could have said—it was a completely unimportant, empty face—a dead face. It might have been that of an eighteen-year-old woman or one of thirty-eight.

"Is that the one?" asked Doctor Adler.

Automatically Fridolin bent lower as if the penetration of his eyes could tear the answer from these features. And he knew at the same time that, if it really were *her* face, *her* eyes, those very eyes which yesterday had shone so burning with life into his own, he would not know it, could not know it—perhaps did not ever want to know it. Softly he put the head back on the table and permitted his glance to wander along the dead body, sweeping it with the light of the pocket-lamp. Was it her body?—the marvelous, blooming one, only yesterday desired so torturingly? He saw a yellowish pale neck, he saw two small, somewhat contracted breasts, between which the breast bone showed with cruel distinctness under the pale skin—as if decomposition had already started its work. He saw the contour of the pale-brown torso, he saw well-shaped limbs spreading indifferently from a dark and meaningless shadow, saw the knees turned a bit awry, saw the sharp edges of the shin bone and the slender feet with toes turned inward. All this gradually vanished into darkness when the ray from the flash-light swept the body rapidly and finally rested trembling on the pale face. Involuntarily, as if forced and impelled to do so by an invisible power, Fridolin touched the forehead, the cheeks, the shoulders, the arms of the dead woman with both hands; then he slipped his fingers, as if for love, into those of the dead woman and, rigid as her fingers were, it seemed to him that they wanted to stir, to grasp his own: it appeared to him as if a far-away, colourless glance shot at him from those half-closed lids. Entranced, he bent down.

Suddenly Adler whispered behind him: "What on earth are you doing?"

Fridolin came to his senses in a second. He released the fingers of the dead woman, took her wrists and carefully, almost professionally, put the icy arms alongside the body. And he felt as if this woman had just now died. Then he turned away, went to the door and, across the echoing passageway, entered the laboratory again, which they had left a while ago. Doctor Adler followed him in silence, and locked the door behind him.

Fridolin went to the wash-basin. "With your permission," he said, and washed his hands thoroughly with lysol and soap. Meanwhile Doctor Adler without much ado resumed his interrupted work. He had switched on various lights, and was turning the micrometer-screw and looking into the microscope. When Fridolin went over to him to bid him goodbye he was deep in his task.

"Do you want to look at the preparation?" he asked.

"Why?" answered Fridolin absent-mindedly.

"Well, to calm your conscience," replied Doctor Adler,—as if he took it for granted that Fridolin's visit had only had a medical and scientific purpose.

"Can you see?" he asked, while Fridolin looked into the microscope. "It is a rather new method of colouring."

Fridolin nodded without taking his eye from the glass. "Perfect," he said; "one might call it almost a marvellously coloured picture."

And he asked for several details of the new method.

Doctor Adler gave the desired explanations, and Fridolin expressed the conviction that this technique might

(Continued on page 166)

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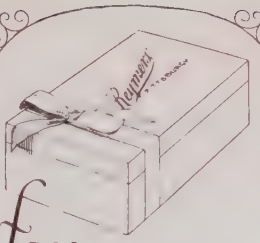
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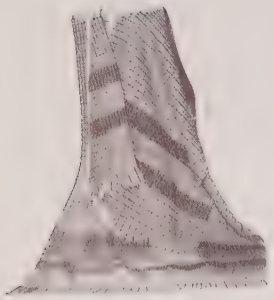
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Palm Beach

Fridolin and Albertine

(Continued from page 164)

be of service to him in connection with a scientific work he was planning for the immediate future. He asked for permission to return again the next day or the day after to ask for further information.

"At your service—gladly," said Doctor Adler, accompanying Fridolin over the echoing stone-floor to the door which had been fastened meanwhile, and unlocking it with his personal key.

"You are staying?" asked Fridolin.

"Naturally," replied Doctor Adler, "these are the best working hours—from midnight until morning. Then one is at least reasonably safe from interruptions."

"Well,—" said Fridolin with a light, guilty smile.

Doctor Adler put his hand calmingly on Fridolin's arm, then asked reluctantly: "Well—was it she?"

Fridolin hesitated for a minute, then nodded silently and was hardly conscious of the fact that this affirmation might possibly be an untruth. For whether he knew that this woman in the morgue was the same one whom he had held in his arms twenty-four hours ago to a tune of Nachtigall's or whether she was some stranger, an unknown, whom he had never met before, did not matter. Even if the woman he had been looking for were still alive—the one he had desired, he had loved perhaps for an hour—if dead she would live on in this life;—whatever lay behind him in the vaulted hall, in the glare of fluttering gas jets, a shadow among other shadows, dark, senseless, and without secrets,—to him this meant nothing, could mean no more than the pale corpse of the previous night, irrevocably damned for decomposition.

Through the dark empty streets Fridolin rushed home. A few minutes later he undressed in his office as he had done twenty-four hours ago, as quietly as possible, and entered the bedroom.

He heard Albertine's quiet steady breathing and saw the outline of her head against the soft pillow. A feeling of tenderness, even of security he had not expected, crowded into his heart. And he resolved to tell her the story of the past night very soon, perhaps tomorrow. But as if everything he had experienced were a dream, and only when she felt and recognized the entire triviality of his adventure, would he confess that everything had been real. Real? He asked himself—, and at that moment noticed lying near Albertine's face, on the next pillow—on his pillow—something dark, definite, like the shadowy contour of a human face. For a moment his heart stopped; the next instant he knew what it was, reached for the pillow and held in his hand the mask which he had worn the night before. This morning, while wrapping the package it had fallen unnoticed and evidently had been found by the maid or perhaps by Albertine, herself. Thus Fridolin could not doubt that Albertine, after this discovery, had at least an inkling and probably suspected worse things than had actually happened. But the manner in which she made him understand this—her idea of putting the dark mask next to her on the pillow, as if it symbolized his, the husband's, face, grown suddenly mysterious to her; this satirical, almost jocular way, gave Fridolin the certain hope that she was prepared, probably in the light of her own dream—, not to take whatever might have happened too seriously. Fridolin, however, at the end of his strength, suddenly let the mask drop to the floor, sobbed aloud bitterly—when he had least expected to—and sank down by the bed, crying into the pillow softly.

After a few seconds he felt a soft hand stroke his hair. Then he raised his head and, from the depths of his heart, he sobbed: "I want to tell you everything."

At first, she raised her hand in feeble protest; he grabbed it, held it in his own, looked questioningly and at the same time imploringly up at her. She nodded to him and he began.

* * * *

The morning dawned, gray through the curtains, when Fridolin came to the end. Not once had Albertine interrupted him with a curious or impatient question. She probably felt that he wouldn't and couldn't hide anything from her Quietly she lay there, her arms folded behind her neck, and was silent long after Fridolin had finished. Finally—stretched out at her side—he bent over her and looking into her immobile face with its big bright eyes, in which the morning seemed to dawn too, he asked, doubtfully and, at the same time, hopefully: "What shall we do, Albertine?"

She smiled and, after a moment's hesitation, she answered: "Be thankful to fate, I believe, that we escaped safely from all these dangers—from the real ones and from those we dreamed."

"Are you quite sure of that?" he asked.

"As sure as I feel that the reality of one night, of an entire human life, is not, at the same time, its innermost truth."

"And no dream," he sighed softly, "is entirely a dream."

She took his head in both hands and tenderly rested it on her breast. "Now we are probably awake," she said, "for a long time."

Forever, he wanted to add, but, before he could say the word, she put her finger on his lips and, under her breath, she whispered: "Never inquire into the future."

So they lay silent, sleeping a little, dreamless, near each other—until, as every morning, at seven o'clock, there was a knock at the door, and, with the familiar noises from the street, with the sun glimmering through the crack in the curtain, and the bright laughter of the child echoing from the next room, the new day came.



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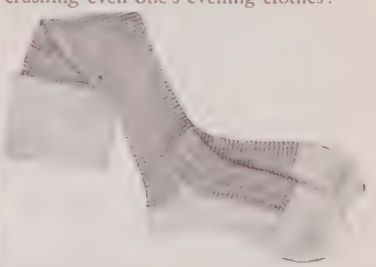
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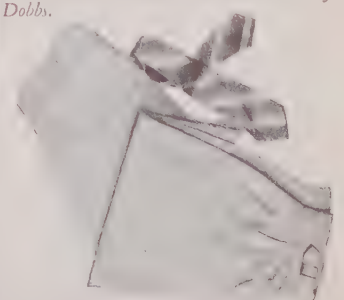


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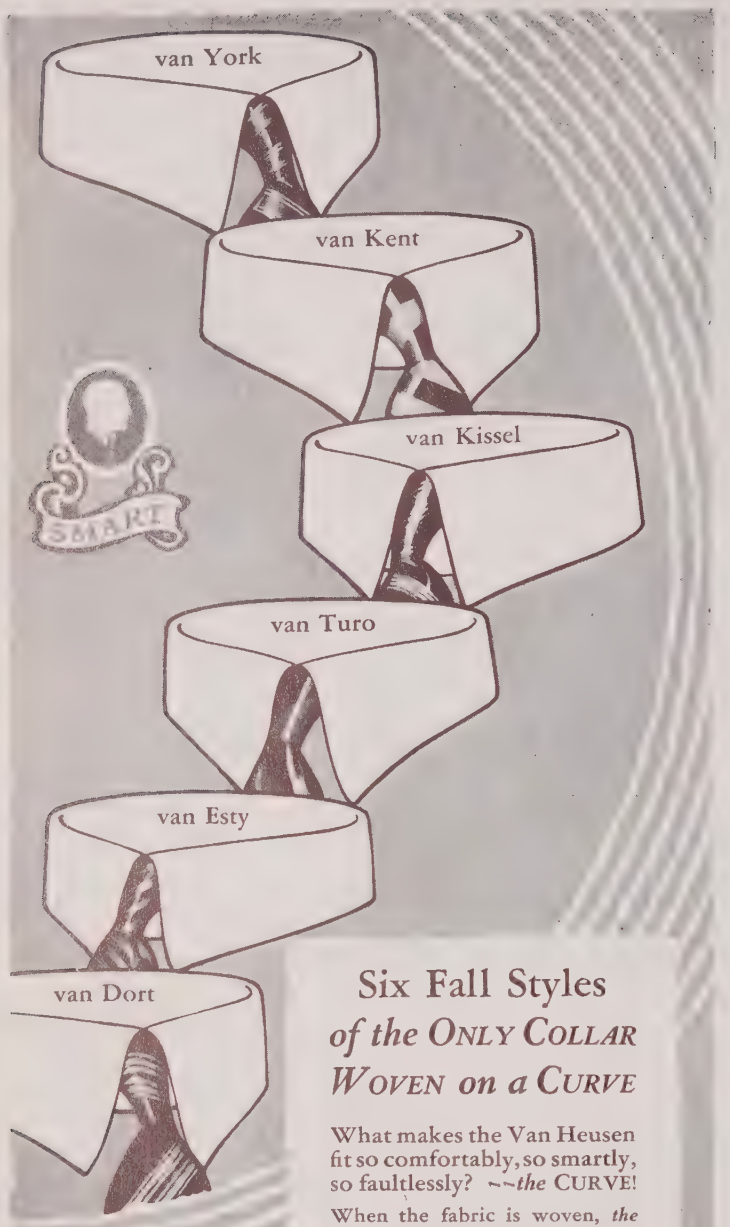
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Recent Work by a Viennese Artist

AMONG the portrait painters who have appeared in Austria and Germany since the end of the War, there have been several artists who have been particularly noted for their portrayals of feminine types. Of these none has gained wider fame than Karl Schenker. A native of Vienna, which is, of course, reputed to be the international headquarters for feminine beauty, he was at first a photographer, and a very distinguished one. But he soon allowed this art to become a mere hobby, and devoted all of his serious attention to portrait painting. Some of his best canvases, notably that of Alanson B. Houghton, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, have been of men, but he has preferred to specialize in women. There is in his work a trace of the Oriental, a meticulous exactness and attention to detail, which makes for great delicacy of line. Yet he has achieved a certain quality of almost regal haughtiness, which is not without its attractiveness. Schenker, who has been in this country for several months, plans to have a showing at the Reinhardt Galleries in New York in December. On this page are four of Herr Schenker's interesting and exotic feminine types selected from a large group of original portraits by his hand.



GERMAN

One of Herr Schenker's characteristics, clearly shown here, is an almost exaggerated simplicity of line and composition



CHINESE

The distinguished Chinese woman, for all her taciturnity, has a certain rather attractive haughty femininity

FRENCH

There is an appealing wistfulness about this French beauty, something very charming and distinctly classic



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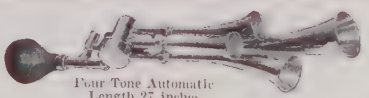
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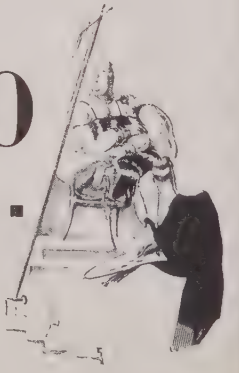
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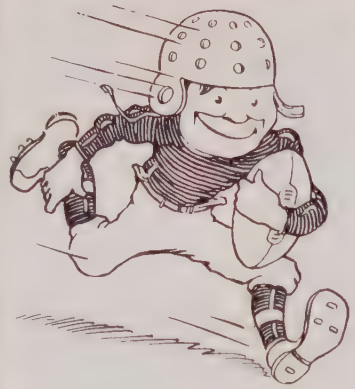


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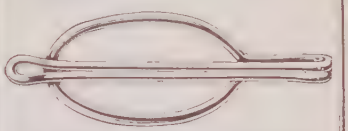
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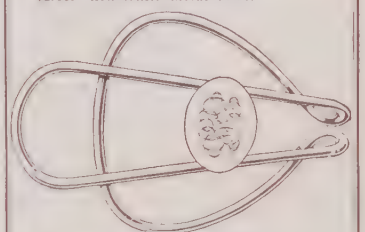
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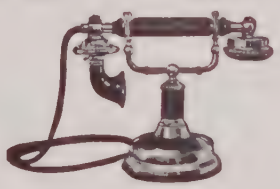
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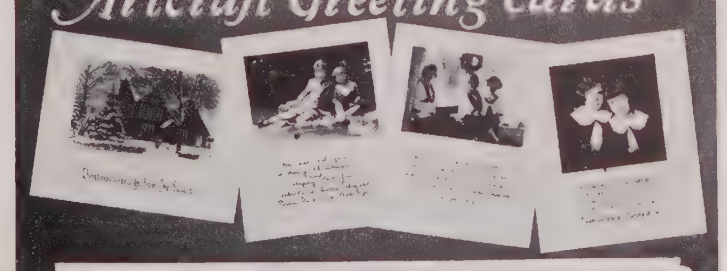
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The fact that all the cars equipped with Body by Fisher are noted for their richer beauty, is full of significance. For it indicates Fisher's acknowledged ability to build greater beauty, as well as superior durability and investment value, into a motor car body

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER



STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

composing "Floods of Spring". Painted by Constantin Somof. Rachmaninoff uses the Steinway exclusively

"WHAT is the price?" . . . In every transaction, this question must be settled. But when the price of a Steinway is asked, a lump sum of money is neither the logical nor the correct answer. A price means nothing until the value to the buyer is fully established. And when a buyer considers the years of service and pleasure which a Steinway gives to its owner, then the Steinway proves itself to be one of the *least expensive* of all pianos.

As a matter of record, the actual prices of the numerous styles and sizes are always as low as possible. The Steinway family has never taken an excessive profit. It has never attempted to capitalize its name. Seventy years ago, Henry Steinway insisted that the Steinway be kept available to the greatest possible number of students and musicians of modest means. And this rule has been followed by four generations of the Steinway family. Today the great majority of their pianos are owned by people in moderate circumstances. Remarkably convenient terms, in addition to ever-reasonable prices, bring the Steinway within the reach of every true lover of music. And after twenty, thirty, or even forty years of perfect service, the Steinway owners themselves are quick to state, and prove, that the Steinway is one of the lowest priced pianos in the world.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.
Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up* Plus transportation

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

This remarkable Radiola operates directly from your Lighting Socket

Single finger tuning. Full orchestra volume. And lighting socket operation.



THESE are new things—but not too new to be thoroughly tried, for the latest developments of radio have had a twelve months' *road test* in RCA Radiolas. And now, where others are taking their first trial steps, RCA Radiolas have had time to be tested for a year—perfected.

In radio, it is *reality* that counts. Tune in a Radiola 28 with a Loudspeaker 104 placed across the room. They are playing a symphony—a famous guest conductor wielding a frenzied baton. Turn up the volume—thirty violins are playing together. Hear the high sweetness of the piccolo—the deep melody of the cellos—the zoom of the big bass drums.

Straight through the concert program, every number comes in with true spirit, capturing the brilliance of the Scheherazade—or the vivid symbolism of a Strauss symphony.

You need never fear that a sudden climax will come with a crash. That day is past, for the Loudspeaker 104 has a reserve of power to handle full orchestral volume!

Unless you have heard the new Radiolas, you can have no conception of what radio is today. When you hear them, you will turn in your old set for a Radiola that you will *keep*.

RCA Loudspeaker 104, power speaker—used with Radiola 28 it operates the set on the house current without batteries. Complete, $275

Radiola 28 is an eight tube super-heterodyne. With loop attached (adaptable for antenna if you prefer it). For operation with dry batteries or *no* batteries. $260

A. C. Package, for adapting Radiola 28 for use with Loudspeaker 104 without batteries, $35

Antenna Coupler, for adapting Radiola 28 for use with antenna, $4.25

Buy with confidence where you see this sign.

Authorized Dealer RCA

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

RCA

RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

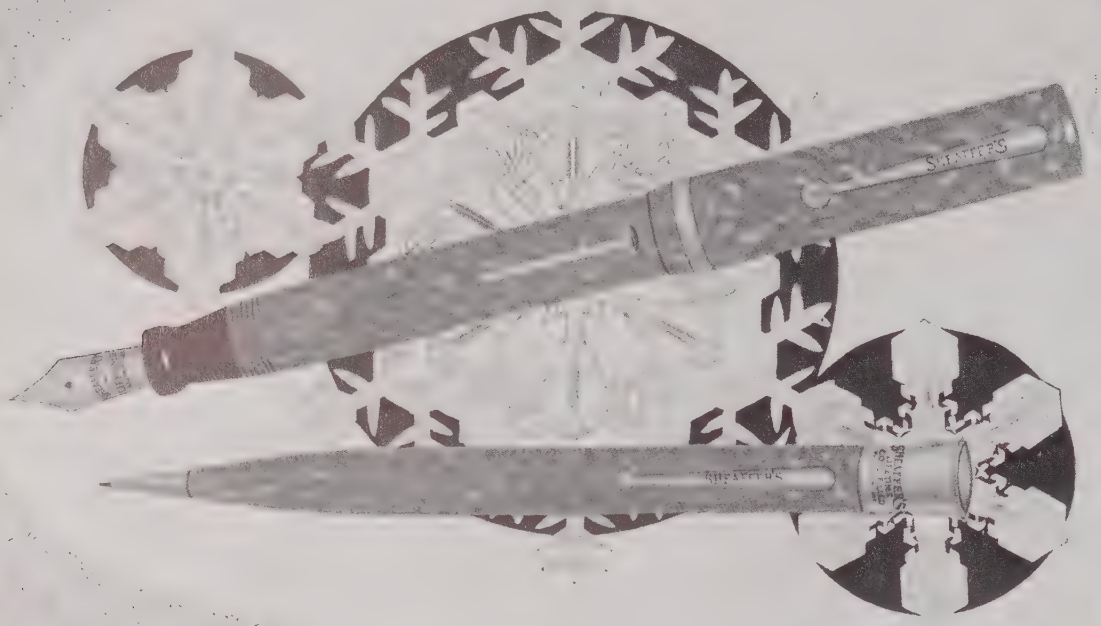
VANITY FAIR

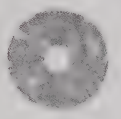


DECEMBER 1926

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35 cts · 3.50 a year





Identify the aristocrat of pens by this

Crystal-clear has been the success of this great pen

Standing out sharply, as one of the real achievements in modern merchandising, has been the phenomenal advancement of this infallible and truly beautiful writing instrument. Its outstanding leadership has been established, not only because it was the first to make use of that wonderful material Radite, which is practically indestructible, but because it was the first fountain pen to be *unconditionally guaranteed.* From nib to dot it is built for permanency. We insist that it be kept in fine operation, without any cost for repairs to the owner. And with its twin, the Titan pencil, it makes the gift of a lifetime.

"Lifetime°" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25

Blue Label Leads—fifteen cents

At better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA

LONDON OFFICE, 199 REGENT STREET

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TIFFANY & CO.

DIAMOND BRACELETS
AND DIAMOND WATCH BRACELETS

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK





GIVE him a Loewe for Christmas

and you give him the world's finest pipe

FIND me a fame and fortune hunting Englishman marooned in some far-off corner of the world—and I'll wager you'll find his best and most constant companion a good old Loewe briar.

With men who *know* English pipes, there's never any question about which one is best. Since 1856 Loewe of the Haymarket has been making this matchless briar. Since 1856 there has been no finer or happier Christmas gift for the man who smokes.

Without trick attachment, hand-made throughout, classic in design, secretly processed over a longer period of time than any other pipe made—the Loewe today, as seventy years ago, is the world's finest pipe.

Obtainable on this side of the water at the more exclusive clubs and at the better hotels and tobacconists, a few of which are listed below.

LOEWE

of the Haymarket, London

L&Co

Featured, at *The Ritz-Carlton .. The Plaza .. The Biltmore .. The Vanderbilt .. The Roosevelt .. The Commodore .. The Park Lane .. The Waldorf-Astoria, New York*
The Belleview Stratford, Philadelphia .. The Peabody, Memphis .. The Reed House, Chattanooga .. The Hotel Syracuse .. The Onondaga, Syracuse .. The Ten Eyck, Albany
The Shoreland, Chicago .. The Willard .. The Mayflower, Washington .. The William Penn, Pittsburg .. The Hotel Cleveland, Cleveland .. The Book-Cadillac, Detroit

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Vol. No. 27, No.



The New TURNING POINT IN MOTOR CAR DESIGN

The *new, finer* Chrysler "70" is a turning point in motor car body design—forecasting the new vogue in motoring for years to come.

Its importance to greater beauty and greater comfort ranks with Chrysler's supreme contribution to speed, power, safety and long life.

It is a car whose fresh, new beauty ignores the accepted and strikes out into an even more pronounced Chrysler leadership.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies of exclusive Chrysler design—newer, more distinctive silhouette—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware and fittings—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

And with this newer appearance the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" offers the proved superiority of performance, dependability, economy, and long life which are Chrysler.

For it is basically the same Chrysler "70" chassis, save for valuable refinements, which is more emphatically than ever years ahead of contemporary achievement.



RUGGEDNESS

Prices of the New "70" Are Radically Lower

Notwithstanding the greater beauty and comfort of the *new, finer* Chrysler "70", and the advancements and refinements—resulting from Chrysler's unique plan of Quality Standardization—which greatly enhance the "70's" quality and value, prices have been radically lowered as follows:—

	New Prices	Old Prices	Savings
Roadster	$1495	$1525	$ 30
Brougham	1525	1745	220
Royal Coupe	1545	1695	150
Royal Sedan	1595	1795	200
Crown Sedan	1795	1895	100

Phaeton, $1395 Sport Phaeton, $1495

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



THE NEW, FINER

CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



DURING THE ENTR'ACTE

Janice, who had sought Eve in her dressing room, cast a critical eye over the period costume.

"I can understand, of course, how you've compressed yourself to that ghostly slimness, dear," she said, "but tell me, how did you achieve the 2-A foot?"

"Oh, just a secret I learned from the little ingenue in the company," was Eve's reply.

"Don't be baffling, darling—you're not the type. Tell me or I'll send that 1910 photograph of you to the Sunday papers."

"Pedemodes—if you must know. It seems all the younger actresses wear them. They're not a bit 'stage-y' but too sophisticated and smart for words. They cut positive inches from your foot, too!"



Lucinda
Most effective is the reptile saddle on this model.

The Pedemode Shop
Feminine Footwear

New York 570 Fifth Ave.

Chicago 76 E. Madison St. Boston 360 Boylston St.

Cleveland 1708 Euclid Ave. Detroit 1239 Washington Blvd.



Mignon
Chic combination of the cut-out and instep strap.

Also obtainable at:

Cincinnati	Smith-Kasson Co.	Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.	Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Co.	Spokane	Davenp't Hotel Sport Shop
Memphis	J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.	New York	L. Livingston	Portland, Ore.	Knight Shoe Co.	St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Milwaukee	Caspari & Virmond Co.	Oklahoma Cy.	Kerr Dry Goods Co.	San Francisco	City of Paris D-G Co.	Toledo	Lauber's

JULIUS GROSSMAN, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



GIFTS

Gift-choosing becomes a voyage of new discovery at Saks-Fifth Avenue, for never before has there been gathered together such a brilliant collection of exclusive gift suggestions —little masterpieces of art from every port in the world.

SAKS ~ FIFTH AVENUE

FORTY-NINTH to FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

The Personal Shopping Bureau will give individual attention to orders received by mail or telephone —Plaza 4000, extension 380

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originations

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET, NEW YORK





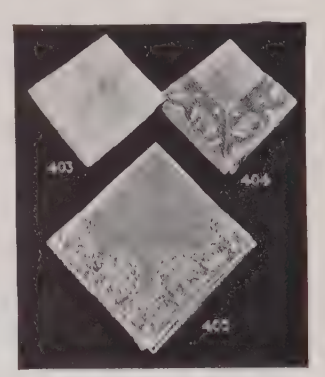
Handsome Fur Coats for Gifts

FUR coats and wraps of smartest fashion in snowy ermine, Russian moiré caracul, rich black broadtail, fine dark mink or superb chinchilla — a remarkable collection with quality pre-eminent!

401—Ermine coat, with white fox collar 1450.00

402—Russian "baby" moiré black caracul coat, baum marten scarf 1850.00

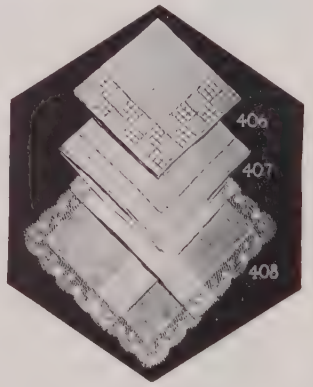
Exquisite Handkerchiefs



403—Imported net bordered handkerchief, colored georgette center 1.00

404—Imported colored georgette handkerchief, point de Paris lace 1.00

405—Large colored georgette handkerchief, border of Lierre lace 4.00



406—Imported white linen handkerchief, wide hand drawn border 3.50

407—Swiss Appenzell sheer white linen handkerchief, border of hand embroidered dots, double row spoking 4.00

408—French sheer white linen handkerchief, semi-hard spun, real Val. lace edge, hand revering 5.50



412—Imported silk flower handkerchief, ombré colorings, veined in gold 1.50

413—Evening handkerchief, large size, of colored chiffon 1.00

414—Imported crepe georgette handkerchief, hand emb'd corners 1.25

Our Exclusive Paris Perfumes



VENEZ AVEC MOI

The smart woman's own perfume!

PERFUME	10.00, 20.00
TOILET WATER	7.50
FACE POWDER	5.00
blanche, naturelle or rachel shade	
DUSTING POWDER	2.00



le jardin de ma sœur

An Oriental bouquet—one of our exclusive personality perfumes.

PERFUME	9.50, 15.00, 22.00
TOILET WATER	12.00
FACE POWDER	1.50



FLEUR DE JASMIN

Exquisite as the star-white flowers of its name. Youth's own perfume.

PERFUME	12.50
FACE POWDER	2.00
blanche, naturelle or rachel shade	
DUSTING POWDER	2.00

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originations

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET, NEW YORK





Exquisite Evening Shawls for Gifts

A SUPERB collection of handsome French and Italian evening shawls, from the plain shawl with silken fringe, to the magnificent shawl-wrap of metal brocade!

415—"Hindoustan" an exclusive shawl-wrap of metal brocade, silk border with patch corners of lamé 95.00

416—An exquisite shawl-wrap of ombré velvet flowers, hand embroidered on cloth of gold 85.00



The BERET

AS IMMORTALIZED *by the* BLUE DEVILS *of* FRANCE

The debonair blitheness of the Blue Devils of France, singing their way into the jaws of death—the sturdy independence of the Scotsman—the honest reliability of the Basque, have been caught in this smart BERET. *No wonder it is sponsored, alike, by Borotra and the Prince of Wales; and worn by the younger sportsman wherever informal apparel is the rule! An authentic Merton reproduction in keeping with Merton leadership, The Beret comes in felt-like suede cloth, camel's hair cloth, and velvet, with a single seam for contour. Charles S. Merton & Company, 210 Fifth Ave., N. Y.*

COLORS

Navy Blue	Chanel Red	Maroon
Gold	French Blue	White
Camel's Hair	Purple	Royal Blue
Black	Emerald Green	Tangerine

In three sizes: 9 inch, for children; 10 inch, for young men and girls; also 11 inch extra size Beret to give a draped effect.

At the better dealers or can be ordered direct from us.

$3.00 Camel's Hair Cloth Velvet $3.00

Suede-like cloth $2.00

MERTON

CAPS *and* KNICKERS *~to* MATCH

THE MAN'S SHOP

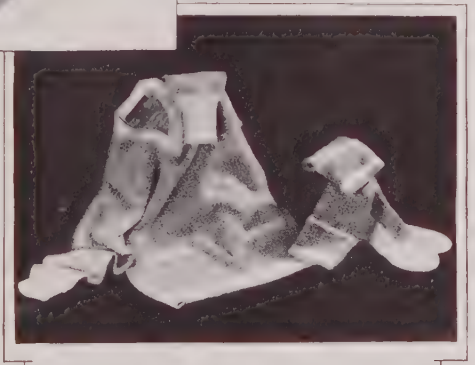


Gifts

that men will use

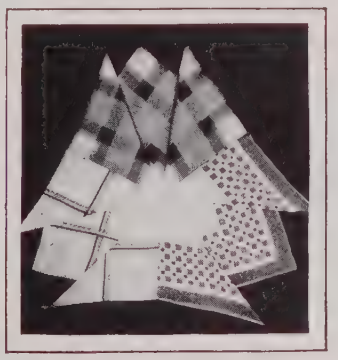
Necessities of a Man's comfortable living so attractively interpreted that their usefulness is enhanced by their good taste and smart appearance. So that throughout the whole year he will find them continually essential to his comfort and convenience.

Brocaded dressing gown, silk lined shawl collar and sash, with satin lined slippers to match. In blue, brown and maroon. $45. Other gowns $25 to $150.



Imported slip-on sweaters, beautifully woven in blending colors, $25. Wool golf hose to match. $8.50. Other sweaters $7.50 to $45. Golf hose $3.50 to $12.

Buckskin gloves with black ripproof stitching, $4.50. Others $2.50 to $11.



French linen handkerchiefs, white and colored grounds, hand rolled hems, $1.50. Others $1 to $3.50.



Spitalfield's and other imported silk four-in-hands, in new patterns, $4. Others $1.50 to $6.



Square mufflers of heavy twill English silks in new plaids and checks, $12. Others $5 to $20.

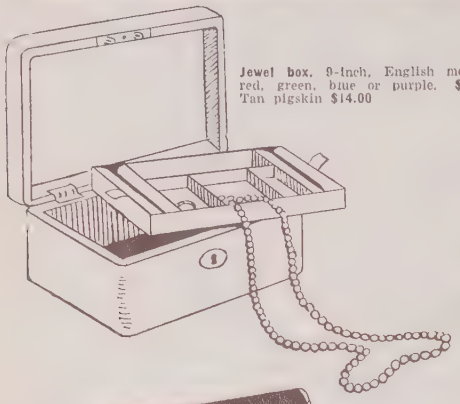
EXPRESS ELEVATORS

Lord & Taylor

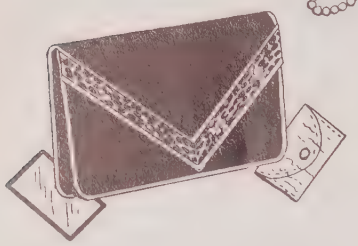
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1845
MARK CROSS
TRADE MARK
LONDON
ACTUAL MAKERS

Gifts



Jewel box. 9-inch, English morocco, red, green, blue or purple. **$10.50.** Tan pigskin **$14.00**



Envelope purse; brown, red, black, blue, tan or purple calf, trimmed with python. **$16.00**

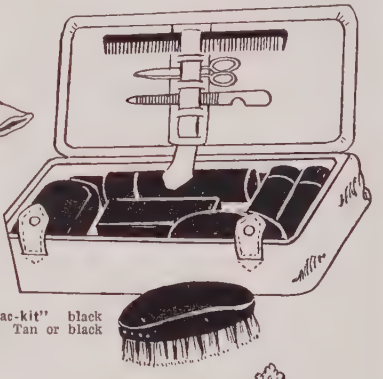


Women's Gift Glove Box, one pair each mocha, fancy kid, suede slip-on. **$10.20** For men, one pair mocha, cape-skin and chamois gloves. **$11.85**

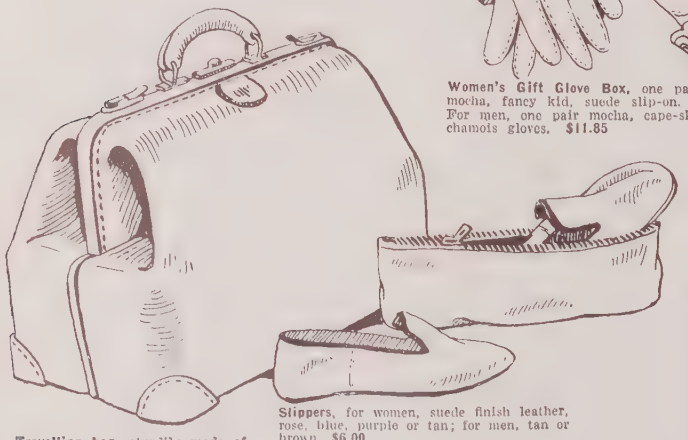


Folding photo frame; crushed calfskin, pastel shades 4 x 6 **$11.50;** 6 x 8 **$14.50;** 7 x 9 **$15.50**

Sewing basket, 10½ x 8¼ inches, crushed calfskin, pink, blue, purple, tan, green, brown, grey; with white wicker. **$28.00.** Others **$12.00** and up.



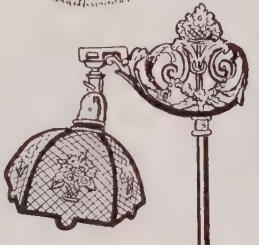
A man's "Compac-kit" black cobra lamb **$18.50.** Tan or black India goat **$20.00**

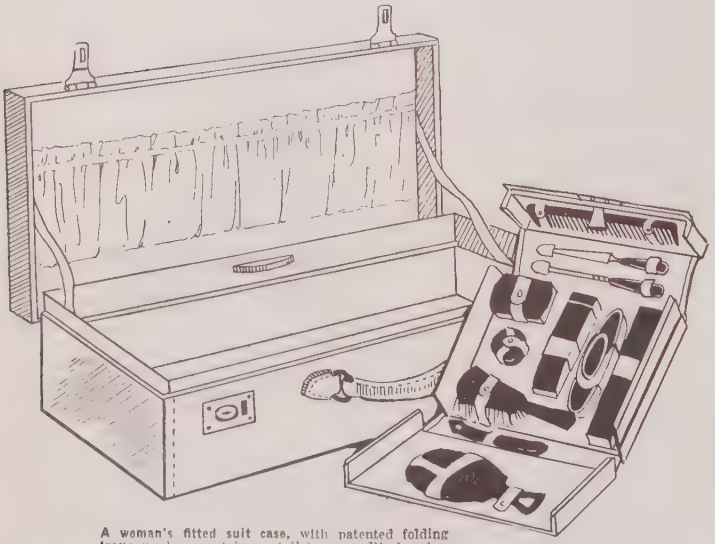


Travelling bag, sturdily made of boarded hide or similar bag of walrus, black or brown, leather lined. 18 and 20 inch **$22, $23**

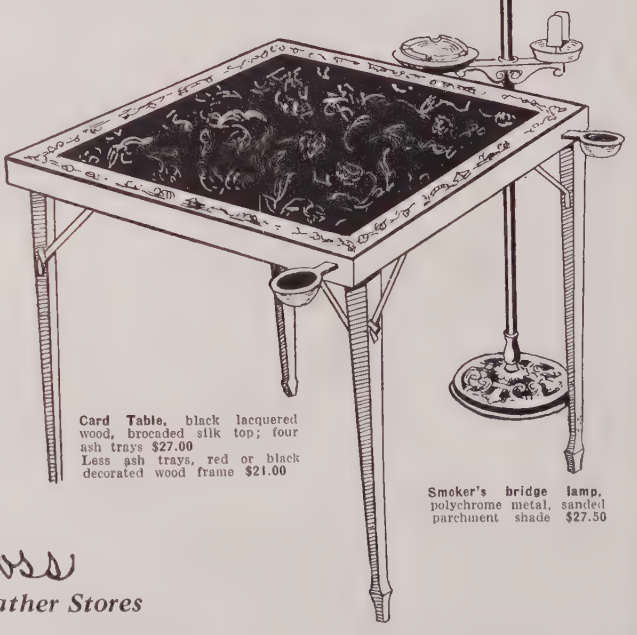
Slippers, for women, suede finish leather, rose, blue, purple or tan; for men, tan or brown, **$6.00** (Mention size)

CATALOGUE SENT UPON REQUEST





A woman's fitted suit case, with patented folding tray; used separately as toilet case. Black cobra hide with tortoise shell or amber color composition fittings. 20, 22, 24 inch: **$44, $45, $46**



Card Table, black lacquered wood, brocaded silk top; four ash trays **$27.00** Less ash trays, red or black decorated wood frame **$21.00**

Smoker's bridge lamp, polychrome metal, sanded parchment shade **$27.50**

Mark Cross

The World's Greatest Leather Stores

NEW YORK

404 Fifth Ave., *(at 37th St.)* **175 Broadway**

Boston: 145 Tremont Street

B. Altman & Co.

Gentlemen's Correct Clothing and Furnishings

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



JACKET—Single- or double-breasted plain or fancy cheviot, flannel or worsted.

WAISTCOAT—Like suit, single- or double-breasted.

TROUSERS—Like jacket, cut amply full with turn-up bottoms.

SOCKS—Wool or lisle of harmonizing colour and design.

SHIRT—White or coloured.

COLLAR—Stiff white doubled-over, or soft attached to shirt.

CRAVAT — Four-in-hand, plain coloured, small designs, or club stripes.

GLOVES—Red cape, tan or gray buck, buttoned or slip-on.

SHOES—Black calf showing plain toe tips.

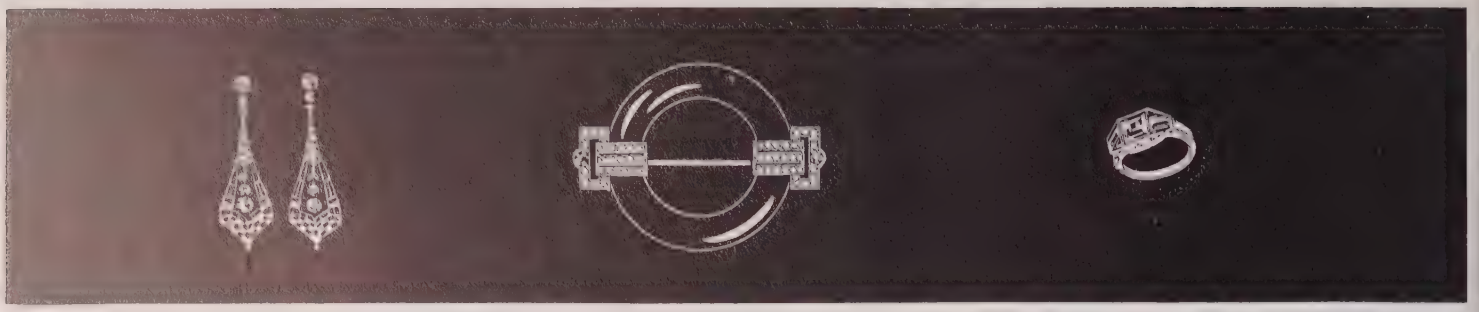
HAT—Soft felt, brown or gray.

TOPCOAT — Raglan box coat of imported tweed.

The Correct Attire For Informal Town Wear

The week-end spent in town necessarily includes those intimate afternoon affairs where one is not acceptable unless well and correctly dressed

SUGGESTIONS FOR



A Gift List for Women

JEWELS

	FROM	TO
Bar Pins	$500.00	$6,300.00
Bracelets	715.00	42,000.00
Brooches	400.00	33,000.00
Collars	800.00	7,200.00
Diamond Chains	400.00	20,000.00
Earrings	125.00	25,000.00
Guard Rings	$70.00	$1,200.00
Lorgnons	300.00	2,200.00
Pearl Necklaces	325.00	550,000.00
Pearl Ropes	700.00	21,500.00
Pearl Scarf Pins	150.00	12,000.00
Pendants	500.00	21,500.00
Rings	110.00	175,000.00

JEWELRY

	FROM	TO
Bar Pins	$4.00	$300.00
Barrettes	6.00	200.00
Bobbed Hair Combs	25.00	65.00
Brooches	4.00	300.00
Bracelets	5.00	600.00
Charms	2.00	275.00
Cigarette Cases	100.00	1,500.00
Cigarette Holders	10.00	400.00
Crosses	7.50	150.00
Earrings	10.00	500.00
Garters	15.00	65.00
Hat Ornament Pins	10.00	225.00
Lingerie Pins	5.00	50.00
Lockets	5.00	300.00
Lorgnettes	23.00	1,500.00
Mesh Bags	275.00	1,500.00
Miniature Cases	$50.00	$165.00
Mirrors—vanity style	23.00	75.00
Necklaces—all gold	12.00	70.00
Necklaces—semi-precious	18.00	2,500.00
Pendants	25.00	375.00
Powder Boxes	25.00	2,500.00
Rings	10.00	600.00
Rosaries	45.00	150.00
Safety Pins	1.00	8.00
Thimbles	8.00	10.00
Vanity Boxes	100.00	2,500.00
Wedding Rings—gold	4.00	15.00
Wedding Rings—platinum	30.00	135.00

NOVELTIES

	FROM	TO
Bridge Sets	$27.00	$49.00
Desk Sets—silver, enamel and marble	42.00	450.00
Frames—silver, gold, enamel and crystal	10.00	350.00
Inkstands	20.00	700.00
Monogrammed Playing Cards—6 Packs	15.00	
12 Packs	24.00	
Jewel Cases	$100.00	$300.00
Lip Sticks	6.50	12.50
Miniature Cases	8.00	56.00
Pencils	4.00	15.00
Pen Holders	5.00	8.00
Powder Boxes	15.00	35.00
Perfume Flasks	5.00	12.50
Scissor Sets	18.00	35.00
Vanity Cases	46.00	75.00

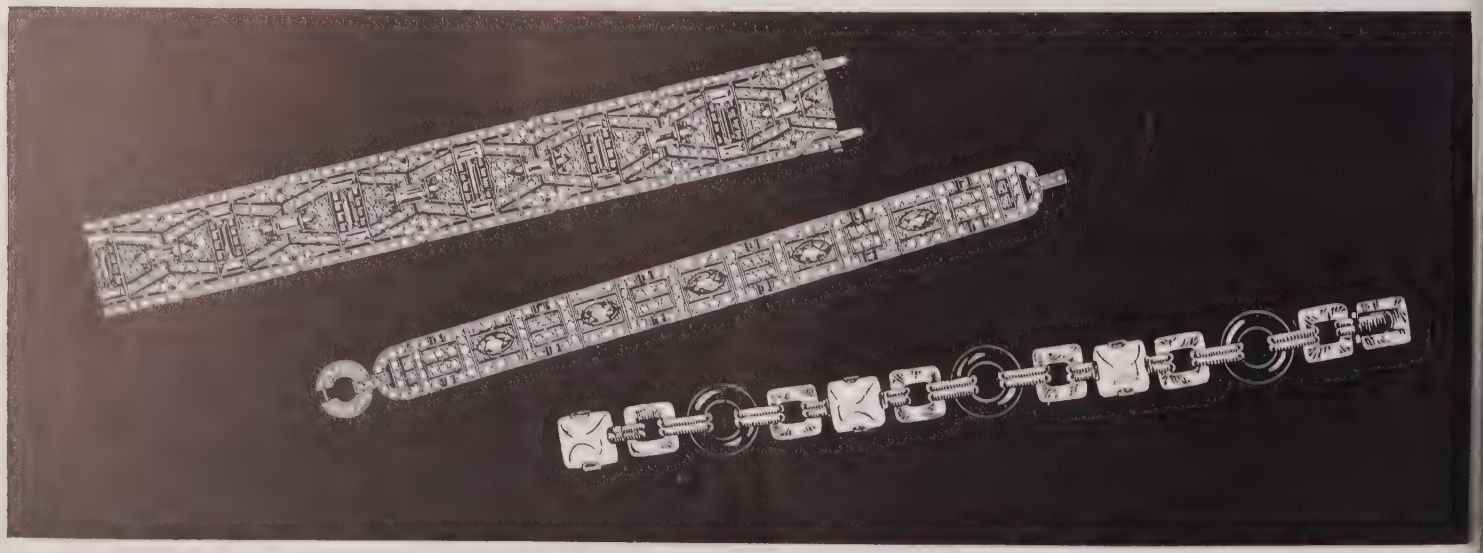
WATCHES

	FROM	TO
Ladies' Platinum & Diamond Pendant Watches	$850.00	$3,200.00
Ladies' Platinum and Diamond Wrist Watches	450.00	8,500.00
Ladies' Gold Ribbon Wrist Watches	55.00	200.00
Ladies' White Gold Ribbon Wrist Watches	$75.00	$215.00
Silver Folding Clocks	50.00	115.00
Leather Folding Clocks	25.00	75.00
Gold Folding Clocks	350.00	500.00
Enamel Clocks	85.00	200.00
Jeweled Clocks	450.00	6,000.00

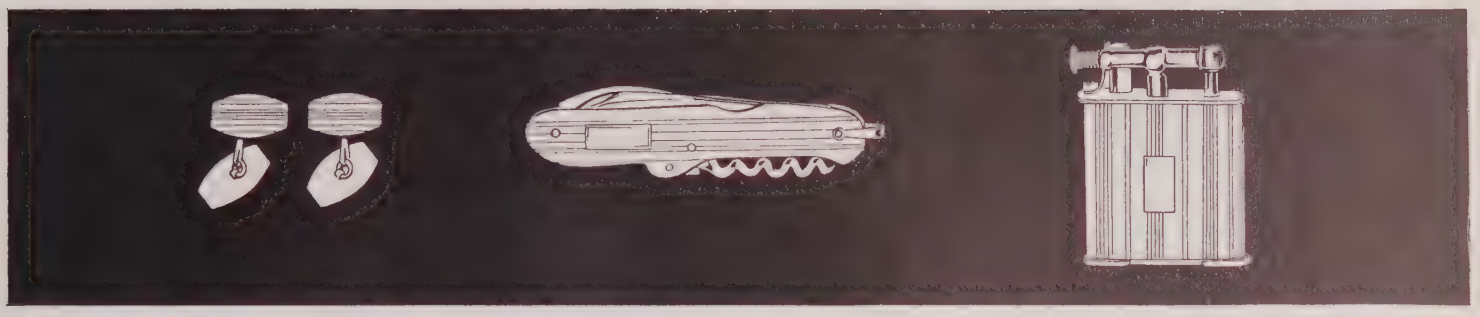
TABLE SILVERWARE

	FROM	TO
Bowls	$20.00	$300.00
Bells	6.00	20.00
Candlesticks	15.00	225.00
Dishes—various styles	25.00	350.00
Pitchers	35.00	400.00
Sugar Baskets	14.00	25.00
Trays	$11.00	$450.00
Tea Balls	4.00	15.00
Tea Sets—5 pieces	275.00	1,900.00
Tea Sets and Kettle	400.00	2,800.00
Tea Sets, Kettle and Waiter	500.00	3,800.00

Prices on flat silverware—forks, spoons, cutlery, and serving pieces—gladly furnished upon application.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS



LEATHER NOVELTIES

	FROM	TO
Address Books	$5.00	$12.00
Baby Books	20.00	38.00
Bags (handbags)	25.00	700.00
Bridge Score Pads	5.00	22.00
Compact Bags	250.00	400.00
Desk Sets	125.00	300.00
Fitted Suitcases	125.00	2,500.00
Jewel Cases of Tooled Leather	$8.00	$48.00
Overnight Bags	60.00	350.00
Picture Frames	8.00	45.00
Purses	8.00	100.00
Suitcases	30.00	150.00
Travelling Jewel Cases	30.00	60.00

A Gift List for Men

	FROM	TO
Bill Clips	$10.00	$40.00
Chains—vest	15.00	200.00
Check Book Covers	75.00	200.00
Cigarette Cases	100.00	1,500.00
Cigarette Holders	10.00	400.00
Cigarette Lighters	50.00	100.00
Cigar Cutters	15.00	45.00
Corkscrews	28.00	75.00
Dress Sets	$100.00	$2,500.00
Guard Rings	2.00	15.00
Key Rings	10.00	55.00
Pocket Knives	15.00	60.00
Stock and Sport Pins	7.00	75.00
Suspenders	40 00	95.00
Tie Clasps and Holders	5.00	80.00

SILVER NOVELTIES

	FROM	TO
Bottle Openers	$7.50	$25.00
Cigarette Cases	18.00	100.00
Cigar Boxes	65.00	200.00
Cigar Lighters	25.00	60.00
Corkscrews	5.00	15.00
Flasks	25.00	600.00
Pr. Military Brushes and Comb	$20.00	$50.00
Smoking Sets	25.00	200.00
Shaving Sets	18.00	36.00
Tantalus Sets	60.00	230.00
Travelling Clocks	50.00	100.00

WATCHES

	FROM	TO
Men's Gold Pocket Watches	$72.00	$1,200.00
Men's Platinum Pocket Watches	500.00	1,500.00
Men's Platinum Wrist Watches	$500.00	$1,800.00
Men's Gold Leather Wrist Watches	75.00	350.00

LEATHER ARTICLES

	FROM	TO
Buckles and Belts	$8.00	$75.00
Billfolds	7.00	60.00
Canes	10.00	375.00
Cigar Cases	10.00	40.00
Cigar Holders	5.00	20.00
Cigarette Cases	7.00	45.00
Cocktail Sets	$225.00	$400.00
Fountain Pens	12.00	55.00
Hip Cases	6.00	40.00
Picture Frames in Tooled Leather	8.00	45.00
Umbrellas	15.00	145.00
Wallets	10.00	45.00

Gifts for the Baby

	FROM	TO
Add a Pearl Necklace	$25.00	$500.00
Baby Books	20.00	30.00
Rattles	3.00	30.00
Bib Chains	10.00	15.00
Safety Pins	2.00	6.00
Child's Cups	9.00	42.00
Child's Bowls	10.00	50.00
Child's Plates	10.00	50.00
Child's Porringers	12.00	36.00
Child's Sets-knife, fork and spoon—large	$8.50	$12.00
Baby Sets—knife, fork and spoon—small	7.50	12.00
Baby Pushers	2.50	8.00
Baby Brushes & Combs	12.00	18.00
Baby Military Brushes and Combs	10.00	20.00

BLACK STARR & FROST

Gifts that Suit The Needs of Every Taste and Purse

JEWELERS FOR 116 YEARS—FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK · · PARIS · PALM BEACH · SOUTHAMPTON





The Fifth Avenue Office of the Guaranty Trust Company at Forty-Fourth Street.

Banking Convenience at the Holiday Season

AT this season our depositors appreciate especially the advantage of having accounts at this Bank, at the very center of the shopping district.

Particularly do our women customers find the special facilities for their service and convenience a most appealing feature. Our Women's Banking Department includes a large and beautifully appointed reception and rest room. A maid is in attendance. A number of tellers' windows are especially reserved for our women depositors.

Is this not an appropriate time to open an account with us?

FIFTH AVENUE OFFICE

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE & 44TH STREET

Have You Considered
Bonds as Gifts?

BONDS, as gifts, convey in a most appropriate way the wish to bestow something of intrinsic value.

The staff of the Guaranty Company of New York at this Office can assist you in making a selection to meet the requirements of each particular case.

She stoops to conquer



WHEN she puts on her shoes, she seals her fate—in this short-skirted, sharp-eyed world where gazes begin at the pavement and travel up... slowly. If her feet aren't her fortune—she'll die poor.

Feet must look slim, trim, small, *smart*. They must look as though they could walk, run, dance 'til the orchestra plays the milkman in. No feet are born that way—but all feet may slip smartness on in a split second... if the brain above knows how.

Shoes with simple lines—the mode says so. Shoes of Vici kid—that give a feeling of slenderness, litheness, youth. Shoes in Vici colours—planned to add the first-and-last accent to a perfect costume.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

The new Vici colours

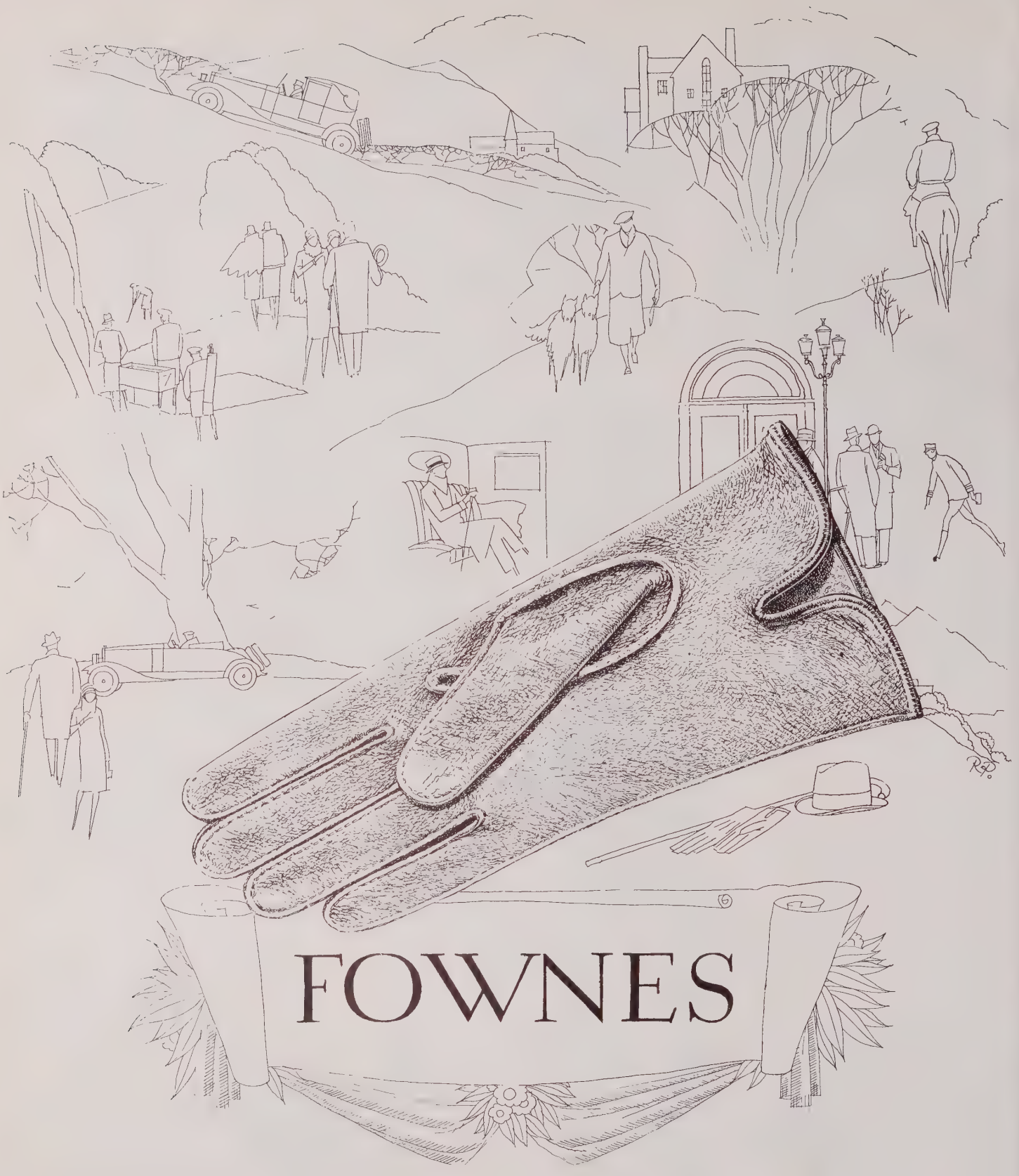
Vici Polo . . . . . golden brown
Vici Cochin . . . rich, medium brown
Vici Cinna . . . . . rose brown
Vici Walnut . . . . . darkest brown
Vici Rosette . . . . . winter beige
Vici Navy . . . . . the smart blue
Vici Grenadine . . . deep wine red
Vici Black . . . mat and glacé—for the chic black costume

The Vici Lucky Horseshoe

Vici means "I conquered". Look for the Lucky Horseshoe stamped inside your shoes—and you conquer luck from the ground up.

VICI kid

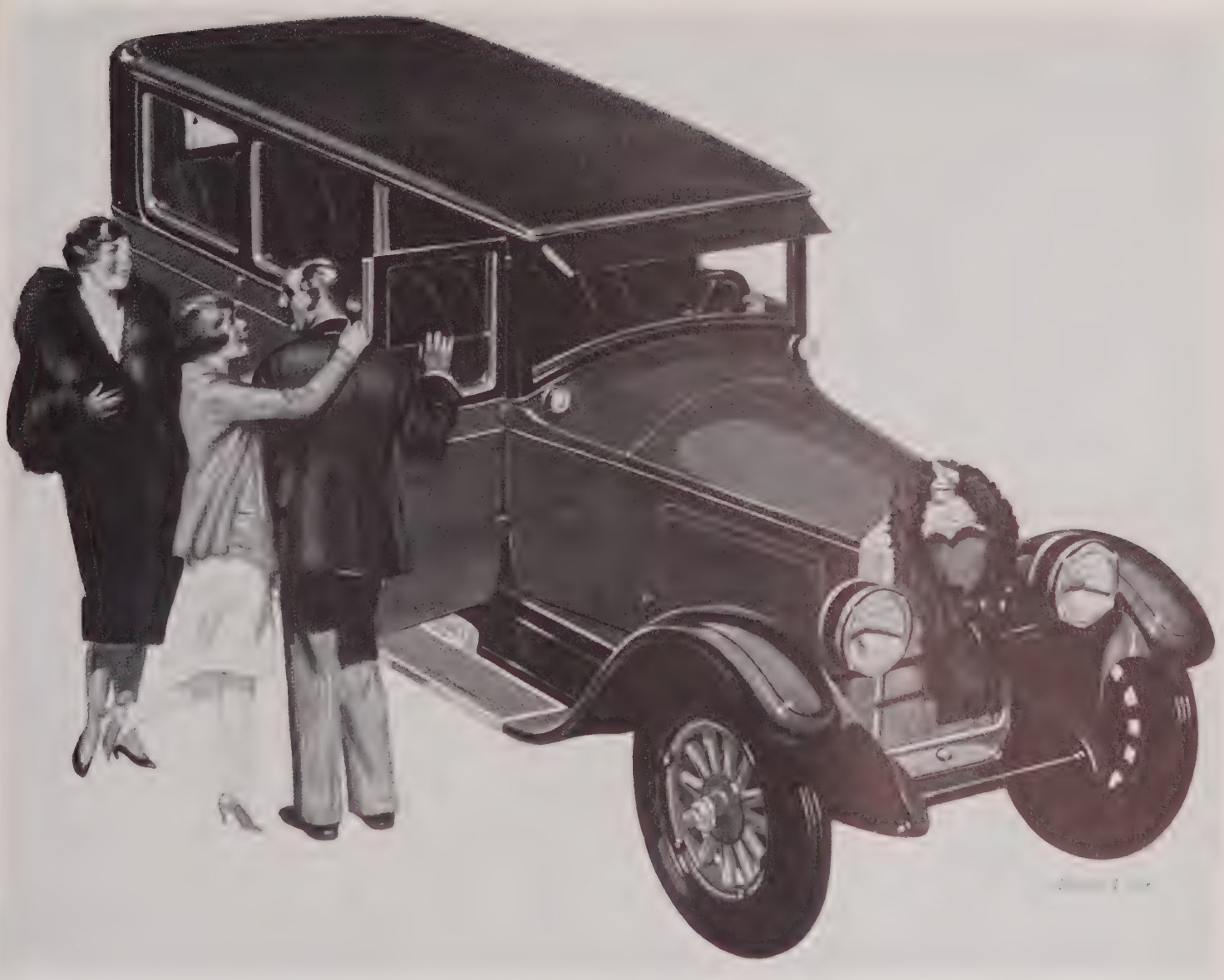
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The Fownes Sesqui is the modern man's glove. It heralds a new day of comfort and common sense as surely as the lounge suit, golf knickers, the soft-collared shirt. No clasps or buttons to bother. It pulls on easily . . . comfortably . . . quickly . . . and stays on. The smart New Yorker will wear it about town with lounge and business clothes—for sports and semi-sports, and for country wear generally. We recommend it especially for driving.

Originated by the Fownes Company (patent applied for), it is new and different from any glove ever made. Not a novelty—not a fad, but a real improvement in glove design; and because Fownes have made gloves since 1777, ranking always among the best glove-makers of the world, the Sesqui inherits the distinctive Fownes quality, perfect fit and smart hand-pattern. In three shades; $5.00. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP



To WIN THE HEARTS and stir the pride of those you love the most—we suggest a Buick ~ Go to the Buick showroom today, and finish your Christmas shopping.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
· · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM · ·

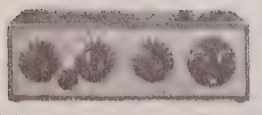
THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

Buick

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Make it a 365 day *Christmas*

MODEL 35, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $70. Model H Radio Speaker, brown crystalline finish, $21. Model G, same as Model H, but in amber buff and sage green, $24.



Model 2[illegible] Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable, $85.00



Model 37, six-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable, $85.00



Model 32, [illegible]-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable, $140.00

THOSE Christmas gifts. What planning, what solicitude, what sacrifice they represent! And, alas! How quickly they are forgotten unless they fill more than a fleeting need.

But Radio is never forgotten. It brings happiness not merely for one day, but for all the days to come. For Radio—the great modern source of entertainment and knowledge—meets a *permanent* desire.

In choosing a gift that means so much, you will want to be sure of rightness in every quality. With Atwater Kent Radio you *are* sure. Whoever receives it will be grateful—and the gratitude will last.

Now only ONE Dial *to turn!*

WHAT the self-starter did for the automobile, Atwater Kent ONE Dial operation is doing for Radio. Now *anyone* can get as good results as a radio engineer—and get them instantly.

You don't have to hunt for stations. Everything within range comes marching in as you turn the ONE Dial.

There are no auxiliary tuning devices with which you have to fiddle to hear the programs clearly. This is *genuine* ONE Dial control—swift, certain, reliable.

For a demonstration before Christmas, see the nearest Atwater Kent dealer NOW.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WFI	*Philadelphia*
WJAR	*Providence*	WCAE	*Pittsburgh*
WEEI	*Boston*	WGR	*Buffalo*
WRC	*Washington*	WOC	*Davenport*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WCCO	*Mpls.-St. Paul*
WTAG	*Worcester*		
WTAM	*Cleveland*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WGN	*Chicago*	WWJ	*Detroit*

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio



The quality of radio reception depends as much on the speaker as on the receiving set. They work together. One must be as good as the other. Be sure yours is an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker. It is the standard of tone, everywhere. Model L illustrated; price $16.00

. . .

Prices slightly higher in the Rockies and Far West, and in Canada

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY · *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* · 4742 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



The Keys to Happiness
. . . and to the car of her dreams!

NOT a shadow of a hint, not a word—then . . . on Christmas morning . . . a dainty little jewel case beside her plate, with the magic Keys to Happiness!

What more charming way to give your wife or daughter a Christmas gift of luxurious loveliness—a Studebaker Custom Car.

In The President, a Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan for seven, you combine the joy of surprise and the thrill of custom beauty! It is a masterpiece of custom distinction, with the beauty that appeals to a woman, the stamina that appeals to a man, and a One-Profit price, $2245. Only seven American cars—costing two to four times more—equal it in rated power.

Its custom interior is replete with every detail of custom luxury—Chase mohair or broadcloth upholstery, exquisite broadlace trim, Butler finish hardware, silk shades, silk toggle grips, opal iridescent interior lights, smoking set, vanity case.

Make this the happiest Christmas of her life by giving her the car of her dreams. Any Studebaker dealer will supply the magic Keys to Happiness and deliver the car on Christmas morning or when you wish.

Equipment: No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; front and rear bumpers; engine thermometer, clock and gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil-filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror; traffic signal light; emergency lamp on extension; 4-wheel brakes; full-size balloon tires; Watson stabilators; and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from the steering wheel

THE PRESIDENT

A Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan (for Seven)

$2245 *f. o. b. factory, including disc wheels and 4-wheel brakes*

STUDEBAKER

FRENCH
CRÊPE



And now the South. Sunny, warm days, bringing with them the stylish ease of sport apparel.

Cheney Brothers have a line of cravats, made of French crêpe, that are particularly adaptable for this type of wear. These ties combine skillfully blended coloring with striking design, to produce true style. They create the atmosphere of being *à la page.*

CHENEY
CRAVATS

CHENEY BROTHERS 181 MADISON AVENUE, AT 34TH STREET · NEW YORK CITY



ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



Christmas Suggestions



Less than $5.00

Many articles listed under the first few classifications may also be obtained in a higher-priced grade.

Address Books
Anklets
Arctics
Ash Trays
Autograph Books
Bath Mats (Cork)
Bath Slippers
Bath Towels
Bedroom Slippers
Belts
Bone Shoe Horns
Boot Garters
Boot Hooks
Boot Jacks
Boot and Shoe Laces
Boot Lifts
Boot and Shoe Polishes, Dressings, Brushes, Shankbones, etc.
Boys' Caps
Boys' Cuff Links
Boys' Gloves
Boys' Shirts
Boys' Sweaters and Jerseys
Boys' Two-in-One Gloves
Boys' Undergarments
Boys' Wool-lined Gloves
Braces
Buckskin Gloves
Caps
Calling Lists
Card Cases
Cheviot Shirts, White
Cigarette Boxes
Collars
Combination Knives
Combination Shoe Horns and Button Hooks
Corkscrews
Cravats
Day Books
Diaries
Dictionaries
Dressing Case Fittings
Drinking Cups
Fancy Colored and Silk Handkerchiefs
Felt Slippers
Folding Boot Jacks
Folding Scissors, Mole Case
Gilt Sabre Chains
Gloves, Leather and Wool
Golf Garters
Golf Gloves
Golf Stockings
Guest Books
Handkerchiefs
Hat Brushes
Hat Guards
Jewel Boxes
Jockey Lifts
Key Chains
Key Purses
Knitted Cravats
Laundry Lists
Lazy Tongs
Leather-Back Clothes Brushes
Leather Luggage Tags
Memorandum Books
Nail Brushes
Nail Clippers
Nail Files
Neckties
Peal Boot Polishes and Dressings
Peal Shoe Trees
Photograph Frames
Pipes
Pocket Books
Pocket Coat Hangers in Leather Cases
Pocket Knives
Polo Belts
Razor Cases
Razors and Strops
Record of Gifts
Riding Whips
Safety Pins
Safety Razor Sets
Shaving Brushes, Collapsible
Shaving Mirrors
Shirts
Shoe Trees
Silk Handkerchiefs
Silk Hosiery
Silk Ties and Scarves
Soft Collars
Spats and Gaiters
Spiral Puttees
Soap Boxes
Spur Cases
Spur Chains
Spurs and Spur Straps
Stocking Trees
String Gloves
Suspenders
Telephone Pads
Thermos Bottles
Tobacco Jars
Tobacco Pouches
Tray Purses
Unbutton Hooks
Undergarments
Walking Sticks
Watch Alberts
Wool Gloves
Wool Half Hose
Wool Mufflers
Wool Slippers

From $5.00 to $10.00

Address Books, Calf
Automatic Cigarette Cases
Beagling Crops and Thongs
Bottle Sets
Boys' Blazers
Boys' Fancy Silk Squares and Mufflers
Boys' Flannel Waistcoats
Boys' Fur and Fur-lined Gloves
Boys' Hats
Boys' Leggings and Puttees
Boys' Odd Knickers, Breeches and Trousers
Boys' Reindeer Shirts
Boys' Shoes and Pumps
Boys' Wool Sweaters and Waistcoats
Brides' Gift Books
Bridge Scores
Canvas Leggings
Card Cases
Cheviot Shirts
Cigarette and Cigar Cases and Lighters
Collar Boxes
Comb, Collar, Glove and Handkerchief Cases
Custom Shirts
Document Cases
Dog Baskets
Dog-Head Canes
Dollar Bill Cases
Dress Shirts
Driving Gloves
Dunhill Pipes
Evening Waistcoats
Fishing Helmets
Flannel Shirts
Flasks
Fountain Pens
Fox's Cloth Spiral Puttees
Glove Trees
Gloves
Golf Stockings
Golf Umbrellas
Handkerchief Cases
Hunting and Beagling Horns
Hunting Gloves
Leather Slippers
Leather Toilet and Dressing Cases
Loewe's Pipes
M. M. Co. Pipes
Match Boxes
Metal Cigarette Boxes
Morocco Tie Cases
Olive Drab Wool Shirts
Pewter Tobacco Jars
Photograph Cases
Pigskin Cigar Cases
Polo Jerseys
Pyjamas
Scarf Pins
Shaving Mirrors
Sewing Sets
Shawl Straps
Shirts, Cheviot and Madras
Silk Tobacco Pouches
Silver and Enamel Knives
Smokers' Companions
Soft Hats
Stanley Ferrostat Bottles
Suspenders
Sweaters
Telephone Pads
Thermos Bottles
Thermos Bottle Cases
Tobacco Jars
Tool Companions
Tuxedo Shirts
Two-in-One Gloves
Undergarments
Valet's Hat Tools
Wool-lined Gloves
Wool Long Hose

From $10.00 to $20.00

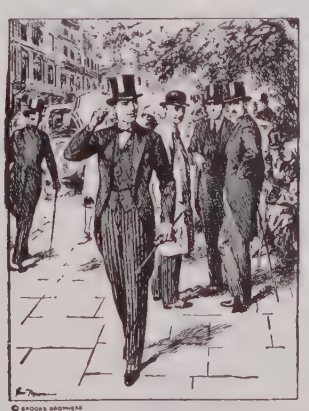
Armchair Ash Trays
Attaché Cases
Bamboo Canes, Silver Studs and White Studs
Bath Robes
Bath Scales
Bath Sheets
Boys' Cashmere and Shetland Jackets
Boys' Dressing Gowns, Flannel, Wool or Silk
Boys' Mackintoshes
Boys' Shetland Jumpers
Boys' Town and Country Coats
Canes
Chamois Drawers
Cigarette and Cigar Boxes
Cigarette and Cigar Holders
Cowhide Golf Bags
Cunliffe Shooting Seats
Dancing Pumps
Derby Hats
Fancy Silk Squares and Mufflers
Fitted Work Baskets
Flannel Waistcoats
Fur and Fur-lined Gloves
Golfers' Rain Jackets
Hunt Buttons, Engraved, Gold Plated
Hunting Knives
Key Chains, Snake Pattern
Leather Handkerchief Cases
Leather Puttees and Leggings
Leather Waistcoats
Lock & Co. Hats
Odd Knickers, Breeches and Trousers
Opera Hats
Panama Hats
Peal "Sam Browne" Belts
Pipe Racks
Polo Caps and Helmets
Record Books
Reindeer Shirts
Rolls Razors
Saddle Flasks
Saddle Sandwich Cases
Shoes
Silk Hats
Silk or Wool Mufflers
Silk Pyjamas
Silk Shirts
Silver and Enamel Lighters
Silver Match Boxes
Sporting Record Books, Golf, Hunting, etc.
Tie Cases
Tobacco Magazines
Umbrellas
Woodrow Army Officers' Caps
Wool Sweaters and Waistcoats
Writing Folios

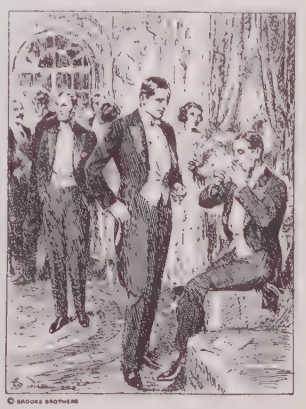
From $20.00 to $50.00

Beach Coats and Cloaks
Blazers
Bottles with Ivory or Silver Tops
Boys' Overcoats
Boys' Polo Coats
Boys' Suits
Boys' Trunks
Boys' Ulsters
Breakfast Gowns
Calendar Pencils
Cashmere and Shetland Jackets
Collapsible Kit Bags
Cuff Links
Desk Sets (Leather)
Dictionary Sets (Five vols., in Rack)
Dog Travelling Bags
Dressing Cases
Dressing Gowns, Flannel, Wool and Silk
English High Lace Tan Grain Field Boots
English Silk Hats
Fair Isle Jumpers
Fur Muffle Gloves
Golfers' Grips
Golfing Cardigans and Jackets
Hunt Waistcoats, Racing Colors
Lady Plaids
Leather Coats
Leather Hat Boxes
Leather Hunting Boots
Leather and Leather-lined Waistcoats
Liberty Chintz Gowns
Library Sets in Leather
Lock Bottles
Luncheon and Tea Baskets
Mackintoshes
Mail Cloth Golf Carryalls
Pigskin Dressing Cases
Raccoon Gauntlets
Reference Sets
Riding Boots
Saddle Mackintoshes
Sheep-lined Coats
"Lock" and "Johnson" Silk Hats
Steamer and Travelling Rugs
Steamer Trunks
Stockinette Jackets
Suit Cases
Town and Country Coats
Travelling Alarm Clocks
Travelling Bags
Umbrella and Cane Holders, Fibre, Canvas or Cowhide
Velvet Hunting Caps
Work Baskets

From $50.00 upward

Beagling Coats
Boot and Shoe Kits
Cabin Trunks with Hide Bumpers
Collapsible Kit Bags
Custom Made Clothing
English Fitted Suit Cases
English Golf Travelling Bags
Fitted Attaché Cases
Fur-lined Garments
Gold Hunt Waistcoat Buttons, each Engraved with Different Design
Golf Capes
Leather-lined Overcoats
Lightweight Touring Trunks
Luncheon Baskets
Men's Suits and Overcoats
Military Short Warms
Monitor Bags
Motor Coats, Slip-ons
Motor Picnic Baskets
Overcoats
Peal Luggage
Polo Coats
Room Suits
Saddle Bags
Short Warms
Sole Leather Trunks
Sporting Crystals
Tantalus Sets
Tea Baskets
Travellers' Toilet Cases, Ebony or Satinwood Fittings
Tuxedo and Dress Sets
Ulsters
Wardrobe Trunks





BOSTON
LITTLE BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON

PALM BEACH
PLAZA BUILDING
COUNTY ROAD

NEWPORT
AUDRAIN BUILDING
220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



Distinction—Elegance—Style
Combined with the finest British Woolens have made

JOHN SHANNON'S
ENGLISH COATS

Incontestably Correct

MAGNUS IMPORTS LTD. *Sole Selling Agents* 208 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
WHOLESALE ONLY

For Smokers who decide every Christmas that they haven't a single brilliant friend

A Lighter that lights at the mere press of a trigger

A friend you've admired all year sends a mauve smoking jacket—well, the moths are thankful. Your fifth humidor comes from one to whom you showed the other four. Cigarettes and cigarettes—and never the kind you smoke.

Good friends, bless their generous simple souls! They'd give you their last sou. Yet what paupers in imagination they seem. Not a clever thought among them.

Wait—this year there'll be a small package in many a smoker's stocking, and when it's opened *Christmas* has come.





From leathers of ostrich, lizard, alligator and calfskin in a variety of colors, one chooses the Douglass that slender fingers will hold. At $15.00 over silver or $17.50 over gold plate

This new Douglass, from the skilled hands of master goldsmiths, in solid gold case at $150.00. Solid silver case, $25.00, with inlaid gold stripe, $30.00





For men who go about in the evening, a silver or silver plated Douglass — monogrammed if you wish, and priced from $10.00

For it holds a marvelous new lighter, the Douglass, which, if cased in gold or silver, may even bear your monogram or the family crest.

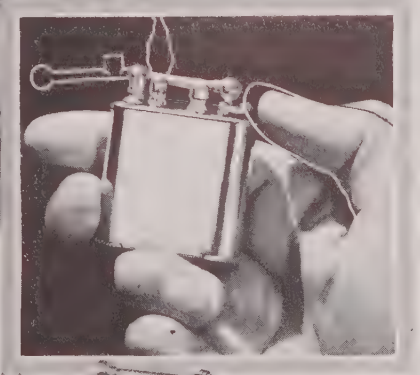
Or, if someone knows your passion for color, you'll doubtless find it in that shade, done from lizard, ostrich, alligator or calfskin.

But your real thrill will come when you work the lighter. It's automatic! No whatnots to lift. No wheels to turn. Just press the trigger—there's your light!

And such is the genius of its fashioning that the Douglass adapts itself with equal grace to the vest pocket or vanity home it finds.

What a Christmas this will be for smokers—to have a friend "crash through" with something really brilliant.

The Douglass Lighter, by the way, is found at those very places where silver humidors, smoking jackets and fat cigars are sold. The Douglass Co.



The Douglass is automatic. Just press the trigger — there's your light. Requiring scant attention, yet rewarding smokers with years of unfailing service. Look for the name Douglass on the bottom of the lighter

Be certain that you see the leather cased models. You'll find striking effects, to match your choice of other leather goods

The Douglass Lighter

Sponsored by HARGRAFT





HAYS

Sewed with Superseam

GLOVES SINCE 1854

The Daniel Hays Company

GLOVERSVILLE, N.Y.



For Christmas

It would be hard to imagine a more acceptable gift for men than a dozen pair of Trufab Bi-Spun Half Hose.

Men Know Better

TIME was when men simply accepted their hosiery as a necessary but uninteresting part of their apparel. Today few men can gaze unmoved upon the intriguing designs and inspired color combinations so much in vogue. And those who prefer to present a well groomed appearance to the world know that proper hosiery adds just the right touch. Wool is, of course, very smart and will continue so through the spring months. Most men prefer the lighter weights in wool and rayon combinations. They fit much better, and when Bi-Spun*, wear months longer than ordinary socks. The Bi-Spun Trufab models now on display at the better class men's stores and at department stores will convince you that the smartest hosiery can now be purchased very reasonably.

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS, *Founded 1902* Athens, Georgia *New York Office:* 366 Broadway

***The Bi-Spun Process**

Bi-Spinning is a revolutionary process developed by the makers of Trufab Hosiery, which doubly strengthens every thread, insuring longer wear and better fit, as well as a considerable reduction in your hosiery bills. *Fully Guaranteed.*

Prices range from 50c to $1.00

Tru-fab

Bi-Spun

HOSIERY *for* MEN

Invisibly Reinforced



Boyle *LUGGAGE*

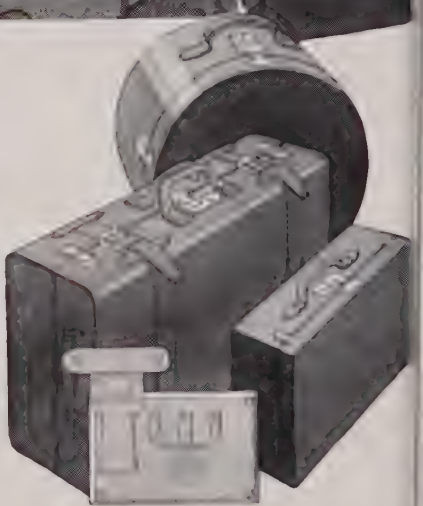
Travels with Smart People~

Nothing better reflects good judgment and taste than the Christmas remembrance. Wise then the person who includes Boyle Luggage in the holiday shopping list. Since 1860 it has been the vogue for correct travel. On sale at leading stores.

In keeping with its distinguished quality, Boyle Luggage is now equipped with

SESAMEE-*The Keyless Lock*

No keys to lose. Greater convenience. Greater protection. Choose any of a thousand combinations. Change it when you wish. You are certain to like this Boyle feature.



John Boyle & Co., Inc. New York – St. Louis.– *Makers of Luggage and Awning Materials since 1860*

HUPMOBILE



ONLY ONE CAR – AND THAT A COSTLY ITALIAN STRAIGHT EIGHT – CAN COMPARE WITH THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT, ACCORDING TO THE OPINION OF ENGINEERING AUTHORITIES WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT ALL CARS

BEAUTY, COLOR OPTIONS, LUXURY, IN NINE ENCLOSED AND OPEN BODIES. $1945 TO $2595 F.O.B. DETROIT, PLUS REVENUE TAX

THE DISTINGUISHED 8

The

JOHNSTON & MURPHY

Shoe for Men

Always—there is an indefinable elegance to a J & M Shoe that fits in with a gentleman's idea of good dress. Nothing obtrusive. Nothing extreme. Yet invariably—distinguished footwear for every occasion.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE

Newark, N. J.



Ritz Carlton Hotel
New York



Black calfskin Oxford—
hand made

Choose this Gift for Him



The New Phantom Hose

THERE is smartness in every thread of the new McCallum Phantom Hose. The texture itself is sheerest of the sheer—and the figures, diamonds, stripes, and novelty shapes are woven in like shadows. For formal wear, day or evening, they are completely correct; their elegance would grace any smart occasion. As a Christmas gift they are preeminent. Indeed, McCallum Men's Hose, of whatever style, are the one really safe choice for Christmas giving.

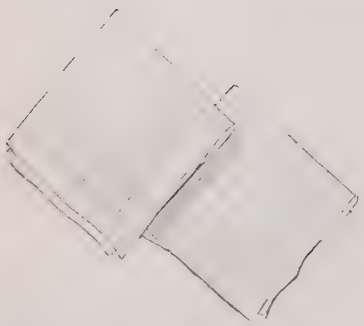
McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

McCallum Men's Hose

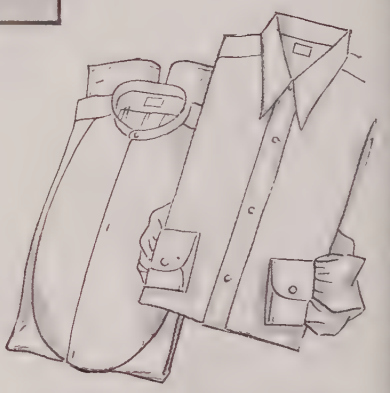


E. C. McClintock was president of Palaeopitus and a member of Casque & Gauntlet and Phi Beta Kappa, and manager of the Dartmouth Track Team.

Defining Good Taste at Dartmouth



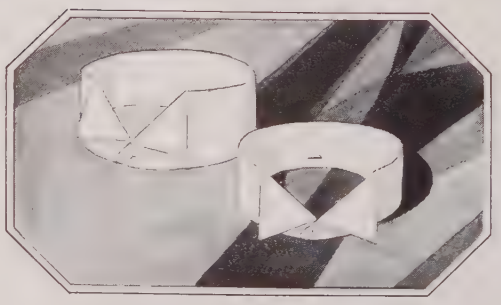
For daytime or evening, Ide handkerchiefs, many in tasteful self-patterns, lend a touch of masculine smartness. They are made of fine imported linen, sheer in texture but remarkably long-wearing.



A fine white broadcloth shirt is Ide's Eton-street 8. The extra long points of its soft attached collar won approval at Dartmouth. For evening wear, the Monocourt 2 was especially commended.

"A MAN who dresses in good taste can be relied upon to show good taste in most other things," says E. C. McClintock, Dartmouth '26, chosen by his class as the man "most likely to succeed" in life. Men everywhere today recognize that good dress has an important bearing on one's chances of success. Mr. McClintock points the way.

"To my mind, good taste is largely a matter of avoiding extremes. Nowhere is this more evident than in the choice of one's clothes.



In choosing wing collars, this Dartmouth graduate endorses the nice distinction between the Idetux for dinner clothes and the Idebrent with broader wing for strictly formal dress.

"Colored shirts are correct dress when carefully chosen. The soft shirt, such as the Ide 'Eton Street' in white broadcloth, seems to have universal approval. Well-dressed college men favor the starched collar for smartness and style."

Among the Ide styles pictured on this page are typical examples of the wide variety of Ide soft shirts from which Mr. McClintock indicates his own preference for the Eton-street in which he is photographed.

Styles in Ide shirts, Ide collars and Ide handkerchiefs selected by men in ten of the leading colleges and universities as typifying good taste are illustrated and described in a new booklet which we will gladly send you on request. Address Geo. P. Ide & Co., Troy, New York.



THE Roberts-Wicks Dinner Jacket illustrated treats the present vogue for tapering athletic figures with marked good taste. It is as correct in cut as it is refined in tailoring. Roberts-Wicks Co., Utica, N. Y.

ROBERTS-WICKS

EVENING CLOTHES *and* FORMAL DAY WEAR



Dependability that has won World Leadership

RECOGNITION of any product as being supreme in its field comes gradually through years of merit. The first Skinner fabrics generations ago were worn only by the rich. They were counted a luxury to be afforded by the few.

But the grade of silk used by William Skinner, founder of this business, and the care put into the weaving of Skinner's Satins produced such wearing quality that their fame soon spread as a *genuine economy.*

What was a luxury then is today a necessity. The extra service given by these remarkable lining satins makes them an indispensable feature of every high grade suit or topcoat.

Pure silk has great strength and elasticity—and *incomparable beauty.* That is why Fashion dictates Skinner linings—because America's best wearing Satin is also the richest in appearance.

In ready-to-wear garments look for the Skinner label. In ordering from a merchant tailor "*Look for the Name in the Selvage.*"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS . . . . *Established 1848*
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA. *Mills:* HOLYOKE, MASS.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Crepes, Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

Skinner's Satins

BANISTER SHOES



Carrying them on—and up!

YOU know the type of young man who seems destined to go on and up from the time of the first shave. Often it is born in them. Sometimes they acquire the quality. They look the part of success; they act it and dress properly for the part. ∽ These men instinctively choose good clothes and particularly good shoes. So many of them wear Banister Shoes, that we may be forgiven a little pride when we know the high places to which Banister Shoes have carried them. Not that Banister Shoes make success—they naturally associate with it. ∽ We could sell Banister Shoes on good looks and on the fact that we create the latest styles. (Many an unknown named shoe style has been copied from a Banister.) But with smartness and style there is a sheer value that makes these shoes the choice of the kind of men who wear them. Prices from $12.50 to $20.

Write for the name of the nearest Banister dealer.
Have us send you our booklet of the latest styles.

JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY ∽ NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



Since 1845 the Choice of Gentlemen



Correct Foot-Wear for Winter-Wear



The Indispensable Six

(For Street Wear)

SUMMER-WEIGHT OXFORDS
MEDIUM-WEIGHT OXFORDS
WINTER-WEIGHT OXFORDS
HIGH SHOES

(For Other Occasions)

SPORT OXFORDS
FORMAL OXFORDS

Diamond Brand Visible Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

Look for the Diamond ◇ Trade Mark



WINTER-WEIGHT OXFORDS

FREEZING WEATHER calls for heavier clothing — also heavier footwear. Although Goodyear Welt oxfords have become popular the year round, a sturdy Winter-Weight oxford is necessary to withstand rough winter usage. The Winter-Weight, equipped with practical *visible* fast color eyelets is the ideal oxford for the winter season. An indispensable part of every well dressed man's shoe wardrobe.

"There's a Proper Shoe for Every Occasion"

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY, BOSTON

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

EVERY GENUINE BURBERRY COAT BEARS THIS LABEL

BURBERRYS LONDON

BURBERRYS
LONDON



OVERCOATS designed and tailored in London, England, by Burberrys invariably set the standard throughout the world for the correct attire of a gentleman.

Their extreme light weight and great warmth set a further standard of comfort which none can approach.

Dealers in every important city in the United States and Canada.

For the name of your local dealer write to

BURBERRYS, LTD.
14 East 38th St.
New York City

By Appointment to H.M. King George V





Right now—this Christmas—is the time to start. Let flowers deliver your oration of adoration.

Flowers speak a language of love to the *ladies* of every land . . . . Many a shy, stuttering swain has ranked as a wise Demosthenes by letting flowers do the talking . . . . A word to the wise equals a dictionary to the dumb.

Say it with Flowers

Christmas is the time to replace your old set with the newest lighting socket Radiola



RCA's famous sets *tried-tested-perfected*

NEW YEAR'S music with the Christmas Radiola. The gayest event of the year—and the smartest. A whirl of dance tangled in bright streamers. A happy hubbub of noises.

And the music—a twenty piece orchestra perhaps—sounding out clearly over the din. Dance following dance—the finest orchestras playing one after another—a turn of a finger calling them in. Yet the only musical instrument in the room is a Radiola 30.

You cannot know what possibilities radio offers for every social occasion, unless you have heard the new Radiolas.



Radiola 30, eight tube superheterodyne with power speaker built in and loop enclosed. Beautifully cabineted . . . and superbly real in tone. Complete . $575

Soft music for the dinner party [illegible] concert for a crowded drawing room—whatever you want, played at the volume you want—and always *as real as bringing in the orchestra*.

And there are no batteries—just the current of your house wires feeding power to an eight tube super-heterodyne. Its intricate parts are sealed up—and a single finger does the tuning.

With all the new things that are being claimed for radio this year, there is scarcely one detail that was not put in to Radiola 30 a year ago. Now it has been tried—tested—and perfected. And it has *proved* itself in use!

Radiolas range in price from $115 to $575—each a leader at its price.

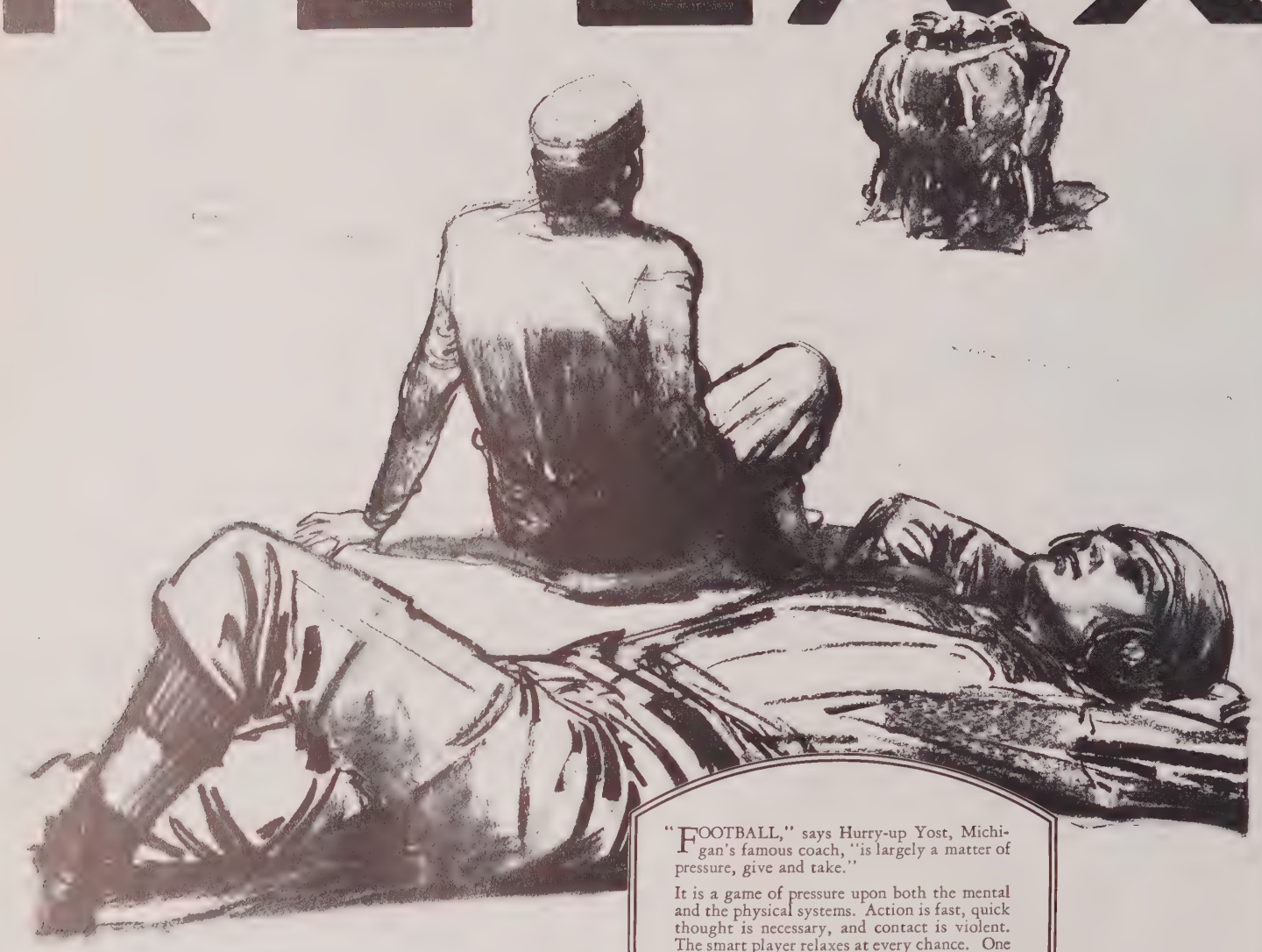
RCA

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

RELAX



"FOOTBALL," says Hurry-up Yost, Michigan's famous coach, "is largely a matter of pressure, give and take."

It is a game of pressure upon both the mental and the physical systems. Action is fast, quick thought is necessary, and contact is violent. The smart player relaxes at every chance. One of Yale's most famous, hard-playing captains used almost every moment when time was called to rest and relax at full length on the ground.

"I teach my men to keep relaxed physically at every opportunity," says Knute Rockne of Notre Dame. Those unable to relax are soon worn down. Nerve tension drags them into slow-footed weariness. Inability to relax largely accounts for the dizzy upsets that feature each fall campaign.

Grantland Rice

EXPERIENCED football coaches differ widely in their theories and methods; but on this one point at least, they are unanimous. There must be relaxation to offset the strain and pressure of the game.

Experienced motorists, whatever their individual preferences for this or that car feature, are of one mind on the importance of easy riding. They know how exhausting it is to motor under tension. They know how refreshing it can be to ride relaxed in easy comfort. They know the value of these refreshing intervals between the crowding activities of modern life.

The more experienced the motorist, the more certain you are to find him in a Stabilated car. He appreciates the serene confidence that Stabilators give him. He knows there can be no sudden, violent thrust of spring recoil. His confidence ends the exhausting tension of anticipation. He rides relaxed and arrives refreshed.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY
TWENTY-FOURTH AND LOCUST STS., PHILADELPHIA
(Detroit Branch: 3081-3083 Grand Boulevard, East)

Relaxation is possible only when you know that *no* force can throw you. The only way to prevent *any* force from throwing you is to resist *each* force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented—and Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.

Such pre-eminent cars as:

Cadillac	Chrysler
Duesenberg	Franklin
Isotti Fraschini	Jordan
McFarlan	Nash
Packard	Peerless
Stearns-Knight	Studebaker
Stutz	Willys-Knight

are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring.



WATSON STABILATORS

LINCOLN

FAULTLESS precision gives that matchless reliability which makes the Lincoln car *master* of every travel demand — with incomparable smoothness and high speed, indefinitely *sustained*.

Lincoln appearance is conservative yet commanding—every detail of appointment conforming to the edicts of good taste.

Best of all—the Lincoln you drive today is the car of your pride next year and far into the future!

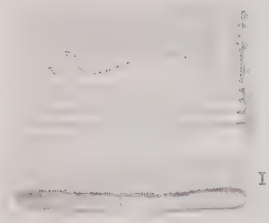
LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY

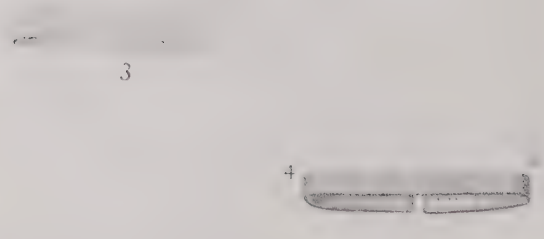
Division of
Ford Motor Company



SEVEN EXCELLENT SUGGESTIONS

for Christmas Gifts







1—*Whale towel, a big turkish towel, heavy weave, borders in pink, lavender. Price about $2.*

2—*Another big turkish towel, border with holly and mistletoe design in blue, pink, gold, lavender, at about $1.00.*

3—*A fine linen weft face towel with a sampler border in gold, pink, blue, lavender. Price about 50 cents.*

4—*Still another big turkish towel, plain stripe in border, in blue, pink, gold, lavender. Price about $1.25.*

5—*The Flying Dolphin towel, a large turkish towel, heavy weave, borders in lavender, green, pink, blue, gold. Price about $2.50.*

6—*The Blowing Whale bath mat, in blue and in green, at about $3.50.*

7—*The Flying Dolphin bath mat, in blue and in green, at about $3.50.*

All colors in Cannon towels and bath mats are guaranteed absolutely fast.





CANNON towels are famous all over the country for their good looks, their fine quality and their reasonable prices. Great hotels—housekeepers on a large scale, choose them.

Cannon towels are for sale in the better stores everywhere in the United States. Ask for them by name. Prices range from 25 cents to $2.50 each.

EASY TO CHOOSE

SURE TO PLEASE

CANNON TOWELS

Good quality—Wear well—Cost less

CANNON

Cannon towels please the most particular women because of their loveliness and their long wear. Cannon towels satisfy men and boys because they serve their purpose and do their job. . . . Cannon towels make a gift that people are sincerely glad to get! Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York.

$960 to $2125



Junior Coach DeLuxe
Equipped as illustrated
$1075 *f. o. b. Lansing*



Model "60" Coupe-Roadster
7-bearing Crankshaft Motor
$1495 *f. o. b. Lansing*

THREE years ago something new in medium priced cars was offered to the public, and a new era in motor car history began. Vibration annoyances were eliminated. A *7-bearing crankshaft* did it. Flint *introduced* this important improvement. And today the Flint still leads its field in performance, mechanical superiority, and long-lived value. Flint quality is available in three chassis sizes, all standard body types, and three price ranges. See any Flint dealer for a demonstration.

Flint Junior $960 to $1,075; Flint "60" $1,260 to $1,495; Flint "80" $1,450 to $2,125 *f. o. b. Lansing*
FLINT MOTOR COMPANY, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY
General Sales Department: 1819 Broadway, New York City

FLINT-SIX

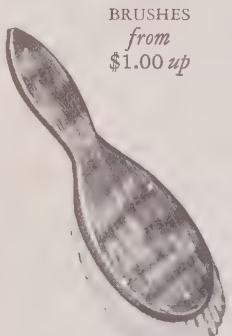


Yuletide Suggestions - - from Merrie England -

MILITARY BRUSHES
from $7.50 *up*



HAND BRUSHES
from
$1.00 *up*



HAIR BRUSHES
from $5.00 *up*

A PERFECT Christmas gift for her or him is a Kent Brush. It is a compliment to the refined taste of the recipient—an expression of discriminating judgment on the part of the giver. From this famous line of imported brushes you may select gifts of exquisite beauty, unsurpassed workmanship and enduring quality.

First made in 1777, and ever since the choice of the royalty of Europe, there is an old-world charm about these English Brushes that makes them doubly welcome as a Yuletide remembrance.

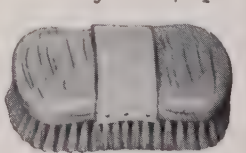
Kent Brushes for all needs and within the reach of all are found at leading department and drug stores throughout the country.

Made by G. B. Kent & Sons, Ltd., London, England
Sole Agents for the United States
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
31 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK



SHAVING BRUSHES
from
$5.00 *up*

TOOTH BRUSHES
from 75¢ *up*



BATH BRUSHES
from $3.50 *up*

KENT'S BEST BRITISH BRUSHES

Gifts

that wise women give to men who know . . .



Tuxedo Set No. 2061, Krementz Quality rolled white gold plate rims, smoked mother-of-pearl centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons, in gift case $15.00



Full Dress Set No. 1488, Krementz Quality, rolled white gold plate rims, white [illegible]-of-pearl centers. Pair links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons, in gift case $10.00

It is easy to choose a gift for a man if Krementz Evening Jewelry is your choice. For here is a gift that by its very nature must always have happy associations. It has many a "Merry Christmas" in it, for with Krementz Jewelry comes a lifetime guarantee. ∽ You are sure, too, that it will express the best of taste; above all, it will be the *correct* jewelry for him. ∽ Men know the Krementz name. That alone will endow your gift with an authority that men like. You will see a happy light in his face when he recognizes the name —"Krementz." He will appreciate the easily inserted, sure-holding famous bodkin-clutch back on the studs and vest buttons, which comes with all Krementz Evening Jewelry. ∽ The well-dressed man should have at least two sets of evening jewelry—one for Tuxedo and one for Full Dress. But no man ever had too many sets! Therefore the troubling question, "I wonder if he has one," may be forgotten. Each set beautifully cased. Prices from $8.50 to $50.





Krementz Jewelry is sold by the better dealers. Write us for booklet illustrating the latest designs and Correct Dress Chart.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
Established 1866 — Time Does Tell
NEWARK, N. J.

Krementz

GIFT JEWELRY FOR MEN


THE MOST COSTLY PARFUM IN THE WORLD
Ydmy
PARFUMEUR
PARIS
The Jewel of Perfumes
AT LEADING STORES
EVERYWHERE
THE WORLD OVER
Each ODEUR in its individual Flacon
FEMME DE PARIS "Lady of Paris"
(Jade Flacon)
DÈSIR DU CŒUR "Heart's Desire"
(Ruby Flacon)
MON AME "My Soul"
(Amethyst Flacon)



When it's a matter of good taste

Louis Sherry

New York Paris

And at Seleded Purveyors



John Ward
MEN'S SHOES

John Ward Men's Shoes
Prices: $7 to $11

That final touch of perfection which completely satisfies the man of critical taste ~ ~ ~ Prices that have never before been associated with shoes even approximating John Wards in quality and service.

Sizes: 1 to 13; Widths: AAA to EEE

Shops in NEW YORK · BROOKLYN · NEWARK · PHILADELPHIA · BOSTON
Address for booklet or orders, 191 Hudson Street, New York City

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT



PACK THE *North Woods* INTO YOUR PIPE BOWL

THE campfire sends lusty orange flames to glow against the black and silver sky. The wind chants in the pines. Nobody talks.

How a pipe tastes then!

Sportsmen travelling deep into Canada found Hudson's Bay tobacco there—and promptly claimed it finer than any they had ever smoked before.

When they returned, regretfully, to civilization, they brought Hudson's Bay tobacco along. But never expecting to recapture to the full those magic smoking hours. But then—it happened. Hudson's Bay tobacco scoffed at geography, tasted as it did beside the campfire. Brought the outdoors indoors. Released the North Woods tang and zest in every mellow puff.

Most every good shop is now a Hudson's Bay Company Post—for tobacco. Try it. Measured by mediocrity it is higher priced—measured by your pleasure it is priceless.

Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY *Tobacco*

Cut Plug—sweet and mild
Imperial Mixture—rich and mellow
Fort Garry—full-flavored and cool

HARGRAFT & SONS
Wrigley Building, Chicago

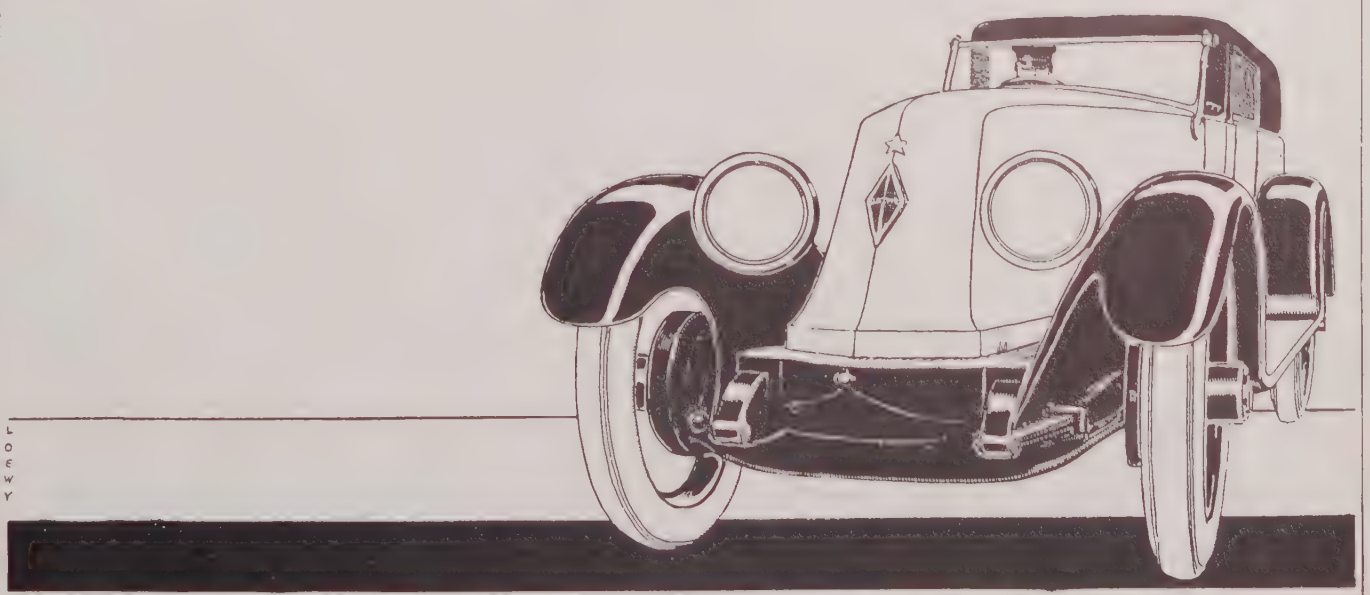
RENAULT

A TWENTIETH CENTURY EXPRESSION OF THE FRENCH CIVILIZATION

SPEED
STAMINA
SMARTNESS

A FRENCH CAR OF SUPREME BEAUTY AND MECHANICAL PERFECTION FOR THOSE AMERICANS WHO APPRECIATE THE BEST GIFTS OF THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

FULLY EQUIPPED RENAULTS PRICED FROM $1,950 TO $12,000 INCLUDING THE TAX.



RENAULT 719 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

SERVICE STATION AND PARTS 776-786 ELEVENTH AVE

Plan January Investments Now!



Strengthen your Investment Position

with

ADAIR

Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds

TO ADEQUATELY diversify your investment holdings and strengthen your investment position, leading financial authorities advise the inclusion of a certain proportion of high-grade real estate bonds. You will find Adair Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds ideal for this purpose.

SAFETY—Underwritten by one of the oldest mortgage investment houses in America, with a record of over 61 years without loss to any investor. Your Bonds are guaranteed by Adair Realty & Trust Company, with capital, surplus and profits of $2,500,000

INSURANCE—Adair Bonds may be insured against loss of principal and interest in one of the largest surety companies in America, with resources over $30,000,000.

DIVERSIFICATION—Adair Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgage loans on income-producing properties in different cities.

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44% over 4½% bonds
30% over 5% bonds
18% over 5½% bonds
8% over 6% bonds

Is it any wonder that so many investors buy Adair Bonds to average up both the safety and net yield of their securities?

Mail the coupon for current investment suggestions and Descriptive Booklet.

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1865*

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS $2,500,000

Healey Building ATLANTA — *Packard Building* PHILADELPHIA

Offices and Correspondents in principal cities

ADAIR REALTY & MORTGAGE CO., *Inc.*
570 Madison Avenue NEW YORK — *Boatmen's Bank Bldg.* ST. LOUIS

Ownership Identical

Adair Realty & Trust Co.,
Healey Building,
Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your booklet, "Why Your Real Estate Bonds Should Be Guaranteed."

Name .....

Address .....

Dept. VF-9



A Christmas Gift

new, useful, unusual

IF you have someone on your list for whom it is especially hard to find a suitable Christmas gift, give him a Tycos Stormoguide. It will be unusual and unduplicated, and you know how hard it is to find a present with those qualities today.

The Tycos Stormoguide is a simplified barometer that will indicate the weather probabilities twelve to twenty-four hours in advance.

A glance at the moving hand, a moment to read the forecast for the change indicated, and you have the weather probabilities for the coming day. Can you think of information that is more welcome to golfers, yachtsmen, hunters or any out-of-doors enthusiast?

Stop at any good store dealing in scientific instruments, and they will cheerfully demonstrate the qualities which make the Tycos Stormoguide such an exceptional Christmas gift.

Tycos

STORMOGUIDE

Stormoguide 2281, as illustrated, has a 5-inch silver metal dial set in a 7-inch frame, mahogany stand, 17½ inches wide at the base. Highly polished, it is an ornament to any home, club or office. Price, $50.00.

Stormoguide 2280X, best quality movement, compensated to overcome changes in temperature. Antique finished, round brass case. Five-inch silvered-metal dial in 7-inch frame. Made to hang or stand. Price, $25.00.

If for any reason your dealer cannot supply you with a Stormoguide, one will be sent direct upon receipt of price—postpaid and safe delivery guaranteed

Taylor Instrument Companies

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

and

110-112 Church Street, Toronto, Canada



Only strong clean looking hair is healthy

Is *your* hair thick and strong?

PROTECT it from those two common ills—*dandruff* and *falling hair*. Either of them, unchecked, leads to baldness!

Yet you can restore your hair to health even if they have long been sapping its vigor, with this simple treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle, with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick daily care will give your hair new health and vigor. Dandruff infection will disappear. Invigorated scalp circulation will feed the hair to new growth. Your hair is worth the trouble!

You will find Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in all drug and department stores. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine



Have you tried that
Extraordinary Cigarette

Herbert Tareyton

"There's *something* about them you'll like"

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AUBURN

8-88 *Brougham*

Yesterday a daring departure. Today the unquestioned style leader. Tomorrow the car with the greatest re-sale value.

The 8-88 $1695 to $2495; the 6-66 $1395 to $1695; the 4-44 $1145 to $1195. Freight and tax extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, IND.

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT



A Pipe, Sir, for a CONNOISSEUR

Something in you responds to the slim, sleek lines of a blooded-horse, to the romance of first editions, to Pompano Almondine by a premier chef, to the bouquet of Chateau Lafitte, vintage 1904.

You will be fascinated by the flowing lines and glowing finish of England's patrician of all pipes—Ben Wades. You will savor the flavor that steals through the stem to caress your palate. No other pipe is just like this.

Since 1860 Ben Wade and his descendants have been pipe makers to the English gentry. Their pipes are famed in a land famed for pipes. They fashion the shapes for the men who shape the fashions. Exhibited at the better tobacconists and men's shops.

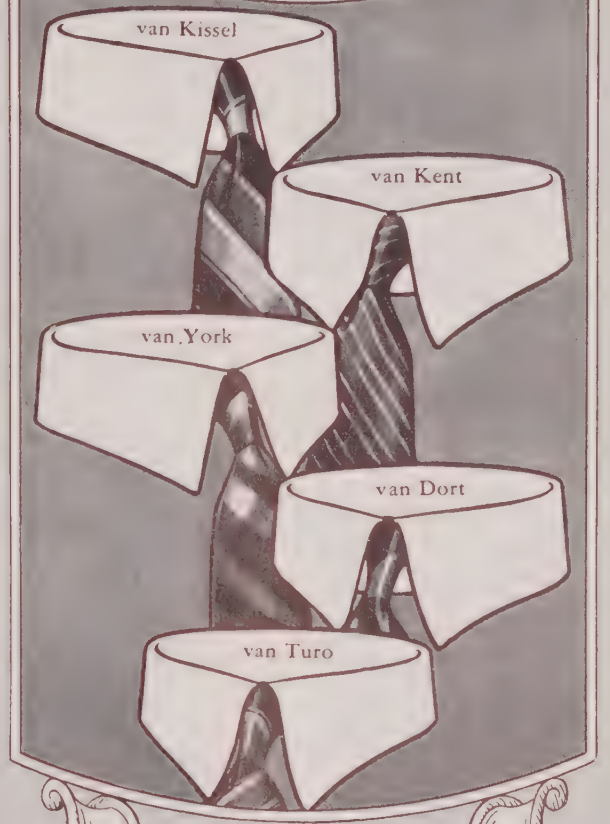
BEN WADE

BRIARS

MADE IN ENGLAND

HARGRAFT & SONS
Wrigley Building, Chicago

SMART



FIVE STYLES APPROPRIATE FOR NOVEMBER

A perfect fitting collar is essential to a perfect Fall wardrobe, and Van Heusen is faultless in its fit because the fabric is *curved by the loom that wove it.* No other collar can fit so smartly, so comfortably, so faultlessly—because this is an *exclusive,* PATENTED feature.

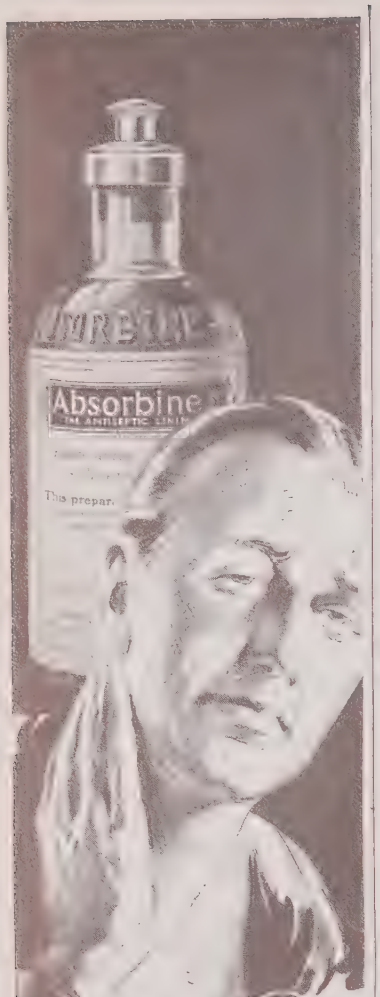
The Van Heusen is made in *one* piece — without starch, linings, seams or bands. It conforms to the curves of the neck *naturally,* because it's made that way; *Style is woven in.* It fits without a wrinkle or a fault, and is distinguished by those clean-cut, crisp lines that spell *smartness.* Van Heusen is the correct collar for Fall and for all occasions—notice the men who wear it.

12 Styles — 50c Each

The new PHILCUFF SHIRT has met with immediate success. Have you seen it? The CUFFS are made on the Van Heusen principle, of multi-ply fabric, with the fold woven in. "Either side is the right side." ¶Ask your haberdasher to show you this new shirt with semi-soft cuffs. Price $3.00.

PHILLIPS-JONES, N. Y.

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's *Smartest* Collar



sore throat

Soothing and Healing

Used as a gargle, a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in water, destroy germs, relieve irritation and soothe the inflamed tissue.

Outside, used full strength, it breaks up congestion and relaxes the tension of the muscles.

Used regularly as a gargle and mouthwash, it is not only cleansing and refreshing, but a preventive of sore throat and the more dangerous infections which often follow.

Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

At all druggists $1.25

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Keep Fit!

THIS ENJOYABLE NEW WAY

Keep physically fit — radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your own home—*without any effort.* Thousands are doing it.



Oscillate Your Way to Health

The rapidly oscillating girdles of the Health Builder give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

Over 50,000 men and women of all ages have used the "Health Builder" for health improvement upon the recommendation of their physicians! Used daily in countless private homes, large medical institutions, athletic clubs, gymnasiums, ocean liners and by numerous physicians in their practice.

Send for "Keeping Fit In Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation — with complete series of home exercises.

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room D 179 Battle Creek, Mich.



Stabilize your evening.

Abbott's BITTERS
THE TONIC APPETIZER

will do it ~

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



HOW MANY PEOPLE

are you?

ARE you just one person? The one all your friends know? The one you've lived with all your life until you're so tired of her you could yell?

Or is there another person in you that nobody else has ever seen—a person you hardly know yourself—a person who could sing, or dance, or act, or paint, or manage a business, or even be a cordon-bleu cook? Does that other person just need a bit of professional training and a release from narrow circumstances to make your life quite different and much more amusing? . . .

You need New York!

You need us to tell you about the special schools that will develop your talent, whatever it may be. If you're good enough to be a professional, it may be your start on the road to fame. If not, you'll at least see new things, make new friends, stretch yourself mentally, be a broader, happier, more amusing person.

Ask us about special schools in your field today. There's no charge. It's one of our free services to the readers of Vogue, Vanity Fair, House & Garden

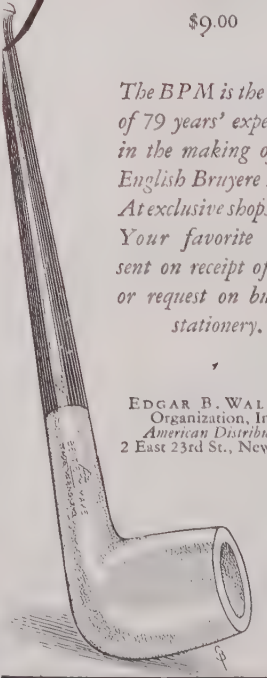
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EVENING clothes by Hickey-Freeman give the comfort, ease and fine appearance that are the indelible earmarks of fine tailoring.

For sale at leading stores throughout the country.

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"The Outdoors Blanket of America"



On location, in pictures or sports, Miss Patsy Ruth Miller, Star in Warner Bros.' Classics of the Screen, finds colorful comfort in her Pendleton Indian Blanket.

Answers the Christmas Quest



A PENDLETON INDIAN BLANKET—beautiful—historical—matchless in service—solves the gift problem. Appreciated for endless utility—outdoor sports and recreation—around the home—on the sleeping porches—in the college dormitory

Pendleton Bath Robes, made in many Indian Blanket patterns, slightly lighter in weight, also afford unusual gift possibilities

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"Decidedly Thompson"

THE Olympic



INDIVIDUALITY

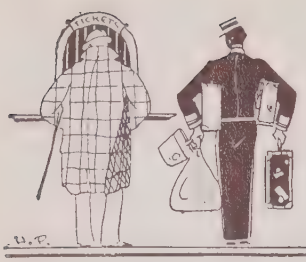
Striking a "different" note is this model in imported Black Scotch Grain, Baden Calf trimmed—also in Tan Calf. Merely one example of Thompson pre-eminence in exclusive patterns of built-in quality. Write us for name of nearest dealer.

THOMPSON BROS. SHOE CO.

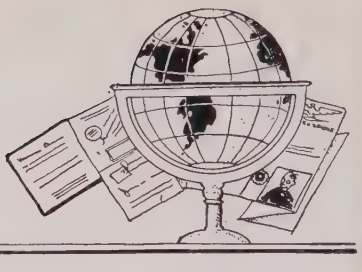
Brockton (Campello) Mass.

THE Thompson SHOE

ESTABLISHED 1840



The Condé Nast Travel Service



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Johnson

Seven Dash Ranch. Fine winter climate; all the thrills of Western cattle country. Modern comforts and conveniences. First class saddle horses.

Oracle

Triangle L Ranch. Spend the winter in Arizona sunshine. See the old west in the heart of the cattle ranch country. All modern conveniences.

CALIFORNIA

Del Monte

Del Monte Hotel, in its magnificent park, built with a predominating idea of comfort and convenience. It resembles a sumptuous country club.

Pasadena

Huntington Hotel and Bungalows. Open all the year. One of America's finest resort hotels, overlooking the San Gabriel Valley. A Limard Hotel.

Santa Barbara

El Mirasol Hotel and Bungalows. "Most unique hotel in America". Exclusive, offering quiet home atmosphere and privileges; golf and country clubs

Santa Cruz

Casa Del Rey. Pleasingly homelike. In a locality noted for beautiful scenery and equable climate. Excellent service and cuisine. Write for booklet.

CONNECTICUT

New London

Light House Inn. Long Island Sound shore. Luxurious estate. Golf, boat races, ocean fishing and bathing. Garage. Splendid roads. Historic region.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington

The Grafton, Conn. Ave. & de Sales. European and American plan. Excellent location. Modern appointments. Delicious cuisine. Rates moderate.

The Mayflower. Unsurpassed location, midway between the White House and Dupont Circle. Most magnificent hostelry in the Nation's Capital.

FLORIDA

Belleair

The Belleview Biltmore opens for the winter season on January 7th. Cottages and bungalows with housekeeping facilities. All sports.

Key West

The Casa Marina. A huge fireproof Alhambra of concrete and steel. Deep-sea fishing, bathing. An individual playground.

Long Key

Long Key Fishing Camp. A paradise for the fisherman and his family. Attractive cottages and bungalows may be rented with service.

Miami

Dallas Park Hotel and Apartments. Miami's most exclusive and finest apartment hotel. Situated at the entrance to Fort Dallas Park.

The Everglades—Miami's Beautiful New Apartment Hotel, affording hotel accommodations of the highest character. Complete housekeeping equipped apartments.

Miramar Hotel. For a discriminating clientele. Delightfully located on Biscayne Bay in the exclusive Miramar residential section. Write for booklet.

Royal Palm Hotel. A stately and spacious edifice of Southern Colonial architecture. The grounds of this famous hotel are a perennial marvel.

Miami Beach

The Nautilus—Ideally located, beautifully appointed. Attractive non-housekeeping furnished bungalows. A Carl G. Fisher Hotel. Opens January 6th.

The Flamingo. Famed for its service, cuisine and a discriminating clientele. Recognized as Florida's Foremost Resort Hotel. Opens January first.

The Lincoln. Homelike with every comfort. Located in center of all beach attractions. Catering to select clientele. Opens November fifteenth.

The King Cole. Another Carl G. Fisher Hotel, embodying all the luxuries of modern hotel construction. Service unsurpassed. Opens December 15th.

The Boulevard. Newest Carl Fisher Hotel. Easily accessible to everything. Moderate rates. Open throughout the year. Comfort without extravagance.

New Smyrna

Indian River Ranch. Only "dude ranch" in Florida. Secluded. Quiet. Riding. Hunting. Fresh and salt water fishing. All conveniences and comforts.

Ormond Beach

Hotel Ormond. Located on Pelican Island. One of the famous resorts where an atmosphere of homelike comfort prevails. Riding, golf, bathing.

Palm Beach

New Breakers Hotel. To be complete in December. Maintains all the traditions of the Old Breakers. More beautiful, luxurious and comfortable.

Royal Poinciana. A congenial seat of social activity amid semi-tropical setting. Every facility for entertainment. Excellent golf and a splendid clubhouse.

St. Augustine

Hotel Alcazar. Delightful location, facing the Ponce de Leon, across the Alameda. Caters to a distinctive clientele. Golf, riding, casino and the "cure".

Hotel Ponce de Leon. A Moorish paradise of tropical foliage, quiet courts, arches, and spires of intriguing arabesque. Interesting social life.

ILLINOIS

Chicago

The Drake. On the beautiful Lake Shore Drive, out of business district, this magnificent luxurious hotel is the center of Chicago's smart life.

Hotels Windermere. Distinguished for smooth service and cuisine. 12 minutes from Loop, facing Jackson Park's 640 acres at 56th Street.

MAINE

Portland

Lafayette Hotel. A delightful tourist hotel where friends meet friends enroute, and enjoy excellent service at fair rates. European Plan.

MASSACHUSETTS

Amherst

The Lord Jeffery. A real New England Inn, featuring extreme simplicity and absolute comfort. Open all year. L. G. Treadway, Managing Director.

Bernardston

Bernardston Inn. An inn of perfect comfort and refinement for the tourist. Famous for wonderful food. Main route to White Mountains. Golf.

Boston

Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston's smartest hotel, assuring hospitality and comfort amidst luxurious and artistic surroundings. Excellent cuisine.

Hotel Bellevue. Beacon Street. Choice, quiet location. Convenient to business, shopping and theatre. Special attention accorded women traveling alone.

Hotel Puritan. On beautiful Commonwealth Avenue. Furnishings and comforts of a luxurious private home with hotel service of the highest type

Worcester

The Bancroft. In the heart of historic New England. Facing the green where the Minute Men trained during the Revolution.

MICHIGAN

Detroit

Book-Cadillac. Luxurious appointments have been combined with practical features to insure rapid, courteous and efficient service at all times.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis

The Curtis Hotel. Easily accessible to Minnesota's beautiful lake region. 825 rooms, each with private bath. Write for descriptive folder.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hanover

The Hanover Inn. At Dartmouth College. Elevator and modern appointments. Golf, tennis, saddle horses.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City

Hotel Fredonia. A homelike European plan hotel. Not extravagant but comfortable in a most friendly way. Tennessee Avenue just off the boardwalk.

Newark

The Robert Treat Hotel. Comprising all the elements most sought for in a family hotel home, a temporary stopping place or a rendezvous.

Paterson

The Alexander Hamilton. A new hotel of the United Hotels Company of America. Unusual comforts, attractive rates. Advantageous location.

Trenton

The Stacy-Trent. Trenton's latest achievement not only offers luxurious refinement for the traveler or tourist, but assurance of comfort as well.

NEW YORK

Albany

The Ten Eyck. On Empire Tours. 400 rooms with bath. Garden Restaurant on sixteenth floor. Direction United Hotels Company of America.

Buffalo

Hotel Lenox appeals to particular people. Fireproof, superior accommodations, famous for good food. Quiet, convenient. Write for rates, booklet.

East Aurora

The Roycroft Inn famous for its hospitality, friendliness and as the home of Elbert Hubbard. 18 miles from Buffalo. Sports. Booklet on request.

New York City

Great Northern Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. Located on New York's smartest street, near Central Park. Suites $8.00 to $10.00 per day.

Hotel La Salle, Thirty East 60th Street. A dignified quiet place of residence for permanent and transient guests. Centrally located.

The Plaza a foremost place among the beauties and traditions of New York. The center of social life of the city and background of national events.

Restaurant Elysée, One East 56th Street, in New York's smartest section. Favored for luncheon and dinner parties among fashionable people.

The Roosevelt in the center of New York life. Fifth Avenue but a block away. Broadway and theatres just a step beyond.

NEW YORK *(Cont.)*

New York City (Cont.)

Hotel St. James, West Forty-Fifth Street just off Broadway. A hotel of quiet dignity, much favored by women traveling without escort.

The Sulgrave, Park Av. & 67th Street. A Residential-Hotel of the highest character in the very heart of social New York.

The Touraine. 9 E. 39th St. A two, three and four room apartment hotel catering to an exclusive patronage. A. R. Smith, formerly of Hotel St. Regis.

Twelve East 86th Street. A few steps off Fifth Avenue. The only apartment Hotel in New York City with kitchens in all suites.

Niagara Falls

The Niagara. A new hotel offering every modern luxury and convenience. Open all year. See Niagara Falls in the winter.

Rochester

Hotel Rochester. Fireproof. In the heart of the Kodak City. Near shops and theatres. 250 rooms and baths.

The Seneca is one of the famous United Chain of first-class fireproof hotels which a discriminating public has learned to appreciate. Conveniently situated.

Syracuse

The Onondaga. The last word in a modern hotel. Convenient to Syracuse University, the theatre district and New York State Fair Grounds.

Hotel Syracuse, magnificent and new, radiates a spirit of quiet dignity and repose. Every metropolitan convenience. 600 outside rooms, each with bath.

Utica

Hotel Utica. 200 rooms, each with bath. The final expression of comfort and service. Conveniently situated in center of city.

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Kenilworth Inn. Dignified but friendly; luxurious but reasonable. The best sports; wonderful scenery; the most comfort and finest food. Easily accessible.

White House Inn catering to those who prefer the refined atmosphere and home cooking of a home to a large hotel. Weekly rates.

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Berkshire Hotel. Opens January 23rd. Comfort, friends, and moderate prices. A Spring-like winter only 16 hours from N. Y. City. All Pinehurst sports.

Carolina Hotel. 4 D. J. Ross 18-hole courses; tennis, polo, riding, trapshooting, racing, archery. All rooms with bath; music, dancing. Now open.

New Holly Inn. Just rebuilt. Practically all rooms with bath; music, dancing. Beautiful setting. All Pinehurst sports. Opens Jan. 9th.

OHIO

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The Portage. On the Indian Trail from Cuyahoga to the Ohio River. Fireproof. 250 rooms and baths. A "United" hotel.

Columbus

The Neil House. Now the leading hotel, opposite the State Capitol, offers unexcelled facilities to the traveling public. Rooms $2.50 and up.

PENNSYLVANIA

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The Lawrence. The only fireproof hotel in Erie. On the State highway between Cleveland and Buffalo, 275 rooms.

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The Benjamin Franklin extends a warm welcome, courteous alert attention to your needs and comfort. Twelve hundred rooms with bath. Centrally located.

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Hotel Paso del Norte. El Paso's finest. Western hospitality. Golfing 365 days every year. Five minutes from historic, enchanting Juarez, Mexico

VIRGINIA

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The Homestead. Stateliness in its simple Southern lines. Charm in its setting. Gaily social evenings. Golf, riding, casino, the "cure."

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The Olympic has been built to give one of the finest hotel services in the world to visitors in the "Charmed Land."

HAWAII

Honolulu

Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Opening early in 1927. American plan. Ideally located upon Waikiki Beach. 18-hole golf links. Tennis courts. Land and water polo.

ITALY

Stresa

Grand Hotel et des Iles Borromees, on Lake Maggiore, facing the beautiful Borromean Islands. Folder. Rockingham Hotel Company.

How do you know?

HOW, in a strange town, do you know what hotel to choose? How do you know that the food is good? That the service is excellent? That the hot water is always hot? That, in short, the whole establishment is up to your standards?

It is very easy!

Before you buy your ticket, or head your car down a new road, consult the Condé Nast Travel Directory in Vanity Fair, Vogue, and House & Garden. Here you will find the names of quality houses with a descriptive work about their individual specialties.

Or if your journey goes still farther afield than the cities listed here, write to us.

Write to us for any sort of information that will help you in your travels whether you go by motor, train or boat. There's no obligation.

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Vanity Fair Vogue House & Garden

23 West 44th Street New York City

Here an hotel becomes the American ideal of luxury

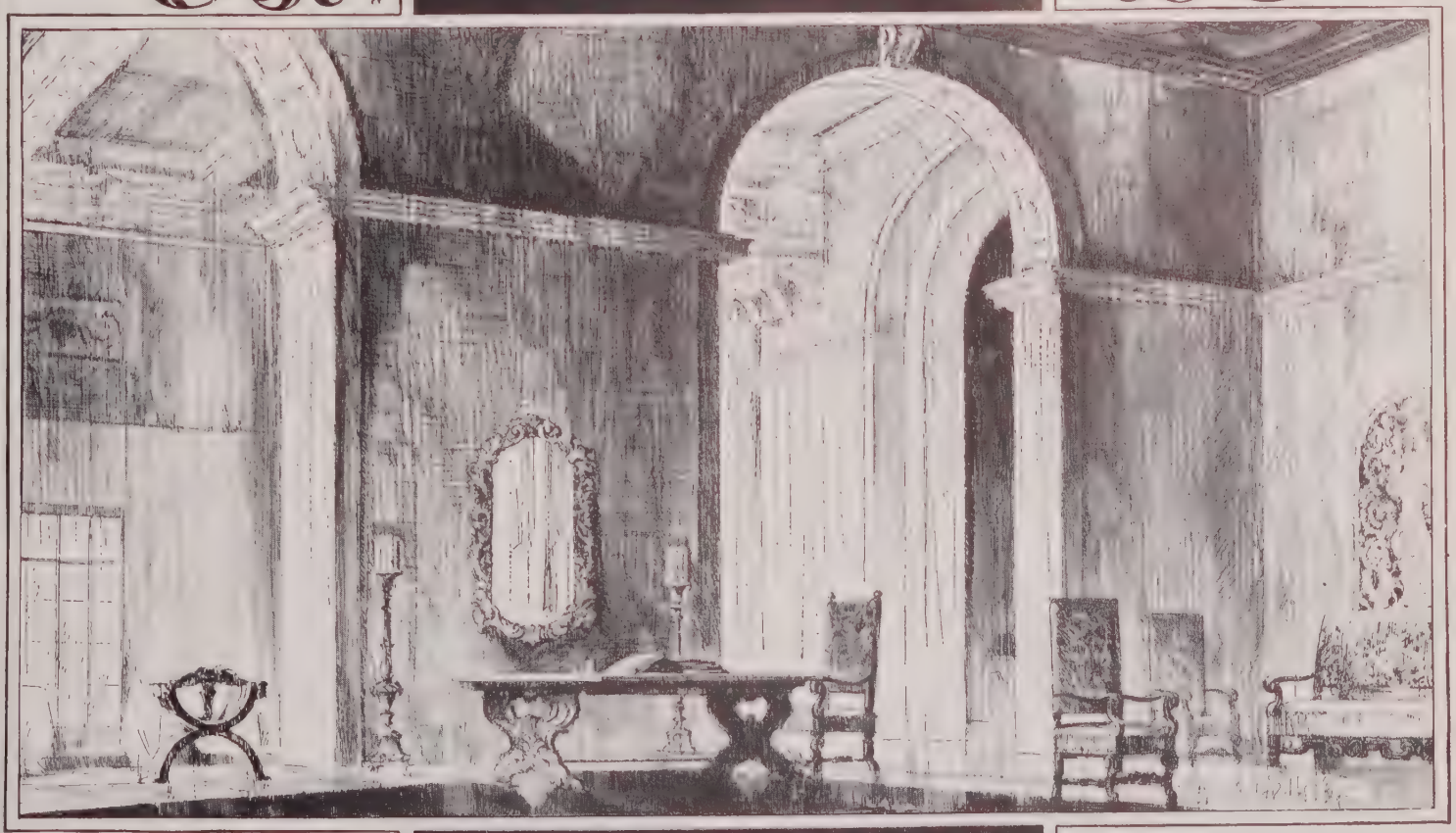
An end has been put to the question as to whether the ultimate in luxury and in comfort are really found outside the homes of the tremendously wealthy. Today they are at the command of the average person—in the Carlton Hotel in Washington. Here you will find the most modern furnishings and fittings. Here you experience the delight of discovering an environment such that you can say: "This is where I belong; this is where I am at home."

Such is the Carlton Hotel in Washington. Its architecture, fittings, furnishings and designs have been inspired by both American and Continental practice. Such products as have not been available at their very best in America have been purchased abroad; thus came tiles from Holland, hardware from France, hand-tufted rugs from Austria, renaissance furniture from Italy, which also supplies the Tuscan setting of the unique and lovely Giardino, or Patio as our Spanish friends call it.

This hotel of international character shares its ownership and basic management with the famous Wardman Park Hotel, itself unique as offering all the facilities of a great American resort in a beautiful natural setting on the outskirts of the city. Erected in the center of the residential district, the new Carlton Hotel expands the Wardman service in Washington.

There are only 257 rooms, a few available singly. Accommodations principally are in family, diplomatic and royal suites. It is recommended that you make reservations in advance. You thereby will be spared all doubt as to your comfort in Washington, and on arrival will be taken directly to your rooms, where a clerk will be sent to register you individually.

CARLTON HOTEL



IN WASHINGTON

Make this CHRISTMAS *magically different—*



Spend it in

HAWAII

THINK of it!—Christmas in bathing suits and palm leaf hats—loafing, resting, relaxing in a South Sea's Paradise—OR—Surf-boarding, Surf-canoeing and moonlight swims in velvet waters—Game fishing in tropic seas—Golf, polo, tennis, hiking, riding and motoring thro' an enchanting flowerland of beauty and romance—THAT MERRY XMAS IN HAWAII with a hundred new thrills and every condition ideal for rest or play.

Sail from Los Angeles over the Southern Route

(smoothest lane of ocean travel on Pacific)

Frequent sailing on superbly equipped liners.

S. S. CITY OF LOS ANGELES—Largest and most luxurious first-class passenger liner in the Hawaiian service—22,500 tons displacement. De Luxe suites and spacious staterooms—Lanai Cruiser with beds and private or connecting baths—open and enclosed promenade decks, swimming pool, gymnasium, children's playroom, veranda tearoom, garden lounge and magnificent dining salon.

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S. S. CALAWAII—particularly popular cabin liner—all staterooms on outside—best of LASSCO service.

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$278.50 — $323.50 — $406.00

—and upward covering every ship and shore expense depending on steamship and hotel accommodations selected. Three weeks time—Los Angeles back to Los Angeles—5½ to 6½ days each going and returning. 8 to 9 days in Hawaii including the 3-day wonder trip to Hilo and Kilauea volcano.

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You can make the trip in as little as 46 days, or stay all winter if you please, accomplishing each step of your journey comfortably and leisurely.

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Back in New York in 46 days. Stop-overs from ship to ship arranged if desired, or you may cross Europe and return from a northern port.

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Five voyages, 16 to 26 days duration. WhiteStarliner *Megantic.*

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Itinerary: New York, Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa (for Holy Land), Alexandria (for Cairo and the Nile), Syracuse, Naples, Monaco, Gibraltar, New York.

Address, *Cruise Dept., No. 1 Broadway, New York; our offices elsewhere or authorized agents.*

WHITE STAR LINE
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FEBRUARY 1ST marks the opening of Hawaii's most delightful hotel—the Royal Hawaiian. Located on Waikiki Beach, the Royal Hawaiian offers you luxuries such as are found only in the world's finest hotels. 18-hole golf links, 20 acres of gardens, splendid tennis courts, land and water polo, motoring over perfect roads, horseback riding, swimming and surf-riding.

For full information and rates, address the Matson Navigation Company at 215 Market Street, San Francisco; 510 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles; 814 Second Avenue, Seattle; 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago; 50 East Forty-second Street, New York. Or write—

Royal Hawaiian Hotel

AMERICAN PLAN
400 ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHS
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Mid-Winter Holidays in HAVANA

PRINTED Romance! Pictured Adventure! Put them aside for the more satisfying realities of this wonderful cruise. Splendid ships. New friends and interests. A wonderful foreign capital, with tropical gardens, old forts and churches, a gay life and people.

Complete maintenance afloat and ashore.

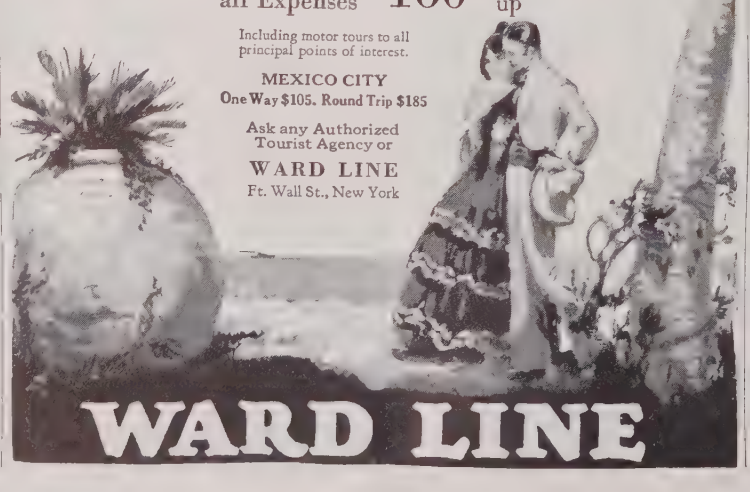
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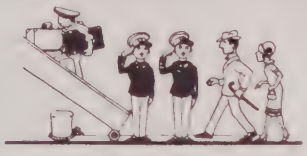
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Then they visit Tacna-Arica, that debatable land where military gentlemen have trouble with their teeth, and where the landscape is largely composed of invaluable nitrates broken by trains of supercilious llamas and ragged Indians.



They continue down the West Coast to see Valparaiso and ambitious Santiago, the capital of Chile—the "Shoe-string Republic". Here they admire parks and palms, boulevards and beauties, military mustachios and modish mantillas.



Now, maybe, the Blanques temporarily leave the Cruise for a trans-Andean trip across the Argentine pampas to Buenos Aires and then further to Paraguay for the double-starred Iguazu Falls—which are just one Niagara after another.



The ship, however, heads for the Straits of Magellan. The scenery beggaring description, bristles with "Ancient-Mariner" albatrosses, "A-Gordon-Pym" penguins, Rockwell-Kent peaks and memories of crude Tierra-del-Fuegan savages.



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They call at historic Bahia, cross the Equator (old stuff—they have already tested it on the Pacific) and visit Trinidad, seeing, among other sights, the famous Pitch Lake, a shrine for traffic-cops, being the birthplace of all our asphalt streets.



Then to San Juan in Porto Rico—the U. S. again. Skyscrapers and Spanish forts rub shoulders, and commerce thrives in an atmosphere made pleasantly romantic by old Ponce de Leon and other well-spoken-of, blood-letting captains.



Then, on April 1, the familiar old Ambrose Channel, Staten Island, the Statue of Liberty and Manhattan. Our Uncle Samuel tips his hat. "Gangway", he says, "for the long-headed Blanques—clever people to have missed our rotten winter".

Sails from New York, January 29, 1927—returns April 1, 1927

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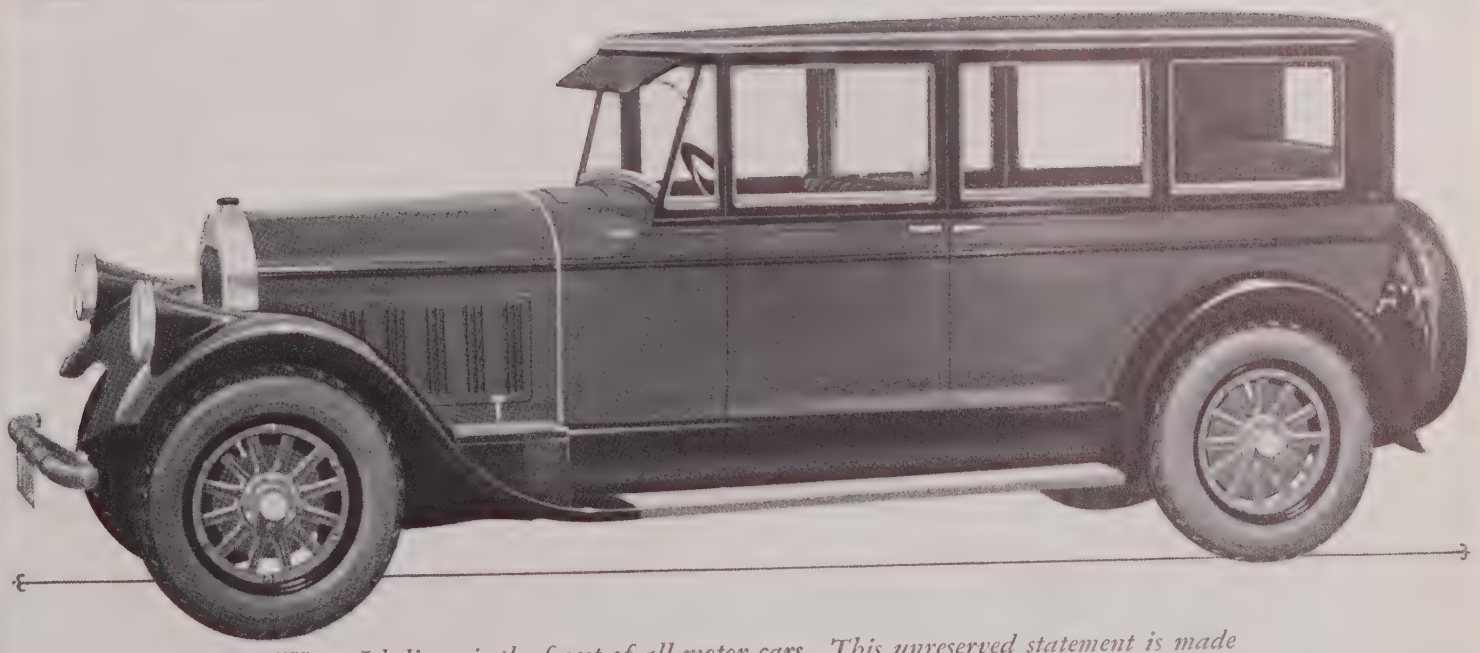
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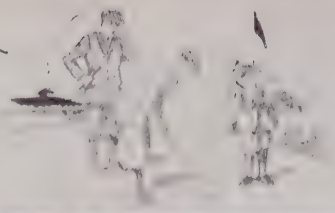


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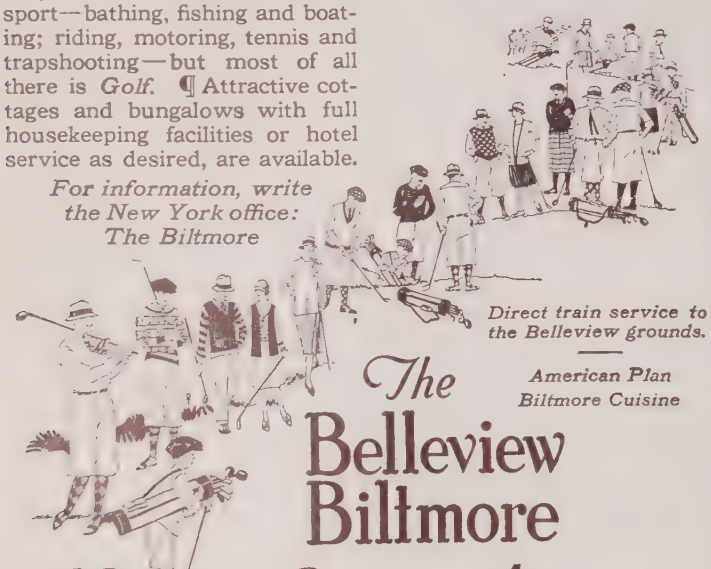
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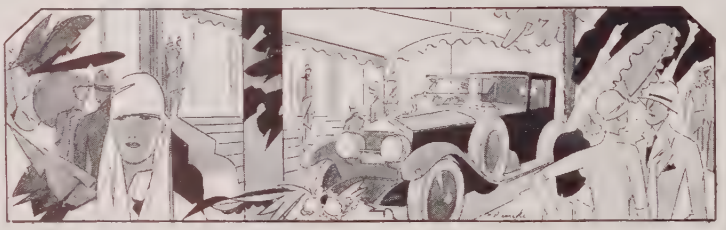
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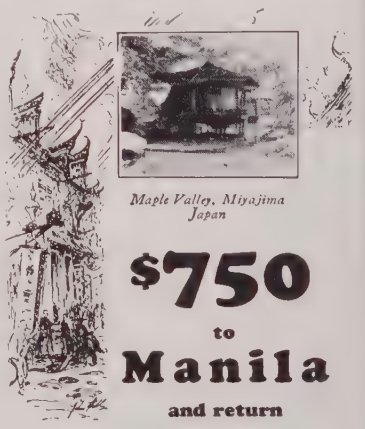
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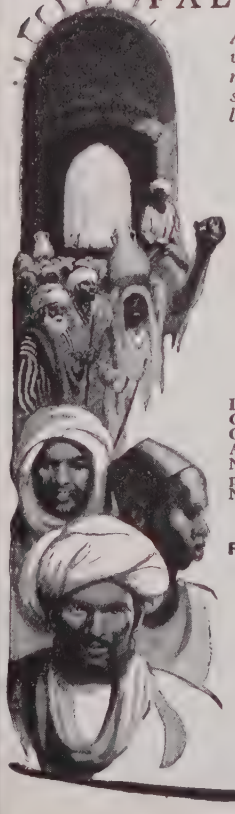
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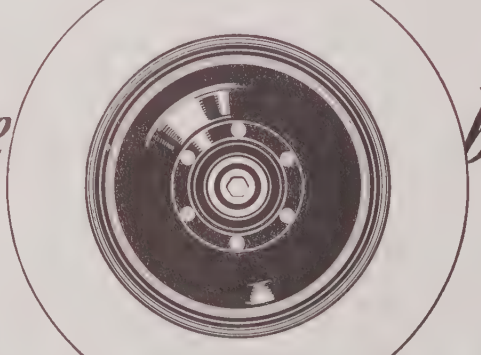
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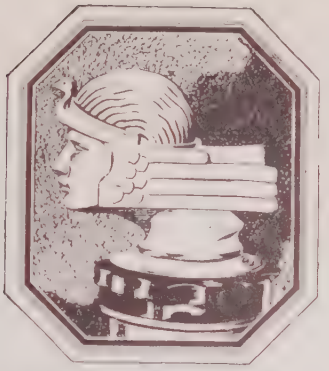
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IN VANITY FAIR

Rosalie's Coming-Out Party

How Miss Snook Won Happiness, and Lost It, and Won It Again

LITTLE Rosalie Snook was in many ways a really superior girl, as, indeed, she quite realized. To her mind, her consciousness of superiority was the final proof of it—if there were need of proof. In a year's time she was to make her début. Her m'ma had already arranged for the party in what would then be the fashionable hotel of the season. Rosalie had prepared half her scrupulously weeded list of eligibles. She had a formula for the punch. She knew that she was incomparably lovely in sea-green. Things seemed quite inevitable. Rosalie would be, there was no possible, probable shadow of doubt, the most popular *débutante* of her season. Of *her* season, indeed! Of *any* season.

Can there remain any wonder at Rosalie Snook's assurance of perfection? Certainly there was no more shallowly piquant face in New York. Surely there was no more airy and subtly exciting dancer among the army of polite young ladies, post-deb, deb, and sub-deb. Surely none was so well supplied with the ingredients of gay patter, so well versed in pitiless coquetry, so adept in all the little conceits and superstitions of the husband-chase. But surely not. Furthermore, Rosalie had already proven her fatal drawing-power by attending a dance at Groton. It was, of course, only the first of her preliminary triumphs. She had six bids to preparatory school proms and two bids to the Yale Prom, all of which she had accepted. She had flounced through the dull rites of the smartest Junior Dances. And when it came to family, why, weren't the Snooks absolutely the most conservative of the silk-goods barons?

WITH all this security and faith and hope, she had accepted an invitation to the Slimbergot's tea. It was too old a party for a girl who hadn't come out yet. But it was there that she met Nicky Bimstead, Nicky, the most polished of adolescent bachelors, as perfect in his pride of perfection as Rosalie was in hers. The first few minutes were not as auspicious as they might have been. Rosalie was outwardly as shallow as ever, as gleaming and undisturbed, but inwardly she was in a fearful tumult. "This is he, this is he, this is he," she kept repeating over and over to herself.

Said Rosalie, "And are you going to the Yale Prom, Mr. Bimstead? I expect to have a perfectly gorgeous time. You mustn't tell anybody, but I have two bids and I simply don't know *what* to do. It's going to be perfectly marvellous this year. You *are* going, aren't you?" she repeated with the beginnings of fright as Mr. Bimstead became oddly chilled as to manner.

"I'm at Princeton," he said, "but of course if you enjoy Yale Proms. . . ."

"Oh, how can you think that, Mr. Bimstead? I think they're an awful bore. They're not nearly as thrilling as Princeton Proms. . . ." And then she stopped suddenly, horrified by the suspicion that he would think she was hinting for a bid. Curiously enough, she wasn't. It hadn't



OUR HEROINE

Surely there was no more airy and subtly exciting dancer than Rosalie among the army of polite young ladies, post-deb, deb, and sub-deb. Surely none was so well versed in pitiless coquetry

occurred to her yet. And if she had, she would have done it far more skilfully, you may be sure. However, Mr. Bimstead became more approachable later in the afternoon, for Rosalie, as has been indicated, was not unattractive, and still later Nicky became a perfect peach.

He called on her before the week was up. Then he took her to tea. At length Rosalie invited him out to the Snook country place for a week-end. It was an impetuously rash move. For as soon as they were alone, she knew that all her defences had fallen away. She was no longer the hard, laughing coquette of her best days. When she was obliged by her code to cry "Don't!" she knew there would be no heart in it. And Nicky must have known it, too.

They saw one another constantly for several weeks, but Rosalie was puzzled by his failure to suggest the advantages of the wedded state, though, of course, she could never think of marrying before she "came out". But Nicky didn't even allow her to put him off. And after several more weeks, during which he hadn't telephoned or written or anything, she knew that she had lost him. Rosalie realized it all in a rush one summer afternoon. And she flung herself picturesquely across a chair and wept and wept. Meanwhile that nasty cynical spirit who inevitably hovers above the lives of little girls like Rosalie inquired in a remorseless whisper, "Where now, O Rosalie, are your triumphs and your gay patter and your pitiless coquetry? Of what avail, forsooth, forsooth, are your carefully weeded list of eligibles and your formula for the punch and your lovely sea-green dress and your marvellous plans for your marvellous coming-out party? Nothing, nothing at all." Rosalie made believe she didn't hear him, but just the same when she had dried her cheeks, which were really wet with real tears, she began to wonder. She wondered and she wondered and then she began to remember little things. In such bitter and mature meditations, Rosalie passed an hour or two and then she began her new life in purposeful earnest.

THE months passed in a succession of outward gaieties. Rosalie had all, every one, of the triumphs she had so confidently expected a year before, but somehow she could not be elated by them. For Nicky was never there. She saw him once, but he left the party a minute after she had arrived. The Fall and early Winter had slipped emptily out of her life, when the time came for sending out invitations to her own presentation party. With a little prayer, she addressed an envelope to Nicholas Bimstead, Esq., and sent him one.

The party was a famous success. And her satisfaction in it was almost without alloy when, during supper, she saw that Nicky had arrived, terribly late, to be sure, but still he arrived.

Nicky danced with her once, out of politeness, to be sure, and then, miraculously, he danced with her continuously, paying no attention to the stag-line. "Let's sit one out," he finally whispered.

Rosalie beamed happily. Two hours passed. As he was leaving she whispered: "Come to see me tomorrow afternoon, won't you?" And he did. She was alone. She had been "out" to ten previous callers. The first thing Nicky said as he came eagerly toward her was: "You've changed somehow, Rosalie. You're wonderful! Tell me what has happened to you." "Why, Nicky! What do you suppose? Whatever it is is not ten feet from you now." And Nicky took her in his arms. But Rosalie winked toward the reading table where lay an enormous, towering pile of VANITY FAIRS.

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VANITY FAIR

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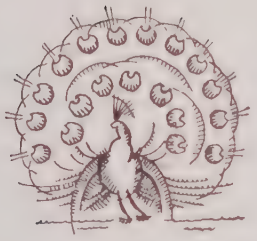


ARNOLD GENTHE

Madonna—A Mask by W. T. Benda

A New Creation of the Celebrated Polish Artist Whose Hobby Is the Making of Masks

Vanity Fair



What Price Greatness?

A Consideration of Secretary Mellon's Management of the French Debt Problem

By WALTER LIPPMANN

IT is often a puzzle to know just how a popular idea goes into circulation. There is, for example, the idea that Andrew W. Mellon is a very great Secretary of the Treasury. Where did that idea come from? Not, I venture to suggest, from any close popular appreciation of the conduct of the Treasury, for the work of the Treasury is for the most part too technical to be appreciated by more than a few members of Congress and a small circle of financial experts. The man in the smoking car who says Mr. Mellon is the greatest Secretary since Alexander Hamilton would find it hard to describe either the greatness of Alexander Hamilton or the greatness of Andrew W. Mellon. The idea of greatness has been put into such extensive circulation, however, that it has now become one of the sacred cows of American public thinking.

Once you have seen Mr. Mellon it is easy to think of him as a great man. He has a kind of lean elegance which distinguishes him at once in any large gathering of officials. There is none of that bleary and pudgy look which public men get by eating too much and smoking too much and listening too much and talking too much. He has the air of quiet command; a dignity and reserve which make him seem remote, like the portrait of an ancestor, from the contemporary scene. But since he is the maker and owner of one of the largest private fortunes ever known, his competence in this world does not have to be proved by the usual sonorous cajolery.

I DO not claim to know very much about all the men who have been Secretary of the Treasury, or even to know anything about most of them. Perhaps there are a few others who are equally ignorant. But I have read a good many books about Hamilton, and I can see why Mr. Mellon can justly be compared with Hamilton, although the comparison is very unflattering to Mr. Mellon. Both men believed that the salvation of the country was in government by the rich, especially by rich manufacturers and creditors. Between the times of Hamilton and of Mr. Mellon this philosophy was often practised, but it was rarely avowed. For the century and more which separates the two Secretaries public discussion in this country was Jeffersonian in tone. It was the farmer, the debtor, the consumer who was appealed to and flattered. But with the advent of Andrew W. Mellon the premises of Hamilton were revived. The Republican Party ceased to hide its rich men under a bushel; it frankly asserted its belief in them once more as the rulers of the country.

Here to my mind the similarity between Hamilton and Mr. Mellon ends, and the radical difference begins. The difference is that Hamilton believed in plutocracy as the means to an end; Mr. Mellon believes in plutocracy as an end in itself. Hamilton turned towards the plutocracy because he knew it was then the strongest possible foundation on which to construct an independent and stable government. He used the rich for a purpose that was greater than their riches. But Mr. Mellon, so far as one can ascertain his ideas, is not building up the plutocracy for any purpose that transcends the accumulation of wealth.

IT may be said that prosperity is a good purpose, and that Mr. Mellon believes that by encouraging the rich he is helping to maintain prosperity. I am not denying that prosperity is pleasant and desirable. But if Hamilton were alive today, facing the problems that come to Mr. Mellon for solution, I am inclined to think that with his constructive imagination, he would not rest content with prosperity as an end in itself, but would be using it for a long future to assure a deeper prosperity.

Both Hamilton and Mr. Mellon have had to deal with the funding of great debts. In Hamilton's time the debt was owed by the poorer Americans to the richer Americans. In Mr. Mellon's time the debt is owed by foreign countries which are comparatively poor to this country which is comparatively rich. Both Secretaries insisted that the debt be paid. Hamilton insisted because the way to establish the credit of the Federal government was to unite the fortunes of the moneyed classes with the fortunes of the young Republic. What purpose has Mr. Mellon had in mind in his debt funding operations? What is he trying to do that is comparable with the purposes of Hamilton? In the answer to that question lies, I think, the test of whether Mr. Mellon is even remotely a great Secretary of the Treasury.

I say this because the funding of the international debts is by every consideration the most critical affair with which Mr. Mellon has had to deal. Nothing else in his Administration of the Treasury is of more than passing importance. I am told that he has dealt skilfully with the domestic floating debt of the United States and has taken good advantage of the money market. That is excellent, but any first rate banker could have done it. Mr. Mellon advocated a reduction of taxes. That is popular and most welcome to those of us who pay income tax. But nobody, I suppose, would argue that it is greatness in a Secretary of the Treasury to reduce taxes when there is a surplus of money in the [illegible]. Mr. Mellon's plan was worked out by [illegible] predecessor at the Treasury. Mr. Mellon has also had some odd jobs like Prohibition Enforcement. If he had handled that job well it would not make him a great Secretary of the Treasury, although it would make him a very great man. As a matter of fact Prohibition Enforcement under Mr. Mellon's titular leadership has been just what everybody knows it is: a dismal failure surrounded by foolish promises that nobody any longer believes.

THE test of Mr. Mellon's greatness as a Secretary of the Treasury must certainly lie in his policy on the international debts. The consequences of that policy touch every great power in the western world. Theoretically that policy will remain for sixty-two years a considerable factor in the domestic budget and taxation of every great power in Europe, and a considerable, if not a dominating factor in the relations between the Old World and the New. Whatever anyone may think about the wisdom of the present arrangements, no one can question their importance.

Mr. Mellon has at times suggested that he was acting as the "trustee" for the American creditors of Europe. If this means that he considered himself a collecting agent, and that the international consequences were no concern of his then all one can say is: What price greatness? What price statesmanship? If it is true that Mr. Mellon is not the author of the debt policy, if he was only carrying out what Congress and the country in its present state of mind wanted, if he does not regard this policy as the wisest policy for the long future, then there is no use of talking about him in the same

(Continued on page 124)

Paris—1926

How Modern Life Has Taken the Colour and Romance From the French Capital

By THEODORE DREISER

YOU know it is almost impossible to say at once—and clearly—what all has happened to it—so much has happened, (and yet so little physically). There may be those who will insist that nothing has happened—that it is as entrancing as ever. For there it stands as in 1912, for instance, (when I was there last), or in 1895, 1890 or 1900, when all America, to say nothing of England, Brazil, Scandinavia, South Africa, Australia, was allured and enraptured by its spiritual as well as its physical romance. *Notre-Dame* is as it was then, for instance, except for street cars in the open square before it! The *Louvre*, the *Place de la Concorde*, the *Madeleine*, the *Cluny Musée*, the Eiffel Tower, the this, the that. But none the less a change—and what a change!

The same buildings. Ah, yes. The same streets. Quite the same. The same throngs. Precisely—if you will—only much thicker. But the mood! Never! Or the romance, the inspiration! Not a trace! You may walk and walk, visit the *Louvre*, the gardens of the *Tuileries*, *Notre-Dame*, the *rue de la Paix*—so exotic and rare in 1912—Maxim's, *L'Abbaye Thélème*, the *Café de Paris*, *St. Etienne du Mont*, the *Bois*—you will not recapture it. Nor will you, by following this and that hint as to this and that restaurant, this and that group, this and that personage and his following or circle—come upon it. For I was taken to the *Dôme*, of course, the *Café Scandinavie*, Rissot's, Pentaud's, *La Reine Pédauque*, the *Café Russe*. But where that delicious rare mood of Paris that I remembered?

ALAS, over each and every place, each and every street, each and every personage or institution—a pall, as of something from which the living spirit of the older France had completely evanished. Cars and taxis buzzing here and there like flies. A bedlam of horns. Your life in danger at every crossing. Restaurants quite full of lunchers and diners or loungers sipping coffee or *liqueurs*—but of this other spirit not a trace. I tried haunting the old book-stalls on the left bank—those old, faded, delightful stalls. You recall how quaintly, gaily, jauntily, and yet somehow mournfully they reminisced to you of older and grander and lovelier things connected with the history of Paris and France.

Listless, dispirited. No flare in the sellers. None in the buyers. Not a trace. And down along my much beloved Seine—just below, large and new docks or platforms for the landing of brick, stone, sand, cement. And worse—endless rows of the most commercial of barges—towed through the heart of the loveliest part of Paris and under the bridges Napoleon built, by smoky, noisy, belching tugs throwing a choky pall over these very book-stands. And beyond these rows again—along the various quays that make the one long river drive—roaring, bellowing trucks or lorries shocking to their death all peaceful dreams in regard to old books and the older things they tell of. And in the French papers to which I resorted, sitting on a bench in a park, not a trace of those old and so important discussions relating to the artistic plans of the coming winter—nothing of who, where, what—of the new day art as opposed to the old.

I said to a newspaper interviewer who came to see me about this time that an older and most glorious artistic period must obviously have closed and that no new one, in so far as I could gather, was thrillingly evincing itself as yet. And he agreed. "There is something wrong with France," he said. "We have no plays worthy of the name, no books, no sculpture, no paintings that can be spoken of as carrying on either Matisse or Gauguin on the one hand or Corot or Daumier or Le Page or Monticelli on the other. It must be the war or the fall of the *franc* or this new commercialism that has seized this country—the craze to make money and be rich like America, if possible. Certainly there is no artistic or spiritual go to France," (and by France he meant Paris), "just now." And I will say that my own emotional reactions to all that I saw bore him out.

BUT is this the true answer, I asked myself? Or am I just fourteen years older and growing less sensitive, or, because of the lapse of years, more pessimistic? Age certainly does have a ruinous effect on most of our dispositions, 'tis true. And in quest of the truth as to this I think I questioned every possible person from chauffeur to sculptor, or critic, or painter, or actor—questions without end. How did Paris strike them now? What did they think of it as compared with the Paris of before the war—or the Paris of 1895—or 1900, say—if they were old enough to know? And in solemn confirmation of all my fears all but one agreed with me that there was something radically wrong. And that one who did not, had been until but a few months before an exile from both France and America and only now permitted, and that incognito, to bask in the, to me, somewhat jaded vivacity of the city. But after the dispiriting wastes of Russia, Poland, Finland and Lithuania, could one, as I then asked myself, trust his voluble praise of the gaiety and spirit of this to me almost wholly colourless world?

There is a difference, I think, in the very approach of the French themselves to the various things which before the war were all so precious and even sacred to them—their public buildings, monuments—like the *Panthéon*, the tomb of Napoleon, *Notre-Dame*, *Sacré Coeur*, the *Cluny Musée*—alas, a score of things. There was a time—and that before the war—when so national a thing as the Cathedral of Notre Dame, *Sainte-Chapelle*, the *Cluny*, the *Carnavalet*, the *Panthéon*, the *Trocadéro*, seemed to be invested with a kind of glory, of reserve and reverence and yet a meaning-to-be-used—in quietness and peace—a sense of welcome over all. But to-day all things are charged for, in Paris as throughout Europe—all public sights, I mean. And worse yet, they seem to be looked upon as commercial assets rather than objects of beauty and historic worth.

Enter the Cathedral, *Sacré Coeur*, *Saint-Gervais*, the *Panthéon*, the *Petit Trianon* to-day, and in your path you will find either a nun suggestingly jingling coins in a receptacle or an official barring you with gates and tickets—to see the resting-places of the celebrated dead of France, for instance, in the *Panthéon!* And always, of course, with the present-day crowds and guides, the latter bawling of dates and names—so that the matter of seeing anything and enjoying it peacefully and thoughtfully, with an undisturbed love for its beauty or its history, is no longer possible. In fact, sight or beauty-seeing—here now in Paris as elsewhere in Europe—has become a business—sight and beauty-showing for profit—and a most officious and irritating one. 200,000 visitors to the *Panthéon* last year, and at so much a head! As many more to see the tomb of Napoleon! 500,000 taken up in the Eiffel Tower. 100,000 visiting the *Cluny*, the *Carnavalet*, or what you will. Well, all this may be needed to add to the revenue of a somewhat financially deflated country, but most certainly it takes away from the colour and charm of so perfect a city as Paris is, or was, at least.

FOR so late as 1912—it was so late as then—of a Spring afternoon, as I recall it now, I walked along the left bank of the Seine to Issy—was it?—and oh, that delightful walk! There was a westering and toward the last a sunken sun, with twilight and a faint blue haze, and that indescribable trace of perfume—French perfume—in the evening air. And on the surface of the river to my right, a minute river steamer was bringing some pleasure-passengers back from somewhere—on the top deck a man with a mandolin accompanying himself to a song. And along the road on my side were French workingmen in those wide-seated corduroy trousers drawn in tight just above the shoes, which they were then accustomed to wear—their working-tools in a sling over their shoulders, their flat Gallic corduroy caps pulled jauntily over one ear. And as I walked I was seized with a strange elation, as was so often the case with me in Paris in those days. Romance! It danced in my heart! Dreams! They were evoked by the faint twinkle of a lamp just lighted on the right bank—the hard, sharp, cream-coloured walls of the French houses, with their barred gates and many-paned French windows opening out widely to the enticing evening Spring air. And despite any willing of my own I was siezed with an ache—a spiritual or psychic yen for I knew not what. And all because of what? Why, the charm and glory of many wonderful French presences—ancient or more recent—dead or still alive—then and there. Why, I said to myself, and thrilled—Rodin is here—now—and perhaps at this hour making off for his dinner somewhere in this lovely city. And Zola. And Rostand. And Romain Rolland. I might seek him out if I would. And Monet,

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My Art

A New Painter Who Recently Discovered Himself Reveals a Trade Secret

By HEYWOOD BROUN

WHEN they asked the young man whether he could play the violin he replied, "I don't know; I've never tried." And, by reason of this remark, he became a byword and a laughing stock. Still I do believe it's a fair thing to say about painting. I have seen children and other beginners cut loose and in their first attempts set lovely things on canvas. How can anybody tell whether he has a sense of colour until he looses pigments and begins to play with them?

In my own case I wish the oils could be more restrained. I'm not talking of the paints which get into the picture but the others which overflow upon the artist. That I am an intense artist there is no denying. Probably I take pride in that fact and still it is annoying and inconvenient to find king's yellow all across your chin and streaks of ultramarine upon the abdomen. You see the trouble is that I get very close to my work and when things don't go right I plunge in head first. With more training it may be possible for me to learn the trick of going in one toe at a time.

For fun and excitement painting leaves the job of writing nowhere at all. Only very infrequently is a writer surprised by the effects which he creates. It would be most unusual for any author to sit down intent upon an essay only to find the words squirming out of his hands into a sonnet. But things like that do happen in painting. In my painting they can. The best of the lot was in the beginning an apple orchard which worked out during the process of composition into a storm at sea. The effect which I tried to get of billowing blossoms was a failure but by changing the background a little these fluffy masses became upon the instant lovely waves.

MUCH is to be learned within the schools. Or so I suppose. But the middle-aged amateur will have more fun if he teaches himself. Perhaps he won't get far and yet all the joy of discovery can be his. Small tricks which a competent instructor could give him in five minutes will come now only as the result of arduous experimentation. And this is better. Who wants to be told how to do things and thus lose all the peculiar joys which come to discovery? Columbus as you know went home in chains, but before that he was on his own. There is, I hold, no sense in reversing the usual process and starting off with shackles on in the very beginning. As a matter of fact, no artist, however amateur, can live long in this world without instruction. Among his friends there must be one, and much more likely many, who took free hand drawing or attended the institute of Mr. Parsons. It is no trouble to give advice. Even those who are in a hurry will stop long enough to tell you why you have no perspective and the philosophy of hot and cold colours. But also there will be compliments and these, I think you'll find, run very closely to a formula. Some person comes and stands before a picture. It might be my own cherished one called *Gale in a Garden*. Only too readily I perceive that this spectator is unworthy. The idea escape him. The fellow is too dumb to tell the flowers from the flying clouds. In fact he doesn't even like the picture. To him it's terrible. A situation such as that calls for simple conduct. It is not necessary for him to do more than hang his head in silent shame and leave the room on hands and knees. But he must say something. All of them must say something. The line never varies. The visitor who does not like a picture remarks in 99.764 cases out of every hundred, "Nice colour". There ought to be a law against that.

HOWEVER, I have no right to go on giving uncalled for advice to amateurs for I've turned "pro" in painting. Although my art (which is what I call it) has been fermenting less than six months, I've already made almost forty dollars through the sale of eleven pictures. This very nearly covers the cost of paint and canvas and if it wasn't for the gin I'd be nearly even. If you really must pry into the financial affairs of an artist, and money is to all us painters boresome, I must clarify by explaining that $39.50 of the money I have earned at painting was obtained in an auction sale last summer. All afternoon it rained and so we could not swim or fish and, to amuse the guests, without any hope of gain, I put up a picture of my own at auction.



STEICHEN

A PAINTING BY HEYWOOD BROUN

The art of Heywood Broun, litterateur and aesthete, finds its truest expression in this latest product of his brush—*A City Scene*. Mr. Broun is a follower of no particular school in art, as may be noted by the fact that the foreground of this painting is XV Century Italian in style, whereas the remainder is French

To my astonishment the people round about, by this time tired of drinking cocktails, manifested the greatest enthusiasm. The thing went like a hot cake. It was a marine with a distant volcano, a bit of beach, a few snow mountains, many waves and, if I remember, a brilliant sunset. The bidding was furious. By a dime at a time the price went up until I sold that little picture for $7.50.

The incident undoubtedly has affected the whole course of my life. The purchaser, herself an artist and a woman of great charm and distinction, paid in cash.

"How long has this been going on?" I asked myself quite softly and did some rapid figuring. At the rate of seven dollars and a half a picture I should be able to make seventy five dollars every day by devoting at least three hours to my pictures. Let's check up. Three hours is one hundred and eighty minutes. If a schedule of ten paintings a day is to be maintained we have eighteen minutes for each picture which should be ample. Seventy five dollars by six, or even seven because painting is not work and can be done on the Sabbath—but that I can't work out without paper and a pencil. Let's merely agree it is a lot of money.

THESE rosy prospects which were mine when first I became a professional artist have faded somewhat now. No other picture went for as generous a price as the first one, and since that day I've not succeeded in finding just the right mixture. Oh no not paint—I mean of gin and orange juice. I might have sold the lot if we had not run out of oranges. Still not everything which occurred was for the best. Some of my pictures fell into the hands of philistines who were at the moment treading high and could, for just that afternoon, appreciate creative art. Next morning they had cooled again. One even had the audacity to complain.

"You've cheated me," was what he said. And I was almost mad enough to offer to return the $1.85 which he paid me. Unfortunately for him he went still further and now he won't take a cent back.

"When I bought that picture of yours," the rogue continued, "I liked it. I'll admit that much. It seemed to me the finest picture I had ever seen of a mountain torrent. The trout which you put in with his head just out of water was an admirable touch. But by chance I looked at the back of it yesterday and saw the description of the picture which you'd written. You call it *Road, Two Oak Trees and a Meadow Six and One Half Miles North of Stamford, Connecticut*. Heaven forgive you—that which I took for a torrent is a macadam road. My heart is broken."

But they won't break my heart for me. Naturally I've suffered. Every artist has. By the year 2092 it may be that people will no longer think it funny to inquire "What's it supposed to be?" Still this has been going on a long time. When the first caveman took a

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The American Attitude Toward England

A Supplementary Statement to Some Recently Uttered Remarks of Dean Inge

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

LET us look at the facts squarely, and undeluded by the cheap sateen hypocrisies of ward-politician diplomatists. Let us get rid of all this assuaging bosh about the bond of a common language, about mutual interest and about identity of blood and race that is trotted out to lullaby the issue at Anglo-American banquets at the Cecil Hotel, at Seamen's Fund concerts aboard the ocean liners and at Bankers' Club lunches to visiting British profiteers. A common language didn't hold up the Wars of 1775 and 1812; identity of blood and race didn't forestall the American Civil War, nor prevent the Anglo-Saxon English from siding with its participants of French, Spanish and Creole descent; mutual interest, if it were more than so many words, wouldn't have made it necessary for Grover Cleveland to pass his remark to England in the matter of Venezuela. We can get nowhere by resorting to the subterfuge of such comfortable and meaningless phrases; we must look behind them. Thus looking, what do we discover?

SOOTHING handclasps and quasi-secret Elks' grips aside, we discover that England and America are farther apart today than they have been since 1886. On the surface, the appearance is otherwise, but, below, the undertow is plainly to be felt. In the first place, the interests of the two nations are fast pulling in different directions. Where, for instance, would the interest of England lie in the event of war between the United States and Japan? Where, again, would the interest of the United States lie in the event of war between England and the new Germany? As for identity of blood and race, the identity is presently less than it has ever been in the history of America; the Anglo-Saxon blood stream in the United States has been declining steadily with the passing of the years; it gives ground gradually but surely to the infiltration of middle-European, south-European and Asiatic strains. And as for a common language, all that the English optimist need do to disillusion himself is to come over here, get on a train and make stop-overs in the Pennsylvania Dutch region, the German areas of the Northwest, the Swiss colonies of the Pacific Coast, the Italian and Czech settlements in the mining states, the French and Spanish stretches along the Gulf, the Slav colonies along the North Atlantic seaboard, the Scandinavian areas of the middle Northwest and the scattered Negro belts, to say nothing of the New York East Side, the Dakota prairies and the Southwestern frontier states. But beyond all this there is something else, something much more important, and that is the notion, inculcated in every American schoolboy, that the two nations are natural enemies. Ask any little American boy today who has got through his primary school history and who didn't have an older brother killed in the late war which he would rather fight against, England or Germany, and the youngster will select England. They may alter the school-books all they care to, but they can't alter the fact in the little boy's mind that his George Washington fought the English, that his John Paul Jones fought the English, that the English bribed Benedict Arnold to betray his country and that every Fourth of July firecracker is a red-coated soldier of George III to be blown to kingdom come.

It is a characteristic of the American that he is very cocky, provided the odds are overwhelmingly in his own favour, and, accordingly, as all these little boys grow to manhood and find that the United States is today tremendously the superior of Great Britain in wealth, man power, petrol resources (important to modern warfare), etc., it is not unnatural that they should desire once again to match strength with the ancient enemy. For we must remember that the majority of these boys now grown up are typical Americans even if they are not honourable gentlemen. The late war blew their steam off in no wise. Their hearts were not in it after the first pumped-up and artificially induced hysteria evaporated. Germany had invaded Belgium? Well, Belgium was as remote and unfamiliar a land as Timbuctoo, so what of it? Germany had sunk the *Lusitania*? Well, the *Lusitania*, after all, was an English ship: that, in these grown-up boys' minds was a more important fact than that some Americans had lost their lives on it. The Germans were threatening Paris? The boys looked into their history books and found that the French, for all the beautiful gesture of Lafayette, had charged the United States a pretty stiff fee for sending help over in the American Revolutionary War.

AND, anyway, these little boys, now grown up, had no fond recollections of Belgian, English and French boys as they had of German boys. The family butcher had been a German and his little son had been the delivery boy who, after the meat in the brown paper had been deposited at the back door, was impressed into service for a game of duck-on-rock in a neighbouring alley. The man who ran the corner saloon had been a German who let the little boys crawl under the swinging rattan doors and who shut his eyes when they stole pretzels from the wicker basket at the door-end of the bar. The cook had been a German woman, and the little boys, grown up, still remembered her Christmas cookies. The policeman had been a German—for that was before the Irish got control of the force—and the little boys forgot his having chased them off the streets for playing tag on the car tracks in the memory of the hearty, brotherly handshake he gave them when he came around annually on Christmas morning to collect the usufructs of Christian amity for having kept burglars away on the preceding 364 nights. The baker had been a German and, as the little boys recalled, he "wouldn't hurt a flea." The four-piece band that had played such magnificent tunes in front of the house in those years long gone was composed of Germans; Zimmer, the great

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A QUESTIONNAIRE ON CRIME

By EDMUND PEARSON

How Many of These Can You Answer?

1. What two notorious American murders took place in churches?
2. What alleged murder in New York occurred in a hansom-cab?
3. Which members of the Harvard faculty were tried for murder?
4. Which two American women, of the same name, figured in murders; one as victim, one as murderess?
5. What play had a crowded first-night because of rumours that it dealt with a celebrated murder?
6. In what separate murders did there conspicuously figure *(a)* a pair of horn spectacles? *(b)* false teeth? *(c)* Bromo-seltzer? *(d)* fly-papers? *(e)* sausage-vat? *(f)* an incorrectly endorsed cheque? *(g)* "a big, gray motor-car"?
7. What atrocious murderer is now serving his 51st year of imprisonment?
8. What physician criticized the faulty technique of a murder, and tried to commit a better one?
9. With what murder cases were these names associated: *(a)* Josie Mansfield? *(b)* Delphin M. Delmas? *(c)* George A. Atzerodt? *(d)* Belle Elmore? *(e)* John Vinnicum Morse? *(f)* William M. Rice? *(g)* Barbara Tough? *(h)* King James I? *(i)* Avis Linnell? *(j)* John Howard Payne? *(k)* Gertrude Yates? *(l)* Oliver Wendell Holmes? *(m)* Sir James Fitzjames Stephen?
10. What victim of a murder owned forty, glossy, brown wigs?
11. Name eight authors who have founded some work on an actual murder.
12. Which New York murder ruined a club?
13. In what murder cases did these phrases become famous: *(a)* brain-storm? *(b)* a good-enough Morgan? *(c)* We are peaceable?
14. From what church-yard was there stolen the body of a millionnaire, and where is it now supposed to be buried?
15. What murder took place in a girls' school?
16. What writer of a book about murders was arrested on suspicion as a murderer?
17. Which murder ruined a hotel but made a Governor?
18. What American physician confessed to twenty-seven murders?
19. Who became an author and playwright after his acquittal on charge of murder?
20. Whose execution evoked a poem from Thomas Hardy?

(Answers Will Be Found on Page 126)

EUROPE'S GREAT AFFLICTIONS

Scourges and Sufferings Which Have Devastated the Continent

Pictured by MARTIN



THE EPOCH OF INVASION

In the tragic tableau above we see supine Europe at the time when the Goths and Vandals were clamouring at the gate. The pagoda in the center is the tent of Attila, Scourge of God, to whom the tenets of the new Christian religion were anathema. But Europe, as we shall see, had a way of absorbing these invaders much as America absorbs the present day hordes from there



THE PESTILENTIAL PERIOD

Samuel Pepys in his immortal diary records the horrors of London's plague in 1660 when hygiene was non-existent. A simple cold in the head used to develop into something perfectly dreadful. You turned black and did a number of unpleasant things which are not properly for an unscientific journal. Make a mental note of this and pay your doctor's bill tomorrow



WAR'S WRECKAGE

Out of an apparently peaceful sky flashed the thunderbolts of the Great War, Europe's most far-flung affliction. Now that the Western Front has become a camping ground for tourists and trippers it is well to remember the scene so vividly pictured above when Death tilled Flanders Fields



THE CENTURY OF CACOPHONY

With the Great War over, Europe is assailed by one of the most hideous plagues yet recorded, "Jazzmania". This disease was born in the Congo, bred in America and imported to the Continent. Ironically enough, one of the most advanced "carrier-cases" is that of a man named Jim Europe



STEICHEN

Iris Marches On—Katharine Cornell

After Two Seasons as the Peripatetic Miss March of Mr. Arlen's "The Green Hat", in Which She Is Continuing to Play on Tour, She Will Be Presented in a New Play Early in 1927

La Prisonnière

An Account of Bourdet's Sensational Drama, Known to America as "The Captive"

By DONALD FREEMAN

A NEW motif has crept insidiously onto the American stage. And as a consequence one of the darker secrets of sex has been exposed to the multitude. And, it is needless to add, few events of the present theatrical season are likely to surpass in interest the current production of Edouard Bourdet's craftsmanlike and admirable drama *The Captive*—to which, of course, I refer. This is the play which under its French title of *La Prisonnière* caused last summer's army of American visitors to Paris to blush visibly and subsequently to spread the rumour in the homeland that if an American presentation were attempted, its sponsor would spend the rest of his days in a dungeon. The New York première had, however, no such alarming epilogue, for it mainly proved that another superb example of dramatic writing had been somehow made the victim of the kind of playgoer who uses the theatre as a sex-release. Because Bourdet (unfortunately, it seems for his prestige as an artist) selected to make a Lesbian his central character, his play is considered by the general public in the same class as such masterpieces as *Sex*, *Lulu Belle* and *The Shanghai Gesture*—in short, as another addition to the list of plays which unashamedly pander to the meretricious customer of the theatre. As a matter of truth, Bourdet has written one of the finest plays of recent years, and it is regrettable that its allegedly scabrous content has over-shadowed any critical consideration of it as a drama.

IN this content, one finds depicted the struggle of a woman against abnormal yearnings. This, indeed, is the major trend of the play, and not a mere culminating fillip, as in several dramas previously produced in New York during other seasons, and which mildly hinted similar derelictions. In *The Captive* at the very beginning a dramatic crisis is precipitated by the heroine's refusal to leave the woman who holds her so in thrall, when family circumstances make it reasonably necessary that she hie herself to Rome. And the tortuous battle continues until just before the final curtain when it is made evident that the woman's perverse inclinations gain the victory. But this is mere detail. I venture the statement that had *The Captive* been written according to accepted formulas, *i.e.* had the heroine elected to remain in Paris on account of a sentimental attachment for a portly member of the Chamber of Deputies, it would have been quite as effective drama. Normal psychology would have, to be sure, resulted in a play depressingly true to French form, but one nevertheless in which the intrinsic quality of fine workmanship would not have been obscured. I do not suggest that Bourdet was inspired by any lofty artistic purpose when he devised an abnormal circumstance as his play's basic premise. The fact that he wrote the ribald farce of a few seasons ago called *The Rubicon* scarcely attests his sincerity as a moral propagandist. Yet, however terrible his theme may be for some to contemplate, it is none the less legitimate dramatic material.

As the records show, several noted dramatists have in the past held forth on relationships quite as distorted, and written far more objectionable dramas. Bourdet has not merely conjured up an ogre from thin air. Every investigator of note has recorded cases which occur with some degree of frequency, identical with the one Bourdet treats of in *The Captive*. These are made the subjects of learned discourses and pessimistic conclusions. But, for



VANDAMM

HELEN MENKEN

The title rôle in *The Captive* in its New York production is played by Helen Menken, the young American actress seen here last season in the Capek drama, *The Makropoulos Secret*. Miss Menken gives an excellent performance in *The Captive*

that matter, no scientist could have been more honest than the present playwright. He has tackled his astute problem with singular directness, achieving a forthright and absorbing drama, almost perfect in its technical form. Mr. Gilbert Miller, who was responsible for the production of the piece in New York, has likewise done much to alleviate the suspicion that the play is worthy of presentation only as a *succès de scandale*. The staging has been so artfully managed that the scenes which might be construed as offensive are those to which only a minimum of attention has been directed. The bitter revelation, for instance, which the husband of the other woman makes in the second act regarding his wife's aberration is spoken so-to-speak in dramatic flight—in a moment of rising, almost hysterical emotion. The interest thus concentrates itself on the mere theatrical manifestation, rather than on the clinical details of the revelation. So cleverly has Bourdet constructed these sometimes trying scenes of mental agony, and so deftly has Mr. Miller caused them to be acted upon the stage that never once does *The Captive* warrant the suspicion that it has at any time been considered primarily as a commercial gold-brick.

But it would be ridiculous to dismiss *The Captive* as innocuous drama, conducive of noble thoughts in the minds of the pure and undefiled. It is, to be sure, written without overemphasis as to its prurient aspect, and presented as all plays of the theatre should be. But, for all that, it may be a pernicious undertaking. Whether or not it was the author's original intention cannot be discovered, but it must be admitted that Bourdet has succeeded in making of his heroine a more than usually sympathetic character. The play is, therefore, highly unorthodox, and scarcely the purveyor of the great moral lesson as attributed to it by those who have endowed it in the public prints with all the stateliness of Greek tragedy, and with all of Greek tragedy's irresistible and illustrative moral conclusion. If the so-called revolting theme has somehow to be soft-pedalled by "artistic justification", calling attention to the bitter plight of the heroine is scarcely the soundest method.

THE playwright has gained favour for his heroine, by the old fundamental process of the theatre by which the heroine is made to resist persecution grandly. She is doomed to destruction from the start, and her ultimate defeat is accomplished at the end of the play by what the audience is really inveigled into thinking is injustice. Let me quote as illustrations certain details of the plot: the girl will not go to Rome (out of motives of fidelity) thereby precipitating a quarrel with her father who proves himself forthwith to be an irascible, unreasoning and pig-headed fellow that no one in the world would care much to accompany on a journey to Rome or elsewhere. In refusing to make the journey, she sacrifices her younger sister for whom she has a tender, almost pathetic, regard. We must take the author's word for it that the sacrifice is one of tremendous import. Her father's insistence causes her to name a friend of long standing as a *couvre-feu;* subsequently to marry him, contrary to her own emotional dictates, and out of an honest desire to comply with the conventional standards of a normal society. She puts up with a year of desperate living made tiresome by the persistent, and wholly unjust, suspicions of the pompous man she has married. The pressure of this harried and disagreeable existence (disagreeable even to one psychologically normal) becoming too great for her, the perverted girl returns to the original object of her affection. This original object is, moreover, depicted as a creature of intense fascination. And here the author has resorted to another device, whereby to lend the whole proceedings a provocative and mysterious air. The other woman is represented only by violets, which appear from time to time on the scene as a symbolic reminder that she is as destiny to the heroine. The svengalese lady of the violets is an ominous shadow falling athwart the play which completely dominates the action. The fact that she does not appear on the scene at all, but remains an impending presence throughout enhances the interest in her considerably. But to go on: the heroine is, as I say, the traditional woman alone, concerning whose various fates and devious ways many tears

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"The Abduction from the Seraglio"

The Fate of an English Traveller in the Orient, Who Kidnaps a Sacred Dancer

By PAUL MORAND

THE Hon. Percy Insell had arrived just in time; the performance was about to commence. He sat down on a gold and red plush chair which reminded him of the Coliseum and at the same time of Buckingham Palace. He bumped into a copper vessel with his feet; believing that he had dented the headpiece of some high dignitary he was ready to offer excuses. When he found that it was only a betel-root spittoon, filled with a reddish juice, his heart was greatly relieved. In front of him was the orchestra, that is to say, there were about thirty musicians crouching on the floor. The room was a large hall, giving no evidence of originality in design; it was as bare as a garage, only hung with the two-colored flags of the kingdom of Indrapura. To the left a veranda opened up into the night; a stifling night, punctuated by lightning and the unrefreshing downpour of equatorial rain.

Invited to this charity entertainment by the wife of the British *chargé d'affaires*, the Hon. Percy Insell was now making a survey of his surroundings in the shadow of that diplomatic Venus, who was as imposing as a *baobab*. At the right the royal loge protruded, more richly decorated than the stage itself, bedecked with the personal banners of the King of Indrapura. These were red, with a scattering of black serpents, a totem symbol. Above it there were four golden parasols, which were round and nine layers high; they surrounded an empty throne, for the sovereign had not yet arrived. The audience was composed of high dignitaries, with skin the colour of ginger-bread; supreme functionaries, with rose-coloured turbans; the diplomatic corps and several merchants.

THE *aides de camp*, in gala uniform, with red waist-coats, ablaze with gold dragons and military decorations, their naked legs sticking out from very wide yellow silk trousers, were dashing about. The ladies of the court had their faces uncovered, for the kingdom of Indrapura is Buddhistic and not Moslem; their faces varied from a pale amber shade to a very dark brown; their large eyes had no white underneath the eye-lids; their hair glistened with cocoanut oil and its blackness contrasted with the mali flowers, a sort of hyacinth, which they wore at the nape of the neck. In keeping with their generation and their ages they all, more or less, were victims of European fashions and the devastating influence of motion pictures. Insell was sorry to see them in *décolleté*, wearing loose and draped dresses and walking on heels *à la Louis XV*; only the older ones seemed to have remained loyal to naked heels and paint: a make-up of white chalk; and still wearing those narrow tunics of Java, with a saw-tooth design at the sides. Jewels imported by alluring merchants from the *rue de la Paix*, or rather the *rue de Rivoli*, had not deprived the women of the beautiful, clouded and unusual pearls of the southern islands, or those beautiful black sapphires which are able to cure the bite of a cobra.

Percy Insell sighed deeply. So the Orient, as it was in the marvelous stories he had read, was really a thing of the past! But before it disappeared entirely he felt like surrendering himself to its magic—like losing himself in it. He wished to know one of these mysterious women whose enchantment made him so uneasy. What was the warmth of their skin? What were their kisses like? He asked himself these questions, without realizing that kisses do not exist in the Orient.

He tried to get some information from his countrywoman.

"May one expect anything from these local beauties?"

"Nothing. These ladies are very strict; they leave the worry of not being so to others."

"And . . . the others?"

"I would not recommend them to you," replied the wife of the *chargé d'affaires* with a quite maternal solicitude.

PERCY INSELL had arrived from India and, before going on to China, had stopped off to visit Indrapura, which is neither China nor India, but a little of both. He was traveling purely for educational reasons, choosing a method of learning which takes the longest time, costs the most money, is the most inefficient and the most agreeable of all. It is not difficult to understand why the English prefer it to other methods. Insell, this young wanderer, was in 1926 the exact prototype of the Oxford boys at whom the French and Italian novels of the Renaissance and the 17th century had already poked fun; the same clumsy speech, the same slicked down hair, the same desire for knowledge, tempered by *naïveté*, and on his cheeks the same blush which caused old Pope Gregory I to say: "They are not Angles but angels!"—*non sunt angli sed angeli*.

Percy Insell spent lavishly the money which his father, a big ship-builder, had made on the River Clyde in the bygone days when England was still building ships.

HE tried to combine love and comfort—those brother enemies—a most difficult task in the Orient; but like a parachute jumper he was restrained in his descent toward the baser pleasures by bashfulness and inexperience. During his two months' stay in India, being a true British subject, he could not conduct himself otherwise than in the manner of a carefully supervised Eton boy or a 'varsity man doing no more than taking a train for London. That is why he hoped that now, in the kingdom of Indrapura, far from official British eyes, fate and women would be more propitious to him. Upon leaving Europe he had naïvely imagined, as everybody does, that Asia, the classical country of amorous enchantments and lascivious pleasures, would open her arms wide to him. To his great astonishment he found nothing but great modesty and perfect behaviour. Spartan purity was being displayed everywhere. Still too young not to be misled by appearances, he could not get away from the fact that he had been deceived in this point and was disconsolate in the prospect of returning home one day without having anything particularly scabrous to tell at the table of the *In and Out Club*.

"But what about these dancers? Is there no way of approaching them?"

"What are you thinking of! Do you want to see us all massacred? Like the swans in the sacred ponds and the white elephants, the dancers belong to the king. They live a cloistered life and nobody dares come near them."

At that moment there was a tremendous upheaval in the royal loge behind the screen. Remaining absolutely invisible, like all the sovereigns of the Orient, the King, who had just arrived, was sitting down in his chair, and the performance began.

On each side of the stage two gilded screens made a passage-way through which two pyramids of red gold advanced which for a moment appeared to be leaves of the screens. The music became subdued. These were the actors; at the right, a man, at the left, a woman. They had flat, immovable, moon-like faces. White zinc had been applied to their hands and feet, not directly on the skin but on a saffron ground. On their cheeks was a touch of that daring but usual Chinese carmine. Costumes of warm gold, which had no hooks but were sewn right on their bodies with waists as tight fitting as in our latest evening gowns, gave them more startling outlines than if they had been nude. On their heads they wore conical tiaras with golden flaps which covered their foreheads and coiled around each side of the temples. Side by side the two actresses (for the rôle of the man was also taken by a woman) advanced for a ceremonious greeting, prostrated themselves, their hands outstretched, their palms cupped. Carried away by this novel and beautiful sight, Percy Insell turned toward the Europeans seated about him. He saw livid, perspiring faces, anaemic from the climate, bilious eyes, accepting with a bland expression this new homage paid them by the young yellow goddesses, showing plainly that they were only bored and annoyed. That filled him with indignation. The little dancer on the left excited him. Nobody knew her name. Insell grew restless on his gold and plush chair. The wife of the British *chargé d'affaires*, always on the alert to avoid a scandal, looked at him; she decided to make allowances and said:

"There is something, after all, in these niggers."

OTHER dancers had entered and joined the first two. Silent, like golden phantoms, they executed their gestures with a retarded rhythm; what they accomplished was a succession of plastic poses, a continuity of displacements of the equilibrium, rather than a true dance. None of the Western vulgarity, such as smiles, shaking of the body, ambiguous gestures or flirtations across the foot-lights. Under the implacable eye of their King they executed their dance religiously. They bent their thighs while beating time with naked, flat feet on the floor, more cautiously than if they were on a red hot stove. A movement, like a ripple on the surface of a river, originating in the arms, began its course at the

(Continued on page 114)



Mr. Belcher Has Been Reading Mr. Dickens

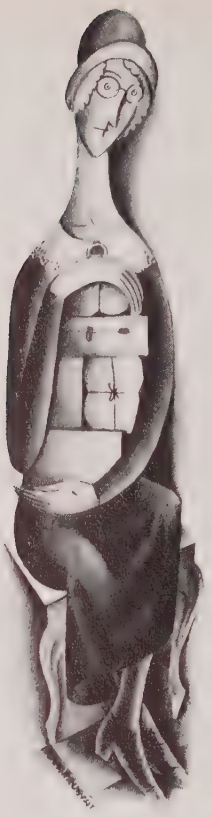
The Celebrated English Illustrator and Satirist Begins a New Series of Intimate Character Etchings

THE illustrious George Belcher, the fine craftsmanship, biting truth and incomparable irony of whose drawings make up the richest single tributary to the endless stream of *Punch* in our generation, has been taking his turn of late at the old game of illustrating Dickens. Three figures from the great Victorian mythology have already come to life in his London studio and they will be reproduced here in successive months. This one, exhibited last Summer at the Royal Academy, is his notion of that odd blend of lamb, dove, crocodile and serpent, the "sleek, smiling, crawling" hypocrite, Mr. Pecksniff, who gets kicked downstairs in the last stretch of *Martin Chuzzlewit* to the childlike glee of the author. The phrase "Taken From Life" is literally true. Of course it can be said that Pecksniff never lived. By the same token he can never die. And it would be the Belcher way to bide his time (for years, if need be) until, in his own drifting through London's streets, he might see a Pecksniff. This innocent would then be bribed, lured or perhaps merely assaulted by the stern artist or in some other way transported to his studio, the skylight room of an old mansion which stands now in the heart of London but which, when first it was built, was some fine coxcomb's country house and stood among green meadows. In his ramblings, Mr. Belcher has also seen Mr. Pickwick and Alfred Jingle



CIVIC VIRTUE

Miss Enid Simms-Sedge is a one-hundred per cent club-woman. She is now waiting impatiently for one o'clock when the Business Luncheon of the American Federation of Women's Clubs will get under way. Meanwhile she glances through the annual report and prepares a few nasty cracks for the Treasurer



SUBURBAN LOCAL

Mrs. Goodbody finds the luxurious lobby a perfect parking place pending the arrival of Friend Husband and their mutual departure on the 5:17. She will wish those five packages on him and the poor wretch will fight his way to Pelham looking like a Christmas tree. His feelings will not be improved by the knowledge that he will later carry most of them back



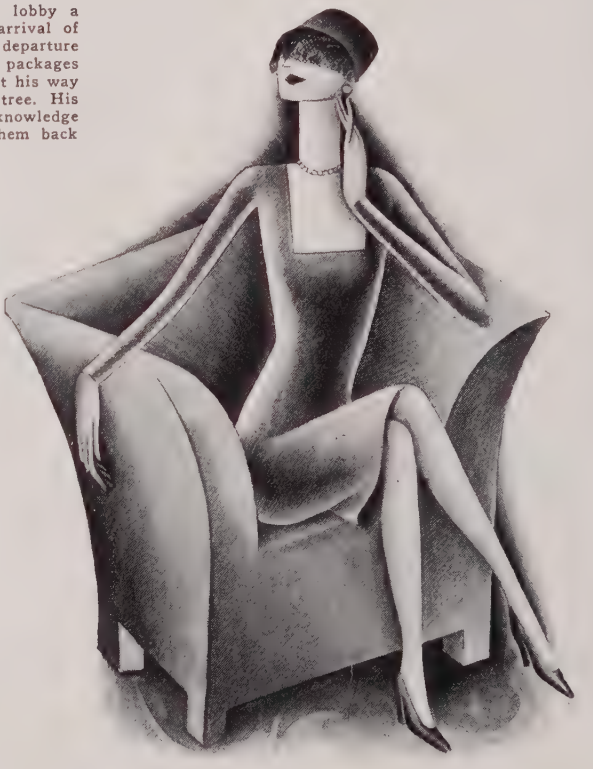
WATCHFUL WAITING

Doris has a luncheon date with Elise who is invariably late. Of what is Doris thinking? Nothing, dear reader, absolutely nothing. Like quite a number of the younger social set, the dear child has a brain which is able to go off on long vacations all by itself without in the least inconveniencing its owner



AN INSTITUTION

Mrs. Henshaw Humpstone has been an inmate of the hotel since it first opened its doors in 1916. Although she has never lost so much as a lock of false hair she still suspects every guest or visitor of being a Raffles in disguise. Naturally this is a help to the management



A PLEASURE CRAFT

This trim personage haunts the hotel for reasons allied to her profession, that of unofficial hotel-hostess. But who can deny that she is smart and attractive. She has just sighted a big cloak-and-suit merchantman, bound out from Buffalo. Her present object is to lure her prize

The Hotel Lobby Haunters

Some Ladies, Serious and Sportive, Who Linger in the Corridors—Portrayed by Covarrubias

"The Inanities of 1926"

Wherein a Critic's Vocabulary Sustains the Loss of a Trusty Adjective

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

IT has always seemed to me that among those of us who make writing our trade, even the ones who cannot hope for immortality through some beautiful thing wrought in beautiful letters may at least receive brief honourable mention at the moment of interment because of the things we *haven't* written.

Thus during the Great War, I personally repelled column after column of oncoming German infantry by writing column after column of undaunted prose. Yet in all that welter of words, my biographer (if, as seems increasingly improbable, any) would search in vain for that nicked old stencil "the supreme sacrifice" and I never once called them Huns.

Then in the days and, more especially, nights when I was a reporter on the good old *Times*, I was in the midst of a redoubled three-spade bid the night the wireless brought through the air the sinking *Titanic's* call for help and for the next month I never stopped writing about it, except for brief catnaps and wolf-like snatches at nourishment. The output in sheer words, if laid end to end, must have been only a shade shorter than *Les Misérables*. But among the pounding typewriters of my generation, mine alone was able to tap off the word "*Titanic*" without once prefixing it with either of the almost automatic adjectives "ill-fated" or "ill-starred".

TO be sure those of us who glow with what might be described as the pride of negative authorship, are sometimes frustrated by the men higher up. I know that when John Wanamaker died and the doughty Russel Crouse was commissioned to write his obituary for the now (and deservedly) defunct *New York Evening Mail*, he was able, in his prayers that night, to point out thankfully to God that at least in two whole columns about the expired shopkeeper he had magnificently avoided all recourse to one rubber-stamp phrase without the use and recurrence of which it had previously been thought that no newspaper allusion to Mr. Wanamaker could get into type. Next day, when Master Crouse turned proudly to his piece in the paper, he discovered that at the last minute his horrified editor had descended on the manuscript with several sharpened pencils and liberally bestrewn it with the title "Merchant Prince". Mr. Crouse ate a good breakfast, wrote a few hurried notes and, at 3.15 that afternoon, flung himself from Brooklyn Bridge. He was buried with full military honours at Arlington.

We survivors keep up the good work as best we can now that our brave leader is gone. Once I myself (for a small consideration) boasted in the columns of *Life* that I had written dramatic criticism, off and (more often) on, for thirteen years without once using the words "personality" and "adequate". Of course such stern denial cramps one a bit and now I find I must add to the strain by forswearing another old trusty among the adjectives. I hereby swear off for 1927 the use of the word "memorable". I will not touch a drop of it. I promise. I wouldn't have the face.

This austere resolution had its origin in the recent discovery, on going through my scrapbooks for the past twelve-month, that, in the case of some twenty-seven instances wherein I had described a play or a production or a performance or a *première* as "memorable", I am now in the embarrassing predicament of being unable to remember any thing about them at all. In this dusk of 1926, the lingering twilight of the year always given over to pensive retrospect, I was searching for data on which to base a contribution to some such annual symposium as publishers are increasingly addicted to. And I found with chagrin and dismay that, instead of dwelling on such mountain peaks as the great Werfel tragedy *Goat Song*, or the fine fantasy of *The Wisdom Tooth*, or the matchless loveliness of Raquel Meller, my errant memory went instead to all the minor monstrosities of the two seasons.

I have, I am afraid, always been this way. Not long ago, I stood meditatively beside the yawning hole in the ground which, just a short time before, had been the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre. It was recently torn down to slake, for a moment, New York's overwhelming passion for putting up playhouses. This may, at first glance, seem an odd and faintly homeopathic remedy for assuaging that passion. But the yearning is continually being discouraged, you see, by the chill economic fact that there are already considerably more theatre seats on the island of Manhattan than there are playgoers (resident or transient) animated by a sufficient impulse to occupy them. This distressing situation is met not by the ignoble and lethargic course of waiting spinelessly until the population should catch up with the theatres. Rather is it met heroically by tearing down the old ones.

OF course the Thirty-Ninth Street was not very old. Compared with Drury Lane or even the old Walnut Street in Philadelphia, it was a poor upstart cut off in its puling infancy. It was built, in fact, no longer ago than 1910. But in a town where it has become unsafe to make a rendezvous for the next afternoon without first verifying by telephone that the old trysting place is still standing, a sixteen year old temple of the drama is about as near to a dear, ivied, memory-stained playhouse as we can boast.

So, if I wanted to commune with my memories of bygone glamour, my souvenirs of great rôles and great occasions, I was more or less obliged to content myself with the crumbling ruins of the Thirty-Ninth Street, to stand amid its rubble-heaps, upheaved sidewalks and cement vats and approximate, as best I could, the mood of one who goes conscientiously to the Coliseum in Rome to stand bare-headed in its pillared moonlight.

I had been present on the night of its inauguration when Nazimova wove about its stage in the Scandinavian distresses of *Little Eyolf*. I had seen *Romance* there with Doris Keane. I had seen Margaret Anglin and Annie Russell and Emily Stevens act upon its stage. Yet out of the rubble rose no memory of these at all but the ghost rather of *Frühlingserwachen* (translated by Heywood Broun as *The Spring Offensive*) wherein one pretty scene dealt with an amorous assault upon a little girl in a haymow by an eleven year-old-boy, the latter rôle played with great gusto by a somewhat aggressively adult actor who seemed ever about to burst from his knickerbockers in the manner of a roasting chestnut. It was a sweet matinée, that one, made immortal by the circumstance that this actor was so displeased at Mr. Broun's little criticism of the performance that he sued him for $10,000.

Then it was also at the Thirty-Ninth Street that I saw *Easy Street*, wherein the young couple had an odd custom of keeping their dead baby's little worsted shoes in the sideboard, seemingly so that they could always count on a good cry while setting the table.

AND, above all, it was at the Thirty-Ninth Street that some men still living saw *Love's Call; a Drama of Primitive Passion* by Joe Byron Totten. There for once I was prophetic in calling a play memorable. I find in my notes of that occasion this prediction:

"The audience of old meanies who tittered helplessly through its three steaming acts will long remember it as among the more endearing of the terrible plays which each season brings to Broadway. One scene in particular I believe they will even tell their grandchildren about when those tots of tomorrow gather round the old knees of a winter's eve. That was the scene in which the villainous *Don Pedro de Scarillo* stalked into the clearing of the Devil's Pass and found his *Piquita* folded in the arms of a tall, cold handsome man from the North. That, at least was the way the pretty halfbreed was ever wont to describe her gringo. He, however, had an odd way of referring to himself, even in casual discourse, as *Clyde Wilson Harrison*. The embrace between these two had reached that approved point where equilibrium was threatened when the jealous *Don Pedro* came in, and, as I recall, briefly announced his intention of torturing the gringo to death. At all events I shall never forget the primitive ejaculation which then fell scorching from the lips of *Clyde Wilson Harrison*. 'I suppose so,' said *Clyde Wilson Harrison*, 'but the thrill of passion I have just experienced was worth it.' At that point two dramatic critics and four laymen had to be picked up out of the aisles and put back in their seats before the play could resume."

And that, Heaven help me, is the kind of play I do remember. So that now, when I have been asked to glance lightly back through the year and write a chapter on the most memorable event of 1926 in the theatre of New York, I find myself writhing with indecision. Should I devote it to a play called *The Half-Caste* and briefly described in its program as "A Story of Love and Sacrifice in a Land of Forgotten Men"? In it an actress styling herself with simple dignity, just "Veronica" was compelled

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Liberty, Equality, Fraternity

Why Rights for Women Have Brought About the Decline of Some Notable Institutions

By CLARENCE DARROW

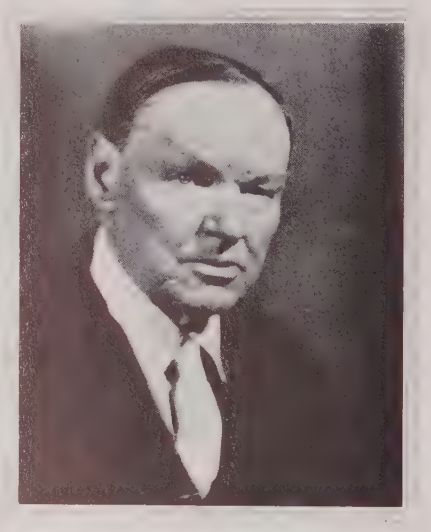
I AM not one who objects to change, but there are some innovations that I resent. For instance, prohibition annoys me; not because I ever cared much for alcohol, but because prohibition has taken so much good feeling and colour out of life. Then there are the barber shops. I have always liked barber shops; true, in common with many others, I got the safety-razor habit years ago, and this kept me out of barber shops except on those rare occasions when I visited them to get my hair cut. I liked the red, white and blue stripes winding down the barber pole. Somehow they seemed to be a symbol of liberty, even after the reformers began to discredit and curtail freedom, and women began to be emancipated.

The barber and his shop have a history. And because the degeneration of the barber shop proves an important point, I shall tell what I know of their history. In the olden days the barber was the surgeon, and some of them to this day continue to let blood. The barber shop was not only the place to get a shave and hair-cut but it was likewise the social centre. In fact, historians tell us that in the Eighteenth Century in England the barber shop was the favourite resort for "idle persons", and in addition to its attraction as a focus for news, a lute, a viol, or some such musical instrument, was always kept for the entertainment of waiting customers.

The musical instruments had disappeared before I began to frequent the places, but the "idle fellows" were still there. These always seemed to have leisure and were found sprawling comfortably over the big chairs—never too busy to wait for a shave. They were good conversationalists and spoke without restraint, discussing in an easy and colourful way the topics of the times. They were well posted on race horses, chorus girls, prize fighters, elections and other interesting and manly topics. Their language was not always grammatical nor their stories chaste. The barber shop frequenter had a rich "lingo" of his own that seemed to fit the place. It vied with the Pullman smoker as a centre for the distribution of droll stories.

I WAS raised in a small town in the middle West where democracy was real and social intercourse was easy. On Saturday nights when the "hired men" came in from the country they gravitated to the barber shop. In those days conversation was still an art; the barber shop promoted and cultivated this art in its own way. Altogether it was an important social centre and was, in effect, a community club where neither initiation fees nor dues were demanded, and, best of all, it was for men only. Its precincts were never invaded by women, and so its votaries knew but few inhibitions.

Of course, in the early days the barber shop was not the only man's club. The automobile had not then driven out the horse, and the livery stable was a common *rendez-vous* for men on Saturday afternoon. Here, too, would foregather the good fellows of the town and country round. It was especially the headquarters for local statesmen. Amid flies and pungent odours political fortunes were made and lost, and the Constitution was defended against its foes.



NICKOLAS MURAY

CLARENCE DARROW

The author of this article, Clarence Darrow, is unquestionably the most brilliant trial lawyer in America. His fame has become widespread through his part in the coal dispute of 1902 and 1903, the Debs strike case, the Loeb-Leopold trial in 1924, and the Scopes "evolution" trial a year ago

And then there was the saloon of grateful memory. This, too, was an institution where men could gather by themselves. Under the influence of stimulants they grew sociable and even loquacious. Leaning over the bar with one foot resting on the brass rail, they discussed politics and religion, horses, and men and women, and argued and conversed and loved each other to their hearts' content.

On rare occasions the polls had much the same atmosphere. But after the advent of "Woman's Suffrage", with "lady" clerks and "lady" judges, the lounger disappeared from the precincts on election day and conversation grew restrained. The men stopped telling stories, they took off their hats to vote, and left their cigars and pipes outside the door. Voting became almost as solemn and silent as a religious rite. Men no longer went to the polls for social intercourse, to tell stories, to discuss their neighbours, the women and the candidates. The place was clean and shiny and uncomfortable and no man cared to linger. They came in solemnly, deposited their votes and went back to work.

Alas—the livery stable, the saloon and the polls lost their pristine charm. Men were driven from pillar to post and the barber shops alone remained as the last fortress for their vanishing fellowship and freedom. Women still wore long hair and long skirts, and there was no excuse for them to intrude themselves into this last sanctuary. For a time men made the best of what was left. The barber himself was an institution. He had long since forgotten that his ancestor was a surgeon and he never "put on airs". He was a master of conversation. He was always loquacious; he could discuss religion and politics and all the other questions of the day. His observations were not only enlightening and interesting but were likewise discreet. He always had views about debatable subjects but he never intruded them. While he slowly stropped his razor, made his lather, and soaped your face, he skillfully drew you out on these important subjects. He never expressed his opinion until he heard from you and he then, invariably, agreed with what you said. The barber never gave the impression that he was greedy for your money. He did everything with the leisure which marked the true gentleman. While you reclined restfully in his beautiful plush chair he generously lathered your face, then carefully washed it off, and covered it with hot and cold towels in turn. After the second or third shaving there were no end of lotions for your skin. He wound up his gentle ministrations by combing your hair in the most meticulous way, and let you go out happy and looking better than you had since the last visit, or would again until you came back for another shave.

DURING this performance he regaled you with stories of race horses, giving you fresh and private tips from "God knows where". Often, too, he led up discreetly to the information that he could place a bet on the races if you wished him to. No objectionable people ever came to the place. One never met a clergyman or a deacon there, or any person whom you had to "look out for", or who took away your comfort or your ease. For a brief hour the place was yours and you felt perfectly at home. Somehow the barber shop was the only place you visited where you never seemed in a hurry to get away. If you were not "next" it did not matter. There was literature and colourful pictures on the wall. These pictures generally portrayed chorus girls, horses, dogs and sporting men, wearing red coats and riding on horse-back following the hounds. In the way of literature there was always the *Police Gazette* with its pictures of lovely actresses wearing tights, a novelty in those simple days. There were pictures, too, of thoroughbred dogs and race horses, together with stories telling their ages and pedigrees and their marvellous exploits. If literature and art failed to interest you, there were sociable and congenial fellows lounging in the chairs, and the formality of an introduction was never needed to make you friends. The barber shop made all men kin. In the middle of the floor was a battered brass cuspidor, shiny in spots, or a square box filled with sand or sawdust. In front of the barber chairs was a large mirror covered with fly-netting in the summer time. You could loll back and

(Continued on page 110)



STEICHEN

An Old Fashioned Couple in an Old Fashioned Pose

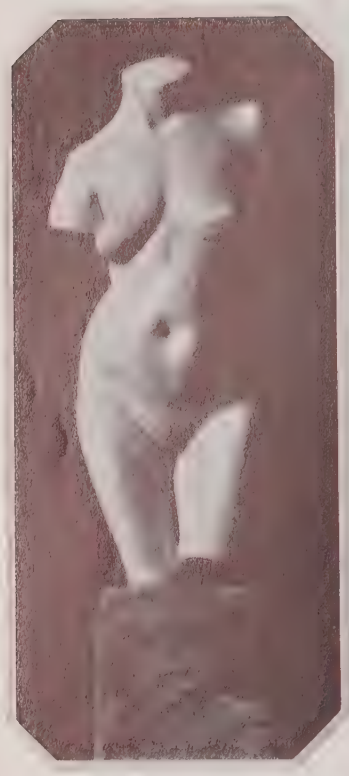
The Most Recent Portrait of the Marquis and the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye

ON the screen she is known to millions as Gloria Swanson; in private life she is the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye—her husband is presently in America, a literary agent for many French authors. Miss Swanson herself is the Cinderella of fact and the captivating heroine of many films. The story of her own life is stranger—than Hollywood. Beginning in pictures at five dollars a day, her popularity has become so great that she has long been the highest salaried woman in the world. She is that rare accident in films—ability of a high order combined with an appeal to the multitude. Gloria Swanson has been twelve years in climbing to the pinnacle she has now attained, and she surveys the scene with poise and high intelligence. The ideal of thousands of young women who see in her their baffled dreams turned to reality, she is as human as an aching heart and as lovely as a Gainsborough lady. Ending her contract with Famous-Players with *Fine Manners*, she has recently formed her own film company, and is its active manager as well as its chief actor. Miss Swanson's first independent production will be *Sunya*, a film version of *Eyes of Youth*, the play in which Marjorie Rambeau made her greatest success on the stage



REVERIE (MEŠTROVIĆ)

This characteristic work by the Serbian sculptor, Meštrović, is of marble and more than life size. He exhibited here two years ago at the Brooklyn Museum of Art; and, more recently, his work has also been on view at the Sesquicentennial in Philadelphia. The sculpture of Ivan Meštrović has always a highly subjective note



TORSO (SARDEAU)

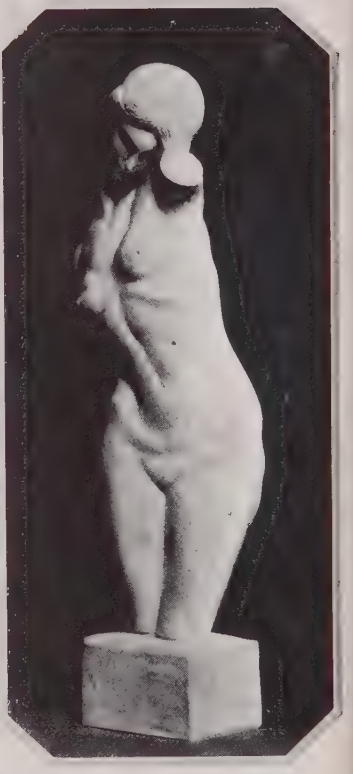
Hélène Sardeau, an American sculptress, is known for her many admirable portrait busts. She has recently finished the masks for the coming revival of several classic Greek tragedies at Delphi

BOURDELLE

Bourdelle is, perhaps, the best-known of living French sculptors. A pupil of Rodin, he has departed widely from his master in that he has always viewed sculpture with reference to its setting and background







TORSO (PENIĆ)

Penić, a Jugoslavian sculptor, has worked chiefly in the classic tradition, seeking to achieve plastic grace and ideal beauty. Penić for many years resided in America, but finally returned to his native Dalmatia

BUST (KOLBE)

Georg Kolbe has long held a commanding position not only in Germany but internationally. Adopting neither the theories nor the manner of extreme modernists, he has achieved much in the classic tradition

Representative Contemporary Sculpture

Some Examples of Work by Artists from France, Germany, Jugoslavia and the United States

The World of Grandpa Benchley

Some Thinking Out Loud in the Manner of H. G. Wells's William Clissold

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

§1.

I AM eighty-nine years old, and I think I would like to write a book. I don't know —maybe I wouldn't.

§2.

Eighty-nine this year, ninety next year, eighty-eight last year. That makes three years accounted for. Three into fourteen goes four times and two to carry. The Assyrians were probably the first people to evolve mathematics. I sometimes get to thinking about mathematics.

The average Englishman at the age of eighty-nine is dead—has been dead for several years. The average depth of the Caspian Sea is 3,000 feet. The average rainfall in Canada is 1.03 inches. During the Inter-Glacial Period it was 9.01 inches. Think of that—9.01 inches!

§3.

All this has made me stop and think, think about the world I live in. I sometimes wonder what it is all about—this world I mean. I am not so sure about the next world. Sometimes I think there is one and sometimes I think there isn't. I'll be darned if *I* can make it out.

I am not so sure about my wanting to write a book, either. But something has got to be done about this world—something explanatory, I mean. Here I am, eighty-nine years old—just think of that—and I haven't explained about the world to anyone yet—that is, not to anyone in this room.

§4.

IT is a beautiful day. The sun, that luminous body 93,000,000 miles from the earth, without which we should never be able to dry hides or bake biscuits, is shining through the trees outside my window, much as it used to shine through the trees outside the cave of Neolithic Man, ten thousand years before Christ. In fact, Neolithic Man sometimes built himself houses on piles driven in the water, but this was not until almost five thousand years before Christ.

Sometimes I get to thinking about Neolithic Man. Sometimes I get to thinking about Cro-Magnon Man. Sometimes it just seems as if I should go crazy thinking about things. There are so *many* things! And I am only eighty-nine, only eighty-nine.

§5.

I remember when I was a very small boy my mother used to forbid me to go out when it was raining. My mother was a very quiet woman, who never spoke unless it was to figure out how long it would take to reach the nearest star by train.

"Nipper," she would say to me on such days as the rain would prevent my going out, "nipper, I guess you don't know that thousands of years before modern civilization there was a period known as the Pluvial or Lacustrine Age, the rain or pond period."

I remember my crying myself to sleep the first night after she told me about the Pluvial or Lacustrine Age. It seemed so long ago—and nothing to be done about it.

§6.

One night my father came home with a queer light in his eyes. He said nothing during dinner, except to note, as he passed me the salt, that salt is an essential to all grain-consuming and herbivorous animals but that on a meat-diet man can do without it. "There have been bitter tribal wars," he said, "between the tribes of the Soudan for possession of the salt deposits between Fezzan and Murzuk."

"Arthur," said my mother, quietly, "remember the boys are present."

"It is time they knew," was his reply.

At last my mother, sensing that something was troubling him, said:

"Arthur, are you holding something back from me?"

He laid down his knife and fork and looked at her.

"I have just heard," he said, "that the molecule is no longer the indivisible unit that it was supposed to be."

My mother bit her lip.

"You tell me this," she said "after all these years!"

"I have just learned it myself," replied my father. "The National Molecule Society found it out themselves only last month. The new unit is to be called the 'atom'."

"A fine time to tell me!" said my mother, her eyes blazing. "You have known it for a month."

"I wasn't sure until just now," said my father. "I didn't want to worry you."

My mother took my brother and me by the hand. "Come, boys," she said, "we are going away."

Two days later the three of us left for the Continent. We never saw my father again.

§7

THIS set me to thinking about atoms. I don't think that I have it straight even now. And then, just as I was getting accustomed to the idea that molecules *could* be divided into atoms, along comes somebody a few years ago and says that you can divide atoms into electrons. And, although I was about seventy-five at the time, I went out into the park and had a good cry.

I mean, what is an old fellow going to do? No sooner does he get something all thought out than something happens to make him begin all over again. I get awfully sore sometimes.

§8.

Then there is this question of putting studs in a dress-shirt. Here is the problem as I see it:

If you put the studs in *before* you put the shirt on, you muss your hair putting it on over your head. If you wait until you have the shirt on before putting in the studs, you have to put one hand up under the front of the shirt and punch them through with the other. This musses the shirt bosom nine times out of ten. *Eight* times out of ten, perhaps.

All right. Suppose you put the studs in first and muss your hair. Then you have to brush it again. That is not so hard to do, except that if you put tonic on your hair before you brush it, as I do, you are quite likely to spatter drops down the bosom. And there you are, with a good big blister right where it shows—and it's eight o'clock already.

(Continued on page 154)



LOST

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

I

She dwelt among frequented ways
Beside a motor highway,
A maid of whom 'tis no dispraise
To say she had a fly way,
And chauffeurs sometimes, passing through,
Their dizzy flight would stay there
To ask the way, though well they knew
The windings of the way there.

II

Then one there came, a lad from town,
A most alluring Mister,
Who gazed into her eyes of brown
And murmured "Greetings, Sister!
The way to Pelhamville, my child,
And how to get there, know you?"
"You can not miss it, sir," she smiled,
"But, lest you should, I'll show you."

III

The way to Pelhamville was straight,
And turnings there were not there,
And yet, I much regret to state,
Those children never got there.
Too well, perhaps, she knew the way;
His ways, too, were compelling . . .
The fact remains, they went astray,
Just how there is no telling.

IV

"This tale," you say, "is old and trite."
With that I can not quarrel,
Nor would I take the time to write
It down save for the moral,
And this it is, and I am done:
This note I end my song on,—
The easiest way is oft the one
That men and maids go wrong on.

Square-Cut Emerald

The Story of a Triangle Blurred and Broken by the Slow Winds of the Riviera

By MARGARET CASE MORGAN

THE little floating shreds of coloured light, spun from a revolving ball suspended in the ceiling, dissolved like jewels upon the tinted walls, danced like petals over the gambling-tables; bubbles of citron, mauve, absinthe and crimson fantastically adorned a nose, a beedless chin, bit deep into the rich plush of rubies or enlivened the bland surface of a pearl; one even trembled, a triangle in gold leaf, in the depths of Cameron's *liqueur*. He lifted the tiny crystal goblet in his fingers where it hung as pendent as a tear. Green mint. So quiet, that *liqueur*, and so small—a little pool of emerald light in the sombre splinters of sound that filled the Casino. It was, he reflected, rather like Carol: radiant, and cool, and passionately alone.

Across the little table he watched her contentedly in the soft rain of colour. The pretty particles of dancing light did not foolishly invest her with gaiety; rather, she seemed steadily to shine through them, as a star can shine through fussy fragments of cloud. They touched her hair to deeper amber, warmed the pale, tranquil curve of her throat, but did not melt upon it. "Any more," he thought abruptly, "than fireflies could dissolve against the moon."

The moon. Lustrous thoughts of the moon filled Cameron. She was very like the moon, and should live there, he had told her once, absurdly. "With a little cream-coloured cloud for your pillow and the two smallest stars for your shoes."

Her reception of this had been deliciously grave. "I did live there once," she had informed him, with that curiously hesitant manner of speaking, as though each syllable were too soft, too lovely a thing to venture alone into a crisp world, "only I had to leave." She sighed. "My feet used to get so cold."

Delightfully he remembered this as he sat with her now in the Casino. He would have liked to tell her again about the moon, if they had been alone. But they were not alone.

The third person at the little table was a thin, gravely courteous man named Jollie, the proprietor of the Casino. And the fourth was Cameron's wife.

THE gambler's face was carved in thin semi-circles of thought as he surveyed the tense little trio. Cameron was abstracted, sunk in the happy contemplation of illicit *amour*; enormously protected by the soft wings of a love exquisite and unjust. The hair above his temples sprang upwards in small, expectant fans of pale grey; his eye, slightly prominent, was turned inward upon himself, romantically, and without reproach. With what ease, Jollie reflected, looking at Julia Cameron, men developed a sense of detachment when they wished to treat their wives badly.

Julia was bored, and lonely with the kind of desolation that obscurely comes to women like Julia in the presence of their husbands. Her face, in the swift, sliding colours of the room, swam brightly as a shell upon the sea, as emptily; her hands were pale, ineffectual curves. Only the small ridges in each shoulder where narrow bands of white satin, cold with diamonds, bit into the flesh betrayed a nervousness, a kind of tension. . . . She was, outwardly, the indulgent wife, schooled to the familiar consternations of marriage.

Jollie felt a vague astonishment that she should be so calm, so bright. Did it matter, he wondered, how bright she was, how calm, when across the table the woman whom Cameron loved shone like a flame, purely, remotely, in that glittering room? He knew so well the air of security that she wore—he had seen it in a thousand women. Women alone, without background, but women who were loved; women like water-lilies, detached and tranquil, drifting in a sharp excitement of clear waters, exquisite and unexplained.

He raised the *liqueur* glass to his lips, the green liquid curling frostily upon his tongue. "It's the colour exactly," he said, twisting the glass in pensive fingers, "of an emerald. A jewel set in the brow of a lonely goddess . . . the colour of loneliness."

"Loneliness?" inquired Julia, with that charming manner she had of being always ready to listen to anyone who seemed really fond of what he was saying.

"Emeralds," said Jollie, looking at no one unless it was, obscurely, at Carol, "remind me of lonely women. A tear shining on a blade of grass bright with stolen colour, with fire stolen from the sun, but in itself—alone. It's like the detached, exquisite women whose only fire is kindled under the attention that wives have learned to do without."

CAMERON, wincing from an alien melancholy, became abruptly roguish. "No women will ever have to be lonesome while I'm around!" he promised lavishly. But he, too, looked at Carol. Lonely women? . . .

Webbed in soft colours from the whirling ball, Carol began suddenly to speak, her voice threading with a slow amusement the words she recited:

"A silver tulip in a bowl,
The crystal stars above me,
A liquid eye, a shallow soul,
My lover doesn't love me.

"In chiffon shadows on the grass
No beauty I discover.
A little pause—a tear—alas!
I don't care for my lover.

"That's a very cynical poem about lonely women," she concluded softly.

"It's about Women Alone," corrected Jollie, "which is often a very different thing. And it's about love, and beauty, and—impermanence, which is frequently another name for both."

"It's very sad," said Julia politely, after a little pause. She smiled brightly through liquid triangles of gold and blue light that fantastically caressed her, desperately exploded in her hair. . . .

Cameron looked impatiently at Jollie, at his pale eyebrows curved in revery. He would go on and on, Cameron supposed, about these Women Alone. There was something reproachful, almost something sinister in the way he spoke of them; as though they weren't quite—safe. He didn't, he decided, want to know anything about Carol, for instance, except that he was in love with her, and she, perhaps, with him. He wanted her as she was—unexplained, a lovely phantom, a flame of moon and mist dancing in the shrill delight of his mind.

Jollie was talking about emeralds, about water-lilies and impermanence. And now, Cameron felt, he was going to tell a story. He curbed his impatience, remembering that gambler's anecdotes were generally brief—with the briefness of disaster itself, he reflected grimly. And when it was over, he could take Carol out on the terrace, could be alone with her, frosted in quiet silver by the moon. . . .

This was the story that Jollie, sitting at the little table amid changing shafts of silver and amethyst and powder-blue, told to Cameron and to his calm, bright wife, and, with a curious directness, to Carol Drake:

AT Saratoga, the season had begun. In the Casino, the gambling-tables were mute plateaux of despair, fringed with men and women alert as cactuses; fat hands and thin, electrified by the toneless cry of the *croupiers*, scrabbled noiselessly among the endless staccato whispers of chips. The players moved like birds on a wire, compactly. The girl, looking at them, noticed with detachment, how, with increased concentration, a diamond necklace would sink deeper into the folds of a pudgy neck, or a string of pearls start, as if in alarm, from a thin neck.

But it was on a thin boy crouched next to the *croupier* that her gaze remained the longest. The pale, upward gleams of a pile of gold in front of the fat man next to him mirrored themselves in frail yellow upon his cheek, but tragically produced no contrast, since the boy's face was of the same desperate tinge. Jollie, the proprietor, veiled in blue smoke near the tables, saw them both. The boy was only about twenty, he decided, an unattractive little rat, but cocksure as the devil or at least, he had been before his luck turned. Now his thin face was calamitous, his little raw hands trembled as they grasped the chips. And that girl was watching him like a hawk . . . or like a rabbit, Jollie reflected. Scared. Her eyes, beneath her shining amber hair, were bright, it seemed to him, with apprehension.

It was too bad; but what can you do, Jollie demanded of the end of his cigarette, when boys are fools, and their parents let them run off to all kinds of places? He sighed, and strolled around the tables, stepping lightly, a willow-wand of graciousness among his patrons.

Ten minutes later, the boy had lost ten thousand dollars; and, when Jollie looked for the girl again, she was gone.

She came to his office the next morning. She wore a little black hat over her amber-coloured hair, and she was pale. She moved lightly, tentatively, and when she spoke it was with a

(Continued on page 152)

Chronic First-Nighters

No Jury Would Convict the Citizen Who Gave Arsenic to These Charming People

Sketches by ALAN ODLE



MISS DOLLY ORIOLE

Miss Dolly is just a shade under-brained and she has not understood the plot of any piece since the last Marx Brothers show. Her relatives insist that she could follow the lighter comedies easily enough, but there are so many people in the audience to look at and the candy-manufacturers wrap up each chocolate in such noisy paper nowadays that half the time she can't hear herself think, let alone know what all those actors on the stage are talking about



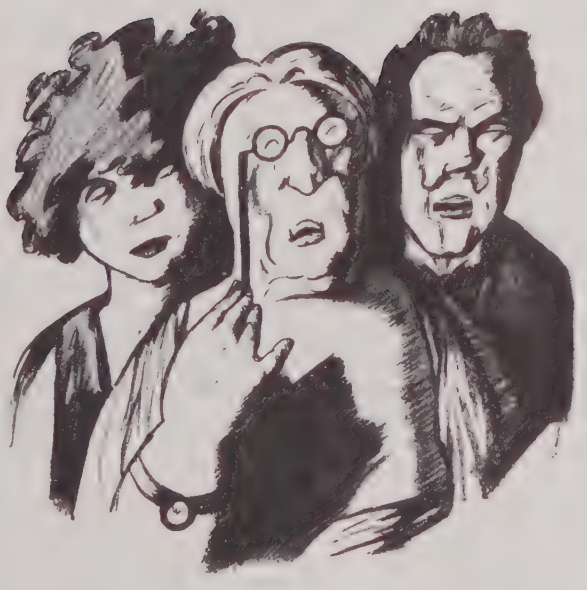
BERTRAM L. SIMPKIN AND WIFE

The Simpkins live at their country house, *The Ricketts*, Geranium Park, Long Island. Mrs. Simpkin spends the first act wondering whether she locked the pantry window; the second speculating whether the final curtain will give them time to catch the last train. In the crisis of the third, she and Simpkin rise firmly and trample across all intervening laps to the nearest exit. Next day Mrs. Simpkin reads a paper on *Post-Ibsen Tendencies* before the Tuesday Book, Play and Current Topic Guild



MRS. DARTLEY DENTON

Under the pen-name of Hannibal Lee, Mrs. Denton wrote that brief, five-act tragedy in free verse, called *The Molehills of Nebraska*, which was produced for one performance at the Pillbox Playhouse in Minetta Lane. Since then she has attended every Broadway *première* except during a fortnight's illness brought on by a swoon into which she fell one night when there were two *premières* and Mrs Denton learned too late that all the celebrities would be seen at the other one



A LARGE THEATRE PARTY

The average theatre seat was built without adequate prescience of this good lady's dimensions. She has so many extensions that thwarted drama-lovers sometimes get as far as the first intermission under the impression that the asbestos curtain has not yet risen. Patrons who cannot get to the nearest aisle without passing her do not get to the nearest aisle. They remain put till 11:30



THE GABBY PAIR

The most afflicting nuisance, however, is the talking playgoer. These two specimens have mouths permanently ajar and words issue from them by a process that can only be described as leakage. Their whispers can be heard for ten rows and statisticians assert that not since the Spring of 1896 has there been an intelligent observation occurring in this running commentary on the drama



STEICHEN

The Death House in "An American Tragedy"

Morgan Farley as Clyde Griffiths in the Stage Version of Theodore Dreiser's Novel

OF last year's books, the stage immediately made flagrant passes at four. These were *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (four companies now playing, thank you); *The Constant Nymph* (a huge success in London); *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* (still simmering on the back of the Barrymore stove) and *An American Tragedy*, the mighty novel which has given Theodore Dreiser the belated experience of being a best seller. The play which Patrick Kearney made from it was produced at the Longacre Theatre in New York in October, with Morgan Farley cast as the bit of bewildered American driftwood who finds himself finally in the death house at Sing Sing, insensible to the last of the stages by which he had reached there. Dreiser's plodding book takes on its greatness from its unworded implication that Clyde Griffiths was no abnormal criminal but just any boy from the house across the street swept to his doom by the tides of ignorance, cruelty and selfishness which lap endlessly on the American shore. The play, in its inevitable limitations, can merely suggest this and is consequently less entitled to the perennial sub-title: Even as You and I

She Never Knew

A Young Man's Fancy Turns to Love—All of Which Has an Epilogue

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

I SHALL stay here for a long time. There hangs over this place between forest and sea a quiet melancholy that invigorates me. Everything is motionless and peaceful. Only the white clouds move with deliberation; the wind stirs so high above tree-tops and waves that there is no rustle among the leaves; no murmur from the sea. Profound solitude reigns here, and one is always conscious of it, even when sitting in a crowd at the hotel or on the promenade. The band, for the most part, plays nothing but sad Swedish and Danish airs, but even its livelier pieces are subdued and melancholy. When the musicians finish, they go silently down the steps of the Kiosque, and vanish, slowly and dejectedly, among the trees.

I am writing this while I let myself drift in a boat along the coast. The coast is green and tame. There are unpretentious country houses standing in gardens; the gardens run down to the water, and have seats in them; behind the houses is the narrow white road, and on the other side of the road is the forest. The forest stretches, slightly undulating, far, far away to the sunset. Its full evening glory is reflected on the narrow golden island which my boatman says may be reached in two hours. I should like to go there, yet I am curiously wedded to this spot; I spend my whole time in its near neighbourhood, either on the shore or on my private terrace.

I AM lying under the beeches. The branches are weighed down by the drowsy atmosphere of afternoon. Now and then I hear footsteps coming along the woodland path, but I can see nobody. I do not want to stir, and my eyes are fixed on the sky. I hear, too, the shrill laughter of children, but the vast stillness around me swallows up all sounds quickly, and scarcely a second elapses before it seems as if they were in the distance. If I close my eyes and open them again, I feel as if I were waking from a long sleep. So I let myself glide away, and float like a part of nature in the surrounding silence.

This heavenly rest is ended for me. Neither in the little rowing boat nor under the beeches will it ever be mine again. All at once everything has changed. The melodies played by the band now sound passionate and merry; people who pass me seem to be talking a great deal; children laugh and shout. Even the beloved sea that seemed so silent beats at night noisily on the shore. Life has again become alive for me.

Never before had I left home with an easier mind; I had left nothing undone. My doctor's degree was a *fait accompli*; I had buried the illusions of youth, and a certain Jenny had become the wife of a watchmaker. Thus I enjoyed the rare good fortune of starting on a journey without leaving a mistress behind, or taking with me an illusive passion. I was revelling in the sensation of having arrived at the close of a chapter in my life. But now—now all is different. Frederika is here.

It is getting late; I am on the terrace, writing by lamplight. This is the time for clear thinking. I go over again the conversation, the first I have had with her for seven years, the first since that day . . .

We were on the beach near lunch-time. I was sitting on a deck-chair. People were passing to and fro. A woman with a little boy was standing on the pier, too far off for me to see her features distinctly. There was nothing about her that particularly struck me; I only noticed that she had been standing on the same spot for a long time, and then that she left the pier and was coming towards me.



DRAWING BY LABOUREUR

AT THE BEACH

"And so we stood together on the beach, scarcely speaking, my arm around her waist. And I felt that Frederika must belong to me if I so willed it. Yesterday she may have been a wanton; today she is silent beside me, looking out to the sea"

She led a boy by the hand. Now I could see that she was young and slender. Her face seemed familiar to me. She was still about ten paces away when I rose quickly and went to meet her. She smiled, and then I knew her.

"Yes, it's I," she said, holding out her hand.

"I recognized you at once," I said.

"I hope it wasn't difficult," she replied; "and you haven't altered in the least."

"Seven years," I said.

She nodded, and repeated "Seven years."

Then we were both silent. She was very charming. A smile crept over her face as she turned to the boy, whose hand she still held, and said, "Shake hands with the gentleman." The child obeyed, but without looking at me.

"My little son," she said. He was a pretty, sunburnt little fellow, with light blue eyes.

"It's nice to meet people again," she began. "I never thought . . ."

"It's certainly curious," I said.

"Why?" she asked, as she smiled and looked me, for the first time, straight in the eyes. "Doesn't everyone travel in the summer?"

At this moment, it occurred to me to ask after her husband. The words rose to my lips but I could not utter them.

"How long do you intend staying here?" I asked instead.

"A fortnight. Then I am to meet my husband in Copenhagen."

I gave her a quick glance, which she answered with an unconcerned "Are you surprised?"

I FELT uncertain of myself. Almost ill at ease. Suddenly it seemed to me incomprehensible that things could be so completely forgotten. At this moment I realized that I had for a long time thought so little about what had happened seven years ago, that it might not have happened at all.

"You must have a great deal to tell me," she began again, "a great deal. Of course, you've been a doctor for a long time."

"Not so long—for a month only."

The luncheon bell sounded from the hotel.

"Goodbye," she said, as if she had merely been waiting for a signal.

"Can't we go in together?" I asked.

"I dine with my boy in my rooms. I don't care for crowds."

"When shall we see each other again?"

She pointed, smiling with her eyes, to the little promenade. "There it is impossible not to meet," she said, but added, when she saw that her answer had hurt me, "especially if you want to meet. Goodbye for the present." She gave me her hand, and without looking round walked away. The little boy, however, regarded me till they vanished.

I paced up and down the promenade the whole evening, and she did not come out. Did she, after all, take her departure? I would not have been surprised.

A WHOLE day gone by, and I have not seen her. It rained all the morning, and I was almost the only person on the promenade. Now and then I passed the house where she stayed but I did not know which were her windows. In the afternoon the rain cleared, and I took a long walk by the coast to the next town. It was very heavy and sultry.

All the way I could think of nothing else but what once had been. Everything came back to me distinctly. The hospitable house I had lived in, and the little garden with the green lacquered chairs and tables. And I saw the little town with its quaint white streets, and the distant hills melting away in the mist. Over all lay a canopy of pale blue sky, which harmonized so perfectly with the environment that it seemed as if only there it could be so

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Ernst Lubitsch

The Ninth in a Series of Interviews with Celebrated Motion Picture Personages

By JIM TULLY

HE has the appearance of a successful pawnbroker with bright black eyes. His shoulders are heavy, and his features prominent. He wears a low black derby well down upon his ears.

Simon Lubitsch, his father, was a business man—the owner of a small clothing store in Germany. His son, Ernst, was born in that country in 1892. Mrs. Lubitsch and her son helped Simon in the operation of the store. No doubt his early environment has given the director more of the mannerisms of the merchant than of the artist. He is volatile, energetic, egotistic, and humane. Not a profound man, he skims the surface of life, and, like his type the world over, he seems assured that the surface is the entire depth.

His American pictures have, for the most part, been stories of sophistication. One, *The Marriage Circle*, was praised by that arch enemy of Hollywood art—George Jean Nathan. Though the brilliant critic could not recall the name of Mr. Lubitsch after seeing the picture, it was, nevertheless, a far step for the son of Simon Lubitsch, the little cloak and suit dealer.



E. R. RICHEE

ERNST LUBITSCH
The German film director, Ernst Lubitsch, first became known through *Passion* (which also introduced Pola Negri to America). He is now a Hollywood director

Ernst Lubitsch received his early education at Sophien *Gymnasium*, Berlin. Even as a youth his principal interest was in matters theatrical. He received dramatic instruction from Victor Arnold, a renowned Shakespearean comedian. It was Arnold who secured for Lubitsch the rôle of *Famulus* in Max Reinhardt's production of *Faust* at the *Deutsches Theater* in Berlin. Lubitsch was nineteen years of age at this time. The future director toured Europe for a season in the Goethe play, and later took up dancing and appeared as a grotesque in a number of Reinhardt's ballets.

IN 1913, Arnold, who was with the *UFA*, secured him a part in a comedy with that organization. For a period of five years Lubitsch acted and directed in the cheaper films, doing nothing unusual until he directed Pola Negri in *Passion* and *Gypsy Blood*.

These pictures and *One Arabian Night*, *Deception*, and *The Loves of Pharaoh*, were all directed for *UFA*. They were interspersed with comedies of very ordinary quality.

Lubitsch claimed the discovery of Pola Negri in a magazine article. In another publicity organ, the temperamental peasant girl claimed to have discovered him. Perhaps they were simultaneously drawn together by the magnet of genius. They soon separated and came to America. Both have earned enormous salaries in this country though neither has accomplished anything of artistic distinction.

Like most film directors, Lubitsch is a man of no deep innate cultivation. Taking his work as a whole, since coming to America, one is almost bound to conclude that he is a man with no emotional quality whatever, and that Pola Negri was the white light that lit his road to fame. As a director of sophisticated films he has been equalled and often surpassed by superficial young American directors who have never heard of Max Reinhardt. And, strangely enough, several of these young directors are what is known as "box office attractions", while Lubitsch has not made a great financial success in America, as yet. The German-Jewish director has a continental view of women—while in American film art the woman must always win. Americans forget *Desdemona* and *Madame Bovary*. They remember *Barbara Worth* and the *Girl of the Limberlost*.

Lubitsch came to America with the greatest opportunity ever given a director. With more strength of character he could have kept his name on a high pinnacle. Instead, he was inveigled into directing Mary Pickford in *Rosita*. Miss Pickford has never needed a man of the Lubitsch calibre. One of her most successful directors is possessed of a mentality little above a child's.

To the credit of Lubitsch it must be said that he was unfortunate in directing Miss Pickford. She had reached the stage where she wished to show the world that she was more than a player of children's parts. Grown opulent, she no longer wished to remain America's everyday sweetheart. She wanted to grow up. So Lubitsch was chosen to direct her in *Rosita*.

America did not accept Miss Pickford as a grown-up lady . . . neither as *Rosita* nor, later, as *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*.

After his failure with Miss Pickford the Hollywood public still dealt kindly with Lubitsch. It understood the circumstances. The films, as usual, were sick. They needed a tonic. Many looked toward Lubitsch.

INSTEAD of becoming the strong man . . . the modern Moses in a derby . . . Lubitsch seemed content to become a director of frothy films for sophisticated chambermaids and cinema critics.

I once said to him, "Mr. Lubitsch, why is it you are satisfied to direct light comedy when you might do another '*Passion*'?"

"Ah," he said, "Molière was content to do comedy."

"Yes—but Molière was something different again."

Lubitsch shrugged his shoulders.

"But Chaplin is a genius—he does comedy."

"Chaplin is merely a clever mimic," I replied, "hardly to be compared with Molière."

Lubitsch was shocked. The remark was blasphemy to him. He gesticulated.

"*The Woman of Paris—The Woman of Paris*—a masterpiece—such genius—such genius."

"Merely a very ordinary story," I replied. . . .

Lubitsch stopped—I was talking a different language.

"But the treatment—the treatment," he finally gesticulated.

"Leaving Chaplin out of it, Mr. Lubitsch, you remind me of a man who is capable of writing a great novel, and is content to idle away his time with clever short stories."

His hands went upward in exasperation at this statement.

"Oh, let me alone," he cried.

Lubitsch has contended that Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris* did not insult his intelligence. Perhaps in continental Europe Mr. Lubitsch met many young ladies who, after a velvet existence in Paris, suddenly decided for no great reason to spend the rest of their vapid lives among the cows and chickens.

Charles Ray, with the artistic ability of a country bumpkin, was once called by Lubitsch "one of the greatest artists of the screen."

LUBITSCH is also a passionate admirer of David Wark Griffith. By their gods you shall know them.

Mr. Lubitsch feels that it will be a hundred years before the screen takes its place as a great new art.

He has the passion of the crusader—for money.

He now has his mansion, his dogs and automobiles, and a firm faith in what his press agent writes about him.

Forgetting that a boy of average intelligence can be made a director of parts as easily as he can be made a plumber, many Hollywood directors walk about as though they shook the earth. With finer artistic training, Lubitsch should not be one of these. But alas, he thinks and lives in terms of Hollywood. Instead of being a great artist, he is merely a merchant like his father. But with this difference however: His father did not deal in second-hand goods.

With the exception of von Stroheim, James Cruze, King Vidor and a few others, there are no men of outstanding talent among the directors. In films a man of genius must have a merchant as collaborator. Once in a while the merchant is a man with the soul of an artist. For instance, Jesse L. Lasky, reading Theodore Dreiser's great novel *An American Tragedy*, is an example. Lasky not only read the book but reacted to it emotionally and financially, paying nearly one hundred thousand dollars for the film rights.

Lasky in buying this story immediately faces another problem. With but few exceptions directors have little capacity for emotion. Dreiser is said to have eliminated D. W. Griffith as a "sentimentalist". Lubitsch is astonishingly clever, even subtle at times. Dreiser's story would allow him a great opportunity for artistic achievement, and test any creative quality he might have.

But Lubitsch, of whom so much was expected, has recently directed a picture called *So This Is Paris*.



NEWS AT A GLANCE

Are tabloid newspapers like these, indicative of infantilism on the part of the great American public? Have they a pernicious influence? Will they eventually drive all the better class of newspapers out of the field? Read this consideration of the tabloids by a severe yet profound critic

The Tabloid Newspaper

An Investigation Involving Big Business, the Pilgrim Fathers and Psychoanalysis

By E. E. CUMMINGS

EDITOR'S NOTE—Almost a score of tabloid newspapers are presently being published in the United States. The New York *Daily News*, the first to be published in America, began in 1919, and now has a circulation of over a million. The circulation of many of the others is increasing by the hundreds of thousands. These tabloids frankly base their appeal on morbid and sensational details, "faked" news and "faked" pictures, prize contests and trashy stories on sex themes. The Macfadden publications, publishers of the incredibly successful New York *Evening Graphic*, frankly declare themselves in favour of a sex interest to attract their customers, while more conservative editors stress "big" news pictorially presented, with reading matter deliberately concocted for a public of minimum intelligence. In this article, Mr. Cummings considers the prevalence of tabloids as an index to the national mentality

LIKE all phenomena which we are in the evil habit of taking for granted, the mentality of the Great American People—by which is meant, that kind of liveliness or unliveliness which is common to most citizens of our grand and glorious republic—invites more than a casual inspection. We should not merely realise, as most of us merely do, that "Americanism" rules supreme in this epoch-making day and time, or that "Americanisation" now applies to everything from non-citizens to safety-pins. Granted, that the entire universe echoes and re-echoes to the mighty strides of our nation's progress—assuming that a whole civilization trembles in the hollow of our superhuman hand—in brief, admitting that nobody "never saw nothing" like us—it is far from improbable that an analysis of the invincible spirit underlying this uncontested supremacy will give quite as startling results, in a quiet way, as the huge and noisy product itself. Moreover (economists, sociologists, efficiency experts and similar learned gentry to the contrary) such an analysis does not involve a very vast acquaintance with the occult science of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Quite the contrary. From a thousand adjectives which fairly clamour for a chance to describe the Great American Mentality, there immediately stands forth one adjective in which our epoch finds its perfect portrait, in which our civilization sees itself miraculously mirrored, in which the U.S.A. shimmers in all the unmitigated splendour of its great-and-only-ness. This adjective is: infantile.

By no circumstance the least important, and certainly the most obvious, example of the strictly infantile essence of America's all-conquering mentality greets our eyes daily, anywhere and everywhere, in the guise of the tabloid newspaper. The tabloid newspaper actually means to the typical American of this era what the Bible is popularly supposed to have meant to the typical Pilgrim Father: *viz.* a very present help in time of trouble, plus a means of keeping out of trouble via harmless, since vicarious, indulgence in the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

WITHOUT the Bible, as everybody knows, your Pilgrim Father would have been seriously inclined to wonder why an Almighty Providence saw fit to freeze him in Winter, starve him in summer and fill him full of arrows at all times. He might even have been tempted to register a few complaints with his Omnipotent Protector. Conceivably, this righteous person might eventually have strayed so far from the path of righteousness as to throw up the sponge entirely or join the wicked Indians. But the Pilgrim Father's Bible solved his problem very nicely, by pointing out to him that things are not what they seem and by furnishing him with a pleasing catechism of values in place of a painful concatenation of realities. Furthermore, it occasionally stopped an arrow or two.

If the tabloid newspaper cannot boast of stopping arrows, it can at least retort that arrows are not being done this year, and that, if the woods are not full of Indians, the skyscrapers are full of time-clocks and that a struggle is a struggle still, the noblest thing alive and that temptation remains temptation, no matter which of innumerable disguises the insidious Tempter may see fit to assume. Ask Billy Sunday, he knows. Or, to put the matter a little differently: just what would become of the machine known as Big Business, were many hundreds of thousands of male and female cogs denied their daily oil in the form of the tabloid newspaper, Heaven alone knows; but it is not difficult to guess.

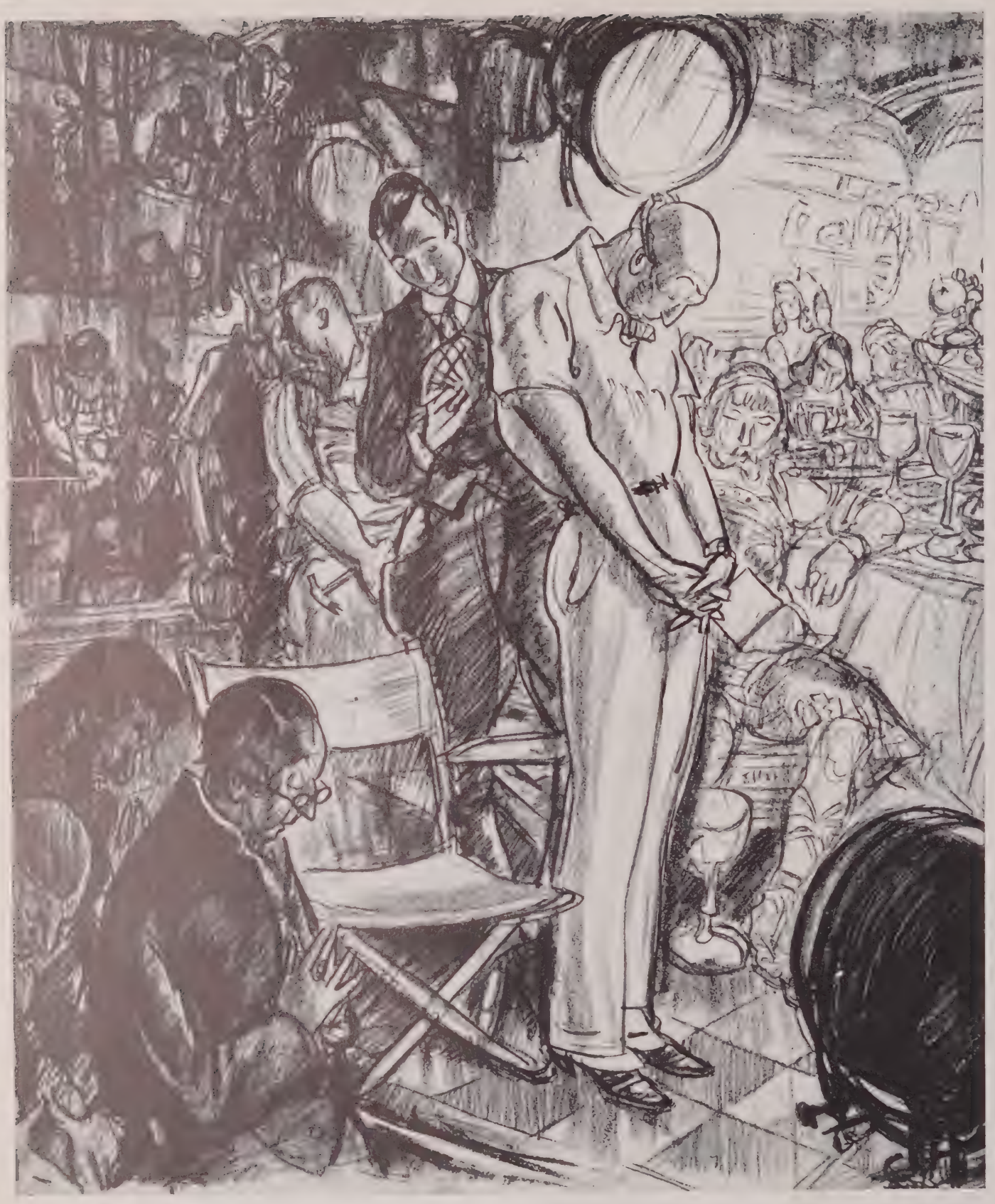
In "ye good olde days" of a year or two ago, these human cogs were being satisfactorily, if not thoroughly, lubricated by means of common-or-garden newspapers which appealed to the mind through intricate symbols, such as words of one, two, or even three, syllables. But that is over. Gone are the snows, *etc.* The Big Business Machine (as any Big Business Machinist will be the first to admit) has been enormously developed in a couple of years. The parts of each and every subsidiary mechanism have not only been standardised but have been rendered accessible at all times and under all conditions. Whereas, not so long since, the prerogative of a human cog was his or her occasional obscurity, he or she is now always observable and easily getatable. Such complicated oilcans as were suitable for eliminating obscure sources of friction have accordingly been dispensed with.

NOT the mind, but the eye of the human cog has become the centre of lubrication. To keep fit for one's job, one no longer reads, one merely sees. The ordinary newspaper with its histories of what happened, yields to the tabloid newspaper with its pictures of what is happening. Thus it would appear that the tabloid newspaper celebrates a climax in the orgiastic worship of the present tense of the verb To Be.

But the great supremacy of the tabloid newspaper will be better understood when we realise that its only contemporary rival is an even more familiar pictorial phenomenon with an even wider circulation—the dream. The dream, indeed, differs fundamentally from the tabloid newspaper only in age and pedigree. In aim, in format and in effect, the dream and the tabloid newspaper are so similar as to be almost indistinguishable. To be sure, as regards efficiency there is no comparison: the tabloid newspaper wins in a walk from the

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Hollywood Begins a Film Version of a Biblical Episode Under

THE scene above depicts an important moment in the first day of the filming of the "greatest religious cinema drama of all time". As the first camera was focussed on the spectacle, the representatives of various religious denominations who were present at the special invitation of the director called for a moment of silent prayer. The ensuing services were extremely impressive and, in effect, poignant. Many of the women present, both principals and supernumeraries, wept perceptibly, the tears making little rivulets of pain down their powdered cheeks. After this effort to keep the light of faith and deep humility in the troubled hearts of men was concluded, attention turned to *Mary Magdalene,* reclined voluptuously on a dais in the foreground at right, supporting a sprawling leopard (evidently drugged for the occasion). At the immortal Sinner's feet is a greasy sheik, of questionable Biblical origin. In the background a Bacchanalian feast is in progress and numerous portly gentlemen may be observed lounging over their cups and viands. Slave girls wait upon them, while in the distance, through mighty "marble" pillars, may be seen the spires of a templed city. The press representative of this super-production has issued an edict declaring



Reverend Auspices, and Henry Raleigh, the Artist, Records It

the director to be possessed of sincerity of heart and purpose. Specific instructions, moreover, have been given to all members of the company that the most abject solemnity and deep reverence be maintained at all hazards during the magnificent undertaking. There are implicit orders that any employee swearing upon the lot is to be immediately dismissed and not again to be employed—until the completion of the picture. In Hollywood, there was gossip that the girl playing *Mary Magdalene* was one of the most charming bathing beauties who ever basked beneath a golden California sun. According to rumour, this film will contain (although slightly in contradiction of accepted authorities) a beautiful love-story—the romance of Mary Magdalene and Judas ("Thirty Pieces of Silver") Iscariot. The casting director at the time this drawing was made, had not yet made his selection for the part of Christ. But this circumstance, in the words of the great director, was "of no immediate consequence" as the gentle Judean would, at best, play but a minor rôle in the picture, which was, after all, only a history of a religion, and hence concerned no one particular character. Rather was it to be the story of a lady engaged in the oldest profession

A Dialogue on the Art of Acting

Proving That an Actress is More Than a Woman and an Actor Less Than a Man

By FERENC MOLNÁR

SCENE: The buffet of a theatre. The second act has just ended. In a corner, a gentleman in a dress-suit and a lady in grande toilette *are talking to each other. The conversation of the other people present will be omitted. Only the argument of this particular couple concerns us here.*

THE LADY: How did you put it?

THE GENTLEMAN: This is the way I put it, —an actress is a little more than a woman.

THE LADY: And an actor?

THE GENTLEMAN: A little less than a man.

THE LADY: That is a grave insult.

THE GENTLEMAN: You mean what I said about an actor?

THE LADY: No. What you said about an actress.

THE GENTLEMAN: Come now! I said: an actress is always a little more than a woman.

THE LADY: When you men say: *more* than a woman, that means, in men's language, that she is *worse* than a woman. And when you say of a man that he is less than a man, it implies, in turn, that he is worse than a man. Because what men understand by "woman" is a certain aggregate of undesirable characteristics. Again, what you mean by "man" is a masterly contrived mosaic of all beautiful, good, and admirable qualities. Therefore, saying that a woman is *more* than a woman, is as adverse a criticism as when you say of a man that he is *less* than a man.

THE GENTLEMAN: Thank you.

THE LADY: What are you thanking me for?

THE GENTLEMAN: For having so briefly and precisely expressed the thing I wanted to explain at greater length. But I still ought to make a few of the nuances a trifle clearer. If you will permit me?

THE LADY: Of course.

(The lady assumes an expression like that of a fencing-master, who is saying to a pupil: "Bravely now, just aim a few good blows at my head, and don't be afraid, because I'll parry the thrust.")

THE GENTLEMAN: Every woman is a born actress. What we call "acting" or "play-acting", is a special art only in so far as men are concerned, and they alone need talent and preparation for it. It is customary to say of a good actor: "This exceptional fellow was *made* to be an actor!" But—I repeat,—every woman is *born* an actress. And it is only of those women who, through up-bringing, self-criticism and other forms of severe discipline, gradually *lose* this inherent ability, that it is possible to say: "Lo, this exceptional girl was made to be a wife!" Let me give you this definition: "An actress is a woman who has not lost her original characteristics, while an actor is a man who has lost his."

THE LADY: For instance?

THE GENTLEMAN: For instance: a man is not supposed to lie. Yet an actor goes upon the stage nightly and proclaims: "I am *Œdipus Rex*." Have you ever reflected that this is not true? He is guilty of a falsehood. He is not *Œdipus Rex*, but Monsieur Mounet-Sully, member of the *Comédie-Française*. Furthermore, it is too risky a statement for a good lie, because every one knows that *Œdipus Rex* has been dead for ages.

THE LADY: But he says that on a stage, in a theatre!

THE GENTLEMAN: What difference does that make? Why should a lie be tolerated in some places but not in others? Just because in one place there are rows of seats behind each other, does not give a fundamentally honest man the privilege to stand up on a platform and tell one lie after another. What has architecture or a mere name to do with a man's character? A man of honour would rather die than speak anything other than the truth in any building in the world. The man who speaks otherwise than his own conviction,—and for pay, besides, —is not a real man. And whoever is not a real man, is obviously less than a man.

THE LADY: Marvelous! Then you do not recognize the fact that there is an institution called the theatre? Can't you see evidence of it here? Look about!

THE GENTLEMAN: I am looking about, but I do not accept it. For my part, they may build a palace of gold and diamonds, they can equip it with a hundred seats, a hundred loges and a hundred chandeliers—still, if some one should ask me in a theatre for my name and for my opinion of the Locarno agreement, I would give my real name and my real opinion.

THE LADY: If you were an actor and were standing on the stage in the costume of *Œdipus Rex*, and another actor asked you who you were, what would you answer him?

THE GENTLEMAN: I could wear no cloth and no costume that would force me to deny my real name, which I bear with honour, and which I inherited from my father and my grandfather.

THE LADY: *(A trifle nervously)* You are an idiot!

THE GENTLEMAN: Unless my ears deceive me, you are trying to ridicule my theories. However, I accept the designation, because it is merely a criticism of my mental qualities, and carries no insult to my character with it.

THE LADY: Let us carry the argument further. What about the actress?

THE GENTLEMAN: Oh, that is another question. Woman is born with the art of lying as her defense. This was given her by the wisdom of Nature, just as the tiger was given teeth; birds, wings; rabbits, speedy legs. It is with the art of lying that woman defends herself against the man-made theory that a woman is the property of but one man. Now then: life gives a woman many opportunities for lying, but still not enough. Every woman would prefer to lie continuously from morning till night, and life does not provide her with sufficient opportunity. On the stage, however, she is free to lie in abundance: lie every day from eight in the evening until eleven, with matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Have you ever noticed that after a performance actors are tired, while actresses are exhilarated? The actor is happy after a performance, because he is able to return to reality. But the actress is miserable, because she has to desert that which is to *her* reality. Have you ever noticed that elderly actors find it easier to forsake the stage, than do elderly actresses? Why? Because the more of a man an actor is, the more he has to influence himself to remain on the stage—and the more of a woman an actress is, the more she has to influence herself to leave the stage.

THE LADY: I know actresses who could give many married women lessons in domestic fidelity and maternal self-sacrifice.

THE GENTLEMAN: But that is easy for them! Because, whatever evil instincts they have in them, they purge themselves of nightly on the stage, in the naughty plays. Then they return, purified, to their family circle.

THE LADY: I know actors who are the most correct gentlemen in the world!

THE GENTLEMAN: How difficult for them, being gentlemen. To paint their faces every night, sometimes to crawl around on their hands and knees, and even to be slapped in certain plays! A shudder runs through me every time I see one man strike another, who cannot return the blow, because it is not written in his rôle!

THE LADY: And what about the plays where

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CONCERT

By THOMAS KENNEDY

I. Portrait of a Lady

They played a wildly elfin thing—
A whirl of dance, a heavenly lark—
And you sat, plumply fluttering
Your satins in the dark.
The music came as delicate
As lace, as thin as vapour;
A box of chocolates you ate,
And rattled tissue paper.
And when the last white, perfect note
Reached tiptoe to the sky,
You ate the last one, cleared your throat,
And heaved a fat, sad sigh.

II. Clarinet

He held an ebony clarinet
In white and tapering hands;
His fingers delicately met
The silver of the keys;
His eyes beheld uncharted lands
By undiscovered seas.

Above a brown and pointed beard
His face was thin and sad;
He had the look of one who feared
Some vaguely dreadful thing;
And all the while his notes were glad
As swallows on the wing.



MAE MURRAY

A blonde performer (and, according to this page's evidence, aren't we all?), Miss Murray allowed herself to be seduced by the films a dozen years ago



INA CLAIRE

Now a tonic and gleaming star in all the highest comedies available, Miss Claire was once content to sing *Poor Little Marie-Odile* for Ziegfeld

MARY LEWIS

Because she was a Follies *alumna*, her Metropolitan début won as much front-page space as if she were backed by a Kansas City Rotary Club





DOROTHY MACKAILL

This fair lady, playing opposite Mr. Barthelmess and in other pictures, was a notable member of Mr. Ziegfeld's bevy of beauties way back in 1921





MARION DAVIES

"Specializing in dramatic art, French, literature and music, all of which studies she still continues" — thus her press agent's version of her ascent

MARILYN MILLER

As in *Sally*, so in *Sunny*, this able Ziegfeld graduate is still the most popular prima donna in American musical comedy

Graduates of the Ziegfeld Academy

Some of the Fairest Alumnae, *Magna Cum Laude*, Who Began Their Careers in the "Follies"



STEICH-N

America's Most Distinctive Novelist—Sherwood Anderson

THE history of Sherwood Anderson is the history of a man groping painfully for an understanding of his own ideas. They flash before him out of the void, and he contemplates them with a sort of wonder, seeking to penetrate their significance, and sometimes not succeeding. Here I do not simply speculate grandly; I say only what the man has said himself, and in plain terms. *Mid-American Chants* represents his effort to turn this puzzlement into ecstasy; in *Many Marriages* he takes refuge in metaphysics; in such acrid and revelatory short stories as *Death in the Woods* he contents himself with stating his problem, and letting the answer go. But the man grows. He is still a wanderer in a wood, but he has begun to find paths and landmarks. In *Dark Laughter*, I believe, there are plain foreshadowings of the Anderson who is ahead—an Anderson still happily free from the ready formulae of the Bennetts and Wellses, and yet making contact with an ordered and plausible rationale of life. In *Dark Laughter*, the latest of his books, Anderson begins to be oriented. It is, I think, one of the most profound American novels of our time. It has all the cruel truthfulness of a snapshot, and it is at the same time a moving and beautiful poem. Sherwood Anderson is one of the most original novelists ever heard of. He seems to derive from no one, and to have no relation to any contemporary. An aloof, moody, often incoherent, mainly impenetrable man, he has made his own road. There is, at the top of his achievement, an almost startling brilliance; there is in him, even at his worst, every sign of a sound artist—sometimes baffled by his materials, perhaps, but never disingenuous, never smug, never cheap.—H. L. MENCKEN

A Criminal's Christmas

The Confessions of a Youthful Offender Who, in Later Life, Became an Author

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

EVERY man's hand against me. There I was in the darkness of the empty house. It was cold outside and snow was falling. I crept to a window and raising a curtain peered out. A man walked in the street. Now he had stopped at a corner and was looking about. He was looking toward the house I was in. I drew back into the darkness.

Two o'clock, four o'clock. The night before Christmas.

Yesterday I had walked freely in the streets. Then temptation came. I committed a crime. The man hunt was on.

Always men creeping in darkness in cities, in towns, in alley-ways in cities, on dark country roads.

Man wanted. The man hunt. Who was my friend? Whom could I trust? Where should I go?

It was my own fault. I had brought it on myself. We were hard up that year and I had got a job in Willmott's grocery and general store. I was twelve years old and was to have fifty cents a day.

During the afternoon of the day before Christmas there was a runaway on Main Street. Everyone rushed out. I was tying a package and there—right at my hand—was an open cash drawer.

I did not think. I grabbed. There was so much silver. Would anyone know? Afterward I found I had got six dollars, all in quarters, nickels and dimes. It made a handful. How heavy it felt. When I put it in my pocket what a noise it made.

No one knew. Yes, they did. Now wait. Don't be nervous.

You know what such a boy—twelve years of age—would tell himself. I wanted presents for the other kids of our family,—wanted something for mother. Mother had been ill. She was just able to sit up.

When I got out of the store that evening it was for a time all right. I spent a dollar seventy five. Fifty cents of it was for mother—a lacy looking kind of thing to put around her neck. There were five other children. I spent a quarter on each.

THEN I spent a quarter on myself. That left four dollars. I bought a kite. That was silly. You don't fly kites in the winter. When I got home and before I went into the house I hid it in a shed. There were some old boxes in a corner. I put it in behind the boxes.

It was grand going in with the presents in my arms. Toys, candy, the lace for mother.

Mother never said a word. She never asked me where I got the money to buy so many things.

I got away as soon as I could. There was a boy named Bob Mann giving a party. I went there.

I had come too early. I looked through a window and saw I had come long before the party was to start so I went for a walk.

It had begun to snow. I had told mother I might stay at Bob Mann's all night.

That was what raised the devil—just walking about. When I had grabbed the money out of the cash drawer I did not think there was a soul in the store. There wasn't. But just as I was slipping it into my pocket a man came in.

The man was a stranger. What a noise the silver made. Even when I was walking in the street that night, thinking about the man, it made a noise. Every step I took it jingled in my pockets.

A fine thing to go to a party making a noise like that. Suppose they played some game. In lots of games you chase each other.

I was frightened now. I might have thrown the money away, buried it in the snow, but I thought . . .

I was full of remorse. If they did not find me out I could go back to the store next day and slip the four dollars back into the drawer.

"They won't send me to jail for two dollars," I thought, but there was that man.

I mean the one who came into the store just when I had got the money all safe and was putting it into my pocket.

He was such a strange acting man. He just came into the store and then went right out. I was confused of course. I must have acted rather strange. No doubt I looked scared.

He may have been just a man who had got into a wrong place. Perhaps he was a man looking for his wife.

When he had gone all the others came back. There had been a rush before the runaway happened and there was a rush again. No one paid any attention to me. I never even asked whose horse ran away.

THE man might however have been a detective. That thought did not come until I went to Bob Mann's party and got there too early. It came when I was walking in the street waiting for the party to begin.

I never did go to the party. Like any other boy I had read a lot of dime novels. There was a boy in our town named Roxie Williams who had been in a reform school. What I did not know about crime and detectives he had told me.

I was walking in the street thinking of that man who came into the store just as I stole the money and then, when I began to think of detectives, I began to be afraid of every man I met.

In a snow like that, in a small town where there aren't many lights, you can't tell who anyone is.

There was a man started to go into a house. He went right up to the front door and seemed about to knock and then he didn't. He stood by the front door a minute and then started away.

It was the Musgraves' house. I could see Lucy Musgrave inside through a window. She was putting coal in a stove. All the houses I saw that evening, while I was walking around, getting more and more afraid all the time, seemed the most cheerful and comfortable places.

There was Lucy Musgrave inside a house and that man outside by the front door, only a few feet away and she never knowing. It might have been the detective and he might have thought the Musgrave house was our house.

After that thought came I did not dare go home and did not know where I could go. Fortunately the man at the Musgraves' front door hadn't seen me. I had crouched behind a fence. When he went away along the street I started to run but had to stop.

The loose silver in my pocket made too much racket. I did not dare go and hide it anywhere because I thought, "If they find and arrest me and I have four dollars to give back maybe they'll let me go."

Then I thought of a house where a boy named Jim Moore lived. It was right near Buckeye Street—a good place. Mrs. Moore was a widow and only had Jim and one daughter and they had gone away for Christmas.

I made it there all right, creeping along the streets. I knew the Moores hid their key in a woodshed, under a brick near the door. I had seen Jim Moore get it dozens of times.

IT was there all right and I got in. Such a night! I got some clothes out of a closet to put on and keep me warm. They belonged to Mrs. Moore and her grown up daughter. Afterward they found them all scattered around the house and it was a town wonder. I would get a coat and skirt and wrap them around me. Then I'd put them down somewhere and as I did not dare light a match would have to get some more. I took some spreads off beds.

It was all like being crazy or dead or something. Whenever anyone went along the street outside I was so scared I trembled all over. Pretty soon I had got the notion the whole town was on the hunt.

Then I began thinking of mother. Perhaps by this time they had been to our house. I could not make up my mind what to do.

Sometimes I thought,—well, in stories I was always at that time reading—boys about my own age were always beginning life as bootblacks and rising to affluence and power. I thought I would slide out of town before daylight and get me a bootblack's outfit somehow. Then I'd be all right.

I REMEMBER that I thought I'd start my career at a place called Cairo, Illinois. Why Cairo I do not know.

I thought that all out, crouching by a window in the Moores' house that Christmas eve, and then, when no one came along the street for a half hour and I began to be brave again, I thought that if I had a pistol I would let myself out of the house and go boldly home. If, as I supposed, detectives were hid in front of the house, I'd shoot my way through.

I would get desperately wounded of course. I was pretty sure I would get a mortal wound but before I died I would stagger in at the door and fall at mother's feet.

There I would lie dying, covered with blood. I made up some dandy speeches. "I stole the money, mother, to bring a moment of happiness into your life. It was because it was Christmas

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A Comedy in Russia

An American Critic Finds That One Dare Not Laugh in the Moscow Theatre

By ASHTON STEVENS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article, Ashton Stevens, is the well-known dramatic critic of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*. Mr. Stevens has just returned from a tour of Russia where he had ample opportunity to observe the inner workings of the Russian stage and to see the most characteristic native performances. His findings in the Russian theatre and his observations of the Russian audiences are particularly interesting not only as a contrast to American play-going manners, but as an estimate of the Moscow Art Theatre on its own home ground.

IT was a nice friendly hiss at first and confined to our immediate neighbours in the fifth and seventh rows. It sounded not unlike the soft sibilant signal of a headwaiter to his first lieutenant when you look like a good South American in Paris. We couldn't believe the hissing was for us. No doubt, I thought, there are certain lines in *The Hot Heart* which do not sufficiently damn the rich and the royal, and the citizens of the Soviet capital are merely expressing disrelish in their own artless Russian way.

I and my companion thought no more about ... giving ourselves up to the comic scene in which Moskvin impersonated a gorgeously drunken contractor who had just purchased the mayor and the city council and would doubtless have had an option on the Czar had the author anticipated the shirt-sleeved, sandwich-biting Moscow audiences of 1926. Here was the only consistent drunkard I ever had known in the drama. He had drunk himself into millions and made his maddest dreams come true with the money. He had surrounded himself not merely with kept yes-men but with retained singers and comedians; and these were drunken too, and so were his servants. He had even a gentleman among his followers, known to the program as The Gentleman With the Big Moustache, whose duties, so far as I could make out, obliged him to be only nervelessly alcoholized and marmoreally bored.

EVERYBODY was drunk, but none could have been more so than the unseen architect of the contractor's palace, which was itself a habitation of terrifying temulence wherein mottled marble columns aped the horrors of the confectioner and a life-sized Russian bear emitted a bottle of champagne from his mouth whenever a jolly inebriate smote him on the thigh. The very make-up and costume of Moskvin were diet for *delirium tremens*, wearing as he did thinnish, reddish and rigidly centrally-parted hair and beard, a satin waistcoat falsetto green in hue and cry and chested with countless decorations conferred by fraternal, social and building and loan organizations, and his boneless wabbling legs sheathed in trousers whose stripes made the zebra a study in solid colour. Red as the flag of the Soviet Republic was the moist and mobile face of Moskvin, and, in its flush, his fair eyes shone foolishly like flickering lamps. When he winked, and he frequently winked, an entire half of his face was involved in the operation; it leaned to favor the blinking eye and you wondered if it would ever come back. And when he spoke, quickly and thickly and sometimes with a hiccough that transposed him an octave higher as deftly as a yodel, my companion and I did not require an interpreter to fancy that he said something funny.

One of the most amusing things he said was that all poor men are thieves. Our Russian neighbours smiled at that repeated satirical line, even though they withheld their laughter. And



MARCUS BTLIN

IVAN MOSKVIN

One of the most versatile of Russian actors. Moskvin, through his work in the Moscow Art Theatre, has become world famous as an interpreter *par excellence* of character rôles

one of the funniest things he did was to buy the handsome hero, as you or I would buy a bond or a book. He purchased him for 400 rubles, without which sum the hero would have been unable to provide a substitute for himself in an impending war. The drunken contractor now owned this handsome hero as *Simon Legree* had owned *Uncle Tom*, as Russian nobles of a more favoured day had owned the serfs who were their play-actors, exchanging in the open market an imperfect *Hamlet* for a more likely ballet dancer or a promising horse. And one of the funniest sights I've ever seen was that of the reeling reddened Moskvin climbing into his swan-necked gondola—it was nothing less—with the bought and paid-for hero of the play proper as his chattel.

I shall not detain you here with a synopsis of Alexander Ostrovsky's play proper. *The Hot Heart*, as its title was delightfully translated for us by the younger Katchaloff, is an ironic romance some several times more amusing than the same prolific author's *Enough Stupidity In Every Wise Man*, and I should imagine that the Moscow Art Theatre ought to be able to play it to twenty capacity audiences in New York. I merely want to say that Russia does not take her funny plays as we take ours, and that when her foremost comedian convulsingly climbed into his comic boat, bearing with him his beaming leading man, I and my companion were hissed where we sat roaring with laughter in the sixth row of the Moscow Art Theatre.

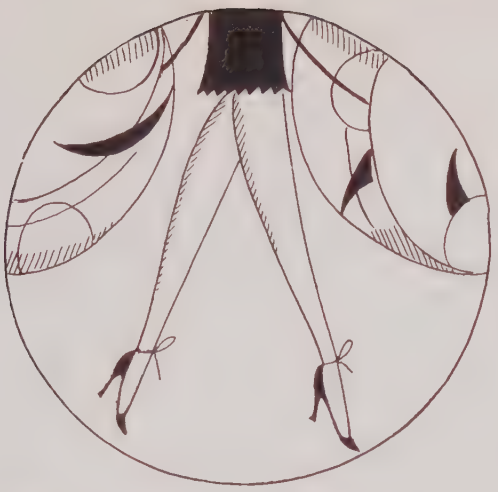
Sssss! Sssss! It was unmistakable and it came from all quarters of the house. Necks craned for us, and eyes, not unfriendly for there was more reproach in them than wrath, seemed to pick us out. I, easily abashed in public places, was for joining in the hissing and casting an accusing gaze at somebody else, but my companion deterred me with a blow from his elbow. "I thought you knew," said he whose laughter had been even louder than mine, "that there's never any demonstration in the Moscow Art Theatre till the whole performance is over." Which was all very well for mere hand-clapping or even a few cheers, but I couldn't see how a man could store his laughter for three hours and then deliver it unimpaired. One laughs now or never. And my mind girdled the globe to Mr. A. H. Woods, and again I heard the overlord of the Eltinge Art Theatre avouch that every laugh in a playwright's script is worth $1,000 to the producer.

A ROUGH estimate on the Woods basis showed the Moscow Art Theatre was robbing itself of a quarter of a million dollars. I wanted to rush out after the second act and present the figures to Stanislavsky, for the Moscow Art Theatre is self-sustaining, receiving no subsidy and being perhaps the only thing in Moscow that is not run by the Soviet Republic, with the exception of the elevator in the government-managed Savoy Hotel, where I usually walked four flights. But my companion said that that would be as bad taste as my laughter.

Anyway, during the intermission, my so-called mind persisted in reverting to the laughing-customs of our own theatres, where the laugh is not only tolerated but sought, where the ideal performance of a comic play is deemed to be that one in which the actors are compelled to fight their way line by line against an organized resistance of laughter. I looked at the audience in its grim shirts and shirtwaists, among which a man in evening clothes would have been as conspicuous as a woman with no clothes at all. These people were not funereal. True, they never laughed as they talked, but they smiled—sometimes. And their faces showed intelligence, much more intelligence than I had seen in the faces at the Moscow Opera, where a toil-tinted mechanic had eaten his unsilent sandwich with bared elbows on the velvet railing of what had been the Czar's box.

This was Moscow's best audience, just as the Art Theatre was, incomparably, its best theatre the best theatre in the world, so far as I could see. It was a clean audience, shining with soap, and if it suggested Coney Island, at least, it suggested it on a holiday night—although it must be confessed that my memory of this representative gathering seems to make good my prediction to Will Rogers that he would be the best-dressed man in Moscow. But this audience would not, I dare say could not, laugh, and again it hissed me and my companion when our risables once more got control of us in that scene in the third act where Moskvin and his drunken crew staged a mock hold-up and forcibly fed their victims with *champagne*.

(Continued on page 154)



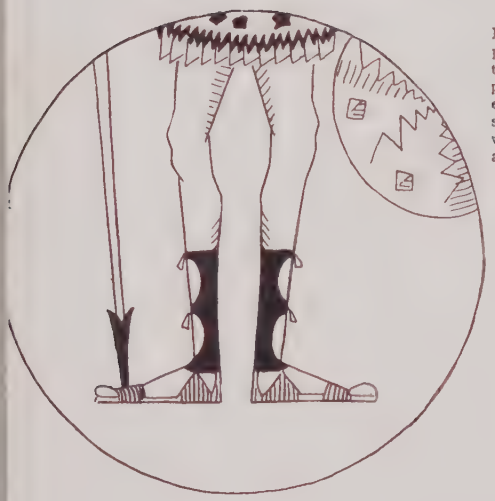


A Choice Group of Nether Limbs

Legs for Every Occasion, Lithe, Lank and Lumpy

EFFICIENCY

How luminously legs express the character of their owner. Spying this pair of business-like pedestals, can we not see the superimposed lady who, we happen to know, is a most comely midinette



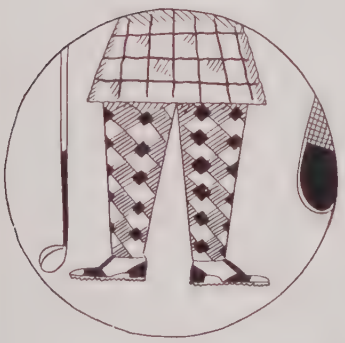
COQUETRY

This pretty scene portrays the Leg Flirtatious. Nancy and Edgerton are at the theatre. The play is tenderly sentimental. So is Nancy's hoof. How gently satin slipper presses against polished pump



FOR MASQUERADES

Exhibit three is a fine brace of scrambled legs which always put in an appearance at fancy dress balls supporting either Caesar or Hannibal. How typically Roman



CHARLESTON LEGS

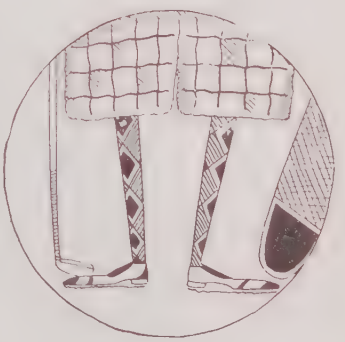
Modern dancing is responsible for a new phase of leg construction. Answering the latest demands of Terpsichore, the human knee now bends both ways. Our artist knows

SPORT MODELS

Question: Why does golf in Scotland make women's legs look like this? While men's legs look as depicted in the drawing opposite. They are typical of what one sees

BRITANNIC

On the other hand . . or foot . . connoisseurs will at once recognize the English authenticity of this fine pair of slender cabriole supports for a British gentleman



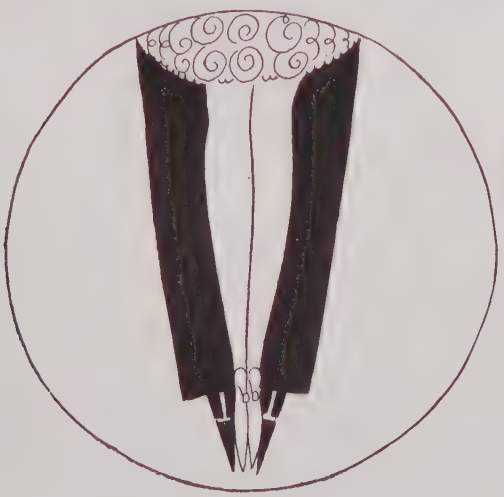
HOSPITALITY

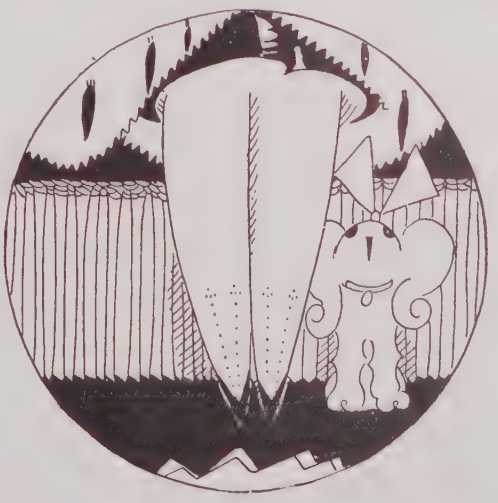
Here again we see how legs can . . and do . . express the finer abstract things in life such as romance. Every line of this charming juxtaposition tells of joyous greeting

LATE STEINWAY

Opulent in every ounce is this yoke of fatted calves, cleverly caught by our expert between teatables at Pierre's. Absence of an ankle is amply compensated for

Glimpsed by FISH





A Plea for Individual Education

A Plan Whereby Many Existing Defects in Our School System May Be Eradicated

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

PART II

CHILDREN should learn as the human race learned; they should set out from the immediate and the concrete to discover the abstract, the general and the remote. History and geography should begin with the family and the native place. The sciences must blossom out of the local flowers, must be born with the familiar animals, spring from the neighbouring rocks and waters, be deduced from the practice of the local crafts and industries. Geometry must arise as it arose among the Egyptians—from the measurement for practical purposes of definite individual spaces. Arithmetic must solve the actual problems of daily life. And so on. Higher education is so remote from ordinary life that it hardly affects the majority of learners. Most of our contemporary Babbitts have been to the university. A higher education that turns out such products must indeed be in need of reform. The interests, the intellectual outlook of the educated Babbitt are exactly the same as those of the uneducated. This means only one thing: the various "subjects" taught at our educational establishments are so completely disconnected with life that it never even occurs to the learners to absorb them into the practical workaday part of their minds; it never even strikes them that knowledge may be used to enrich ordinary experience, to test prejudices and conventions of conduct. Philosophy, science, literature are so many "subjects", learned and forgotten. The essential Babbitt remains unmodified by them. He emerges from the university the unregenerate Philistine he was before he entered. If knowledge is to be loved for its own sake, if it is to affect the conduct of the generality of mankind (as it is essential in this rapidly changing modern world that it should) it is necessary—for most adults and adolescents, as well as for all children—that what is now abstract and remote should be wedded in some way to practical life, that is, should be made to spring from the ordinary experiences of modern man and so be enabled to modify his conduct.

IN the best infant schools this synthesis of knowledge and practical life is an accomplished fact. An analogous synthesis of the vastly more complicated knowledge imparted in the course of higher education and the practical interests of adolescents and adults must be made. The need is urgent. If we go on as we are doing now, we shall not merely fail to profit by the immense accumulations of knowledge which a few eccentric historical researchers and men of science have piled up; we shall carry our civilization headlong to disaster. A twentieth-century material civilization cannot be worked by people whose minds are predominantly mediaeval or even prehistoric.

No teacher of small children should attempt too early to teach anything requiring sustained flights of abstract logical reasoning. In the vast majority of children the logical faculty develops late; small children, like savages, do not admit the cogency of logic. The powers of exact thinking should be exercised in following trains of argument, which must be progressively lengthened, as the feeling for logic grows, from the shortest possible piece of pure reasoning to the longest each pupil is able to follow. And in all cases, as we have seen, these exercises in pure reason should start from the near, concrete and therefore interesting fact.

FROM the infant school (if he has had the luck to be sent to one, instead of being brought up by incompetent parents or nurses), the child must pass to an elementary or preparatory school. The change is, in almost every case, profoundly for the worse. The methods of instruction current at a good infant school are psychologically sound. At the ordinary boys' or girls' school the education is founded on a psychological fallacy and the child is, too often, regarded as existing for the System, not the System for the child. At this school and at others exactly resembling it in spirit and in educational methods, the child must remain until the time comes for him—if it ever does come—to go to the university. There, if he has the luck to go to the right kind of university, he will once more be receiving education of a reasonable and decent sort. He may, on the contrary, go to a bad university, in which most of the vices of the unreformed schools are stupidly perpetuated. In that case, he will go out into the world without ever having known, except during a few years of early childhood, what a proper education is. That he could, if taught in the right way, be made into a much better and more intelligent citizen than he becomes under the present system, one cannot doubt. But it may be remarked parenthetically that the absurd and irrational systems of education under which they were brought up have not in the past prevented men and women of outstanding talent from fully developing their powers. In spite of no education, in spite of what is worse—mechanical and brutal education—they have been themselves, they have done their work. They were too strong for their environment; they educated themselves. Ordinary folk succumb to their environment. Their curiosity, their intellectual passion and energy are insufficiently strong. In childhood every human being is a sort of daemonic genius. Environment and early training conspire to damp down this early ardour. It survives only in the few, who educate themselves for their predestined tasks. The rest—the majority—suffer themselves to be taught (which is all that most educationists want them to do) and become what the system makes them, dim, uncurious people, not desiring knowledge and quite ignorant of the way in which knowledge may be acquired, if it should ever be needed. What is required is a system of education which shall encourage boys and girls (not merely infants, as is at present the case) to teach themselves; a system calculated to foster the child's curiosity through all the years of growth, to make the desire for knowledge a chronic and habitual desire and to familiarize each child with the best methods of acquiring it by his own efforts. What is needed, in a word, is a system of individual education.

Let us briefly trace the career of the growing school child. In the infant school, if he was lucky enough to attend one, he was taught to teach himself, to develop his own faculties, to use his senses and his imagination—the herald, as Goethe called it, and indeed the parent of his reason. His education was an active one. In the higher schools, to which he is now promoted, the education is mainly passive. No longer is he expected to use initiative, to discover things for himself. His first duty is now to sit still and let the school master teach him. He is regarded as an empty vessel. The function of the teacher is to fill him. In the infant school, on the contrary, he was regarded as a living, developing organism, and the teacher was there to create an appetite in him for knowledge and virtue, to make truth, beauty and goodness tempting, and to show him the best way of acquiring these things by his own efforts. A great gulf separates the two schools.

IN the higher schools, the child finds himself a member of a class—of a very large class in most schools, except those of the rich. (And even in these—I am thinking mostly of the English Public Schools—the classes are sometimes fantastically large.) There may be forty, fifty, even sixty children with him in the same room. His talents are expected to conform to the average standard of this assemblage. He may be exceptionally clever and quick, or exceptionally slow and dull. In either case he is a nuisance to his teacher and to his fellow pupils, and in either case his own education suffers. If he is clever, he is held back by the majority of ordinary boys. If he is stupid, he is dragged along so fast, that it is impossible for him to learn anything completely and thoroughly. Passively, with his forty or fifty dissimilar and unique companions, he sits at his desk, while the teacher pumps and mechanically re-pumps information into his mental receptacle.

Ram it in, ram it in!
Children's heads are hollow.
Ram it in, ram it in!
Still there's more to follow.

If the teacher is a severe disciplinarian, the child will sit still and appear to drink in his words. If the teacher is lax, he will more frankly day-dream, scribble, fidget, openly play the fool. Satan, we know on good authority, finds work for idle hands to do. While the teacher is discoursing, the child is necessarily idle, passive, unoccupied. Moreover, the lesson is generally dull and has to be constantly repeated, owing to the incapacity of a young mind to fix its attention on anything

(Continued on page 132)



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

"Charles Frohman Presents Miss Ethel Barrymore"

WHEN the mighty C. F. of blessed memory went down on the *Lusitania*, an odd blend of sentiment and shrewdness dictated a continuance of his name as a trademark for the productions made by those on whom his mantle fell. Even after the corporation which became the legatee of his fame had been swallowed, hook, line and sinker, by a film company, even after every Frohman star had either winked out altogether or shifted to other constellations, the playbills continued to flourish the rubric "CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS". Now, in the whirligig of the theatre, that phrase once again precedes as of old the name of Ethel Barrymore. For she, loitering because *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* was not yet ready, was lured back under the old flag by the promise of the new Somerset Maugham comedy, *The Constant Wife*, destined in London for Fay Compton but here calling urgently for Miss Barrymore

How's Your Point of View?

A Glimpse of the Famous Canadian Rockies From the Angle of the Tourist

By COREY FORD

IT'S no good. I can't go it. All the way across the continent now, and still I can't get the hang of it. Through the Canadian Rockies from Calgary to Kamloops, visited Banff and Lake Louise, been everywhere, seen everything, done all the conventional places; and I'm not a Tourist yet. The whole trip is a flat failure. I might as well have stayed at home.

And I've tried so very hard. I've made every effort to be one of them. I wear my plus-fours like everyone else, my kodak bumps at my (left) hip, my cap slouches over my (right) ear at just the orthodox angle; I call the porter "George" and the conductor "Chief"; and I spend the bulk of my time in the Observation Car seated on the back of my neck, with my coat-collar turned up and a cigar between my teeth, frowning at the time-table. But still it doesn't fool any one. I'm not a Tourist, and they know it. I simply don't belong.

Each year they come flocking in drove after drove ("luxurious hotels; comfortable bungalow camps; hiking, fishing, golfing") to these Canadian Pacific Rockies ("most remarkable mountain range in the world, 650 miles, magnificent scenery") where they may roam amid this vast scenic display ("snowy peaks, glaciers, foaming torrents, canyons, lakes like vast sapphires and amethysts set in pine-clad mountains") for a month of rest and sport ("nature's playground"). So I flocked with the rest. I wanted to play, too.

On the face of it, the whole thing seemed simple enough. I had seen Tourists before, from a distance, and they didn't seem very different from any one else. There was apt to be a set look to their faces, to be sure; and I had noticed that they frequently travelled in flocks, like sheep, behind a guide who read to them from a book. But I saw no reason why I couldn't gnaw my lip and trot along with the best of them. I thought I had simply to buy my ticket, and join in the fun. Which was where I made my big mistake.

FOR being a tourist, as such, is probably the most difficult profession in the world. People devote whole lifetimes to it. The more serious Tourists have vast libraries of books, pamphlets, time-tables and maps; and they chart out their course with maritime precision. There is a whole set of standards, and an entire code of ethics you and I know nothing about. A professional Tourist, such as you meet in the Canadian Rockies, knows at a glance the right mountain to climb and the proper glacier to photograph. He has the best adjectives on the tip of his tongue. He knows just what to write on post-cards. He can cram the largest number of activities into the smallest space of time; at Lake Louise he can ride, swim, fish, hike, golf, motor, tennis, tea, pick wild-flowers, do enough work for a dozen men, and dress in time for dinner. He is familiar with the names and addresses of all the better mountains. In a word, he knows the Point of View.

And right there is where the big trouble with me lies: I can't get the Tourist Point of View. Somehow I lack the right attitude toward things. I can't decide when a mountain is merely a mountain, and when it is Scenery. I've never discovered what constitutes a View. I am forever looking at the wrong waterfall, or photographing a mountain that hasn't a name—and a mountain without a name simply isn't done. For example, I spent a half hour at Banff staring at the glint of sun on a crag above me, when all the time I should have been looking at Cascade Mountain. They were very nice about it afterward at the hotel; but I could hear them whisper behind my back. I was the laughing-stock of the place.

So far as I can tell, from what I have seen, a *View* is a wooden platform built on the side of a canyon, around which is a flat railing gouged with initials, dates, and sections of names such as "Smi" or "Arthur F. Je". You can tell it anyway by the empty kodak-boxes scattered over the floor.

On the other hand, a *Scene* is two or more persons in bloomers who are wearing each other's hats. This *Scene* is usually grinning very broadly and squinting a little. One member is in the act of tipping a bottle to the lips of a tall girl with wire spectacles, and another is seated cross-legged in the center holding a pennant lettered: "Montclair, N. J." (In 8,657,000 *Scenes* photographed last summer, over six million contained pennants lettered: "Montclair, N. J." Don't ask me why.)

I have no idea what *Scenery* is. Nothing much, I guess.

YOU would think it would be enough to be familiar with these technical points; but this is only the beginning of What Every Tourist Should Know. You may be able to distinguish a View from a Scene; but unless you know how to duck your knees and twist your head and squint your eyes in the professional manner, you are not a Tourist yet. You won't fool any one.

You can always tell the sex of an angle-worm, they say, provided you look at it from the right angle; and I suppose it is the same way with mountains. It all depends how you look at them. Not the View, but the Point of View is the important thing.

You should see us rush up in a beefy stampede from the Sightseeing Bus, trampling each other underfoot in an eager surge to the very brink of the canyon. For a brief second we recoil at the edge in a conventional blink of awe. The ecstasy passes. At once we are a twisting, contorting mass, turning our heads, squinting our eyes, stooping over and looking between our legs, inspecting the prospect from every available angle. With a whirr and a click a hundred cameras are drawn into position, trained, and fired. The group turns as one with a sigh of relief, rushes into the adjacent souvenir-stores; and the screen door slams with a shivering finality behind us. Only the muffled scratch! scratch! of a hundred pens on a hundred post-cards mars the tranquillity of nature. A single exposed negative lifts and falls, swerves and droops as it zigzags its way like a bird into the gaping canyon far, far below.

From a careful inspection of these various positions, I have isolated four or five of the prevailing Tourist Angles. These may be varied according to the individual taste, or figure; but the most typical points of view are as follows:

First Position, 180°. Tourist faces mountain, feet together, toes outward, hands clasped left in right upon abdomen. Bend head at a right angle to the left, resting left cheek on left shoulder, and shut right eye. Exclamation: "Oh."

Second Position, 90°. Tourist faces mountain, assuming same position as (1), except that hands are placed on hips, left hand on left hip and right hand on right hip. (Gentleman may vary this by placing left hand on left hip and right hand on the right hip of the lady standing beside him, followed by a poke on the nose.) Bend head to the right, assuming an angle halfway between the vertical and the horizontal, and shut left eye. Exclamation: "My."

Third Position, 360°. Tourist turns back to mountain and stoops over in what would be a polite bow if he were not facing the wrong way. Clasp left ankle with left hand and right ankle with right hand, gripping the temples between the knees, and stare upside down between the legs. Keep both eyes open, particularly if you are near the edge. Exclamation: "George, help me up, I'm getting dizzy."

Fourth Position, 270°. Standing with back to view, Tourist assumes position (4), elevating left shoulder and placing head beneath left elbow, clasp left shin with right hand and grasp right ear firmly between left thumb and forefinger. Half-shut eyes. Exclamation: "Personally I feel like a damn fool, how do you feel?"

Fifth Position, 0°. Place the sit-spot firmly on the seat of a comfortable arm-chair on the hotel porch, facing desired view. Elevate both legs, until the left toe is on a level with the left eye and the right toe is on a level with the right eye, resting heels on balcony railing. Fold arms left in right, rest the back of the neck on a plush cushion, light a cigar and shut both eyes tight. Exclamation: "Ah . . . boy!"

FROM Calgary the snub-nosed engine of the C. P. R. moseyed its inquisitive way, mile after mile into the heart of these vast Rockies. It rooted about the foot of dizzy mountain-heights, burrowed through black tunnels, growled and shook down echoing canyons, sniffed at the shore of glass-green lakes, and wormed its black belly across spidery trestles that looked down upon cloud-packed valleys and the tiny streams meandering below.

And as this incredible sea of grey stone rolled and tossed, heaved and plunged over half a continent of valleys and peaks and glaciers, combing higher and ever higher to the westward in a mounting succession of white-capped breakers, we in the Observation Car

(Continued on page 122)



WOODMAN THOMPSON

A graduate of the dramatic laboratory of the Carnegie Institute, Mr. Thompson has specialized in permanent settings which ingeniously adapt themselves to scene after scene. *The Firebrand* stands as an admirable example, while his *Iolanthe* seeks fantastic beauty by other means



ROBERT EDMOND JONES

Pioneer [illegible] American designers and still leader of them all, Robert Edmond Jones turned from the creation of *mise-en-scène* for Arthur Hopkins' productions of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Jest* and *Anna Christie* to become himself a stage director in *Desire Under the Elms* and *The Great God Brown*



MARCIA STEIN

LEE SIMONSON

Like R. E. Jones a graduate of Harvard, Lee Simonson has been the art director of the Theatre Guild since its beginnings. Thus over thirty notable plays have gained by his characterizing sense of color, line, and mass. *Liliom*, *Peer Gynt* and *Back to Methuselah* have been his greatest triumphs



BRUGUIERE

FREDERICK JONES, 3rd

Youth is served upon the backdrop quite as elsewhere these days, and Frederick Jones, 3rd, in his early twenties is one of Broadway's successful designers. With a flare for towering effects and for bizarre decoration, his most important effort has been the much mooted *Shanghai Gesture*



MURAT

JO MIELZINER

A son of the painter Leo Mielziner, Jo Mielziner brings a refining criticism to even the most realistic setting, as *The Wild Duck* testified. Give him a Venetian palace as in Sidney Howard's effective if briefly seen *Lucky Sam McCarver* and he achieves rare and even significant beauty

Dressing the Dramatic Show Windows

A Group of American Scenic Artists Who Belong to the Modern School of Stage Design

The Football Evil

Openly Professionalizing the Sport May Eventually Benefit the Colleges

By W. O. McGEEHAN

THERE has been considerable alarm concerning the future of intercollegiate football, which has been furnishing the most colourful pageantry in American sport for the last half century. The University of Dubuque has announced its withdrawal from competition with other colleges because the upkeep of a football team was more than the funds available would stand. Further, the President of the University announced that the game had become thoroughly commercialized and professionalized.

But this is not all. The American Association of College Professors has come out with a denunciation of intercollegiate football, and called for a cutting off of the schedules and a trimming of the expenditures. And much was said in this manifesto concerning a distorted sense of values, the exaltation of the gladiator spirit and that sort of thing. In fact a sweeping criticism was made regarding the present deplorable state of intercollegiate football. There is some basis, I think, for the indictment.

It is natural that the money involved and collected in professional sports should be considered and discussed. We have some idea as to how much money is taken in through the course of the season in baseball, for baseball—particularly big league baseball—primarily is a business.

The professional baseball season runs for 154 games. The average college plays just eight games, but an associate of Mr. C. C. Pyle, who is very quick at figures, has demonstrated that intercollegiate football, an amateur sport, takes in during those eight days more millions than the gross receipts of the big league clubs for their long drawn out season. This record takes into consideration only about thirty of the most prominent American colleges.

THESE figures convinced some groups of promoters that there should be a reasonable profit in some frankly professional football games. Gentlemen who formerly saw profits only in the essentially professional sports such as baseball, prize-fighting and wrestling began to invest in college football players.

I am quite convinced that frankly professional football will never draw the millions that are being drawn by intercollegiate football. The patrons of professional sport are becoming more and more suspicious and will realize that football, as it is played in the colleges, is an inspirational game, one that can not be played professionally. Once they realize that the professional football player is not trying they will become decidedly cold to these exhibitions.

The spectators at a football game must face discomforts that no professional spectators will endure, excepting perhaps at a heavyweight championship prize-fight, for football is a winter sport. Neither rain nor snow ever halted an intercollegiate football game, nor has it diminished the crowd or dulled its partisan enthusiasm. On the same day that 80,000 men and women sat in a rain and sleet storm to watch a Yale-Harvard game in the Bowl at New Haven, several scheduled professional football games were cancelled because of the weather and the dearth of customers.

It is apparent that those who love the intercollegiate game need not consider Mr. C. C. Pyle as any menace to its integrity, nor should



RAY HUFF-RICHTER

C. C. PYLE

As the sports promoter who won over from the amateur ranks such prominent athletes as "Red" Grange, Suzanne Lenglen, Vincent Richards and Mary K. Browne, C. C. Pyle has suffered much adverse criticism. Mr. McGeehan points out that Mr. Pyle's activities may have a healthy effect

Mr. Red Grange be regarded in any way as a traitor to the game because he capitalized his one great talent, the ability to run through a broken field. If there is any menace to intercollegiate football it comes from the colleges themselves.

The colleges are commercializing intercollegiate football, all of them, and have been deliberately commercializing it long before Mr. C. C. Pyle's alert ear, catching the sound of the Grange ballyhoo, began to believe that there might be millions in it.

They will tell you at any college that the proceeds of the football games pay all of the expenses for all of the other branches of college athletics. The proceeds from the football games build stadiums and athletic fields and pay for their upkeep. Thus the colleges themselves capitalize and commercialize their young gladiators unfairly and in a rather hypocritical fashion. They have no real grievance then, when those gladiators, after they have given all they have, not only for the greater glory of the *alma mater*, but for her financial profit, should step out to do a little gladiator business on their own account.

I have just been listening to the confidential complaint of a coach of an eastern college: "I had to take a man-killing schedule because they are a hundred thousand dollars in arrears on the payments on the stadium," he said. "Of course the team will not make much of a showing against the teams we will have to play, but we had to get the games to try and make the money and pull the athletic fund out of the hole. We will lose a lot of games, and the alumni will be after my scalp, and they will get it."

The football coach is a frank professional, but he may talk frankly only in confidence. In one of the smaller colleges he has to earn his money, for he has to produce a football team that will attract attention and gate receipts and, naturally, he is not too particular about the means to this end.

No matter what kind of football is played by Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Army and Navy, their games are what the professional promoters would call a sell-out, but the coaches of the little colleges must be showmen, financiers and great football strategists.

WHAT becomes of the millions taken in by the colleges in the course of the football season? Once a follower of the turf asserted, "Nobody ever takes any money away from the race track to amount to anything. It all goes back into the kitty." It seems that all of the millions taken in by intercollegiate football go back to the kitty, the colleges themselves.

It is not pleasant to go behind the scenes of the intercollegiate football game, the most fascinating melodrama that sport can produce, and to find more hypocrisy than there is in Mr. C. C. Pyle—much more, because Mr. Pyle is not hypocritical at all. He is a professional and seems to be rather proud of it.

Behind the scenes we will find the "old grad" who may have the best intentions in the world, but who is utterly lacking in any moral sense where the dear old college is concerned. I will say that the "old grad" is directly responsible for all of the hypocrisy that is in intercollegiate football.

To the "old grad" the highest expression of a college is a winning football team, and that must be attained at any cost. It is the "old grad" who organizes a recruiting service to acquire likely candidates for places on the team. It is the "old grad" who first discovers that the coach of the team is inferior in every way to the coach of the rival college team. It is the "old grad" who wants a system that will win games. I remember a letter I received from a Yale "old grad" that concluded, "To hell with glorious defeats. Give us a few inglorious victories." At least this one was frank.

The undergraduate who is playing on the football team is of the age of illusion. All that he knows is that the team must beat the hated rival at any cost. Through the course of the training and the playing periods, he takes much more punishment than was taken by Jack Dempsey for $700,000. He has no knowledge of the business organization behind the team, for, as a rule, he is an amateur at heart.

(Continued on page 120)



CONTINENTAL FEATURES

Feodor Chaliapin—Now an Actor-Manager

REALIZING the ambition of every opera singer—to be an impresario, Feodor Chaliapin is this season the director of his own company. Venturing into the American provinces, which he has already conquered with concert programs, he will give the non-metropolitan public its first view of the Feodor Chaliapin who must act as well as sing. But it is not the Chaliapin of the mighty *Boris Godunow* that America will see, nor the great Cossack as *Mephistopheles*. The Chaliapin company will give but one opera, Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*—which has always been considered a coloratura vehicle because of the rôle of *Rosina*, its heroine,—with Chaliapin in the effective, although comparatively brief part of *Don Basilio*. At Christmas time, in deference to the holiday season, Chaliapin has agreed to return to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for a few performances. And then it will be *Rosina*, if not "Rosinante, to the road again"!

The Professional Golfer in Britain

Why Many British Experts Face Hardships Unknown to American Players

By BERNARD DARWIN

THE British professional golfer has been a good deal in the lime-light recently on account of the unfortunate regularity with which he gets beaten by his American brethren in his own Open Championship. He has been abused by some people and excused by others. The abuse seems to me to be out of place, and as for the excuses, the less we have of them the better. It may however be worth while to tell American readers something about this professional of ours, his life, his position and his prospects, as compared with those of his brothers on the other side of the Atlantic.

Anybody who can look back on golf for a good number of years has seen many changes in the game and in those who play it, but certainly no greater change in anything to do with golf than in the professional golfer. Forty years or so ago the professionals, it may be said, were all Scotchmen. Comparatively few of them were definitely attached to clubs, because there were not enough clubs wanting their services. There were, of course, outstanding figures such as Old Tom Morris at St. Andrews and Charley Hunter at Prestwick, but some of our very best players led a hand-to-mouth existence, doing a little club making and a little caddying, playing matches when someone wanted to play with them, not too rich or too proud to wear their masters' old clothes.

SUCH a life bred a reckless type of man who took little care for the morrow,—often a very pleasant creature, but often also alas! with a taste for whiskey. In the summer they earned a certain amount of money; in the winter, for the most part, they got along as best they could. Gradually more and more courses sprang up in England and this meant more permanent jobs for those who cared to cross the border. The professional who took such a job was often a jack-of-all-trades, for he was greenkeeper as well as professional and club maker, and could not disdain to push a mowing machine or pull a roller. Still, he had an improved status, for he was no longer, as it were, playing for hire; he had a definite, assured place. Moreover he became a much steadier, soberer, more self-respecting man, if only because clubs exacted from a permanent servant a standard of conduct not expected from a casual ally in a foursome.

I began by talking of forty-odd years ago. If we take a rather more modern period, some thirty and more years ago, when the famous "Triumvirate" were beginning their careers, we find that the professional's position was still a comparatively hard and lowly one. The parents of Sandy Herd tried to make of him first a baker and then a plasterer, because they thought the prospects of a golf professional too dubious. However the boy's love of golf was too strong for them and when, after a temporary engagement at an Irish course, he came home and poured a pocketful of Sovereigns into his mother's lap, they had to believe that perhaps after all he was right. Braid only became a professional after some years as a joiner and a club maker. Harry Vardon's first job was that of both professional and green-keeper at an extremely inferior nine-hole course in the North of England, where even he had too little to do and took to playing cricket. Taylor, after beginning as a gardener, worked on the greens at Westward Ho! and then became professional and green-keeper combined—at Burnham in Somerset, where, this year, he watched his eldest son, an Oxford undergraduate, playing in the University match. These were all humble beginnings, but these four were all men of outstanding character as different as need be from the happy-go-lucky rapscallions of previous generations. How much of the high standard of conduct and bearing now to be found among professionals is due to them no one can measure for certain, but there can be no doubt that their example has done much.

Thus gradually there came into existence more and more English professionals just as in America the "homebreds" have first supplemented and then outnumbered the imported Scots. There were more exhibition matches, more tournaments, bigger prizes; the professional became more and more of a somebody in the world of golf. And he certainly lived up to his improved position, so much so indeed that for many years now the amateur can generally be distinguished from the professional at an Open Championship by his older and less resplendent raiment. One has felt sorely tempted at times to quote, of the professional, Mr. Yellowplush's apt remark about a valet; "He's genrally a hapier, idler, handsomer, mor genlmnly man than his master."

Yet as a matter of fact, with a very few exceptions, I do not think the British professional's lot is today a particularly prosperous one. Taking into consideration pre- and post-war prices I imagine he is not as prosperous as he used to be. Certainly he is not at all a rich or fortunate man as compared with the gorgeous persons that he sees arriving here from America. He sees them staying at smart hotels, dashing hither and thither in motor cars, bringing their own caddies with them, and though he says very little, I imagine he thinks a good deal and that, being human, he is sometimes inclined to be envious. What money American professionals earn I, of course, do not know. As to the British professional, I have been at some pains to find out from a high, though in this case anonymous, authority. I will give a few figures later, but first I shall compare the lots in other respects of the two sets of professionals.



ABE MITCHELL

There is no doubt that the longest driver in the game of golf is Abe Mitchell, who ranks as the foremost professional exponent of the game in Great Britain



WIDE WORLD

WALTER HAGEN

The champion of American professionals is Walter Hagen. He is nearly as well known for the splendour of his raiment as he is for the brilliance of his game



TPA LONDON

J. H. TAYLOR

British golf has many "grand old men". J. H. Taylor is among the grandest. He has won the British Open Championship five times, his first victory having been in 1894

THERE is one respect in which the American professional seems to have the better of it, but I am not so sure that he really does. He appears to be (I really do not know how to express this without appearing snobbish) much more on terms of social equality with the members of his club than the British professional is. I know this remark does not apply to all American clubs, but at any rate at many of them he seems to have the free run of the club house, to treat the members as his equals, to call them—metaphorically if not actually—by their Christian names. Here he does not do that, but then I do not believe that he wants to do it. There is a good deal to be said in this life for having our sphere definitely marked out for us, for knowing exactly where we stand. I remember talking to one of the best of our younger professionals on this subject, and he remarked that he would not like to go to a certain club in the North of England—a very good billet as far as money is concerned—just because it was so free and easy and the members slapped the professional on the back. He liked to meet the

(Continued on page 112)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



GEORGE F. BAKER

Because he is, at eighty-six, the acknowledged dean of American financiers: because he is a most discerning and generous patron of the fine arts; because he consistently refuses to make speeches; and finally because he will, next month, celebrate his seventeenth year as Chairman of the First National Bank of New York



ALFRED SAVOIR

Because he always [illegible] the highest paid of French playwrights, because he is a noted wine connoisseur, because his real name is Emmanuel and finally because he is now in America [illegible]



LUISELLA GIANNINI

[illegible] she [illegible] rather [illegible] years she has [illegible] singers [illegible] and trained in America, and finally [illegible] she is now making [illegible] and concert



NICKOLAS MURAY

Because he began his career as a photographer in a Greenwich Village garret; because he is now exhibiting photographs of international celebrities in New York; because he is a skilled fencer and Junior Three Weapon Champion of America, and finally because this portrait of him was made by his friend Edouard Steichen

THE HUMIGS

Because [illegible] they are to the Viennese Theatre what the Barrymores are to the American [illegible] Hugo the father, was the most [illegible] actor on the Imperial Theatre [illegible] Helene, Hans and Herman are celebrated in their own right, and finally because [illegible] they are the Reinhardt theatre



HANS BOEHM

Bidding Values at Auction

A Brief Explanation of the System that Won the Championship Last Summer

By R. F. FOSTER

WHEN some individual, partnership, or team, formerly practically unheard of, wins a championship, curiosity is naturally aroused as to how they did it. There are probably many thousands of golfers practising Bobby Jones' drive; thousands of young men trying to get Babe Ruth's swing, or Tilden's service, or Weismüller's crawl stroke. These are outdoor sports, but winter is almost upon us, and auction bridge is the greatest indoor game of all. Every bridge player wants to know if there is anything peculiar or new about the system adopted by the players that won the championship for teams of four at the last congress of the American Whist League in Chicago.

Mr. Ely Culbertson, the captain of that team, who played with Mrs. Culbertson throughout the contest, has been good enough to give the outlines of what he considers the most accurate method of arriving at the bidding value of a hand, so as to arrive at the contract best suited to the combination of the partners' respective holdings.

The basic principles of this system, in which it differs from those in the usual text-book, are in attaching special values to the small cards, according to their number in each suit, whether trumps or not, and in varying the declaration to agree with the distribution of the four suits in the hand and their numerical relation one to the other.

THE latter consideration leads to differentiating trump suits from no-trumpers, and, in Mr. Culbertson's opinion, almost every hand that is distributed 4 3 3 3 as to suits, is a better no-trumper than suit bid. As an illustration, suppose the dealer bids a heart and the partner holds three good hearts, with fairly good cards in other suits, which are distributed 4 3 3. Probably 99 players out of 100 would pass, having good assistance for the hearts suit. But Mr. Culbertson argues that as it is manifestly impossible for dummy to use any of the hearts for ruffing, it might be much better to play to win three odd and game at no-trumps, than to try for four odd at hearts.

The principal novelty in the Culbertson system, however, lies in the values placed upon the small cards, especially in the trump suit. Attention was called to the importance of this matter many years ago by the late W. H. Whitfeld, professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and card editor of the London *Field*, who was greatly interested in auction bridge and undertook an extensive course of experiments to verify the results of his calculations as to card values in bidding and the resulting play.

One of the most important of the results arrived at was the definite value of what he called "superfluous trumps"; that is, more trumps than were necessary to justify a bid. Taking five as the average upon which trump calls were made, he argued that, if the remaining eight cards in the hand were small, they were, practically speaking, all losers; but that, if we take away one of those losers and substitute a sixth, or "superfluous" trump, we add a sure winning card to the hand. Take these two hands:

♡ A K 10 6 4	♡ A K 10 6 4 2
♠ 7 2	♠ 7
◇ 8 6 2	◇ 8 6 2
♠ 9 5 4	♠ A 5 4

The first he estimates as containing two sure tricks, and adds one for the numerical superiority in trumps, 4, as 3 would be average. To this he adds one more for the "superfluous" trump, the 5th, making the total four tricks. Take away a losing club, and add a 6th trump, and the hand is worth five tricks. Should there be other winning cards in the hand, they are added to the trump values, as in the second example we have an outside ace, making the hand worth six.

MR. CULBERTSON carries this small card valuation into the plain suits, dividing sure tricks from probable by calling the sure worth 1, and the probable ½, when estimating own bid, or support of partner's bid; but does not consider small cards in plain suits as against opponent's contracts. He gives this scale:

	Plain suits	*Trumps*
4-card length	½	1
5-card length	1	2
6-card length	1½	3

In the partner's hand, it is the shortness in the plain suits, not the length, that adds to the value of the trumps according to their length. He gives these trick values:

	With 3 trumps	*With 4 trumps*
Void of a suit	2	3
A singleton	1	2
A doubleton	½	1

Should there be both a singleton and a two-card suit in the same hand, the count for the singleton only is added, disregarding the doubleton.

In estimating the value of the high cards, they are always left at their face value, never doubled, as in some bidding systems, the values of the small cards taking the place of the doubling process. The result is practically the same in most cases, as for instance bidding on five cards to the ace king. The double-valuation system doubles these two sure tricks and calls the suit worth 4. The Culbertson system calls the ace and king worth 2 only, but adds 2 for the 4th and 5th trumps.

IN one respect the Culbertson system differs from all others, and that is in estimating two honours in separate suits as just as valuable as if both were in the same suit. A king and queen, or a king and jack, anywhere in the hand, are worth a full trick. A king is only a probable trick, worth ½, and the same value is given to queen and jack, whether in the same suit or not.

In the combinations of high cards in the same suit, ace-king, or ace-queen-jack are rated as worth 2 tricks; while ace-queen, ace-queen-ten, ace-jack-ten, king-queen-ten, are all rated as equally worth 1½ tricks. Why ace-queen-ten is of no more value than ace-queen is not explained.

Starting with the now generally recognized principle that there should be at least four tricks in the hand to justify a free bid by the dealer, or by second hand if the dealer passes, it is assumed that a player who bids on four tricks expects to find three in the dummy in order to make good his bid, which is to win seven. This eliminates from the assisting hand three of the tricks in that hand, as they are practically already bid, by the dealer.

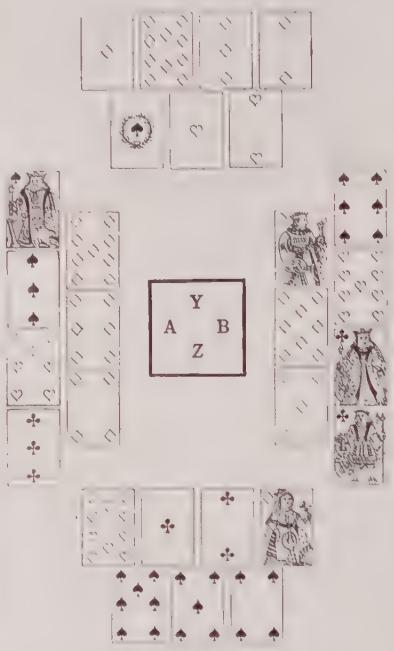
If the dealer has made a free bid on 3½, or a probability of 4 tricks, he can rebid with 4½, which is a probability of 5; and with 5½, which is a probability of 6, he can rebid a second time, always counting on his dummy for 3.

The partner, on the other hand, should not raise with less than the equal of a dealer's bid; that is 3½, or a probability of 4; but he can raise twice with 4½, and a third time if he holds 5½.

Mr. Culbertson does not believe in opening bids by the dealer, or by second hand if dealer passes, on less than 2½, or probable 3 tricks, in high cards alone, and insists on 3 or 3½ for a third or fourth-hand bid, as a free bid. The high cards in the suit named should be worth at least 1½ if it is a four-card suit, but may be only ½ with a five-card suit. That

(Continued on page 130)

PROBLEM XC



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want all the tricks. How do they get them? Solution in the January number



Camilla Horn

As Gretchen in Goethe's "Faust"

THE artistic success of *The Last Laugh* and, more recently, of the sensational *Variety*, has emphasized the fact that the Germans are film-makers of surpassing skill. Not only have recent German productions attested to the superiority of Teutonic film art, but they have also made such excellent continental actors as Emil Jannings, Werner Kraus and Lya de Putti well known to American cinema audiences. The UFA corporation, to whose enterprise and high artistic standards is due the major credit for the German cinematic triumphs, is now sponsoring a production by F. W. Murnau (who directed the magnificent film called *The Last Laugh)* of Goethe's *Faust*, to be released in this country early in December. The *Mephistopheles* will be enacted by Emil Jannings; the *Martha* by Yvette Guilbert. In the exacting rôle of *Gretchen*, the UFA has cast Camilla Horn, a newcomer to the German film world. Although *Faust* is her first motion picture, she has been acclaimed as an artist of brilliance and distinction by those abroad who have seen the Murnau screen version of the Goethe masterpiece



HARVEY WHITE

Christmas Presents for The Intellectual Lady

A Selection Which Includes Some Art and Some Literature

ON these two pages, *Vanity Fair* has suggested two different ways of approaching the annual feminine Christmas gift problem. Do the tastes of the admired one take an intellectual trend? Is Art divine? Then delight her with the Austrian water-colour in the foreground painted by Zweibruck. Is she thrilled by the Modern School? Then give her the modernistic piece which covers the table but is also a pillow cover, or the gold box with an enamelled scene in the futuristic manner or the acrobatic brass candle holder; four gifts from Rena Rosenthal. Is she a devotee of Literature in the newer trend? These books range from poetry to jazz —*The American Ballet*, by Ted Shawn; *Rome, Past and Present*, by William Gaunty; *Jazz*, by Paul Whiteman; *Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg*; *La Mode Féminine de 1795 à 1900*; *The Duffer's Handbook of Golf*, by Grantland Rice and Clare Briggs; books from Westermann.



HARVEY WHITE

Presents Which Are Adjuncts to Beauty

Some Amusing Trinkets Which Make Excellent Christmas Gifts

IF the lady of the moment is one whose presence is preceded by a rare fragrance, whose person is agleam with jewels, whose vanity equipment is beyond compare, she will be enamoured of the gifts illustrated above. Here are perfumes—Chanel's famous No. 14 and the black crystal bottle that holds *Mystère d'Orsay*; from Bonwit Teller. Here are baubles—(left to right) the wide slave bracelet in two colors of gold, from Franklin Simon; a reproduction of the Worth bracelet in green or amethyst crystal with small white crystals and black onyx between, linked with gold; from Arnold Constable; the crystal and black onyx bracelet with white gold links; from Lord and Taylor. And here are accessories to *chic*—the gold brocade evening bag with jade ornament; from Yamanaka, and the small cigarette lighter covered with polished lizard skin designed for the feminine hand-bag; from Dunhill.

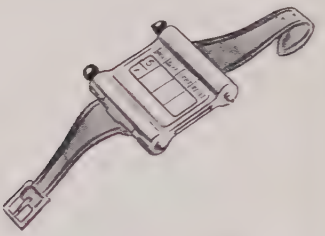
Christmas Gifts for

Vanity Fair Selects the Latest



WAISTCOATS

The three most popular waistcoats of the famous haberdasher, Hawes & Curtis of London, which are now imported to New York are a very acceptable Christmas present to any man, since he can never have too many dress waistcoats to meet the demands of the winter social season. Saks-Fifth Avenue



FOR GOLFERS

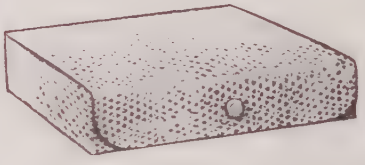
A new sterling silver golf scorer is worn with a leather wrist strap and contains little rolls worked by wooden pegs on which to note the score. From Kaskel & Kaskel





PRACTICAL GIFTS

Two articles that every man is always delighted to receive are an umbrella such as this, covered in silk with a Whangee handle (from Finchley), and the new winter weight glove in capeskin lined with chamois. Altman



CIGARETTE CASE

With the craze for all manner of articles in reptile skins comes this new cigarette case in light tan and brown snake-skin, which is particularly appropriate for sport and country wear. Abercrombie & Fitch

FOR THE TRAVELLER

For travelling, a pocket-book of black pin seal lined with black moire especially designed to hold all sizes of foreign bank notes is extremely useful and is a good present for a man. Lord & Taylor



HOUSE SLIPPERS

These patent leather house slippers, which are lined with white kid, are not only for bedroom wear but are correct for general lounge wear. From French, Shriner & Urner



FOR THE HOME

A decanter with a padlock and silver hinge top is attractively etched with a scene of the golf links. (Brand-Chatillon). Also, for the bridge table comes this interesting metal tray. M. M. Importing Co.

the Well Dressed Man

Novelties from the New York Shops



FOR SPORT WEAR

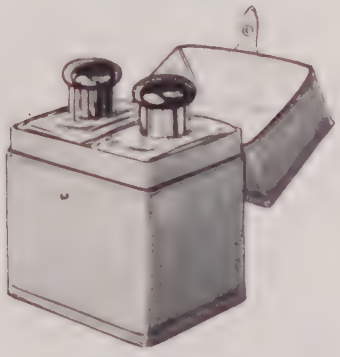
A braided pigskin belt, fastened by leather cinch rings, is something very new and original in the way of comfortable accessories for sport wear. From Kaskel & Kaskel

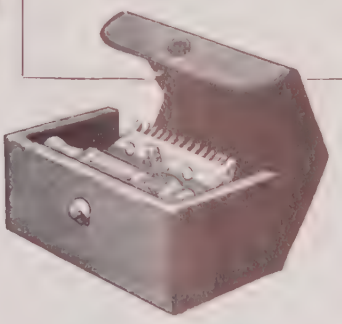
POPULAR GIFTS

One of the newest winter dressing gowns is of Roman-striped *mousseline de laine* and may be had with black sateen trousers. (From Dobbs.) Another pleasing Christmas gift for a man is the miniature Gillette razor in a small wooden case covered in black leather. Abercrombie & Fitch



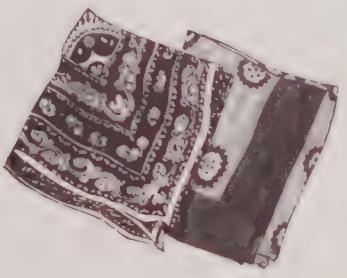






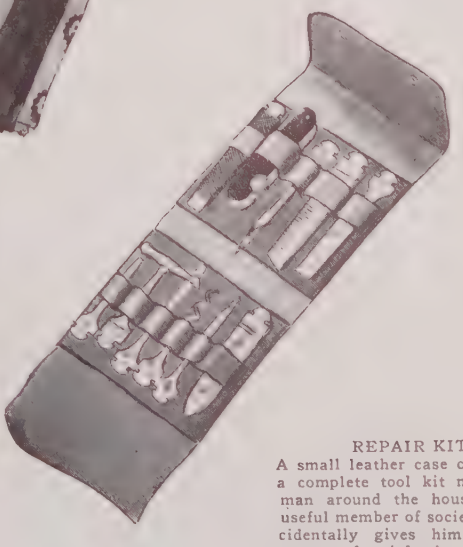
LOTION BOTTLES

For travelling, these two lotion bottles, safely held in a pigskin case, are extremely useful and neat and therefore make a very practical gift. Abercrombie & Fitch



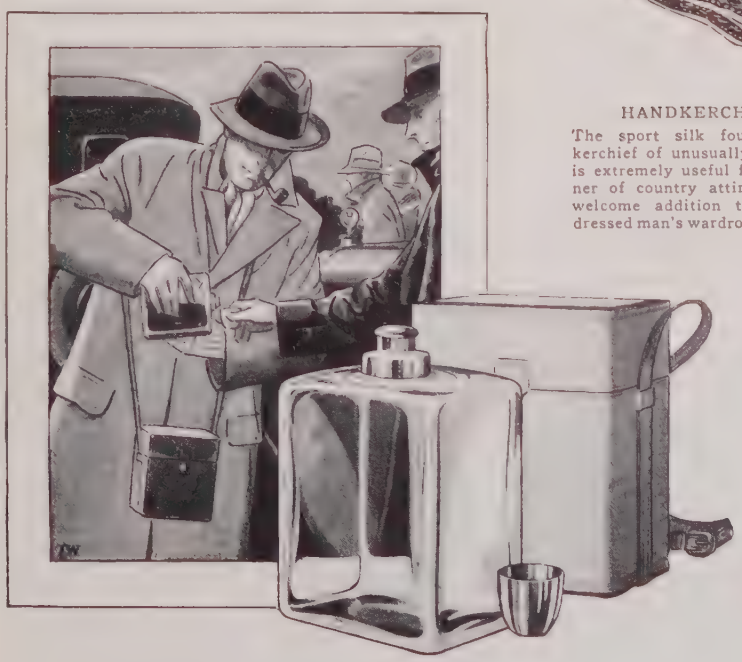
HANDKERCHIEFS

The sport silk foulard handkerchief of unusually large size is extremely useful for all manner of country attire and is a welcome addition to the well dressed man's wardrobe. Cruger's



REPAIR KIT

A small leather case containing a complete tool kit makes the man around the house a very useful member of society and incidentally gives him a great amount of satisfaction. Cruger's



FOR REFRESHMENT

A new refreshment bottle, with three accompanying drinking cups, is carried in a leather case that may be hung over the shoulder and is very useful for race meets and out-of-door sports. F. R. Tripler & Co.

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

Overcoats for Every Use, at Home and Abroad

Drawings by LAWRENCE FELLOWS



TOWN COAT

For town wear this is an excellent overcoat. Note that it has a fly front and no buttons showing, and that there is a slit in the sleeve to finish the cuff instead of the usual row of decorative buttons



AUTUMN RAGLAN

Loose-fitting coats of the raglan type are becoming popular and are particularly useful for travel. The sleeves are not cut with raglan shoulders, but are made instead in the ordinary way



LIGHT ULSTER

The Ulster in a light material, with a pin stripe cross bar design and loose cut, is a type of coat which is becoming extraordinarily popular. Note that all overcoats are even longer this season than before



DOUBLE-BREAST

The new double-breasted overcoats have six buttons widely spaced, the two top ones being wider than the rest, and are often made with deep cuffs and with rather deep-faced, pointed lapels



PLAIN BACK

Among the new features of the plain-back coat are two inverted pleats at the side seam, which run up to the high waist line. This model is rapidly growing in popularity both here and abroad

AFTER a Continental tour an inevitable conclusion is reached, and that is that the simplicity and conservatism which stamps the Englishman's clothes is the best model for the man, anywhere, who wishes to appear well dressed. Owing to the fact that time and space are rapidly becoming negligible factors, clothes should be chosen for universal use. Town clothes are designed to be worn in large towns all the world over, whether it be New York, Paris or London. The well dressed man of the world no longer wears either country or travelling clothes in a foreign city just because it does not happen to be his home town. Nevertheless there are still many men who label themselves as tourists by wearing clothes in a foreign city which they would never dream of wearing in a corresponding locality in their native land. It is rather like going to a dinner party and not troubling to dress in evening clothes because it is not done in one's own house. Paris presents a varied spectacle of people in every conceivable sort of clothing and so a man can dress in almost any style he chooses without attracting either undue attention or ridicule. But there is one exception. He must not look like a tourist. For example, there are a number of men, otherwise well dressed, who walk about Paris or Berlin in caps and light tweed suits which would do the wearer credit almost anywhere in the open country, but which are manifestly unsuitable for town wear.

There are a great many other similarly obvious examples to be seen almost anywhere, which prove that the gift of wearing clothes suitable to the time and place is necessary for a well turned out appearance. Individual style is admirable and inevitable but it should be more evident in cut and assemblage than in the material, which according to the present mode *must* be inconspicuous and without any pronounced pattern. If an Englishman, an American, a Spaniard and an Italian were all dressed exactly alike, say in a dark blue serge suit, they could still be as easily distinguished by the cut of their clothes as if they were labelled. Taken as a whole the English and Americans are far and away the best dressed men, but individually the South American, especially on the Continent, is often noticeable for his smart clothes. His style is certainly extreme but suits the somewhat exotic atmosphere which abounds around casinos and hotels. He is often somewhat overdressed for the occasion but never makes the fatal mistake of looking like a tourist. The well-dressed man always appears at home, whether in pyjamas on the sands of the Lido or in formal clothes in Bond Street, which is perhaps one interpretation of *savoir-faire*. The best dressed men in the future will probably be those who combine the best points of English and American clothes. Already there are signs that English clothes are being influenced by American styles. In London both suits and overcoats are being cut on a very much looser model and the American dressed in English clothes often looks smarter than the Englishman does himself.

Many men in London and also on the Continent often detract from their appearance by wearing the wrong overcoat. Judging from appearances a great number of men travel with only one overcoat, and this one usually a light tweed, whereas if only one overcoat is taken it should be of a dark material equally suitable for day or evening wear. There is a very smart single-breasted, semi-fitting model cut with a perfectly straight back and without any fulness in the skirt, which, when made up in a very dark grey or blue material, admirably meets the requirements of the average traveller. The cut of all overcoats is undergoing a very slow but almost continuous change from the tight fitting and tubular to a loose fitting, straight hanging model. Although single-breasted

(Continued on page 150)

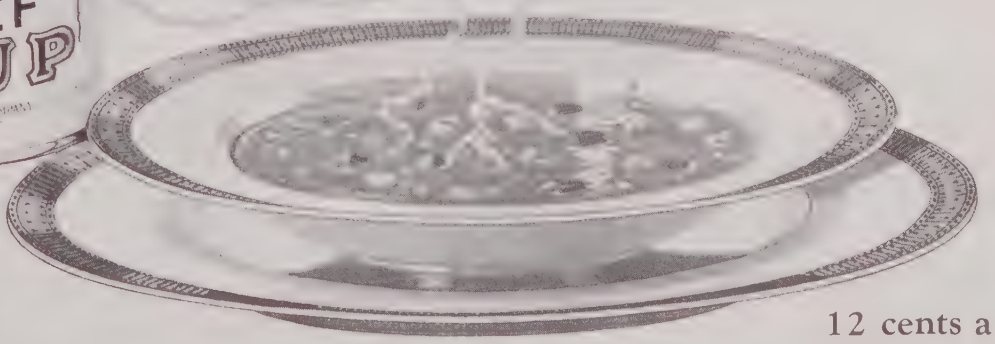
WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



QUALITY!

In those homes of prominence which constitute "a court of last resort" it has been interesting to see how willingly the providing of the soup has been left in the hands of Campbell's French chefs. Trusted quality. Uniformly delicious. A wide and delightful variety. How adequately Campbell's Soups conform to the most exacting social program!





LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

12 cents a can



CABRIOLET LIMOUSINE

For extended touring the cabriolet interior drive limousine is a very excellent compromise between the open and the closed car. Also, besides luggage carried in the rear, it may have a rail around the forward part of the roof for the lighter bags

Notes on European Motoring

Continental Touring with the New Mercedes Equipped with a Supercharger

THE autumn is certainly one of the most delightful periods of the year for a motor tour in Europe. England is at its best during this period, for the holiday road traffic, so disagreeable and troublesome during the summer, has for the most part subsided. The same may be said of other countries.

Of course, no matter how attractive the countryside, motor touring cannot properly be enjoyed unless one has the right kind of car for it. In making the choice, there are several important points to be remembered. First of all is a good engine. For touring purposes, it should have both speed and flexibility, as well as adaptability to all the various conditions with which it may have to cope. Then, in the matter of the body, there is a choice between an open and a closed car. Those who desire stately progress will probably prefer a large limousine, whereas others may more thoroughly enjoy the rougher going of a completely open super-sports model. Veteran tourists, however, seem to agree that the best car is neither one extreme nor the other, but a fast touring car, which combines a great deal of the limousine's comfort with all the free vision and healthy openness of the super-sports machine.

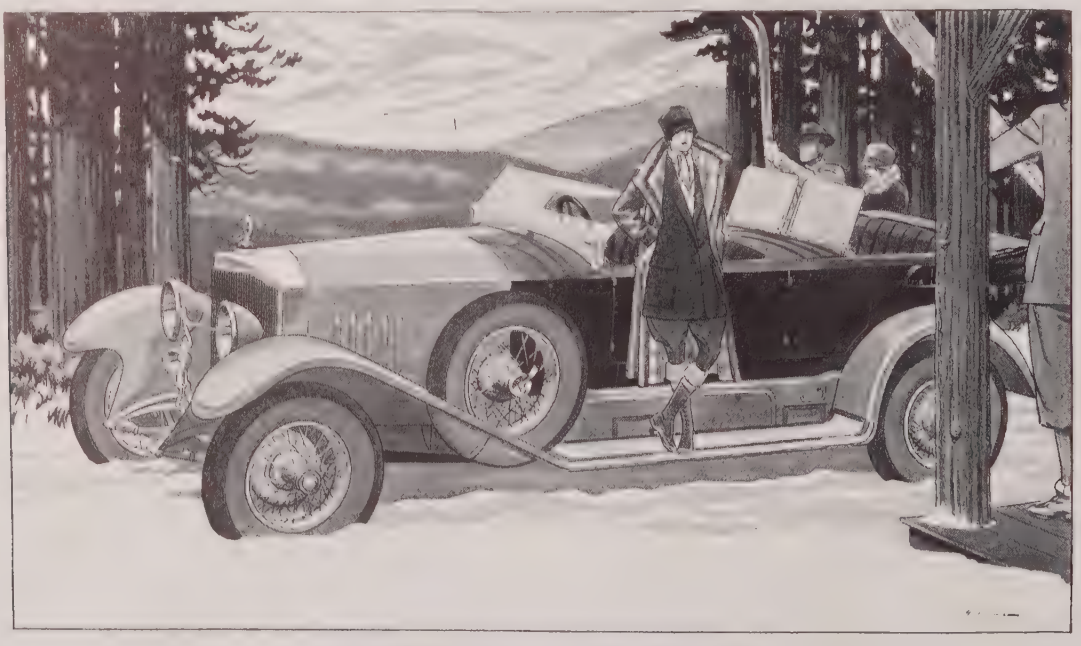
There is one car now on the market which fulfills all these requirements and is admirably suited for a European tour, and that is the 24/100 h.p. six-cylinder Mercedes, which can be obtained with either an open or a closed body. This car is equipped with an adaptation of the supercharger, which used to be seen only on racing cars.

Before going into further details, it may be well to make a few explanatory remarks on the supercharger. Technically speaking, it is a device which, by means of pressure, forces an extra heavy charge of gas into the cylinder, enormously increasing the speed. Thus the driver, by simply depressing a pedal, is enabled to change his pace from 10 miles an hour to 60 miles an hour and in about fifteen seconds. It means that there is no difficulty in getting away in top gear, smoothly and with rapidity, from practically a standstill. It means that hills can be climbed on top gear as fast as most ordinary cars will go on the flat, and last, but not least, it means that on most occasions when a change of gear is normally necessary the supercharger will render it unnecessary. This adaptation to touring uses of the supercharger adds many new thrills and conveniences to that delightful sport.

There are two or three closed models for this chassis and the smartest looking is the Weyman body with four doors. It is of light construction and, in view of the high speeds obtainable, it is carefully built to avoid rattles. It will hold comfortably five people, but not more, and it has all the usual features of a carefully built, well thought out limousine. It is fitted with a "V"-fronted sloping screen. There is a very much larger limousine built by this company, but the present day trend is not toward huge cumbersome cars, but toward smaller neater models, which are easier to handle on the road.

The model which will appeal to the real motoring enthusiast is an open one, known as the "Hundred" sports. For touring this seems to be an ideal body and an ideal car for those who can appreciate the thrills of the open

(Continued on page 128)



A TOURING BODY ON THE MERCEDES

The open car, especially for touring, is extremely popular just now in Europe. But, to be practical, it must be equipped with wind-shields, both front and rear. When the rear wind shield is built with a cowl it affords complete protection, especially when the top is in position, making it practically an enclosed car. Such adaptability is, of course, most desirable, in view of the changing conditions along the road



It is Sterling
~more can not be said

"And you see, dear—it's Sterling"

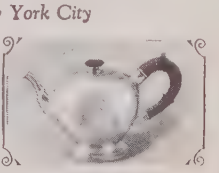
Here is a merry Christmas in the making with gifts that can't go wrong. One little word makes one sure. It is "Sterling".

The desire for silver, if it be Sterling, is universal. Such gifts, always useful, are, of course, imperishable—beautiful—genuine.

Now at Christmas time you may learn at any jeweler's how really adaptable Sterling is—how many lovely things are made from it for giving happiness—how many of these things are inexpensive. And you will find that the pleasure of selecting Sterling is barely second to the pleasure of receiving it.

STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA
20 West 47th Street, New York City

This splendid example of the art of Josiah Austin is engraved with the arms of Governor Bradstreet, founder of the Colony of Massachusetts. For years the proud possession of his descendants, this lovely solid silver teapot is an enduring reminder of the Sterling treasures at our modern jeweler's.



The word "STERLING" is significant, indeed—for as everyone knows, only silver so marked is genuine solid silver.



Vanity Fair-the New Terri Triple Compact with pencil Price $2.50



Makers of exclusive Terri Face Powder

Terri
4 West 40th St. N.Y.C.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity

(Continued from page 74)

see the barber "come at" you with his sharp knife. You could watch your changing face and head slowly emerging under his magic touch until it became a thing of beauty, and almost made you a stranger to yourself. By the side of the mirror was a rack filled with shiny mugs. On these were blazoned the names of the wealthiest citizens of the place. The mugs were the special property of the men whose names they bore. They were supposed to be kept private for sanitary purposes. Still, since there were no special razors nor individual brushes, one gathered the impression that the private mugs were there because the leading citizens wanted to show off, or because the grocer, merchant or hardware man wished to keep in the public eye.

On account of my safety razor, and because I generally had my hair cut at one of the big hotels, I had quite forgotten the old time barber shop. I had, of course, realized that in many ways the world was changing; that new machinery and a modified social life were making their inroads everywhere. With all the rest I knew that the Nineteenth Amendment, bobbed hair and women's clubs were "ladyizing" the world. I had never realized that the barber shops, too, were suffering from the blighting touch of new ideas and social customs. I had never seen a woman in a barber shop, except now and then a "manicurist" who was sophisticated and unobtrusive, and not much in the way. These I had seen only in the big cities in the large hotels.

A visit to my old home town brought to me the revelation that nowhere was man any longer safe from the inroads of "refinement" and "civilization". I needed a shave and I went to the barber shop. Alas, it was not the old time barber that I knew and loved. His voice was modulated to a lower key. He was not talking. He was a solemn, quiet and respectful man. He did not even look like a barber. He looked and dressed like the secretary of the Y. M. C. A.—at least he looked as I have always fancied that these secretaries ought to look. He told me that I would have to wait a few minutes,—"would I kindly take a seat." He did not even tell me that I was "next". I looked around and lo—in one of the barber chairs was a young lady, and seated in another chair, waiting her turn, was a middle aged, kindly looking woman patiently reading the *Christian Science Monitor*.

I would have fled in dismay but I needed a shave. As I was obliged to wait, I looked for a *Police Gazette*—but to my utter amazement there was no *Police Gazette*. On the table was a *Woman's Home Companion*. My eyes sought for the familiar pictures on the wall. But gone were the dogs and horses and the red coated men. In place of the old time decoration was a solitary picture and, to my amazement and horror, where I once would have beheld a highly coloured lithograph, I saw Whistler's *Mother*. When I went into the shop I was smoking a cigarette. Automatically I took it from my mouth and prepared to flip it towards the cuspidor which should have been in the middle of the room; but there was no cuspidor, not even a box of sawdust or sand in its wonted place. In fact, there was no cuspidor anywhere in the shop. The floor was covered with a neat mat. It was spotless and antiseptic, bewildered, I threw my cigarette out of the door and sat down to wait. I did not even try to read. I had no objection to the *Woman's Home Companion*—but I felt that its place was in the home and not in the barber shop. I looked for the old time rack of cups bearing the names of the *Who's Who* citizens, but it, too, had disappeared like a far-off dream. In its place was a cupboard, and as the barber opened the door I saw, to my dismay, powder, lip-sticks, rouge and what not. The cupboard was barren of everything that belonged to a barber shop. Pensively I waited for my turn. The young lady was giving directions to the barber: "Cut the ends just a little bit at a time so we can tell when we strike the outline that I want. Don't go down too deep at the back of my head, where it's flat, you know."

"Yes, yes—I remember," answered the obliging young man; "you'd look good with a swell new wind-blown touzle."

In the mean time the lady who was observed reading the *Christian Science Monitor* had taken another barber chair which had been vacated by the occupant. She held fast her *Monitor* as she settled back in the seat. "This time you can trim me down to—well, on account of my years, let's call it a mannish, instead of a boyish bob." It seemed a pity to sheer off her lovely, becoming curls, but—"There," she exclaimed, "now no more fortunes will be spent by me for permanent waves."

The younger woman admired and patted the whisk-broom effect bristling over her ears, chummily asking, "Would you have a hot oil shampoo, if you were me, or would you wait until I have my next marcel?" The barber hesitated, thoughtfully, before replying, "Well—for your style of coiffure I'd advise only water-waves. We have just got in a Ritzie line of water-wave comb-sets, in that big show case next to those 'Vanity Razors.'" "Oh, razors remind me," confidingly whispered the pretty patron, "this is the day—"

The door opened abruptly and a man and woman entered the shop. I realized that again and again I must give my turn to "Ladies First"—that no matter how long I waited I might never be "next"; that woman has taken all the so-called advantages that man once had and yet clings fast to her old time privileges as well. I realized that for some years past man has been slowly losing his place as "next". In fact I doubt if he had ever been really "next". This idea was probably only apparent,—a delusion like most of life.

I waited no longer, but fled from the shop. As I went away I pondered over the long steady invasion of women into what was once man's domain and what this invasion means to both. Is not the so-called "Woman's Awakening" taking the colour and freedom from the world? Is it not slowly and surely destroying the illusion and the romance which lure the born and the unborn alike in the prime venture of living?



ON BUYING PEARLS

THERE is no woman to whom a pearl necklace is not becoming. But the color, size and length must be suited to the individual. A necklace that enhances the beauty of dark eyes and hair is seldom suitable for fair women. And the pearls of a dowager are not for a debutante.

Pearls are so beautiful, they touch the heart so quickly, that buyers often overlook the definite standards that desirable pearls must meet. Opinions and preferences of the layman do not alter their true value. The unsupported word of an amateur should not affect their purchase.

Pearls may be bought, and should be bought, upon established facts that make expensive mistakes impossible. They should be bought from a pearl merchant who deals in all colors and all sizes of pearls, and from one who explains to the buyer all the differences which make one necklace more desirable than another.

It is generally recognized that the value of a pearl necklace depends upon seven definite and provable points. These points, familiar to experts, are carefully explained by Marcus & Company to every patron who is considering the purchase of pearls. They provide a sound basis for judgment. They are accurate indicators of value. They are responsible, no doubt, for the sale of many famous strings of pearls by this establishment, and also for the sale of innumerable single pearls which are added to these and other necklaces returned, year after year, to be increased in size.

Marcus & Company buy pearls in Europe as close to the source of supply as it is possible for any merchant, wholesale or retail, to obtain them. Much closer, it may be added, than those who have neither the credit nor the organization to buy pearls as they come from India. Consequently, the prices are always fair and reasonable, and the patrons of Marcus & Company are often pleasantly surprised that a desirable necklace may be had for a few thousand dollars.

Strings of pearls from $200,000 *to* $200. *A large selection of loose pearls to add to necklaces from* $20,000 *to* $10 *each. Pearl rings, pearl earrings, pearl pins, and pearls in every form approved by fashion and good taste.*

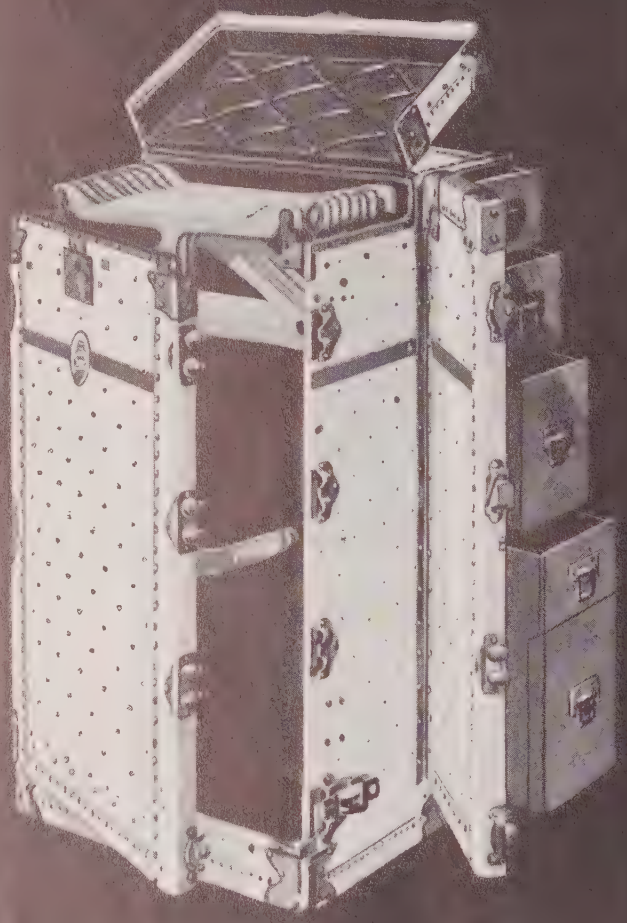
MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

At the corner of 5th Avenue and 45th Street, New York City
and Palm Beach, Florida

© 1926

WINSHIP
WARDROBE
The Trunk with Doors



Different!

BECAUSE of its amazing convenience and strength, the door-opening Winship stands preeminent among trunks. No back-straining, floor-marring halves to push apart! The name "Winship" is an assurance of all that can be desired in a wardrobe—superb workmanship, unequalled convenience, years of satisfaction. Insist on being shown the genuine, red-band Winship. Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

W. W. WINSHIP & SONS, INC.
203 Bleecker Street Utica, N.Y.

The WINSHIP WARDROBE IS IDENTIFIED BY THE RED BAND

The Professional Golfer in Britain

(Continued from page 98)

members on the links or in his shop and after that to be quit of them. I believe that the same attitude of mind would be found among many of our most respected and self respecting professionals. I also talked the subject over with a very well known professional from America and he had something of the same view of it, though from a different angle. What he said in effect was this: "You in Britain think we make a great splash in staying at the best hotels and so on. We have to do it even if we don't want to. Our members expect us to. If we wanted to go elsewhere, they would take a room for us and would not like it at all if we did not come." As I said before, this is a snobbish and uncomfortable problem, but it has to be touched on if I am to give any kind of fair or true picture. For my part I am stodgy and British and conservative enough to think that in this respect the British professional is really the freer and perhaps the happier man of the two.

Now something as to the British professional's position from a business point of view. Of course there are some "plums" in the profession, clubs where there is a large, regular amount of play all the year round or a great holiday season which brings people with plenty of money to spend. Moreover there are some professionals who by their own energy and ability have built fine club-making businesses from which they derive a good income. But I repeat that I doubt if, on the whole, the professional is as well off as he used to be. First, though it is an old story now, the rubber cored ball has hit him because there is no trade in remaking balls and very little in the mending of clubs, which seem nowadays to last forever. Then the big stores in big towns have cut into him. It is so easy to walk into a store and buy a dozen balls, or a club that looks very inviting in the window as you are walking home from your office, thinking of your next week's golf. Again I do not think that members take out the professional to play as much as they used to do. It seems to me that, when I was a boy, people regarded it as a duty to give the professional an occasional turn, just as once upon a time travelers at an inn always ordered a bottle of wine "for the good of the house". I know one or two professionals who are in constant demand as foursome partners, but the average professional does not seem to get much play. He does, no doubt, get a good deal of teaching—teaching as a rule stout, middle-aged, hopelessly incompetent ladies, and a soul-destroying, golf-destroying occupation it must be, though it does bring some grist to the mill. Finally, the professional is certainly not in such demand as he used to be for exhibition matches. I think —I am not sure—that this is because, though we have some fine golfers, we have not any of the overpowering character and personality of the older generation. There was always a thrill in watching the inimitably graceful Vardon, the dogged Taylor, with his teeth clenched and cap over his eyes, the waggling Herd, the imperturbable and tremendous Braid. By comparison with them, X or Y or Z, are only very skilful hitters of the ball. This is not the only reason; the succession of defeats at American hands may be another, but there is something in the explanations I gave first.

To come down to brass tacks, the retaining fee of a professional attached to an average club is supposed to be one Pound a week, but there are, I am told and I believe, many who accept less. In any case one Pound a week is not much, and the professional has to depend for his main source of income on lessons, repairs and the sale of clubs and balls. This, as I have explained, is not a gold mine, and probably many and many a professional, a good sound man, a good player, and a good fellow, does not make a bit more than £5 a week. If he makes £300 a year, he is doing fairly well, and, as things are, is content. Leaving out of account a separate club-making business such as I mentioned in the case of certain players, £500 a year means a good job, much above the average. The American professional can, in some distinguished cases, afford to be unattached and makes a great deal of money in that way. We have here only one professional who can be called "unattached" in that sense. This is Abe Mitchell, who has an engagement as private playing professional with Mr. Ryder, a gentleman who gave the cup played for this year in the International match between the American and British professionals. I would not have mentioned names, but for the fact that Mitchell's salary has been already stated in the press. Therefore there is no harm in saying that his salary is, I believe, £750 a year with £250 for expenses, and anything else he can earn by way of prize money, and so on. Purely as a professional golfer he is the best paid man in the British Isles. No doubt the "Triumvirate" have made money, because they were not happy-go-lucky but have been careful hardworking men, as well as great golfers, and have built up good businesses, but that is rather outside the scope of my inquiry.

I said I did not approve of excuses but it may be permissible to say that if it is often hard work for a British professional to live, it must be harder work for him to play well. He has a good deal of anxiety, a good many other things to do, and not much opportunity of playing except in one brief season of tournaments just before the championship. He does not have many chances of practicing as he is told he ought to do. At least I do not think so. I know of one professional who had what appeared a good billet at a good club near London; he was really a good player, too. And yet he could not make enough to keep himself and his family—not a large one. Now I am glad to say he has got what is really a good job, but I quote his story to show how hard it must be for a man in such circumstances to concentrate his mind on playing the best golf that is in him.

The British professional as I know him, and I see a fair amount of him one way or the other, is a very good fellow and I don't think he has, on the whole, such a good time as he deserves.



FIFTY BODY STYLES AND TYPES
FIVE HUNDRED COLOR COMBINATIONS

The longer an owner of one of the great new line of Cadillac cars drives his automobile, the more he realizes why the public today calls upon Cadillac to produce two out of every three cars manufactured at or above its price.

Any comparison which he may desire to make only deepens his satisfaction with his Cadillac as an investment value, and with its superiority in every phase of luxurious and dependable transportation.

His regard for Cadillac, the motor car, widens to embrace Cadillac, the institution, when he considers how Cadillac has individualized its cars so that *his* particular car may meet his requirements down to the last, smallest detail of appearance and convenience.

He is quite likely to feel a personal interest and pride in the fact that this car, and Cadillac's unprecedented program of 50 Body Styles and Types and 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations, fittingly crowns Cadillac's twenty-fifth year.

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Remarks . . .
on what a man would like for Christmas
—with a note on long-suffering wives



Six finishes—Dark Bronze—Mahogany—Chinese Red—Willow Green
Olive Green—Roman Gold

Ashes drop through to the base—no odor. It can't tip over

Smokador

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Ashless Ashstand

Copyright, 1926, Smokador Mfg. Co. Inc.

EVERY so often somebody re-discovers the trick of making a gift do double duty—bulls-eyeing the man's fancy and making his wife utterly and eternally grateful.

Of course, you can do this with a Rolls Royce. But Smokador is much easier on the pocket-book, besides being the smartest thing in smoking equipment that New York or London offers today.

Smokador blends charmingly with the furnishings of any room. And it says goodby once for all to messy ash trays, spilled ashes, scarred tables and holes villainously burned into rugs.

They spill not, neither do they smell —and the Snuffer Clips snuff

Cigarette and cigar stubs, pipe ashes, used matches are simply dropped through the hollow tube into an air-tight base —where they are out of sight and smell. Danger from fire is eliminated—forgotten smokes left in the cleverly devised Snuffer Clips are snuffed out automatically when they burn up to the clips.

And *no spilling*. If anyone accidentally knocks against Smokador, the "rock-a-by" base brings it immediately to an upright position. A single turn disconnects the base for cleaning.

You'll find Smokador in the blue-bookiest clubs—in ritzy hotels and theatres—in Park Avenue bachelor establishments—in thousands of homes where a man insists on comfort and the wife has revolted against open, spilly and offensive ash trays.

Finished in six lovely colors

Smokador is made of durable metal—graceful in line, with a particularly attractive finish. Six colors to choose from; dark bronze, mahogany, Chinese red, olive green, willow green and Roman gold.

At good dealers or mail the coupon

Any good dealer will take time off from his other duties to sell you a Smokador. Or you can write a check or money order for $10.50 ($11.00 west of the Mississippi) and inscribe the coupon below with the name of some male friend. Smokador will be delivered on December 24th, at his home, through the nearest dealer. A neat card bearing your name will fix the responsibility.

Or if you don't want to give one away, give one to yourself. *Only*, fill out and mail the coupon *now*.

SMOKADOR MFG. CO., INC.
130 West 42nd Street, New York

SMOKADOR MFG. CO., INC., 130 West 42nd St., New York
Please Here is my $10.50 (check, M. O.—$11.00 west of the Mississippi) deliver one Smokador through nearest dealer with Christmas card bearing my name to

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

My Name .....

My Address .....

Color desired is herewith checked:

Dark Bronze [ ]
Chinese Red [ ]
Willow Green [ ]
Mahogany [ ]
Olive Green [ ]
Roman Gold [ ]



The "rock-a-by" base keeps Smokador from being knocked over. Nothing can be spilled. Easy to clean.



Ask your Chief of Police . .

THE EDITOR of the American City, a magazine devoted to civic affairs, recently made an investigation to determine what could be done to bring about safer motoring.

He addressed his inquiries to the men who are responsible for the regulation of traffic—for the safety of those who ride as well as those who walk—the Chiefs of Police of American cities and towns. The editor asked nearly 50 Police Chiefs what precautions, in their opinion, would be most effective in increasing the safety of motorists and pedestrians. And here is what they recommended.

Limiting automobile speed to 40 miles an hour.

Regular inspection of cars, especially the brakes.

Standardized traffic laws.

Stricter license tests for drivers.

The use of the All-Steel automobile body.

Particularly interesting is this official recognition of the All-Steel Body's contribution to the cause of safer motoring. It confirms the public confidence in All-Steel construction as the greatest protection yet devised against personal injury.

Most motorists realize the superiority of All-Steel. Many mistakenly believe they enjoy its protection, simply because of the metal surface on their cars. This misunderstanding should be corrected.

The fact is that there are two prevailing types of automobile bodies. One is an interior framework of wood with a veneer of metal. The other is steel through and through—a framework of steel, and a surface of steel, welded into a single impact-resisting unit.

If you happen to know your Chief of Police, or any other authority on traffic problems, ask him yourself whether he thinks the All-Steel Body affords increased protection to those who ride in motor cars. There can be no doubt of his reply. And, when you buy your next car, be *sure* that the body on that car is an All-Steel Body, and not a framework of wood covered by a shell of metal.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.

PHILADELPHIA—DETROIT

Originators of the All-Steel Automobile Body

Distinctive Gift Boxes from California

—the Vogue for This Christmas

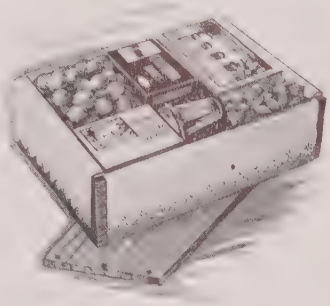
IDEAL for "business" or "family" presents, these gift boxes are as good to look at as their contents are to eat. A happy solution of the Christmas question is offered for those who like to express individuality and discrimination in the presents they send. Persons of the most exacting taste are delighted with gifts like these.

These distinctively "different" gifts will be shipped direct from Los Angeles prepaid to any point in the United States. Cards may be sent with orders to be enclosed with gifts. Otherwise, appropriate greeting cards, bearing the sender's name, will be supplied.

Three charming gifts are illustrated on this page. Orders should be placed now. Shipment will be timed to arrive at destination upon any date specified and safe delivery is guaranteed.

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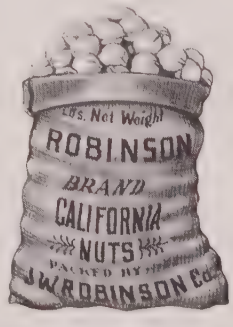
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Bag of New Crop Walnuts—*California Large Concord Walnuts, the finest of this season's crop. Selected for their size and perfection. Packed in bags and enclosed in corrugated cardboard cartons. Gift No. 506, 10 lbs. Walnuts, price $5.50. Gift No. 509, 5 lbs. Walnuts, price $2.75 (prepaid). At the same prices, choice California Almonds will be supplied if preferred.*

"The Abduction from the Seraglio"

(Continued from page 70)

shoulder, broke the elbow line, and caused the hands of the dancers to quiver. It could be followed in its undulations through each entire body, to the very toes. Even their fingers were participating—and this was perhaps the most beautiful part of the whole performance—the thumbs and index fingers pressed together, the others bent till they touched the wrist. With fingers curved like jasmine petals, resting against their waists, they made the shape of a spider. Insell kept looking at the little dancer at the left; in a unique gesture he saw her portray that she was going to pluck her heart out. . . . In gazing at him it seemed that she was imperceptibly offering it to him. . . .

While he was dreaming, the Indian orchestra thundered away, beating drums and making a great noise on strange instruments. A monotonous movement, putting one in mind of a Bach fugue. Insell felt exasperated that all these women should be the property of an old King. King indeed! A mysterious, invisible person, out of fashion, of whom one could see nothing at the moment but his large feet which extended beyond the screen at the right. One could hear him coughing and vigorously expectorating his betel root into his spittoon. Judging him by that short, sensuous looking and indolent toe protruding from the trousers of his white uniform meanwhile, Insell thought the monarch was probably arrogant, lazy and passionate. The strange foot gear had fallen off and showed the rosy sole of his foot as well, which was being refreshingly cooled by two fans. A third fan at the ceiling served to illustrate a point: All that could be seen of the King was the breeze about him. Percy Insell trembled when he thought of the sequestration of these little dancers, mere children, delivered by the village or their family to the Minotaur, and chosen from among the most beautiful. . . .

He wished with all his heart to possess one whom he would snatch away from her fate and whom he was sure he could persuade to fall in love with him.

* * *

"Master has no fear?"

"No."

"Master can procure opium for me if I go to prison?"

"Continue—"

"Master put me down for British protection? If European minister defend me, I no get the torture. . ."

Insell was on the terrace of the bungalow which had been lent to him for a few weeks, for there is no European hotel in the small capital of Indrapura. Bougainvillæas ran all around it and descended in violet cascades to mix with the lianes and roots of banyans—banyans which look like columns rising out of nests of snakes. In the sky, which was grey and yet so bright that looking at it dazzled the eyes more than looking into the sun, red vultures were sailing about before letting themselves drop like a stone upon the still smoking remains of a cremation in a gilded temple nearby. One could hear the terrible klaxons of Packards and Cadillacs, belonging to rich Chinese merchants. From the lazy waters of the canal came the imprecations of grounded boatmen, suddenly stranded in the middle of the river by the receding tide.

"Master give me two thousand Singapore dollars, and I fix everything. . ."

The person who stated his terms in this manner was an Annamite with the face of a serpent. And what he offered to do for Percy Insell, like the tempting serpent he was, was no less than his dream of the other night at the theatre, no less than the little gold and ivory dancer. Insell knew her name now. She called herself Jara. In magic, to be able to give things a name is to possess them. . . . Tomorrow, if he could believe this intermediary, Jara would be his. This Annamite, Ha Tien, had sprung into existence one morning like those people who are ever unannounced, but who, nevertheless, are constantly intruding into our dreams. All that was known about Ha Tien was that once upon a time he had been a sergeant in the Foreign Legion of Indo-China, from which service he had deserted. Later he took residence in the kingdom of Indrapura, where he followed the profession of opium smuggler, alcohol dealer, procurer and amateur detective. He also was interested in an umbrella factory.

Ha Tien read in Percy Insell's heart as in a picture book for children and he knew how to fan his desire. In eleven nights—not one single one more—Jara could belong to him. But the scheme did not mean sneaking across battlements into the palace, perhaps disguised as a lotus flower, this was not a matter of a common, furtive rendezvous. No,—it meant a complete abduction, irreparable and final. Once gone from the palace, little Jara would never be able to go back there again.

"Master . . . how beautiful she is . . . ! You risk only two thousand dollars to have her! I am risking much more for you!"

Insell found that he was being seized with the sweet, romantic dizziness of adventure. Not to be a common tourist any longer, a passive parcel in the hands of the American Express Company. To live a life of danger! An Asiatic drama. . . . A junk would be waiting. . . . The die was cast. . . . The junk would be at the estuary of the river, the limit of the territorial waters of Indrapura. A catamaran would come alongside. . . . Jara would be hoisted aboard. The rope for the escape is hardly dearer than the rope of the hangman. . . . Insell counted over to Ha Tien his 2,000 Singapore dollars, which kind of dollars are nice little balls of solid silver, strung up by twenties and held together by a pack string. They would reach the French territory of Indo-China, which would be friendly to them, far from the King of Indrapura,—that old impotent and infuriated crocodile. To enjoy a royal rage, to betray a

(Continued on page 116)

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"The Abduction from the Seraglio"

(Continued from page 114)

descendant of Buddha, all for such a small sum! How could Insell refuse himself so great a pleasure?

Two days later Percy Insell was lying stretched out on his bed, his feet given over to a Chinese chiropodist. He could only see the bald head of the yellow man, shaped like those cupolas under which the rich Moslems are buried; a few hairs had sprouted again, which looked like brushes that are used for cleaning rifles. Although Insell had given no orders, this Chinaman had come that morning and presented himself under the mosquito netting. How different from English servants! One had to express one's wishes in England. These Chinamen are not human beings, they are things,—very convenient things. But look here: This thing is talking! It is pronouncing the name of Ha Tien, the name of Jara!

The Chinaman is a secret messenger. Through him Percy Insell learns that his "abduction from the seraglio" is to be delayed for several days. It is necessary to wait till the king has left the capital, to make use of one of his trips to the hills. Insell also learns that Jara will not make the escape by herself; an inseparable companion is to be with her. . . . No, not an old hag of a duenna, not an aged member of the *répertoire* company, no! Another pretty little dancing girl; the same one that took the part of the Prince in the last court ballet. This new recruit went by the name of Antilope of China; her eyebrows joined naturally, her hands were supple and her mouth could recite eight hundred poems from Ramayana by heart! So Insell should cease to wear out his nerves. In eight or nine nights—for in the kingdom of Indrapura one counts by nights—Ha Tien, the invisible one, will have returned. In the darkness he is waiting his hour. Insell too should resign himself to be patient.

On the evening before the great day Insell found a mysterious note among the jasmines which, according to the custom of the country, were placed on his bolster every night. Everything is going all right. Ha Tien has procured the means of gaining access to the palace. But the room in which Jara is sleeping has two other occupants, also dancers, and it is going to be necessary, said the message, to carry off not two girls, but three. Insell became angry; then he laughed. And besides, what chance had he to renounce, to make Ha Tien give up now? Perhaps one could run away? There was no steamer before three weeks, and there are no railroads in the kingdom of Indrapura. It is true that Ha Tien asked for another thousand dollars, but at bottom Insell was already quite tickled with the effect he would produce at the *In and Out* on his return. Who was there that could boast of having abducted in one stroke three sacred dancers! What are our petty, commonplace scandals beside a feat like this! And perhaps at *All Souls*, Percy Insell's college, he might become the subject for some mystic cult, and if he should disappear by chance a limerick might be composed for him:

There was a young man called Insell,
Who feared neither heaven nor . . .

The die was cast. In three nights, Insell intended to leave Indrapura, taking with him the king's most precious treasures. The flight was decided on, regardless of its consequences.

* * *

On the eleventh night, the second moon being in the sky, Percy Insell was at his post on the forward deck of the junk which had been rented from a Chinese. Two large eyes, which would watch out for reefs ahead, had been carved from solid wood in the prow. They were anchored at the border line of the territorial waters of Indrapura and would be able to gain the open sea in a few minutes' time. In passing the customs station a signal had been hoisted indicating that the boat was only bent on fishing in local waters, in order to avoid inspection. Insell's light linen suit and tropical helmet made a white splotch in the darkness. Ahead of him the spacious bridge of the sailing craft had been cleared for immediate action and any manoeuvre necessary. Amidships the crew, with their naked red bodies, were crouching, eating their rice and smoking cheroots in the hollows of their hands, for all lights aboard ship had been extinguished.

At last there was a muffled noise of oars stirring the muddy, rose-coloured water of the mouth of the river. In the darkness of the night a still darker shadow appeared. A slight jolt against the sides of the junk was clearly perceived by Insell, who was keeping a very sharp look-out. Ha Tien was climbing up the ladder; he came to the forward deck; he prostrated himself. Climbing up behind him, bunched close together, were three little dark girls, thin, with bare feet and uncovered heads. Insell could not believe it when he was told that they were Jara and her companions. Where were the beautiful costumes, the mirrored tiaras, the golden finger nails, bent back like fangs? It had been necessary to leave all that wealth behind; the two pounds of finely worked gold which the ballerinas carried around on their persons had to be left in the property store-house of the king, together with the golden parasols, the imitation lotus-shaped thrones and the beautiful masks which the dancers held by a string between their teeth. Insell took Jara by the hand. She was saying incomprehensible things to him and disclosing her black lacquered teeth. He was experiencing a most frightful feeling before this child that he had hunted down, this piece of physiological misery. Alone between the sky and the sea in this primitive country, the abduction of these little strumpets appeared still more tragic in the hot equatorial night. Ha Tien had gone to supervise the embarkation. How many servants could the little women have brought with them? How many pieces of baggage, boxes, bags . . .? Had they taken the entire contents of the palace . . .?

Slowly the brown sails, folded and

(Continued on page 118)



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"The Abduction from the Seraglio"

(Continued from page 116)

crinkled like tobacco leaves, were hoisted; they rose up to the sky, where they hid the liquid stars. An invisible wind made the masts groan, and everything began to lean to one side. The lights of the shore were dropping behind. The open sea had been reached.

* * *

Insell had been expecting an adventure, but not like the one he was engaged in now. When he got up the next day he found Ha Tien crouching on the deck and then prostrating himself before him. He learned that the boat was headed, not for French Indo-China, but for Singapore. It had seemed better judgment to change the course, since dispatch boats from Indrapura were cruising in nearby waters. Seeing that his master was not showing any signs of anger at this news, Ha Tien continued his revelations and profited by Insell's apparent calmness to let the cat out of the bag. In short—(I am giving here in *résumé* what took many Asiatic circumlocutions and Oriental indirectness to confess)—there were no longer three dancers—

"What! Has the whole *corps de ballet* come on board this time!?" exclaimed Percy Insell, laughing.

When Ha Tien saw that the white man laughed, he indicated with his head that it was indeed so.

"You mean to say that all the King's dancers are here?"

"Yes, yes. . . ."

They kept in hiding amidship, such miserable, stripped human cattle, heading for the slaughter house, bedraggled, clad in pitiable rags of red and yellow, so much resembling members of a provincial circus troupe, that Insell had but one idea now: To get rid of the whole lot of them as quickly as possible. He forthwith had a discussion about the matter with Ha Tien, gave him a round sum of money to take care of the immediate consequences of this wild lark, and had himself set ashore at the first Malay port they encountered.

When he arrived in Singapore a few days later, Insell was received at the *Raffles* with great to-do. In that dreary town, where nothing happens except the arrivals and departures of ships, he was a hero. But a much more comical hero than he at first imagined. And this is the reason why: The old king of Indrapura had had his allowances on the civil list curtailed by resolution of his parliament; thus he saw himself confronted by the dire necessity of practising some economies and disbanding his *corps de ballet*. He had accepted the offer from an agent for an American vaudeville circuit to take the entire troupe at his expense for a touring engagement around the world, providing the court of Indrapura delivered the dancers immediately at Singapore. Bids for the transportation of the fair *apsaras* were opened, and Ha Tien, offering the most favourable terms, received the contract. This knavish fellow, determined to reap a good profit for himself, and having an idea regarding Percy Insell's secret desires, offered to satisfy them in such a way that it all worked out to his own advantage. He had thus conceived of a way to kill two birds with one stone. In his mind, which was up to all kinds of tricks, he had thought up the fable of the clandestine abduction, extracted the money from Insell for the trip, borrowed a vessel, and thus transported the entire *corps de ballet* of the King of Indrapura to its destination, all at the expense of the young Englishman. Thus it happened that the Hon. Percy Insell wasted several weeks, and not a little money and prestige, by engaging in an affair of love, the colour of which he never found out; but for which the Insell Works & Company, through the agency of the Burmah Bank, paid the bill, while the young traveler was regarded by his family as the greatest *débauché* in the world.

My Art

(Continued from page 65)

fling at art and drew a picture of a mammoth on the rocky wall of his dwelling there was another caveman who asked him, leering, "What's it supposed to be?" Both men are dead now but the one who asked the question went first. Scientists who found the drawing on the wall have noticed dark splotches upon it. When the fool spoke, that original artist, who is the ancestor of us all, quietly killed him. It's a great pity this fine tradition has been allowed to lapse.

Breakers are still ahead of me, for up to now I've painted neither from figures nor flowers in a bowl. It is the contact with life which terrifies me. I would not even know what to say to a model. And isn't it so that they generally faint and come from fine old Southern families? I don't know just why it is that I must get around to painting *Eve* before I'm done, but it seems to be an obligation. It's like the point where every actor must play *Hamlet* once or die a failure. In time I'll yield, but up till now I have stuck to my guns and been faithful to my slogan which still remains—No nudes is good nudes.



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The Football Evil

(Continued from page 96)

Of course on many of the teams there are players who might be classed as semi-professionals,—if there is any such grading,— young men who have been recruited by old grads or their agents with promises of expenses paid and the chance of a career after graduation. But the average college football player does not know that he is being exploited for the entertainment of the old grad and the perpetuation of the rapidly expanding football kitty. He is inspired or he is simple, according to the point of view.

The only difference between Mr. Pyle and the old grad is that Mr. Pyle is exploiting his players for their profit and, incidentally, his own, while the old grad is exploiting the players for enlargement of the college kitty. But the old grad also is a promoter. The kitty is an evil but a very necessary one.

The amateur game of American intercollegiate football is much younger than the game of baseball, which almost immediately became a frankly professional game. Princeton sent eleven men to Rutgers to play a game of modified Rugby and the game was managed, coached and witnessed only by the undergraduates. That was a little more than fifty years ago. From that meeting developed the game that has built the magnificent stadiums that make the most impressive structures on the grounds of even the youngest colleges.

It was a simple and incidental matter, that first game between Princeton and Rutgers. I do not believe that it got more than a paragraph in the newspapers and there is no record of any admission being charged. But from that meeting grew the present-day games that make the millions drawn by the professional game of baseball look like small change. There were no old grads at that game and, naturally, no traditions.

In the older colleges there is no need to make any particular efforts to increase the net earnings of the football team. They exceed all needs for the maintenance of the athletic fund and the upkeep of the stadiums. The struggle for a bigger and better stadium only concerns the younger colleges. With the increasing interest in intercollegiate football it will not be long before the smallest of these will be on a sound financial basis in this regard.

Then what? The kitty will be gorged and there will be a surplus. This might be used to raise the salaries of the members of the faculty if these gentlemen would consider it ethical to accept money that had been raised through fostering the gladiator spirit, which has been condemned in an open letter of the American Professors' Association. The colleges can go only so far in the matter of enlarging their stadiums, for that would only increase the surplus and make the matter more embarrassing.

The time is coming when the colleges will be glad to be relieved of the embarrassment of too many millions in gate receipts from football by the competition of professional promoters like Mr. Pyle, who would not be embarrassed in any way by too heavy profits. For this reason the colleges should welcome the presence of the proprietor of Grange, Lenglen and Company.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association does not appreciate this, but Mr. Pyle has done them a great service. He has taken some of the professionals at heart from the amateur game. He has clarified a situation that has been baffling the amateur association. He has made honest men and women out of some professional amateurs, even if he does not make them much money.

If he could furnish serious competition to intercollegiate football and really make it pay, he would be as great a benefactor of the college game as the late Walter Camp. He would start it back to some of its first principles. He would save the college game from itself and from its "old grads".

Of course this is not Mr. Pyle's object in life any more than mine is showing up intercollegiate football; but Mr. Pyle is unconsciously striving to do the colleges a great service. I am sorry to say that I do not think that he can succeed.

He can get all of the college players he wants at reasonable rates. He says that he has had four thousand applications from college players for places on his teams. The competition in that regard is keen. But what Mr. Pyle wants is gate receipts of the size taken in at the big intercollegiate games. I can not see how that will be possible.

It is evident that a conviction exists that Mr. Pyle's salaried gladiators will not strive as earnestly for their weekly wage as the inspired young gladiators strive for an illusion. Mr. Pyle can neither create nor promote illusions.

"The Inanities of 1926"

(Continued from page 73)

by the exigencies of the management to disport herself in the more prominently lighted portions of the stage, clad only in a few beads and three or four well-placed doilies.

Or should I treat of Tarkington's *Seventeen* as it was turned into a musical comedy, with the *Parcher* family developing the odd custom of keeping a grand piano in their garden in case any one should want to dash off a nocturne and with *Genesis's* dog *Clematis* renamed *Run Tin Can* as a splendid play on the name Rin Tin Tin.

Yet I am inclined to think that I will remember longest out of the American drama in the year 1926 that moment in the musical version of *Little Miss Brown* when, in the first scene, a swarm of school girls descended from a stalled Pullman and, mingling with the conductors, lifted their voices in a ballad entitled—believe it or not—*Choo-choo Love.*

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As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease that no intelligent, fastidious person can afford to neglect. Because so often it is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—possibly baldness.

There is one ideal treatment to control dandruff conditions—the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. It really works wonders this way.

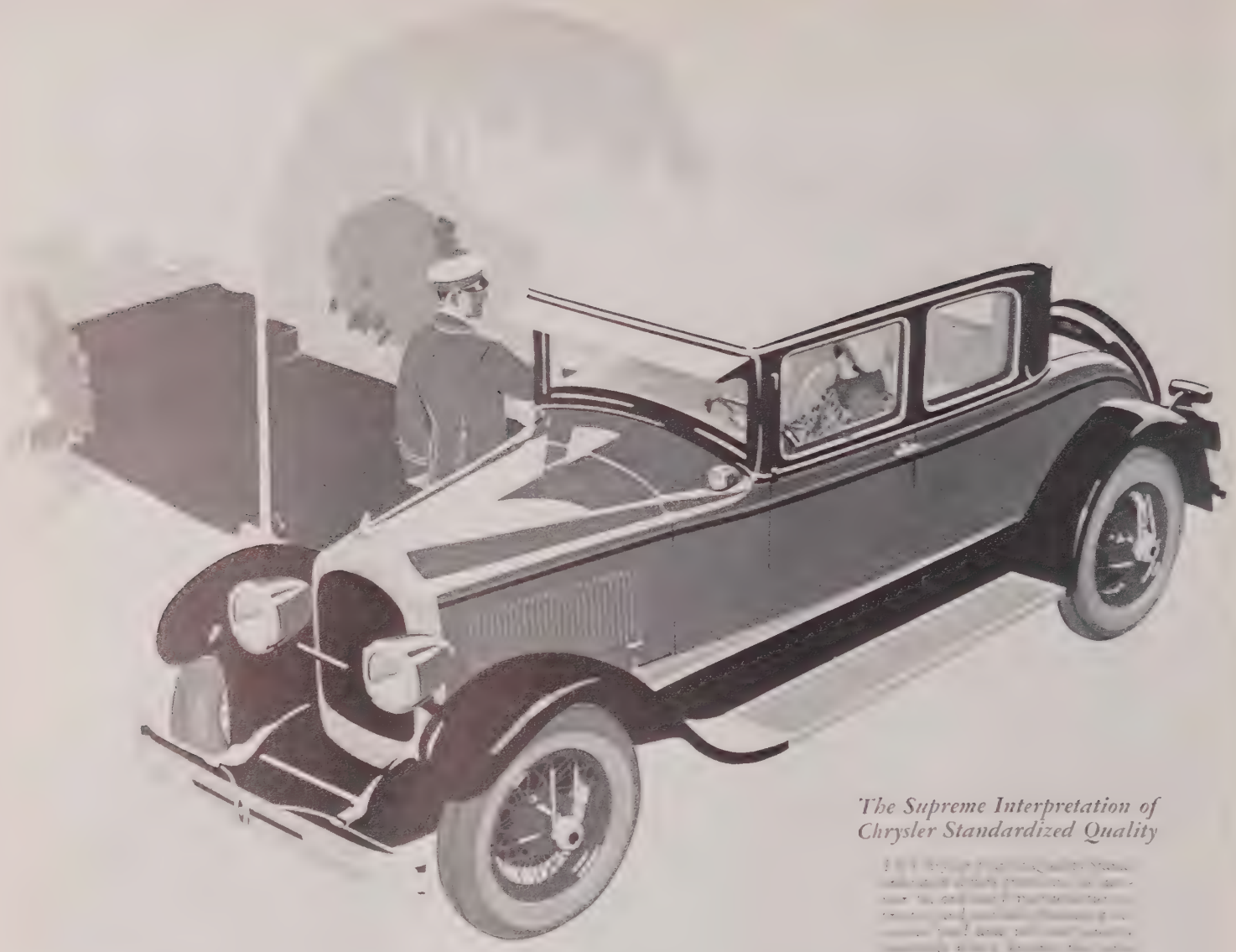
The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. You'll enjoy the cleansing, refreshing effect. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy.

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New York

How's Your Point of View?

(Continued from page 94)

began to wriggle and twist and show signs of growing excitement. Somebody spied a moose. With a stifled gasp the school-teacher from Alabama abruptly identified a mountain. The man who had been over the route before began to reveal in measured monotone what lay ahead. The elderly gentleman beside me fished out his time-table; and we were off. Every Tourist for himself.

". . . guess this is Morley, we're due at Morley at 7:32, and it's after that now. Let's see, we're due at Seebe at 8:16 but we're twenty minutes late now. . . ."

". . . isn't it a gem, my dear? Isn't it a perfect jewel? Can you *bear* it? Just like a fairy's tear-drop, isn't it ex-*quis*ite, isn't it . . ."

". . . grade's been reduced 2.2 per cent, see, you go under this mountain and turn a complete figure '8', here, it says: 'The track enters the second tunnel, 2922 feet long, under Mount Ogden (8795 feet) and again turning a complete circle . . .'"

". . . that big mountain over there, porter, is that Mount Field, are you sure? But it says Cathedral Mountain. . . ."

". . . haven't seen anything yet. Haven't seen a thing, boy. This is nothing, you wait till you get past Field, wait till you see the Columbia River and . . ."

". . . isn't it too *sheer,* my dear, it's so beautiful it simply *tears* you, isn't that cloud a picture, like an elfin bridal-veil. . . ."

". . . longest tunnel in America, it says here: 'Not only eliminated track curvature to an amount corresponding to seven complete circles, but also . . .'"

"Quick! Back there! No, there, can't you see? Well, it's gone now. I think it was a moose. . . ."

". . . but wait till you see the Selkirks, boy, they're mountains, I'm here to tell you, they make these hills look sick, why . . ."

". . . think it's Cathedral Mountain, I know it's either Cathedral Mountain or else Mount Bosworth because . . ."

"There, see them? See them? Quick, no, up higher . . . mountain sheep! Don't you see them?"

". . . 'lowered the summit by 552 feet, reduced the length of the line by 4½ miles . . . tunnel is double-tracked and measures 29 feet from side to side and 21½ feet from . . .'"

". . . takes your breath away, my dear, it simply *prostrates* you, it's so beautiful, it's like an old castle, can't you picture the knights in armor and . . ."

". . . a *yak!* Where I'm pointing. . . ."

". . . the last time we came over it was much clearer, this is very misty now, you folks can't see anything, why, I've seen these mountains when they were so clear . . ."

". . . see, we're twenty-four minutes behind, this is Revelstoke, we were due here at 10:16 and it's . . ."

". . . one is Mount Stephen and one is Mount Dennis, but I don't know which. Porter! which one is . . ."

"OooOO! *Look.* . . . No, it's only a cow."

"My dear, isn't it absolutely like a turquoise, it's so ex-*quis*ite it simply *gnaws* one, isn't it . . ."

By this time we were a wriggling, frantic mass, waving arms, pointing fingers, clicking kodaks; chattering, jabbering, squealing; twisting our heads, craning our necks, squinting our eyes in all the approved positions. We turned our heads on one side and shut the left eye. We placed our hands on our hips and shut the right eye. With one accord we stooped over side by side in a long line and put our heads between our knees, and stared upside down between our legs over the rail. . . .

I have never known just how it happened. Probably just at that moment the train lurched ever so slightly. And in regaining my balance I must have given the Tourist next to me the least little shove.

The American Attitude Toward England

(Continued from page 66)

baseball hero of those days, was a German; the "Lilliputians", who gave the first grand theatre show that these little boys had been allowed to go to, were Germans; Sandow, the strong man and their boyhood god, was a German; the first tune that every one of their piano teachers taught them was *Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen;* all the toys that made their youngsterhood happy had been marked "Made in Germany"; the wonderful and envied acrobats at the circus were Germans; and the Grimms, whose fairy tales their mothers had read to them, were Germans. It was pretty hard to hate the Germans, the little boys in khaki and with real guns in place of the old air-rifles found. The Germans had never done anything to them, they considered, and, after the first flare and novelty of adventure wore off, the little boys in khaki and with real guns in place of the old air-rifles began to see things a little differently from Woodrow Wilson, who, after all, they reminded themselves, was a lot more English than nine-tenths of them were.

These boy-men's eyes turn presently to adventure in another direction and, save I am sorely mistaken, that direction is England. For this, I for one, as an American, am sorry. Though I have no English blood in me, I admire England and the English, the land and its people. I have spent parts of many happy years in that tranquil and comfortable and lovely country, and, among my closest and most valued friends, there are many, many Britons. I can, therefore, be of no greater service as an honourable friend than to point out to them, truthfully and without the conventional contemptible American hypocrisy, the way the foolish, unfortunate and tragic wind blows.

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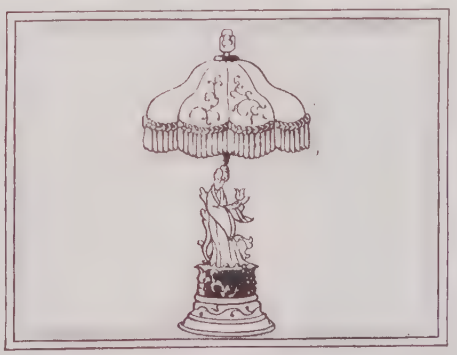
beaded bag . . . and, if one is seeking it, sheer perfection in diamond, ruby, emerald or sapphire.

So varied is this Caldwell Collection that a visit to it corresponds to a shopping tour



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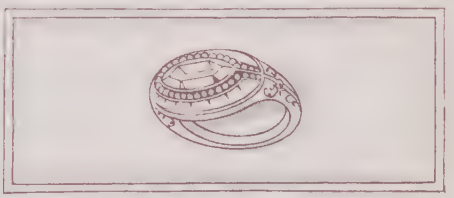
through the marts of all the world, where each nation has arranged its choice craftsmanship. Which is indeed the truth, for the objects in the Caldwell Collection have been selected from



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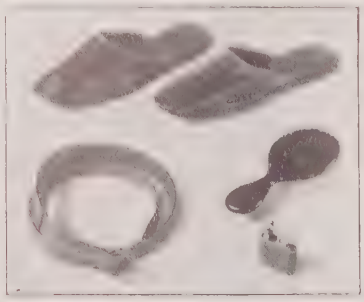
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What Price Greatness?

(Continued from page 63)

breath with Alexander Hamilton. If the policy of debt collection is not Mr. Mellon's policy by conviction, if he is not responsible for it, then he is not even associated vitally with the one decisive event of his administration. Imagine Hamilton explaining away responsibility for his debt policy! Imagine Hamilton evading the unpopularity which his own conception of a sound policy involved!

Mr. Mellon has never yet made it clear whether he is convinced that the debt policy is wise. Whoever writes about Mr. Mellon must therefore choose one of two theories. Either he must say that Mr. Mellon had to bow to the will of Congress, and then he must dismiss all claims to statesmanship; or he must say that in essentials at least the debt policy is Mr. Mellon's, and in that case the political sagacity of Mr. Mellon can be measured by the quality of the debt settlements. I shall choose the second alternative as the more flattering of the two, and assume that the debt policy represents Mr. Mellon's honest conviction.

Let us look at this policy. Mr. Mellon has obtained agreements that the United States government shall collect 22 billion dollars. He has proposed that the United States collect it from the four strongest nations in Europe, as well as from several smaller ones. He has proposed that the business of collecting this sum shall go on year after year, and shall end only fifteen years before the beginning of the Twenty-first Century.

About fifteen Presidents of the United States one after the other are to take part in this collection of money. Sixty-two British Parliaments, sixty-two French Chambers of Deputies, sixty-two Italian Parliaments, sixty-two Reichstags are to vote taxes to raise this money. Before it is all paid boys who were twenty years old when the war started will be over ninety years old. Their children, if they were born say a year after the armistice, will be men seventy years of age. Their grandchildren will be nearly forty-five years old. Their great grandchildren will be about ready to vote. The last payment will be made in part by the great great grandchildren of the men who ruled Europe and America when the war began. They will be paying for a war as far away from them as the Civil War is from us today.

The sum Mr. Mellon is proposing to collect during the remainder of the century is no insignificant burden on the debtor countries. Mr. Snowden, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, has stated that the sum paid by Britain to America costs "1,500,000 hours of labour by British workmen every day."

It is well understood that great payments from one nation to another can be made ultimately only in goods. The policy of Mr. Mellon is therefore a demand that ultimately the European debtors shall import into the United States goods valued at 22 billion dollars. Having made this demand, one would suppose that Mr. Mellon would try to find a way of getting those billions of dollars of goods out of Europe and into the United States. Nothing is further from his mind. He is a Pittsburgh manufacturer. He is a Pennsylvania Republican. He is a high protectionist by birth, by principle, and for business. He stands valiantly by his party in demanding all this wealth from Europe, and valiantly by his party's tariff in his determination to keep out all the foreign goods he can.

Now when one sits down and coldly looks at this policy, at the sums involved, at the time it is to take to collect them, at the desire both to be paid and not to be paid, it seems perfectly fantastic. So far as I know no government has ever in modern times attempted to collect money from another government for over sixty years. There have been some harsh indemnities imposed by conquerors on the conquered, but none so interminable as this one. Never I think has one nation attempted to collect from all the great powers of a continent. And never has one nation charged its associates a sum comparable with this one for goods furnished in a common war. Mr. Mellon's policy is unique in history. It is something brand new. It is something nobody ever attempted before.

Yet the United States is not the first nation that loaned a great deal of money to its allies during a war. Other nations have contributed money. Other nations must, like ourselves, have wished they had the money back. But nobody until the era of Mr. Mellon has set himself grimly to such a task of debt collecting. This may be greatness. It may be originality. And then again it may be ignorance of historic experience, and a certain failure to appreciate the ways of the world.

One thing certainly Mr. Mellon has utterly failed to appreciate. That is the nature of these debts, and the necessity of convincing the debtors not only that they must be paid but that they ought to be paid. Mr. Coolidge is said to have summed up his wisdom on the subject by stating that "they hired the money, didn't they?" Mr. Mellon, or somebody speaking for him, has said repeatedly that the debts must be paid to vindicate the sanctity of contracts. Well, how much of a contract were they? The European Allies signed the notes. There is no doubt about that. But what did we give them for the notes? Did we give them money? We did not. We gave them the right to buy guns, shells, uniforms, food, tobacco, and other necessities of war from American manufacturers and American farmers at war prices. A part of the money paid for these munitions the United States Treasury has long since recovered through excess profit and income taxes. The goods themselves were shipped to Europe. They were used to keep the civilian population alive while the American army was being prepared to fight. They were used to clothe and arm and feed French and British soldiers while the Americans were training behind the lines. They were used immediately after the Armistice to keep our victory from degenerating into chaos, despair, and riot.

The theory on which Mr. Mellon has proceeded means this: if a gun was made in the United States and carried by a Frenchman, that gun

(Continued on page 126)

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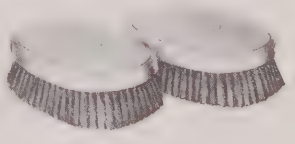
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The Tie of a Thousand Knots

What Price Greatness?

(Continued from page 124)

must be paid for with interest. But if the same kind of gun was carried by a doughboy, we pay for it ourselves. If we armed Frenchmen to hold the line while the Americans were drilling in camp, the grandsons of the Frenchmen must pay in addition to the lives lost and the wounds suffered the price plus interest on their guns. But when the Americans were ready to carry the guns themselves, and to be shot themselves, it was not necessary to pay us. Now it seems to me evident that it cost us less in every way to have a Frenchman carry the gun through 1917. I cannot see, and I am sure no Frenchman will ever see, why he should pay for that gun with interest.

This practice adopted during the war of charging Frenchmen for guns they used and Americans for guns they used was a bookkeeping device. It is only lately that the distinction has become so important that it is made the foundation of an international policy which has brought us the ill will of most of the civilized world. In 1918 when people were rejoicing that at last unity of command had been achieved, Mr. Mellon would probably have been arrested as a pro-German if he had suggested to Marshal Foch that shells shot off by Frenchmen would cost France more than shells shot off by Americans. It would have been a pretty scene: Mr. Mellon arriving at G. H. Q. looking very elegant, and saying: "My dear Marshal, please remember . . . if you get those uniforms all torn and muddy you'll have nothing to show for the money you borrowed." And Marshal Foch replying: "Thank you, my dear Mr. Mellon, for reminding me. I'll send an extra division of Americans into the line. It will be cheaper for France."

When I consider that this is the kind of policy Mr. Mellon has made his own on the biggest question of his administration, I do not detect any trace of greatness. A great secretary, with Mr. Mellon's philosophy that the rightful rulers of this country are its big business men, would, I think, have acted quite differently. He would have seen that in the long run American business must expand all over the world or burst, and he would have used these debts, as Hamilton used the debts he funded, as bonds of tranquillity instead of as wedges of disunion throughout the world. Handled skilfully and imaginatively these debts could have been used to liquidate rapidly all the reparations and occupations and other inheritances from the war, and to set business going hopefully in Europe; handled with foresight they could have been used to further that policy of the Open Door for which Mr. Mellon's predecessors had always contended; handled with tact and sympathy they could have been used to create a fund of good will for America, worth more in cash and more in human happiness than these billions of phantom dollars.

Let no one say it could not have been done. Great Britain too is a creditor of the continent, and Great Britain with a finesse and a diplomatic insight that puts our blunderers to shame has shown how it might have been done. But only a Secretary of the Treasury with a touch of greatness could have done it, and Mr. Mellon is only a Pittsburgh millionaire.

ANSWERS TO CRIME QUESTIONNAIRE ON PAGE 66

1. Mabel Young murdered by Thomas Piper in belfry of Warren Ave. Church, Boston, 1875. Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams murdered by Theodore Durrant, Emanuel Baptist Church, San Francisco, 1895. 2. Death of "Caesar" Young in a cab with Nan Patterson. 3. Professor John W. Webster, convicted, 1850; Dr. Charles R. Eastman, acquitted, 1901. 4. Mary Rogers, New York, 1842; Mary Rogers, Vermont, 1904. 5. "Fifth Avenue" by George F. Rowe, Booth Theatre, Feb. 5, 1877, supposed, incorrectly, to be about Nathan murder. 6. *(a)* Loeb-Leopold; *(b)* Webster-Parkman; *(c)* Molineux; *(d)* Maybrick; *(e)* Leutgert in Chicago; *(f)* Patrick; *(g)* Rosenthal. 7. Jesse H. Pomeroy. 8. Dr. Robert W. Buchanan of New York, following Carlyle Harris. 9. *(a)* Stokes-Fisk; *(b)* Thaw; *(c)* Lincoln assassination; *(d)* Crippen; *(e)* Borden; *(f)* Patrick; *(g)* Hall-Mills; *(h)* Sir Thomas Overbury; *(i)* Rev. Mr. Richeson; *(j)* Colt-Adams; *(k)* Ronald True; *(l)* Webster-Parkman; *(m)* Maybrick. 10. Joseph B. Elwell. 11. Poe, *Marie Rôget;* Browning, *Ring and the Book;* Wilde, *Ballad of Reading Gaol;* Dreiser, *American Tragedy;* Mary Roberts Rinehart, *The After House;* Marie Belloc-Lowndes, *The Lodger;* Stevenson, *Kidnapped;* Hood, *Dream of Eugene Aram.* 12. Molineux case. 13. *(a)* Thaw; *(b)* William Morgan, supposed victim of the Masons; *(c)* Chicago anarchists. 14. Body of A. T. Stewart, stolen from St. Mark's, New York, and now buried in cathedral at Garden City. 15. Helen Potts murdered by Carlyle Harris. 16. Thomas Dunphy, author of *Remarkable Trials,* was arrested by mistake in Nathan case. 17. Rosenthal. 18. Dr. Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes. 19. Roland Molineux. 20. Edith Thompson. Poem in *London Mercury,* February, 1923.

On the crisp winter eve, as memories grow golden before the hearth fire and anticipation quickens, many a genial master calls for Martini & Rossi Vermouth (non-alcoholic). In its fine old tang and snap there is the wholesomeness and challenge that suits the family mood and heartens the guest. Blending to the epicure's taste and the stomach's good, Martini & Rossi is the historic holiday beverage. For many a year it has been the Yuletide cup in palace and villa. Product of Riviera sunshine and herbs, it fills the eye and overjoys the palate.

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IT is ready made but looks as if you had had to wait for it. It has the custom appearance of a garment that took time and in fact, it took just as much time as if it had been made to measure in the conventional way. The only distinction is, it was made ahead of your order instead of afterwards. Instead of you waiting for it, it is waiting for you. Nothing could conceivably be finer than the tailoring, the detail, the fit, or the sense of luxury in this new overcoat we're showing for Wintertime.

Brill Brothers

Broadway at 49th St. | 35th St. and 7th Ave. | Courtlandt St. Near Greenwich

A Dialogue on the Art of Acting

(Continued from page 86)

the actor enacts a noble hero or a clergyman? Where he plays a splendid, good-hearted fellow.

THE GENTLEMAN: It is in such plays that I hate actors most of all. And the more heroic, the more I can't bear them.

THE LADY: Why?

THE GENTLEMAN: Because if one is qualified, because of stature, voice, presence, sensibilities, heart or brain to portray magnificently a hero or a clergyman on the stage,—then he is contemptible for having chosen the profession of acting instead of using all those external and inherent good qualities toward being a hero or a clergyman in real life. And without the necessity of charging admission.

THE LADY: And the actresses who play self-sacrificing mothers and faithful wives on the stage?

THE GENTLEMAN: They play the cruel step-mothers and faithless wives equally well in other plays.

THE LADY: And what is your opinion of the actress who is a loyal wife in real life, and who also plays a true wife on the stage? Where is the lie in that?

THE GENTLEMAN: If a good wife plays a good wife on the stage, then I suspect that such a wife is bad either in life or else a bad actress.

THE LADY: The two are impossible together?

THE GENTLEMAN: Not impossible. But I have never yet observed the combination.

THE LADY: And if a man is a gentleman in real life, does he play the rôle of a gentleman badly on the stage?

THE GENTLEMAN: No.

THE LADY: Why?

THE GENTLEMAN: Because the truth is easier for a man than for a woman. A gentleman, when he has to portray a gentleman, says to himself: "Thank God, I'll have things easy to-night, because I'll not have to lie."—The good woman, when she has to play a good woman, says to herself: "How difficult it will be to-night, because I am a good woman and I'll have to lie the rôle of a good woman, and how difficult it will be to *lie* what I *really* am,—oh, I am surely going to be bad in this rôle."

THE LADY: Your reasoning is ridiculous.

THE GENTLEMAN: Not ridiculous. Normal. Perhaps a trifle too normal, therefore it sounds strange to your ears.

THE LADY: A man who does not respect the theatre as an institution, as a conventional illusion, but merely considers it a house built according to a special design . . .

THE GENTLEMAN: As you see, there are such men.

THE LADY: Not many, fortunately.

THE GENTLEMAN: I am sufficient unto myself. Well, have you any more questions?

THE LADY: I have.

THE GENTLEMAN: Well?

THE LADY: *(Belligerently)* How do you think this argument of ours will end? *(A gong sounds.)*

THE GENTLEMAN: I think . . . when the curtain rises . . .

(They go back to their loge *and take their places. They are silent. The Lady's face assumes an expression like that of a fencing-master, who is saying to a pupil: "You have hit my head hard, but because you did not do it according to the laws of fencing, I have deigned it below my dignity to parry the blow.")*

Notes on European Motoring

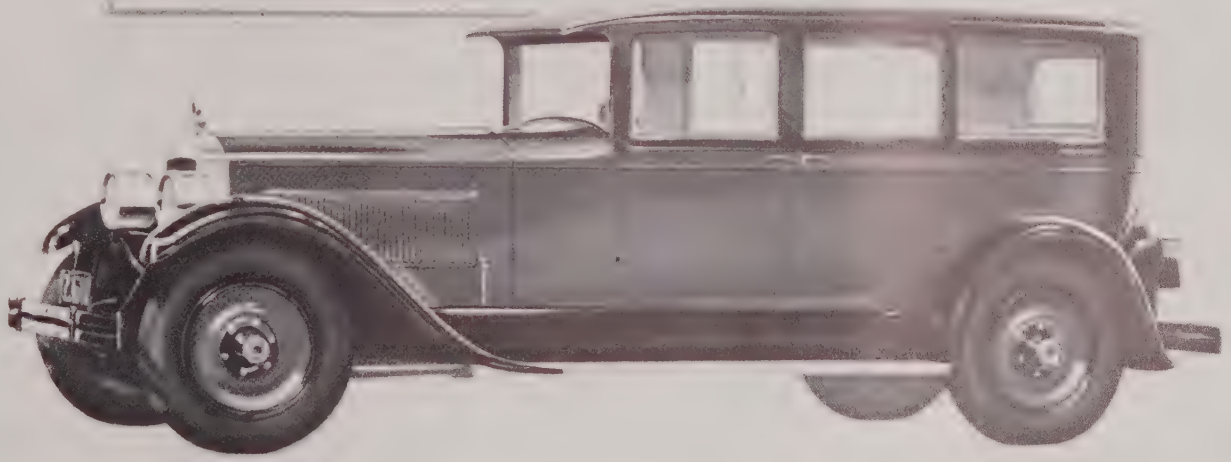
(Continued from page 108)

air on an open road. Imagine, in front of you, one of those long straight stretches such as one finds in France, with the knowledge that by pressing a pedal an ordinary touring car can be changed into the nearest possible approach to a racer, without all the disagreeable bustle and bang which is usually associated with that type of car, and you will have an idea of the delights of the new Mercedes. On these models the first part of the movement of the accelerator works the throttle in the ordinary way and under ordinary conditions a car will do about sixty miles an hour. Further movement of the accelerator against the action of a spring sets the supercharger in action, and a speed of ninety miles an hour can be obtained, if so desired. Needless to say there are not many opportunities to use the supercharger for any distance on the road at an excessive speed, so the main benefits are derived from quick acceleration, virtually enabling one to do exactly as one pleases, which is always pleasant.

Naturally the driver who is not used to a supercharger must use it at first with discretion for, although the brakes are good, they may not be able to save the situation if the supercharger has been kept in action a trifle too long. Also it is well to keep an eye on the speedometer, for on such a fast car corners are apt to appear rather quicker than expected, and one is not always conscious of the tremendous pace which can be attained in an incredibly short space of time. Driven in the ordinary way the car is perfectly easy to manage, being very much the same as any other car, but the difference becomes apparent the moment that the accelerator is pushed down beyond a certain point. A change seems to take place, and, to use a mixed metaphor, a docile car becomes a fiery steed. The coach work on this sports model is excellent and has a beautiful line, and there are a number of clever devices installed. There is plenty of room for two people in front and three behind, and the back seats are enclosed with a scuttle on which is mounted a wind-screen so that even when the car is open the back seats are well sheltered and warm.



The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."



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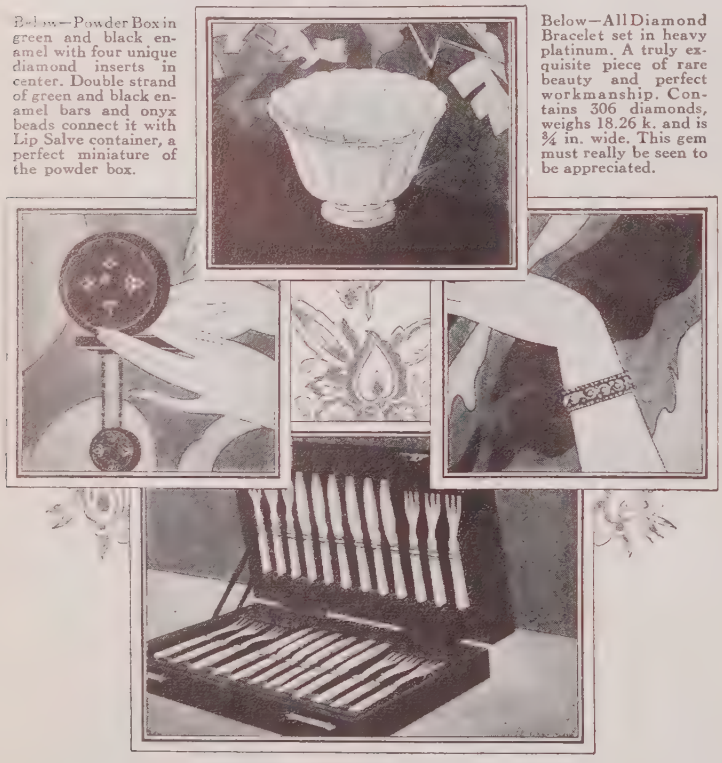
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Bidding Values at Auction

(Continued from page 100)

might be only king high.

It is interesting to note how the bid on certain valuations under different systems may affect the result. Take this hand, one recently played as a sort of test.

DUMMY
♡ J 10 8 4
♣ 10 6 5
◇ 9 6 4 2
♠ A Q

LEADER
♡ none
♣ A K 8 3
◇ K Q J 5 3
♠ K J 6 3

PARTNER
♡ K 9 5 2
♣ Q J 4
◇ 10 8 7
♠ 7 5 2

Y / A B / Z

♡ A Q 7 6 3
♣ 9 7 2
◇ A
♠ 10 9 8 4
DEALER

According to the values placed on the dealer's cards by most of our textbooks, ace-queen is worth 2½ only, and the singleton ace is worth 1 only. This total, 3½, is not quite enough for a free bid, and certainly not enough for a re-bid.

If the dealer bids a heart, second hand bids two diamonds or doubles, and third hand cannot assist hearts. If A bids the diamonds, he makes three odd and scores 40 for honours. If his partner answers the double by leaving it in, the dealer will make 290 points; another example of the traps that the informatory double often leads to. No-trumps loses eight tricks, as spade is led.

According to the Culbertson system, the dealer's hand is worth 4½, which is enough for a rebid. The ace-queen of hearts counts 1½, the two extra trumps 2 more and the diamond ace 1 more, total 4½.

On the re-bid, playing the hand at hearts, he wins the game. The leader shows his ace-king suit first and then the king of diamonds. Dummy makes two spade tricks on the finesse and then leads the jack of trumps, which is covered by the king, to protect the nine. Dummy trumps a spade and leads a diamond, which the dealer trumps and lets dummy trump the fourth spade with the ten. When the eight of trumps is led, both players duck it. Now the dealer must make both his trumps and win the game, leading diamonds from dummy.

This is quite a different matter from letting the adversaries score 60 points on their diamond contract.

ANSWER TO THE NOVEMBER PROBLEM

This was the distribution in Problem LXXXIX:

♡ K 10 7
♣ A
◇ K 9 3
♠ K

♡ Q 8 2
♣ 10
◇ Q 8
♠ J 10

Y / A B / Z

♡ 9 5 4 3
♣ K 3
◇ 10
♠ A

♡ A J 6
♣ J 5 4
◇ J
♠ Q

Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want seven tricks. This is how they get them:

Z leads the jack of diamonds, which A must refuse to cover, or the solution is easy. The jack holds, and Z follows with a small club, which Y wins. Y now leads the king of diamonds, upon which B may as well discard the club king, as trumping accomplishes nothing. If B discards, Z sheds the spade, and when Y leads a spade Z trumps it and three of the high trumps make separately by trumping diamonds and clubs.

If B trumps the king of diamonds, Z over-trumps with the jack, leading the ace and six of trumps, so that Y shall capture A's queen and eight, and has to lose the last trick to the ace of spades.

A Criminal's Christmas

(Continued from page 89)

eve." That was one of the speeches. When I thought of it—of my getting it off and then dying, I cried.

Well, I was cold and frightened enough to cry anyway.

What really happened was that I stayed in the Moores' house until daylight came. After midnight it got so quiet in the street outside that I risked a fire in the kitchen stove but I went to sleep for a moment in a chair beside the stove and falling forward made a terrible burned place on my forehead.

The mark of Cain. I am only telling this story to show that I know just how a criminal feels.

I got out of the Moore house at daylight and went home and got into our house without anyone knowing. I had to crawl into bed with a brother but he was asleep. Next morning, in the excitement of getting all the presents they did not expect, no one asked me where I had been. When mother asked me where I had got the burn I said, "at the party", and she put some soda on it and did not say anything more.

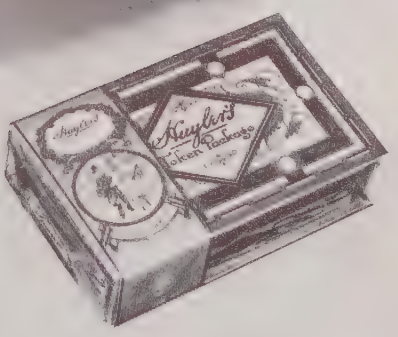
And on the day after Christmas I went back to the store and sure enough got the four dollars back into the drawer. Mr. Willmott gave me a dollar. He said I had hurried away so fast on Christmas eve that he hadn't got a chance to give me a present.

They did not need me any more after that week and I was all right and knew the man that came in such an odd way into the store, wasn't a detective at all.

As for the kite, in the spring I traded it off. I got me a pup but the pup got distemper and died.



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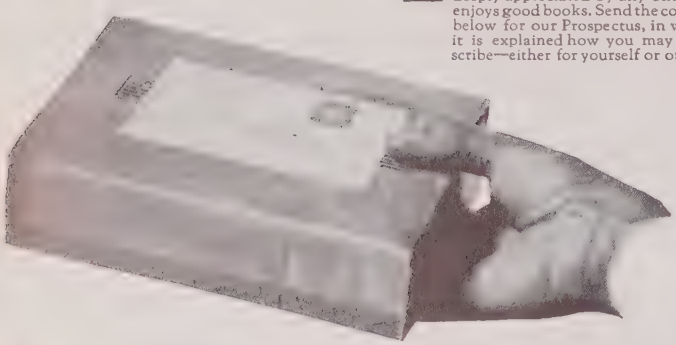


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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IF you are a bookish person, you have probably heard about the book-of-the-Month Club. Many of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to its service. Wherever books are talked about, it is likely to come into the conversation. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it seems to be misunderstood.

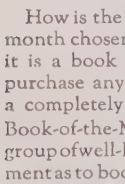
There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person *fails to read* most of these important books. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."



HEYWOOD BROUN

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive the outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? How may you be sure it is a book that you would care to purchase anyway? In order to obtain a completely unbiased selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.



DOROTHY CANFIELD

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers,* are presented to them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, your choice among current books is no more limited than if you browsed in a bookstore. The only result is—that you actually *do* obtain and *do* read the books you want to read. This you won't do, in most cases, if you rely upon your present haphazard methods of book-buying.



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A Plea for Individual Education

(Continued from page 92)

that does not interest it. Each repetition makes the lesson slightly duller. Even the work which the children have to do for themselves—sums, translations, answers to questions referring to the last history or geography lesson, and so on—cannot truly be called occupation. For such tasks are, too often, no more than meaningless exercises, unrelated to anything in the child's experience and performed for their own silly sake, because the teacher has said that they must be performed, without interest or desire. In how different a spirit will a child undertake a task, even the most arduous, which he feels to be significant and important.

Hitherto we have been considering the uninspired teacher, who works his or her way dully and mechanically through the prescribed curriculum. But teachers may be, and frequently are, charming, intelligent and persuasive. They may put things well; they may speak in such a way that they will command attention and awake emotion and enthusiasm; they may have a power of making difficulties seem easy. The child will listen to such teachers and will greatly appreciate them—particularly if he has an examination to pass in the near future. But the more accomplished a teacher is in the art of lecturing or coaching, the worse he is as an educator. Working on the old-fashioned system, the clever teacher (deplorable paradox!) does almost more harm than the stupid one. For the clever schoolmaster makes things too easy for his pupils; he relieves them of the necessity of finding out things for themselves. By dint of brilliant teaching, he succeeds in almost eliminating the learning process. He knows how to fill his pupils with ready-made knowledge, which they inevitably forget (since it is not *their* knowledge and cost them nothing to acquire) as soon as the examination for which it was required is safely passed. The stupid teachers, on the other hand, may be so completely intolerable, that the child will be driven, despairingly and in mere self-defence, to educate himself.

The defects of the ordinary system of mass education are so enormous, that it is hardly necessary to expatiate on them any further. They may be briefly summarized as follows. First, the system of teaching in large classes is intolerant and rigid. No allowance is made for the idiosyncrasies of the individual child, who is sacrificed to the average of the class. The class and the fixed curriculum are like the bed of Procrustes in the myth; those who are too long for the bed are cut down until they fit; those who are too short are stretched. The child who is quick and talented in one subject, but not in others (and every human being has his special gifts) is compelled under the current system of mass education to sacrifice his talents to his deficiencies. Thus a child may have a great talent for English and none for arithmetic. He may be endowed with a real feeling for literature, a gift of composition; but when you ask him what percentage of a floor 18.7 feet long by 5 3/16 metres wide remains uncovered when you have spent three pounds, eleven shillings and sevenpence, three farthings plus 26 rupees, 12 annas on linoleum costing $279.06 per acre, he finds it difficult or impossible to reply. He must therefore remain in a low class, where they read nothing but baby books and concentrate on spelling and grammar, until such time as he can solve this interesting and instructive problem.

Second, under the present system of mass education by classes, too much stress is laid on teaching and too little on active learning. The child is not encouraged to discover things on his own account. He learns to rely on outside help, not on his own powers, thus losing intellectual independence and all capacity to judge for himself. The over-taught child is the father of the newspaper-reading, advertisement-believing, propaganda-swallowing, demagogue-led man—the man who makes modern democracy the farce it is. Moreover, lessons in class leave him mainly unoccupied and therefore bored. He has to be coerced into learning what does not interest him, and the information acquired mechanically and reluctantly, by dint of brute repetition, is rapidly forgotten.

Third, the child being bored and unoccupied is also mischievous. A strict external discipline becomes necessary, unless there is to be chaos and pandemonium. The child learns to obey, not to control himself. He loses moral as well as intellectual independence.

Nearly everyone, I suppose, will admit in principle that education ought to be basically individual. The objections of those who oppose educational reform along individual lines are mainly practical objections. "Mass education," they admit, "has its defects. But it is the only reasonably cheap and workable system that can be applied to the training of large numbers of children. Individual education must always be reserved for the fortunate few who can afford to pay for an expensive privilege." Of recent years, however, these practical objectors have been proved wrong. A working teacher has devised a system of individual education, which can be applied to large numbers of even the poorest pupils, which costs no more than the old system of class teaching, and which has triumphantly stood the test of practice. That system, devised by Miss Parkhurst and named, after the American High School in which it was first applied, the "Dalton Plan", has been worked with great success during the past four or five years in a steadily increasing number of elementary and secondary schools in England; has returned with increased prestige to the land of its origin, where it is beginning to be widely appreciated; has been worked successfully in India, China and Japan; and is engaging the attention of educators in most of the countries of continental Europe.

The first step in the Daltonization of a school consists in the abolition of class rooms and the substitution of specialist rooms. Schoolrooms, used under the old system for the accommodation of specified classes at specified

(Continued on page 134)

RICH GIFTS THESE

GIVING a tea service of International Silverplate is not merely giving the stately teapot, the engaging sugar bowl and cream pitcher, the useful tray. It is giving, too, silvery loveliness and satisfying grace of form. Beyond even these, it is giving—friendliness—for such a gift is lasting. Shared again and again with family and friends it grows always dearer.

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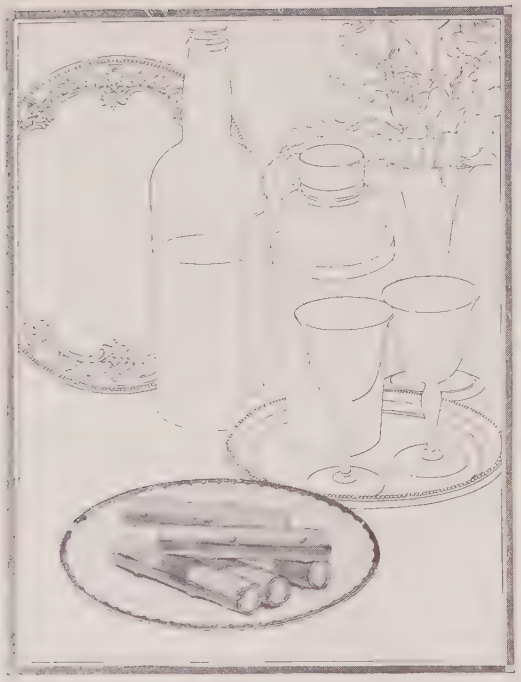


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A Plea for Individual Education

(Continued from page 132)

hours, become subject laboratories to which the children go—more or less as the spirit moves them in the course of the school day—to do their work for themselves. Each child knows exactly what he has to do; for he is provided with an assignment of work covering a whole year and divided up into shorter periods of months and weeks. At the beginning of each month he sees how much work is to be covered in the course of the twenty school days which it contains, and he is given for his guidance an estimate of the amount of time in which an average child may be expected to get through each item of the whole assignment. The child, of course, will not exactly adhere to this schedule; nor is it desired that he should—the whole object of the Dalton Plan being to permit each child to work in his own way and at his own speed. But it is advisable to give the children an idea of the average time required for the work, so that they may have a standard by which to judge of their own performance and the relative importance of the subjects.

Let us imagine a child arriving one morning at his Daltonized school. He feels that he would like to start the day, shall we say, with geography. He makes his way (after the usual formalities of roll call) to the Geography Room or Laboratory, where he takes his place with the other children who have had the same idea as himself. A teacher who has chosen to specialize in geography presides over the room, and it is to him or to her that the child comes for advice in difficulties and for the correction of his written work. (The Dalton Plan, it may here be remarked, calls for the production of a great deal of written work; the teachers have a heavy burden of corrections; but the pupils are well exercised in the art of lucid and logical expression.) The teacher is careful, when the child appeals to him for advice, not to make things too easy for his pupil; he is not there to "coach", to hand out lumps of ready-made knowledge, to give recipes for the successful passing of examinations; he is there to show the child how to teach himself. He confines his help, wherever possible, to telling the child how and where he can find the information which will solve his difficulties. For this purpose every specialist room is provided with a small but efficient reference library of the subject in question. The children are encouraged to use this library and are shown how to profit by indices and bibliographies. The result is that they soon become adept research workers, knowing exactly how to set about finding whatever piece of information they require. To my mind, this is one of the most valuable secondary results of the Dalton Plan.

First among the merits of the Dalton Plan must be counted the emancipation of the individual from the system,—the substitution of an elastic educational scheme for the rigid bed of Procrustes, to fit whose unalterable length the victims of the old methods were stretched or brutally lopped. Under the Dalton scheme every child works at the speed and in the way most suitable to his individual idiosyncrasies. The naturally quick do their work quickly. An exceptional child will get through the year's assignment in eight or nine months. There is no waiting for promotion; as soon as he has finished one year's work, he proceeds to the next. Thus a talented English Elementary Schoolboy leaving school at fourteen may actually—if he is at a Daltonized school—be doing the work of an average Secondary Schoolboy of fifteen and a half or sixteen. In the old schools, this talented child would have had to mark time in every class while he waited for the end of the year for his promotion; in the highest class he might very likely have had to repeat the same year's work twice over. That would have been his punishment for not being ordinary.

The slow boy will perhaps take eighteen or even twenty-four months to accomplish a year's work. But he will accomplish it thoroughly, he will have mastered every word. Under the old system he was hurried along uncomprehending at the heels of his quicker class mates. Slow workers are not necessarily stupid boys and the examination records of slow children trained under the Dalton Plan are surprisingly good.

To the individual peculiarly gifted in one direction, but not in others, the Dalton Plan offers an opportunity of showing his mettle. True, official examinations being what they are, children may not neglect the subjects in which they are congenitally incapable of attaining proficiency.

The second great advantage of the Dalton Plan is that the child learns and is not taught, either mechanically or well. A certain percentage of children, as of grown ups, are naturally lazy and will not work. (These, when asked their opinion of the Dalton Plan, express an unqualified dislike for it. Daltonism, they complain, makes one work; under the old system one could doze half the day.) The majority of girls and boys, however, really enjoy doing work which is interesting in itself or which, even if it is not interesting in itself (as much work necessary for the attainment of proficiency in a difficult subject inevitably must be), belongs to an interesting class of studies and is realized as important.

Yet I have rarely if ever seen a set of small boys whose ways I liked better. They behaved themselves—incredible as it may sound!—like rational human beings. When the bell rang for the mid-morning recess, the boys went on behaving like rational human beings. They put away their books, they got up quietly, they walked out without noise. Mentally I contrasted this behaviour with that of the severely drilled and repressed children of an ordinary school class. I thought of the strained, unnatural silence before the pealing of the bell and then of the wild demoniac whooping, the Gadarene rush and scramble as soon as the master's tyranny is over and the signal for release is given. It was the contrast between the recreation of free, rational, responsible beings and the wild Saturnalia of slaves.



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The Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va.



That smiles become more alluring, and one's teeth a point of beauty by daily film removal with Pepsodent, noted for its therapeutic and prophylactic value, is a modern beauty secret of which more and more women are daily becoming cognizant.

FILM ON TEETH AND YOUR SMILE

Modern dental science largely advises that the film on teeth —to which many tooth and gum disorders, and most dull "off-color" teeth, are attributed—be combated daily in this way



Recent scientific findings prove that the essential factor in gaining clear teeth is the daily removal of a film that forms on teeth

MODERN dental research proved some few years ago that the way to gain gleaming, sound teeth and firm, healthy gums was through daily film removal. Today, the experience of countless thousands confirms this beyond all question.

Ordinary brushing is inadequate to remove film successfully. That is why, regardless of the care many persons take, they still have unattractive teeth, unhealthy gums—or both.

To meet that situation, a new way in tooth care is being widely advised by numbers of dental authorities—a way embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

What Film Is

Film is a viscous, stubborn coating; ever present, ever forming on the teeth. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It breeds bacteria and fosters tooth and gum disorders.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And thus makes teeth seem clouded. It holds in contact with teeth food particles which ferment and invite decay-fostering acids. Film is the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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Now two effective film combatants have been discovered and embodied in a film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. A method which, largely on dental advice, is changing the tooth-cleansing methods of the world.

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No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

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Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. For 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent provides the utmost science has discovered for tooth and gum protection.



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2300

Paris—1926

(Continued from page 64)

Manet, Degas, Matisse, Gauguin, Cézanne, Van Gogh—they are still here now and are creating and enthusing after the manner and traditions of this great capital, pouring afresh and as of old the mental and artistic stimulus that has made this city what it is. Sardou is here, and Sarah Bernhardt. And back of them hundreds of others like them—a now almost shadowy line of glorious figures that have lived and worked here, from Saint Louis to Napoleon, from Saint Genevieve to Joan of Arc, from Villon to Baudelaire, from Racine to Sardou. This is their city! These are their old haunts,—these old streets and old houses and old palaces and theatres and churches and parks in which they lived, studied, painted, planned, dreamed. Wonderful! To be in this glorious air, here and now! And all my days and nights there were as dreams, truly, so that I have thought of them unceasingly ever since.

But what has happened, you may still insist. What could happen? Aren't the things that we all admired still there, and unchanging? Well, as I say, they are there, and some might add that nothing has happened to them. None-the-less I insist that everything that can change the spirit, and so the feel of a thing, has happened and is happening to all Europe, and to the entire world, for that matter. The patina of beautiful, or terrible, or miserable, deeds—such as the Bartholomew's Eve Massacre, the guillotine in the *Place Vendôme*, the storming of the *Bastille*, the kings, courtesans, nobles, artists and adventurers in connection with the *Tuileries*, for instance—is being washed over and entirely away in places, and by a rising tide of the new, the different, the noisy, the efficient, the numerous, and the up-to-date.

Let us walk through the garden of the *Tuileries*, for instance, of a hard, bright Sunday afternoon, through swarms and swarms of people. And what are the thoughts that these once so lovely gardens evoke—thoughts, let us remember, unavoidably to be contrasted with those of pre-war days? Well, they are these. First, that because of the crush of the automobile and the taxi, and the bus, and the motor-cycle (the last the most damnable of all modern inventions), it is all too noisy and cluttered and hard these days—dreadfully too much so. The danger that one finds in crossing any road—even in the garden of the *Tuileries*. The loafers, the dust, the insufficient care of the grass and flowers. Once—but why be complaining and critical? None-the-less, one must remark of even these gardens and all else in Paris—as in all Europe—that infernal tourist throngs, (myself making a unit of one) do rob it of a certain needed exclusiveness which once it had, and which is fatally essential to the beauty of a scene such as this. Of all gardens, the *Tuileries* suggest silence—or at worst a twittering gayety, coupled with a general prevailing silence—rich and lovely costumes, dreams in nooks, the Sedan chair, authority and attendance. But here! If Watteau should see it now! Or Lancret! Or Boucher! Or one of the nobles of its past days! Let us hurry away—once and for all.

And the noise in Paris! God! What is the modern truck and auto doing to civilization, anyhow? We swim in a blare of sound. And in Paris even the street car has been introduced everywhere—into the plaza before *Notre-Dame*, in the plaza before *Saint-Gervais*, along the *Boul' Miche*, along the *Boul' St. Germain*—everywhere! And this at a time when the abandonment of the same, owing to their rail rigidity, is being advocated everywhere. Yet here is a city credited with foresight and agile practicality that at this late hour is cumbering its almost unbelievable traffic problem with street cars! Worse, on account of the twisting streets they have no traffic regulations like we have in New York. Consequently each chauffeur equips his car with a louder and shriller horn each year and proceeds to blow it at least five times at each corner. And they open their cut-outs when and where they will—for the pleasure of hearing them! Add to this the trucks, the street-cleaning and garbage-collecting horses at night with their bells, and a hundred other small but sharp noises and you have a kind of inferno from which there seems to be no escape in all the city. Indeed, one hotel proprietor finally, out of sympathy, advised me to stop my ears with cork stoppers which I could buy, since they were being sold to the passing and obviously complaining tourists. I did not buy the cork stoppers but I did sleep with my windows tightly closed —in September.

Indeed, it is startling to contemplate, in connection with Paris, but I am constrained to believe that modernism —and by that I mean the present-day practical utilization of all means, material as well as mental, to not only create but speed up the manufacture and distribution of all the various assumed aids toward a more comfortable and more general material well-being—is tending to blur and even belittle a former serenity and refinement which somehow marked the Paris of even my time. I may be wrong, but either the war, or the fall of the *franc*, or the growth of material luxury in other lands—say the United States, for one—has somehow belittled and caused to seem trivial the older ideals of this once so glorious city. A form of hard commercialism has intruded itself everywhere. There is the change in the matter of creating fashions, for one thing. For instance I was told, and I assume it to be true, that the essentially creative and hence internationally celebrated fashion creators of Paris who once dealt with the rich and artistically exclusive individual as artist and client are no longer content so to do. Why should they be? At their doors, waiting to be admitted, stand scores and even hundreds of buyers representing large stores or wholesale industries the world over, and from each one of whom, for a single successful model he may take more gold than ever any single individual of however great wealth could afford to pay him. The up-to-the-minute buyer, for, say, Marshall Field in

(Continued on page 147)

"...I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the wonderful car you have succeeded in turning out."
—By order of King Alfonso of Spain.

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MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE
America's foremost character actress
"... this car should find favor with anyone possessing a sense of the unusually desirable and beautiful."

JUST nineteen months ago, a new-type car—different in its conception, different in its engineering, different in design from anything that had ever preceded it—was first presented for American consideration...

The first modern Knight-engined motor-car...the Willys-Knight Great Six...in which the most advanced engineering accomplishments of Europe and greatly improved American performance standards were merged into one.

An extremely powerful car, very fast, exceedingly active...powered with the exclusive Knight sleeve-valve engine, protected by patent, which other manufacturers would pay millions to get...a motor which years of tests have proven the most efficient automobile motor built...no carbon troubles, no valves to grind...

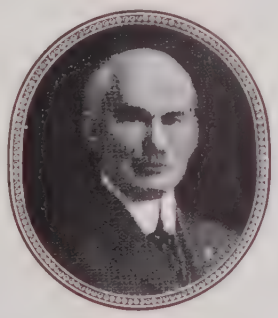
A car whose marked beauty is conspicuous even among the most beautifully-designed cars...whose fittings and appointments rank in richness, in luxury, in comfort, with the utmost the world's finest cars afford...

It was inevitable that the Willys-Knight Great Six should step quickly into a preferred place in public favor...a position it has so improved that today it is second to none in sales among luxury automobiles.

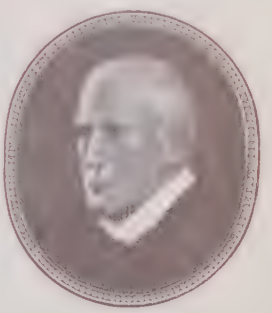
Willys-Knight Great Six prices from $1750 to $2295, f.o.b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice... The Willys Finance Plan offers unusually attractive credit terms...Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio...Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



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Distinguished beauty and society matron
"Certainly no woman could ask for a more charmingly appointed or more easily handled motor-car."



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"I know of no engine other than the sleeve-valve Knight which actually improves with use."



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"A beautiful piece of work—as pleasing to the eye as any I have ever examined."*





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Sight the Ciné-Kodak either at waist height or eye level and press the release. Instantly the spring motor starts and the movie's in the making.



Turn the switch on your Kodascope, the motor starts, and you're showing movies.



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FROM Tad up, movies the Kodak way furnish fun for everyone. First, the movies you make yourself—starting with the sports and pleasures of Christmas day. Then the screen classics—dramas, comedies, travelogues, animated cartoons (just wait, by the way, till Tad first sets his popping eyes on the antics of Felix) — all rented reasonably from a Kodascope Library for a private showing in your home.

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THE GIFT SENSATION OF THE SEASON

*H*ere is a gift so NEW—so different—so uniquely practical—so utterly smart—that you can go straight down your list of feminine friends and write *Eversmart* Manicure Compact opposite each name.

*F*irst introduced at Deauville, it was there acclaimed by fashion arbiters the greatest novelty in feminine accessories of many years.

*N*ow, in smart shops in this country, this amazing little device is being shown.

*L*ess than three inches in length, the exquisite little *Eversmart* Manicure Compact holds in its tiny gold or silver or lacquered cylinder everything a woman needs to keep her nails beautifully manicured throughout her crowded day of varied engagements.

*B*uffer and nail polish, nail file and emery board, manicure stick, cotton and nail white—can you imagine a more complete array of needful things for the perfect manicure? Yet all this is crowded into a delightfully dainty accessory that takes less space in the bag than a powder compact!

*Y*ou'll admire it for its beauty, its fascinating ingenuity. But its great appeal is because it fills a vital need, long sensed but never satisfied.

*P*ossessing it, no longer need one be distressed, away from home, by the dimmed luster of nails or tiny bit of broken nail—no longer dependent upon the dressing table facilities of one's hostess, or of the club, to keep finger tips in exquisite condition—a thing which no fastidious woman really likes. Everything needed for the care of the nails is provided in one's own personal *Eversmart*.

*O*f course, you'll want to make this charming gift to all your smart, well-groomed feminine friends. But you must not delay. Because of its very newness, all the shops will be sold out days before Christmas. If you don't find the *Eversmart* in your favorite store, write us.

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. . . *Nail white? It's in one end of the cylinder, in a two-part dispenser, with cotton opposite.*

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MANICURE COMPACT

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For Dodge Brothers, Inc. 1926 stands out on the calendar as a year of unprecedented progress and success.

From January to date sales have exceeded any previous year's total by a margin at once impressive and significant.

New engineering records have been established by a succession of major improvements extending back to the first of the year.

Never has Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranked so high in public favor. Never before has it so richly deserved the world's good will.

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"I HAVE been wearing French, Shriner & Urner 'Twin-Grips' for some time. Their easy comfort, durability and attractive style lines, make it a pleasure to play in them."

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"Twin-Grips" are favorites among the leaders in professional golfdom. When competition is keen, when a slip may mean added strokes, these stars who know the real advantages that the right kind of golf shoes bring, take no chances.

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Style 608

Superiority Built In FRENCH SHRINER & URNER EXTRA QUALITY Not Rubbed On

She Never Knew

(Continued from page 81)

pale and blue. And the people of that time came vividly before me, my school-mates, my teachers, and Frederika's husband. I saw him, not as he had appeared at that last moment. I saw him with the gentle, rather tired expression that he used to wear when he passed us boys in the street after school-hours, and gave us a friendly greeting; and I saw him as he sat, generally silent, between Frederika and me at meals; and as I had often seen him out of my window, at the little green lacquered table in the garden correcting mine and his other pupils' work. I recalled how Frederika used to come to him in the garden, to bring him his afternoon coffee, smiling up at my window with a look I did not then understand—not till the very last. But all this I have recalled often. Not as if it were something real, but as if it were a picture hanging quietly and peacefully on a wall at home.

We sat today side by side on the beach, and talked to each other like strangers. The boy played with the sand and pebbles at our feet. No one would have thought there was anything on our minds; we behaved like people who signify nothing to one another, and whom the haphazard chances of life at the seaside have thrown together for a brief period; we talked of the weather, the neighbourhood, the visitors, of music, and one or two new books. While I sat beside her I found it quite pleasant, but the moment she stood up and left, it became suddenly unbearable. I would have liked to have called after her: "Mention it just once," but she would not even have understood, and when I reflect on it, how could I have expected anything else? At our first meeting her friendliness obviously arose from surprise, or perhaps from the ordinary pleasure one feels at meeting an old acquaintance in a strange place. Now, however, she has had time to recollect everything, as I have, and what she had hoped to forget forever has flashed out vividly from her past. I cannot gauge at all what she may have suffered for my sake, or what she may perhaps still be suffering. A four-year-old boy is testimony that she did not leave her husband, and that they were reconciled . . . Yet it is possible to be reconciled without forgiving, and possible to forgive without forgetting. I should go; it would be better for us both.

The whole of that bygone year rises before me with a singular melancholy charm, and I live it all over again. I remember the autumn morning when, accompanied by my father, I first came to the little town where I was to complete my *Gymnasium* course. Small details occur to me, and I see quite plainly the school buildings rising before me in the middle of the park with its tall trees. I remember my studying, done in the beautiful spacious room, the friendly relations with my professor, and the conversations with him at table concerning my future, to which Frederika used to listen with a smile; my walks with college comrades along the high road to the next village. All these trifles in retrospect move me as profoundly as if they had been of the greatest significance to my youth. But most probably all those uneventful days would have remained buried in the limbo of oblivion if that one last hour had not invested them with a mysterious reflected lustre. And the remarkable thing is, that since I have met Frederika again those days seem even nearer than the recent days in May during which I was in love with Jenny, who married the watchmaker.

This morning, when I went to my window and looked down on the big terrace, I saw Frederika sitting at a table with her boy; they were the earliest breakfasters. Her table was exactly under my window, and I called out "Good morning". She looked up. "Awake already," she said. "Won't you come down and join us?"

The next minute I was sitting at her table. It was a perfect morning, cool and sunny. We chatted again on the same indifferent topics as last time, but all was different. Remembrance glowed behind our commonplace words.

We took a walk in the forest. Then she began to speak of herself and her home.

"Everything with us is just as it always was," she said, "only the garden has improved. My husband devotes a great deal of time and trouble to it since the boy came. Next year we shall have a conservatory."

She chatted on:

"We've had a theatre for two years now in the town. Plays are acted all through the winter till Palm Sunday. I go twice, sometimes three times, a week, generally with my mother. It's great fun."

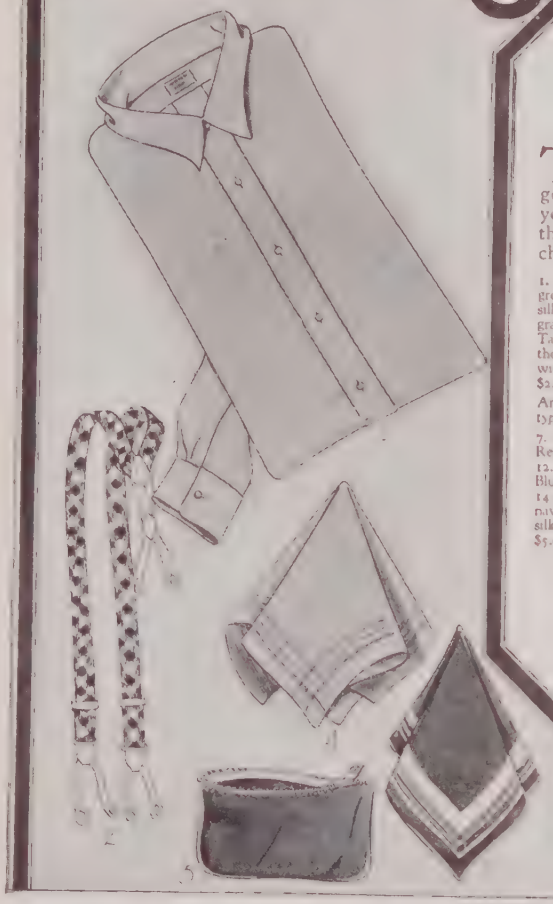
"I go to the theatre, too," cried the little boy, whom Frederika was leading by the hand.

"Of course, dear, you go too. On Sunday afternoons," she explained, turning to me, "they often give pieces for children, and I take the boy. But I enjoy it quite as much as he does."

Then she made me tell her a great deal about myself. She questioned me little with regard to my profession and other serious things; she was much more anxious to know how I spent my free time, and wanted to be told about bachelor gaieties in Vienna. The conversation flowed on; not a word suggested mutual memories, and yet they must have been uninterruptedly present with her as with me. We walked about for hours, and I felt almost happy. Often the little fellow was between us, and then our hands met in his curls. But we both pretended not to notice the contact, and unembarrassed talked on.

When I was alone again my good spirits completely deserted me. For again I was conscious of my ignorance with regard to Frederika's feelings. It seemed inexplicable that this uncertainty had not tormented me during the whole of our conversation, and it seemed to me odd that Frederika herself had not felt the necessity of alluding to it. Even if I had accepted the fact that for years that last hour was not mentioned between her and her husband, she herself could not have forgotten it. Some serious consequence must have followed my mute

(Continued on page 140)



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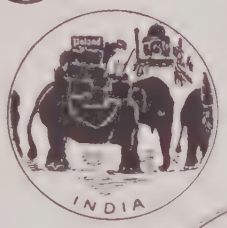
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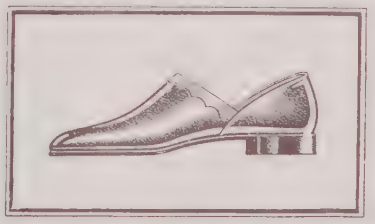
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LEVY BROS. & ADLER-ROCHESTER, INC.
NEW YORK ROCHESTER LOS ANGELES

She Never Knew

(Continued from page 138)

farewell. How had she kept from speaking of it?

This afternoon I strolled about in the woods, taking the same path as Frederika and I took in the morning. A longing as for an infinitely beloved one filled my soul. Late in the evening I passed her lodging after I had sought everywhere for her in vain. She was at the window. I called up, "Aren't you coming down?" She replied coldly, it seemed to me, "I am tired. Good-night," and shut the window.

I have two distinct images of Frederika in my mind. Generally I think of her as a pale, gentle woman sitting in the garden in a white morning gown acting as if she were my mother, and stroking my cheeks maternally. Had this been the Frederika I met here my peace of mind would certainly not have been disturbed, and I might have continued to lie and dream away the afternoons under the shade of the beeches, as in the early days of my sojourn here.

But there is, too, a quite different Frederika in my thoughts, whom I have only seen once, and that was in the memorable last hour which I spent in the little country town. It was the day I had received my diploma. I had dined as usual with the professor and his wife, and as I had no wish to be accompanied to the railway station I had said goodbye when we rose from the table. I was not in the least affected. Only when I sat on the bed in my empty bedroom, with my boxes packed and strapped at my feet, gazing out through the wide-open window at the undulating foliage of the garden and the white clouds hanging motionless over the hills, did the sadness of parting steal gently, almost soothingly, over me. Suddenly the door opened and Frederika came in. I stood up quickly. She advanced nearer, leaned on the table, placing her hands behind her for support, and regarded me earnestly. Quite softly she said, "So you are going away today?" I nodded, and for the first time felt very acutely how sorry I was that I was obliged to go. She glanced at the floor, and was for a moment silent. Then she raised her head, and came closer to me. She laid both hands lightly on my hair, as she had constantly done before, but at this moment I felt that it meant something more than usual. Next she let her hands glide slowly over my cheek, and her gaze rested on me with intensity. She shook her head with an expression of pain, as if there was something that puzzled her. "Must you really go today?" she asked softly. "Yes," I said. "Forever?" she exclaimed. "No," I answered. "Oh, yes, it's forever," she said with tremulous lips, as if on the point of crying, "it's forever. Even if you come back again in two or three years to see us, you are leaving us today forever."

She uttered these words with a tenderness that had nothing maternal in it. They thrilled through me. And suddenly she kissed me. At first I thought to myself, "She has never done this before." But when her lips clung to mine, I knew what this kiss meant. I was abashed and blissful at the same time; I could have cried. She had flung her arms round my neck and I sank down on the couch. Frederika kneeled at my feet, and drew my lips down to hers. Then she took hold of my hands and buried her face in them. I whispered her name, and was amazed at how beautiful it sounded. The fragrance of her hair mounted to my senses, I breathed it with rapture. . . . At this moment I grew petrified with horror. . . . The door opened quietly, for it was on the latch, and Frederika's husband was standing on the threshold. I tried to cry out, but no sound passed my lips. I stared him full in the face, though I could not see if her expression had changed in the slightest . . . for almost instantly he had disappeared, and closed the door. I was going to get up and extricate my hands, on which Frederika's face still rested; I tried to speak and to utter her name again, when she herself sprang to her feet, deadly pale, and whispered to me in a tone of command to be silent. She stood for a moment motionless, her face turned to the door, as if she were listening. Then she opened it slightly, and taking me by the hand whispered: "Go, go, at once." She pushed me out of the room, and I slunk rapidly along the little passage to the stairs, when I turned round and looked at her once more. . . . I saw her still standing at the door, her face full of unspeakable fear and anxiety. A vehement motion of her hand bade me begone. And I rushed away as fast as I could.

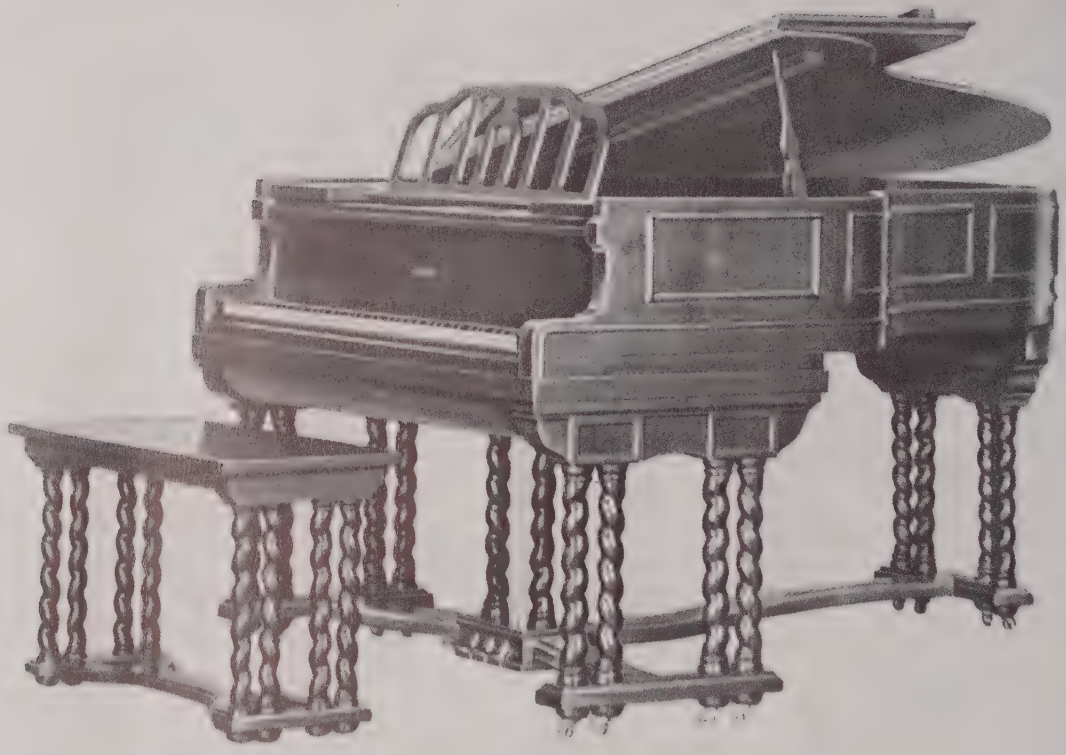
What followed comes back to me like a nightmare. I tore to the station in deadly alarm. I travelled all night, pacing up and down in the railway carriage. When I reached home I almost expected that my parents would have heard of what had happened, and I was astonished at their welcoming me with affection and delight. For several days afterwards I was in a state of violent excitement, quite prepared for something dreadful to happen; every ring at the door, every letter made me tremble. At last came news which calmed me. It was a card from a school-fellow who lived in the little town, and it was full of innocent gossip and hearty greetings. So, after all, nothing terrible had taken place; at any rate, there had been no public scandal. I dared believe that husband and wife had had the matter out quietly together in private, that he had pardoned her, and she had repented.

Nevertheless, this early adventure continued to live in my memory, at first as something to be regretted, even deplored, and I saw myself as the destroyer of a domestic harmony through no fault of my own. Gradually this feeling departed, and when later new experiences gave me a better and deeper understanding of what that short hour had meant, a singular longing for Frederika had overcome me at times—a sort of anguish that a thing of marvellous promise had not been fulfilled. But this longing, too, passed away, and it came about that I had at last almost forgotten

(Continued on page 142)


Santa Claus receives his Christmas Gift
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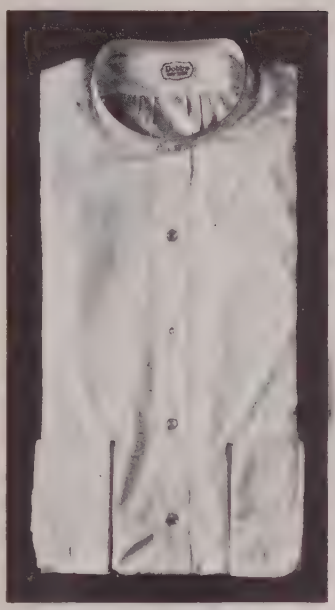
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She Never Knew

(Continued from page 140)

the young wife of my late professor.

And now it all came back, with a flash, all that transformed that incident into an experience . . . and it was all the more emotional than it was then, because I was in love with Frederika.

Today everything appears clear, even the problems of the last few days. We sat together on the beach until late; the boy had been put to bed. I had begged her to come in the morning, and had spoken without aforethought of how beautiful the sea looked at night, and how wonderful it was to gaze into darkness and silence, when everything was still along the coast. Frederika had not responded, but I knew that she would come. And so we stood together on the beach, scarcely speaking, my arm around her waist, and I felt that Frederika must belong to me if I so willed it. Why should we refer to the past, I thought, and I was sure that she too, from our first meeting again, had felt the futility of such a proceeding. Were we still the same creatures as we were then? We are so light-hearted, so free; memories float far above us like distant summer birds. Perhaps she had, as I had, lived through many experiences during these seven years. We were of the life of today, and gravitating to each other. Yesterday she may have been an unfortunate, perhaps even a wanton; today she is silent beside me, looking out to the sea.

Slowly I accompanied her back to her lodgings. The trees cast long, black shadows across the street.

"To-morrow we will take a little trip in a sailing boat," I said.

"Yes," she answered.

"I will wait for you on the bridge at seven o'clock."

"To the island opposite . . . where the lighthouse is. Do you see it?"

"Oh, yes. The red light. Is it far?"

"It will take about an hour to get there. We can be back early."

"Goodnight," she said, and went in.

I walked on. "In a few days you will probably have forgotten me," I thought, "but to-morrow will be glorious."

I was on the bridge before she came. The little boat was waiting. Old Jansen had spread the sails, and sat in the stern smoking his pipe. I jumped in with him, and let myself swing on the waves. I drank in the moments of anticipation like a morning draught. The street on which I fixed my gaze was quite deserted. But Frederika appeared in a quarter of an hour's time. I saw her coming in the distance. It seemed to me that she walked quicker than usual; when she set foot on the bridge I rose; and now for the first time she could see me. She greeted me with a smile. At last she reached the end of the bridge; I held out my hand, and helped her into the boat. Jansen loosened the moorings, and our craft glided off. We sat close to each other; she leaning against my arm. She was dressed entirely in white, and looked like a girl of eighteen.

"What is there to see on this island?" she asked.

I could not help smiling.

She blushed and said, "At any rate, there is a lighthouse."

"And perhaps a church too," I added.

"Ask the man." She indicated Jansen.

I asked, "How old is the church on the island?"

But he couldn't understand a word of German, and so after this attempt we felt more *tête-à-tête* than before.

"What's that over there? An island too?" she asked, pointing with her eyes.

"No," I replied, "that is Sweden, the mainland."

"That would be more interesting still," she said.

"Yes," I answered, "but you would have to stay there a long time, always. . . ."

If she had said to me then: "Come, let us go together into a foreign land and never come back," I should have consented on the spot.

As we scudded over the waves in the little boat, the fresh breeze playing round us, the cloudless sky above, and the glittering sea ahead, it seemed to me like a festal voyage, and as if we were a veritable royal pair, disencumbered of all the responsibilities of our former existence.

Soon the cottages on the island came in sight; the white-washed church on the hill, which, with its gradual slope, ran the whole length of the island, stood out in sharp outline against the sky. We were in the midst of tiny fishing smacks as our boat shot straight for the island; some of the fishing boats with their oars shipped were drifting lazily abreast of the waves. Frederika kept her eyes mostly fixed on the island, though she did not appear to be looking at it. In less than an hour we were entering the harbour, which was enclosed by a wooden jetty, so that one imagined one's self in a small pond.

A group of children stood on the jetty. We landed, and strolled slowly along the shore, the children following, but they soon vanished. The whole village consisted of about twenty houses at most, and these were scattered. We came to an open sunny spot, where nets were spread out to dry; a pair of fisher wives sat at their doors mending sails. After we had gone another hundred yards we were quite alone. We found ourselves pursuing a narrow path which led from the village to the end of the island, where the lighthouse stood. On our right, the sea was now divided from us by a border of barren fields which grew narrower. The hill rose on our left. We could see on its crest the winding pathway leading to the church, which was now behind us. Over all lay sunshine and silence.

Frederika and I had not spoken a word the whole way. I felt no desire to talk, and I was perfectly satisfied to wander with her through this great stillness.

But at last she broke the silence.

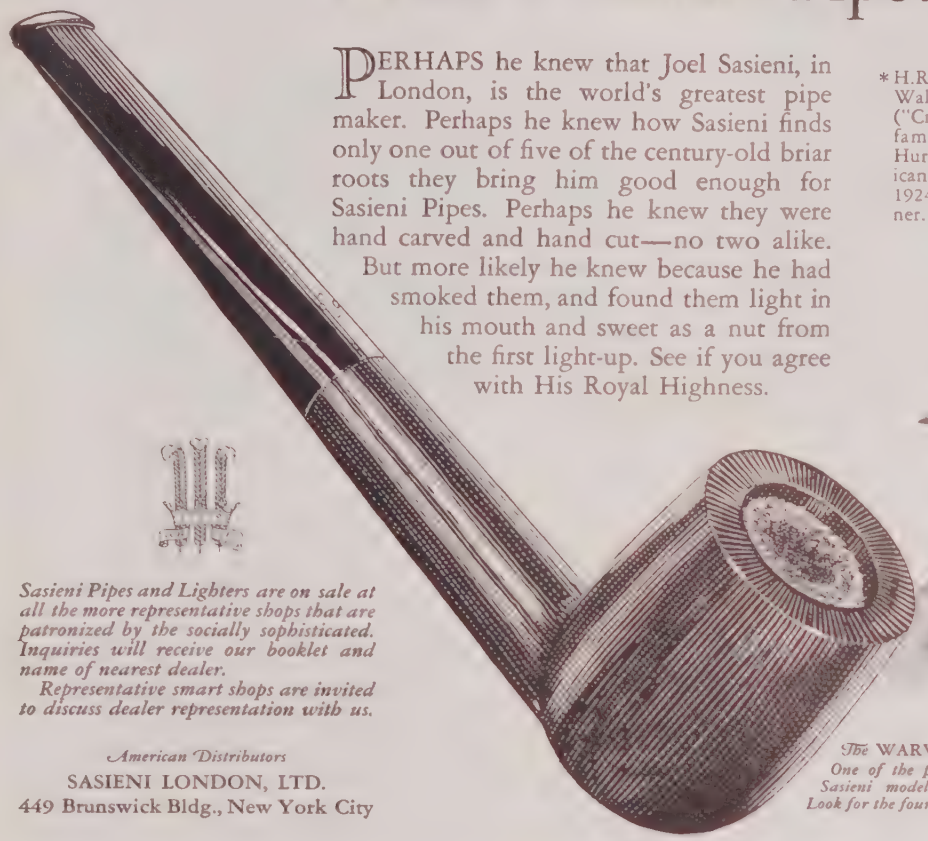
"A fortnight ago today . . ." she said.

"Well?"

"I hadn't an idea—not the least idea—where I was going."

(Continued on page 144)

—and the Prince said*
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* H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, to Mr. C. H. ("Crimp") Moore, the famous Penn State Hurdler, on the American Olympic Team, 1924, at the Team Dinner. *Quoted by Permission.*



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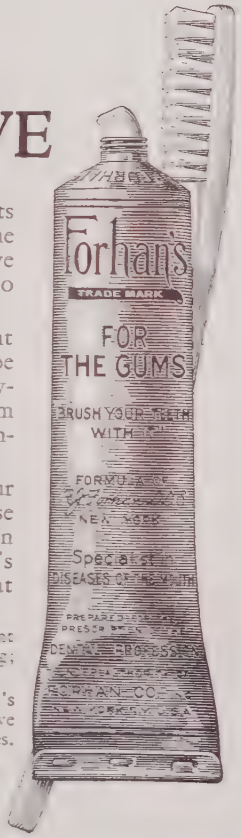
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FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

She Never Knew

(Continued from page 142)

I did not answer.

"Oh, it's too beautiful!" she exclaimed, seizing my hand.

I felt her inclining towards me, and I longed to kiss her eyes.

"Yes?" I interrogated softly.

She was silent, and her expression became serious. We had come to the little cottage that was built as an annex to the lighthouse. Here the road ended, and we had to turn back. Another path over the fields led up the steepest part of the hill. I hesitated. "Come along," she said.

The way we now took brought the church in full view. We drew near it. The sun was very hot.

"Why did we never hear from you all that long time?" she asked suddenly. "You might at least have let me—." She looked up in my face.

"Why?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Because you might."

"But how could I?"

"Oh, what did *that matter?*" she said. "Were you offended?" I was too amazed to find an answer.

"Now tell me just what you thought," she went on.

"What I—."

"Yes, or have you forgotten all about it?"

"No. I remember perfectly well. But why do you allude to it?"

"I have often wanted to ask you," she said.

"Then ask me," I answered, profoundly moved.

"You thought it was fancy on my part? Oh, I know you did," she added quickly when she noticed I was at a loss what to reply, "but I tell you it was nothing of the kind. I suffered tortures all that year."

"Which year?"

"The year you were with us, of course. How can you ask that? . . . At first I myself . . . but why do I tell you?"

I caught hold of her arm with violence. "Go on, please, go on. I entreat you. I am so terribly fond of you."

"And I like you," she cried spontaneously, taking both my hands in hers and kissing them. "I always have . . . always shall."

"Tell me all," I implored, "all, all."

She continued as we made our way slowly over the fields.

"'To begin with,' I said to myself, 'he is a mere child. I like him in a motherly sort of fashion.' But then when the time came for you to go away . . ."

She paused for a moment and then went on.

"When the hour actually came . . . I didn't mean to . . . I don't know what made me, but I could not help coming up to you, and when I came I didn't mean to kiss you, but . . ."

"Go on, go on," I said.

"And then all of a sudden I told you to leave the room. . . . You must have thought I was insincere, didn't you?"

"I don't understand you."

"That is what I am sure you have thought the whole time. I wanted to write to you, but what would have been the good? Well, the reason that I sent you away . . . was . . . I suddenly had a fright."

"I know."

"If you knew, why did I never hear a word more from you?" she exclaimed reproachfully.

"Why were you frightened?" I asked, beginning by degrees to grasp her meaning.

"Because I thought there was someone coming."

"You thought . . ."

"I thought I heard footsteps in the passage. Yes, footsteps. I thought it was my husband. . . . And oh, I was so frightened . . . it would have been so terrible. . . . I can't bear to think of it. But no one was there—no one. He came home quite late that evening. You had been gone long ago."

As she related this I was conscious of something within me turning to stone. And when she ended her story I felt as if I must ask her "Who are you?" I turned involuntarily towards the harbour, where I saw the sails of our boat gleaming, and I thought to myself, "What ages, what infinite ages, we have been wandering on this island." For I had landed on it with a woman whom I had loved, and now a stranger walked at my side. I found it impossible to utter a word. But she hardly noticed; she was hanging on my arm, and doubtless attributed my silence to tender sentiment. And I was thinking of *him*. So her husband had never said a word. She did not know, never has known, that he saw her lying at my feet. He had gone away on tip-toe from the door as quietly as he had come, gone out and not come in till hours afterwards. He had come in late and said nothing. He had lived at her side for years, and not betrayed his knowledge by a single word. He had forgiven her . . . and she never knew.

We were by this time close to the church; it lay before us at the distance of a few yards. Hard by was a rough, uneven path, by descending which the village could be reached in a few minutes. I started down it hastily, and she followed.

"Let me take your hand," she said, "or I shall slip."

I held out my hand without looking at her.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

I couldn't speak, but I pressed her hand with a passion that seemed to reassure her.

And then for the sake of saying something I remarked that it was a pity we had not visited the church.

She laughed. "We have passed it long ago without noticing it."

"Would you like to go back?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I want to be in the boat again. One day I should like to take a sail like this with you alone; I mean without the man."

"I don't know how to sail a boat."

"Oh!" she began, and stopped as if something had occurred to her suddenly that she could not mention. I asked no questions. Soon we came to the jetty. The boat was ready to set sail. . . . The children had collected again to see us off. They stared at us with wide-open, blue eyes. We

(Continued on page 146)

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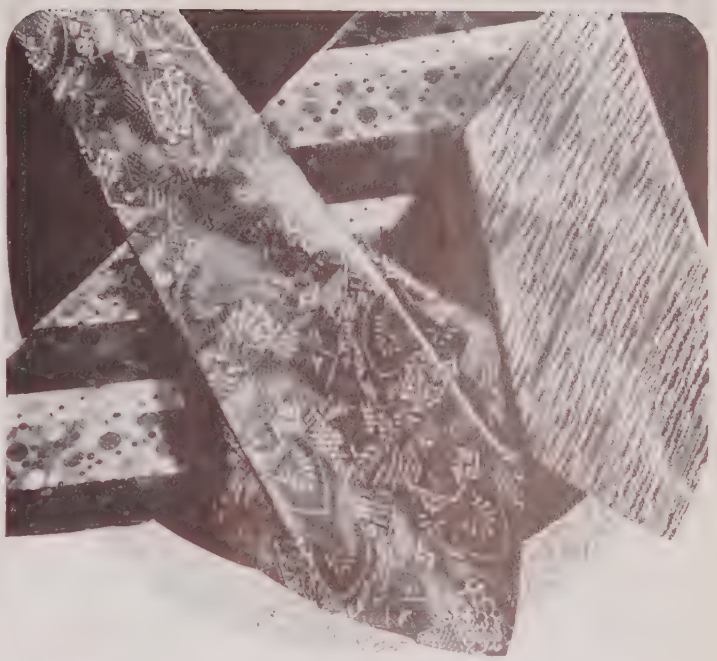
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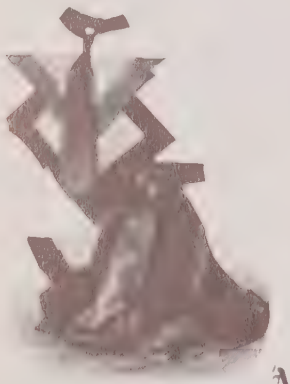
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The Tabloid Newspaper

(Continued from page 83)

dream. A few years hence, given a very slight heightening of our lofty present-day standard of efficiency, we may see the dream completely supplanted by the tabloid newspaper. The human cog in the machine known as Big Business may very possibly find it obsolete to dream. The Big Business God will then be in his Big Business Heaven and psychoanalysts will cure their patients through a study of their patients' tabloid newspapers.

Let nobody hereby take it for granted that we are attempting to disparage psychoanalysis. On the contrary. Be it known that we attribute to this science our understanding, not merely of the tabloid newspaper, but of the colossal civilization which the tabloid newspaper so triumphantly typifies. The very adjective "infantile" is a direct theft from psychoanalysis, which explains a variety of otherwise completely inexplicable occurences by the concept of "infantile fixation". The dream, we know, is a compromise, on the part of our so-called better nature, with repressed wishes of infantile origin—whence dream-distortion—and Dr. Freud himself long ago compared the dream censor to a newspaper censor. The most obvious characteristic of the dream, as of the tabloid newspaper, is its pictorial quality. In unconscious life, as manifested by the dream, "opposites" go hand in hand. The tabloid newspaper shows us, on one page, a delectable specimen of virginity in a one-piece bathing suit and, on the next, a man being sentenced to twenty years for rape. Indeed, the further we look, the more dreamlike the tabloid newspaper becomes. "Every issue an Oedipus complex" would be a first-rate slogan for the *Daily News*, the *Daily Mirror* and, more especially, for the superpaternal Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's *Daily Graphic*.

We know, thanks to psychoanalysis, that the predominant quality of children is their all-pervading and illimitable egoism. This simple revelation is worth more, for an understanding of civilization in general and of the civilization of the almighty dollar in particular, than all the theories of all the economists, sociologists, efficiency experts, *etc.*, who have ever lived. Thanks to this discovery of child-egoism, our eyes are opened for the first time to the true meaning of the age in which we move and have our being. We discover, to our astonishment, that what has really happened to America from the day of Plymouth Rock and the Bible to the day of Big Business and the tabloid newspaper is exactly the opposite of what the economists and their ilk would lead us to suppose. America has grown *down*, not up. From Pilgrim Fathers we have become Pilgrim Children. The United States, today, is nothing more nor less than a Great Big Egoistic Baby. When, glancing about us, we perceive the whole world following this infantile nation of ours, let us remember the Bible of the Pilgrim Fathers, wherein it is written that "a little child shall lead them". And let us admit that the Pilgrim Fathers, all things considered, may not have been so limited as we originally supposed.

At least the Pilgrim Fathers used to shoot Indians: the Pilgrim Children merely punch time-clocks.

She Never Knew

(Continued from page 144)

sailed away. The sea had become calmer, and when you closed your eyes it was difficult to believe that there was any motion at all.

"Lie at my feet," said Frederika, and I stretched myself on the floor of the boat, resting my head on her lap. I preferred a position in which I did not need to look her in the face. She talked, and her voice sounded far off. I understood everything now, and was free to pursue my train of thought.

I was afraid of her, and I trembled.

"Shall we come out in a boat again this evening?" she asked. There seemed something almost weird about her now. "This evening in a rowing boat. You can row, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said. I shivered when I thought of the great, unexampled act of forgiveness which silently enveloped her.

She went on. "We will row ourselves out to sea, and we shall be alone. Why don't you speak?"

"I am too happy," I said. I shuddered at the dumb destiny which had been hers for so many years, though she had had no suspicion of it.

We glided on. For a second it shot through my brain. Why not tell her? Take from her this secret mystery, and she will be a woman to be desired once more. But I dared not. We anchored. I jumped out of the boat, and helped her to land.

"The boy will be wondering where I am," she said. "I have little time, so I will hurry on alone."

The beach presented an animated scene, and I noticed that we were observed as we passed along it.

"This evening, then," she said, "at nine o'clock. I shall be here on the beach with you. Goodbye till we meet again."

And she sped away.

"Goodbye," I murmured, and remained where I was, looking after her. "Goodbye till we meet again."

But I shall never meet her again.

While I write these lines I am already in flight . . . further away from her every moment. I am writing in a railway carriage of the train which an hour ago started from Copenhagen. It is exactly nine. She is now standing on the beach waiting for me. If I close my eyes I see her figure rise before me. But it is no longer a woman who paces there up and down in the twilight . . . it is a shadow.

Paris—1926

(Continued from page 136)

Chicago, or Wanamaker in Philadelphia, has seduced the established designer from his original custom. That one single commercial opportunity, which as I understand it has already been quite generally seized upon by these quite obvious geniuses of style, has already served to rob Paris of one of its most outstanding characteristics of but a few years since—the *salon* of the genius of style, with its accompanying throng of fashionable devotees.

But there are so many things that arrest and even amaze one—and not exactly in a favourable way. The cheapness of the *franc*—for instance—as strange as that may sound to the covetous, yet painful because so obviously unfair and also ruinous to the Frenchman—and luring, as I hear, hundreds of thousands of international leeches and loafers to come here and take advantage of it. Five *francs* (15 cents) to carry one to four people from the *Gare de l'Est* to, say the *Luxembourg* or the *Odéon*. Or from the *Place St. Michel* to the Eiffel Tower! And a satisfactory meal for two in a hundred places, if you wish, for so little as twenty *francs* (60 cents). In other places—the vicinity of the *Place de la Concorde* and the *Madeleine*—wild prices— all out of proportion—intended for the wildest of wild Americans or foreigners of great wealth from anywhere, living at the Ritz and related robber caves. Ten thousand *francs* for a pair of rhinestone slippers and twenty thousand *francs* for a short fur coat.

And again, because of this very cheapness of the *franc*, the poverty of some of the French at this time. I had not suspected it, although the war and the fall of the *franc* might have warned me. Usually, if I read history aright, the French have proved a most upstanding and courageous people—their morale not easily disturbed. But is it so to-day? For instance, in walking along the *Boulevards Sebastopol, Magenta, Rochechouart, de la Chapelle* and others, I was reminded by the benchers and incidental figures among the pedestrians of figures out of the French Revolution or the worst days of our American slums, when hard times and the saloon were at their worst. The eyes of them—blood-shot, or strained, or defeated. And the clothes! Wretched! And their bodies the same. Dirt, or grime. And they sat so despondently or brokenly, singly or in couples or groups, on the benches—some muttering, others sighing or snoring in the noon-day or afternoon sun. Not infrequently one would find one or more lying huddled in a corner just outside the doorway of a church or an institution. They were so hunched, huddled, crumpled, dejected, or worse—a little wild or threatening, even—conclusion written large over all.

Great God! It can't be! I said to myself. I saw no such things as these before the war. And yet here, now, in this not wholly uncomfortable year of 1926, is this! I decided that the war must have worked havoc in France, at least. Or the fall of the *franc* has been too much for some. And I think now—and this in the face of an anti-prohibition mood in myself—that possibly the French saloon as such had better go. It is not beer and wine that they drink—which, taken in moderation, is only a tonic—but these people crave brandy, or the strongest drinks of any kind that they can get. And they sit and sip them with what decayed, ruminative eyes! It will not do. I saw no one drunk in Germany where they drink beer—that wonderful malt tonic—rather than dope in the form of alcohol.

But worse—and more of it—(pardon me if I sound like one of Job's comforters but I am here to report facts not dreams)—one of the outstanding features of Paris before the war, as all know, was that phase of night life so closely related to the great restaurants in the vicinity of the *Place Pigalle* and the *Place Clichy*, which opened their doors at midnight or thereabouts. The volumes that have been written! The eulogies! The

(Continued on page 148)



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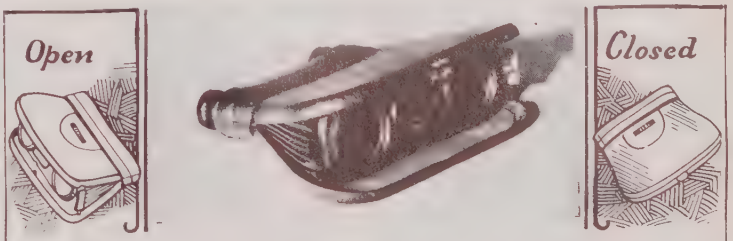
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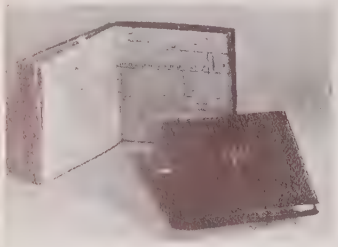
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Paris—1926

(Continued from page 147)

anticipations that have been anticipated—these many years since! Even I, after an absence of fourteen years, and with the development of American night club life in New York and elsewhere—Florida for one place—fresh in mind, was inclined to think of them as they were in those gay butterfly days before the war.

Perhaps you will recall how in 1912, say, you dined at the *Café de Paris*, hurried subsequently to a box at the *Folies* or a seat at the *Grand Guignol*, (and always with the feel of furs on your hands and the rumour of faint perfume in your nostrils), only to step out for a breath of air afterwards and then hailing a taxi speed to this same *Place Pigalle* or the *Place Clichy* to join the waiting line of taxis seeking to make the main entrance as quickly and as conspicuously as possible. Those hard Parisian arc lights. The shadows and figures of those narrow French streets. The whirl and blur of silks and velvets and flowers and perfumes and jewels and lights within. An American negro orchestra was something in those days. And the mood of romance and wonder and adventure in all those that gathered here to spend, say a thousand *francs* each. The little cotton kiss balls that were blown. The coloured lights that twinkled and all but went out—as the music softened and the dancers danced amid floating coloured balloons.

But enter to-day. And who are here? Not the Frenchman, of course, with his bitter memories and his lowered *franc*. Nor the Englishman, still struggling with the coal strike and the effects of a general strike and various trade and financial difficulties springing from that most destructive war. Nor the former rich and spendthrift Russian, now so hopelessly and meaninglessly drifting from land to land wherever his depleted and vanishing income will buy the most—or rather last the longest. (When the *mark* was at its lowest in Berlin, I am told, and he could get the most for his *rouble* there, there were between three and four hundred thousand Russians in Berlin—the drifters and wasters of the former smart Russian world. Then when the *mark* was stabilized there, with the *kronen* subsequently to fall to nothing in Vienna, he at once transferred himself to that city and its adjacent resorts. And when chance offered and the *kronen* was in part stabilized there and the *lira* fell, as well as the *franc*, it was to Italy and France that he sped—to Rome and Naples and Genoa but mostly and most recently to Paris, since there, as he saw it, he could obtain a maximum of life for a minimum of *roubles* changed into *francs*.)

Americans are here, of course—some only. (For there are so many places now in Europe, you know—to say nothing of all the rest of the world. And they have seen so much and they hurry so fast to Stockholm, Barcelona, Naples. Cairo. Besides in New York and Chicago and Hollywood and Florida—is not all this there?) And there will be a Brazilian or two or three, and his lady. An Argentinian ditto—a few millionaires from South Africa or Australia, say. But is not the night club everywhere? They are dancing now and gambling in the Sultan's old palace. Indeed, his former throne room in Constantinople—the palace and throne room of Sultan Abdul, the Damned.

I sat in one of the most famous night places from midnight till three. There was a sprinkling of various nationalities, including a dowager English Duchess and her two grandsons. They talked of a yacht and Biarritz from whence they had just come. And the most interesting of all—three Germans and their lady friends. It seems that the Germans are the only ones in Europe who have money these days, in so far as I could see. But the general quality of this world now—well, no "kick". No novelty. No romance. For while there was a negro jazz orchestra playing *Oodle-de-do* and some dancers, and

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The Shops of Vanity Fair



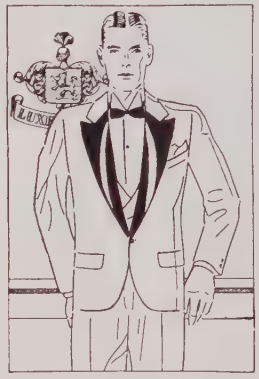
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Paris—1926

(Continued from page 148)

some champagne at five and six hundred *francs* the bottle—still what was here before the war—romance!—was not here now. No, nor in all Paris. It is simply not there—and rightly perhaps when one thinks of the War.

But there is yet another angle to this—and here it is. The military prowess of the Germans—their unbelievable and terrible skill in the matter of making war,—as well as perhaps the horrors of modern warfare itself—has done something—or at least I think so—to discolour and mayhap even belittle the once so stirring import of the achievements of the French in connection with their own great if horrible revolution and their great Little Corporal in his triumphant overrunning of all Europe—which was distinctly a phase of France before the war. Do you recall how wonderful and even marvellous these things seemed to you before 1913? And how they were celebrated by the French as by all other nations Napoleon. The French Revolution. The *Bastille*. The *Place de la Concorde* with its guillotine.

But was not that, after its fashion, celebrating murderous war—and all war? And is not war at this hour a sad and even a sickening thing? It is. And hence a *Tombe de Napoleon* in the western shadow of the Eiffel Tower, the *Arc de Triomphe* in its *Place de l'Etoile*, the *Panthéon*, and even the *Place Bastille* with its pillar in commemoration of the fall of the same, have somehow lost caste. I do not believe that they have now, for the French any more than for the visiting stranger, the sensory or emotional "kick" that they had before the horrors of 1914 began. Pooh!—the French Revolution! Pooh!—the Fall of the Bastille! Pooh!—the battles of Wagram, Leipzig, Jena, Austerlitz. Think of the Marne! Think of Verdun! Argonne! Hill 108, Château Thierry, Chemin des Dames, Barry au Bac, Ypres! Go from Paris to Rheims, to Soissons, and see the ruined towns, the left-over trenches, the pill-boxes and the still present if rusted and crumbling bundles of barbed wire, the piles of shells besides the roads that skirt the dumps that were battlefields. Hear the tales of incendiary bombs and inflammable gases that set fire to their cathedrals and burned their cities. Napoleon! *Arc de Triomphe!* The *Bastille!* Go rather and look at the fields and fields and fields of white and black crosses, looking from a distance like white fences skirting a heath—or at night, like a pale white path traversing a hillside—and then see if you can get much out of the *Arc de Triomphe* or the *Panthéon*, or the *Bastille* or the *Tombe de Napoleon*. I couldn't. And I noticed how others went about in the same mood—and said so—volubly. It can't be done. The other thing is too near. The French mind is no longer so sensitively reponsive to these older "*gloires*" that thrilled it so before the war, and I question solemnly whether it ever will be again. Napoleon—and after him the French Revolution (not before) are glorious memories, of course. But when you glorify them—but more especially the Little Corporal—which was so much the thing before the war—then you raise the troublesome question of why if it was so grand for him to invade and lay waste and conquer for the glory of himself or the French, why or how can it be so amazingly much worse for the Kaiser—and so on. Well, that part of Paris is also in the shadow of something bigger and more terrible—don't you see? And so—

But having said all this, I still wish to add that, fresh from one's observation of Europe in general, one can only remark (and this exempts Paris in part) that modernism, or materialism—or this craze for mechanical equipment—together with the growth and crush of population, is changing if not taking the colour from life everywhere—not only in France or Paris but everywhere. The crowds, the charges to enter a church or a castle, now common everywhere in Europe,

(Continued on page 150)

The Shops of Vanity Fair

Ye perplexed male gift seekers . . . .

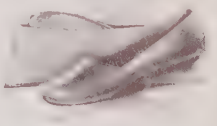
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Paris—1926

(Continued from page 149)

the bawling sight-seeing cars, the bawling officious guides! God knows, life was dull enough before the war—but now! And yet, in criticizing Europe, and more especially Paris—that former darling of my heart—I was constrained to think of New York, its material equipment together with its population (I'll say!), and a few other little defects concerning which I might rise to comment upon. But then again, I immediately asked myself, have these—for me—taken all the colour and sparkle out of New York? And if not, why complain of Paris? And to answer truthfully, I could only say, no—not out of New York. Not for me.

For in spite of all I have said against Paris, New York in this respect—its pullings and haulings, one's being made to wait at corners, swept along like a chip on a stream by unbelievable masses, cuffed and bruised in the subway and on the "El"—and made so inconsequential that mere contemplation of one's atomic self is sufficient (at times) to cause at least me to wish to disappear—is no better. These fabulous masses—greater than those of Paris. These towering buildings. The accumulated wealth. The eager, feverish urge to live in these swarms of gnats and flies—I—if it does sound a little vain in one sense—the gnattiest gnat among them! Yet, and to this hour, is there not in New York romance for me? There is. And may not the Frenchman still feel concerning his Paris about as I do about my New York? He may.

And so, in Paris, thinking of these things, and thinking also that in part and for related reasons I was condemning in Paris—crowds, autos, horns, commercialism—the very things that also affect New York—I was compelled at once to re-examine my charges and to try to discover, if possible, wherein lay the difference. And toward the last, after searching here and there, I was compelled to say to myself that if anything, in so far as Paris is concerned, the reaction just set forth must have sprung in me from a feeling that the psychic pulse of Paris is to-day of a lower and less hopeful and less creative tension than that of New York, plus—and here, for me, a sharper and more irritating contrast—the absence, in the case of Paris,—and for the same reason, of course—of that lighter, gayer, more confident and at the same time less strident and so much more artistic, note of say fifteen, to say nothing of fifty, years ago—the Paris of the romances of Balzac, Hugo, George Moore, Du Maurier. (Oh, what a list could be written here!) For say what you will—and in the face of this cheaper, duller, less aspiring materialism that now afflicts Paris, there is the definite absence of that glorious spiritual virility which was its outstanding characteristic even so late as fifteen years ago. Rodin, Cézanne, Matisse, Van Gogh, the divine Sarah, Romain Rolland, Zola, Flaubert. And by contrast, naturally, even the present-day material virility of New York seems unbelievably thrilling and even inspiring.

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

(Continued from page 106)

models are still considerably worn by many of the best dressed men, double-breasted overcoats are more fashionable this winter than they have been in recent years. One reason for this is that both fur and leather linings are no longer used except on special overcoats made for flying or motoring in open cars and the extra warmth obtained from the double-breast is welcomed. The Ulster type of coat made up in a material with a large but plain pattern, such as a big hair-line check on a plain background, is again fashionable. It is being made in a variety of models which vary only in minor details, the general cut being invariably extremely simple and without belts or pleats. For town wear there are two excellent overcoats, both extremely smart and both cut with a tendency towards a loose fit, especially round the shoulders, growing slightly narrower at the waist and remaining the same width from the waist downwards. One model is single-breasted, the other double-breasted.

The choice rests with the individual, for both are excellent models. The single-breasted model has a collar of moderate width, with pointed lapels which should not be rolled too low. It has two side pockets and the usual breast pocket. An important feature of the coat is that no buttons show anywhere. The sleeves are finished with a small slit, which should not be worn more than an inch and a quarter long. The coat is made in rather an unusual length, falling to at least four inches below the knee. Unusual length is indeed a special feature of all the new winter overcoats. The double-breasted model for town wear is cut on almost exactly the same lines as the single-breasted coat except that, being double-breasted, the buttons, of which there should be six, all show. The four lower buttons should fasten whereas the two top buttons should be placed slightly further apart than the other four. All six buttons should be kept as far apart diagonally as possible, the actual distance depending on the chest measurement of the wearer. There is no greater mistake made on any double-breasted coat than that of placing the buttons too near together. The ends of the sleeves on this double-breasted model are usually finished with turn back cuffs, which are once again being worn on overcoats by many men with a flair for styles both in England and on the Continent.

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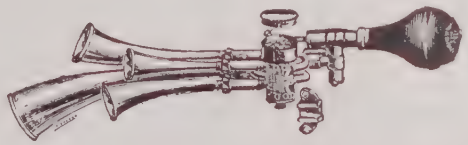


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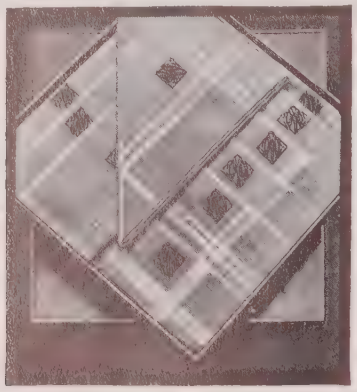
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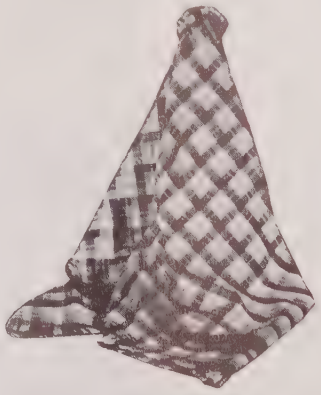
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Square-Cut Emerald

(Continued from page 78)

slight withdrawal, a kind of soft translation to some moonlit space beyond heaven from where, passionately alone, she looked upon the earth.

"I'm Mrs. Blake," she said, with that curious detachment. . . . ("Blake wasn't the name she gave me; she gave me the boy's name," said Jollie, "but Blake will do for the story".) She went on: "My husband lost ten thousand dollars in your Casino last night, Mr. Jollie," she said, "and I've come to ask you to give it back."

Jollie's eyebrows faintly curved with astonishment. "Unusual," he smiled.

She was very grave. "Ten thousand dollars can't mean so very much to you out of a whole evening, Mr. Jollie. And it means everything to my husband. It means ruin to him. You see—" —she leaned forward, sitting on the edge of her chair—"you see, the money wasn't his. He was keeping it for someone—in trust. It wasn't his. And now it's gone." Her voice was so quiet that Jollie couldn't be sure whether it was trembling. He frowned.

"It has been my experience, Mrs. Blake," he told her, "that gambling with other people's money is bound to end in disaster. If I gave the money back to you for your husband, neither you nor I know that he wouldn't do the same thing again."

"*I* know," she said quietly. "You see—I feel somehow that this is my chance to help him, to give him strength. We haven't been married very long, and I think if I can just start him fresh from this—episode—I know I can influence him, keep him strong, all the rest of our lives. Besides," she added, "I'm not asking you to do it for nothing. I—I thought perhaps we might exchange." She held out her left hand, a rather frail left hand, with a ring on the third finger. "It belonged to my mother," she said. She was very pale then.

Jollie took the ring. It was a square-cut emerald with a heart carved in the centre, a heart with long, slow drops of blood dripping from it, melting from it into the suave, liquid heart of the jewel; and beneath the carving was the inscription: "*je meurs*".

"'I die' is a rotten motto for a Casino," said Jollie, with a grim smile. She had not urged him to take the ring; she sat in the barren little office as remote, as tranquil as a flower. But Jollie saw that her hands were tense.

"I'll keep the ring as security," he said, "and give you a cheque for the ten thousand; then, if your husband feels that he would like to pay it back some day, you can have your ring."

They were both thoughtful as he got out his chequebook; the details of the transaction were clothed, softened by her moonlit stillness. She said, "We're going away this afternoon, so that I shan't see you again." And then she thanked him gravely, and was gone.

He was still thoughtful as he sent for his manager and gave orders that Mr. Blake, if he turned up again, was not to be admitted to the tables; his thoughtfulness had purely crystallized to doubt that evening when the boy came to him, heavy with dignity, his little face puckered with wrath.

"They tell me I can't play at the tables, Mr. Jollie," he fretted. "What do they mean? Didn't I pay what I owed last night?"

"Yes," said Jollie slowly, "and I gave the money back to your wife for you this morning."

And then everything was made beautifully plain to the gambler, as Mr. Blake gasped and in bewilderment cried, "But I don't know any women here, Mr. Jollie. And I'm not married."

There was a little silence. Carol was playing with her lipstick, a tiny cylinder of platinum and gold, twisting it so that it shone in her fingers, a pale, metallic splinter of light. Jollie finished his *liqueur*.

"It's odd," he concluded, "that I wouldn't know that girl now if I met her. All I can see, when I think of it, is a white hand, white and frail, beneath a heavy emerald—a square-cut emerald with a bleeding heart, and '*je meurs*'." . . .

It happened then. The lipstick rolled from Carol's fingers to the floor; she stooped for it; the thin, platinum chain around her throat swinging forward with the swift motion, its weighted end escaped from confining bands of silver cloth at her breast—and to the three who watched, it seemed that all the dancing bubbles of light in the room melted into one pure shaft of liquid green as they dissolved and broke upon the emerald at the end of that chain—a square-cut emerald, carved with a bleeding heart and the inscription, "*je meurs*" . . .

Julia Cameron flung her hand out toward it with a small, involuntary cry. The others were quite still.

Cameron lay in bed. Julia would be there presently, she had said. He suddenly wanted her. In the warm darkness he thought, with an increasing tenderness, about Julia. After all, a man's wife—he could be sure of her. The others were water-lilies, drifting, impermanent blossoms, lovely and too perilous. His mind was like a stem of a water-lily—groping for security. . . . He fell asleep, grateful for Julia.

Below the terrace outside the Casino, the sea was sleek with moonlight; moonbeams splintered and crashed in silver shreds upon the emerald in Carol's hand as she held it out to the other woman.

"Jollie gave it to me a year ago," she said. "I didn't ask where it came from. We don't always ask, you know—we Women Alone." Her smile was a cold thread of moonlight. "But I didn't know it was yours until—I watched you while Jollie was telling that story. And I saw your face when you saw the emerald. . . . I want to give it back to you."

Julia took it. It hung, for a moment, poised in silver; then it flashed through the air to the still sea below.

"I shouldn't like to have my husband hear of it," she said quietly, "because it was only paste, you know."

Together, the two women stood there, beneath a moon urbanely carved upon a warm sky.

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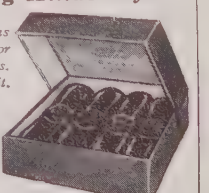
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The World of Grandpa Benchley

(Continued from page 77)

Now here *is* a problem. I have spent hours trying to figure some way of getting around it and am nowhere near the solution. I think I will go to the Riviera where it is quiet and just think and think and think.

§9.

I am sitting at my window in the *Villa à Vendre* at Cagnes. If it were not for the Maritime Alps I could see Constantinople. How do you suppose the Alps got there, anyway? Some giant cataclysm of nature, I suppose. I guess it is too late to do anything about it now.

Irma is down in the garden gathering snails for dinner. Irma is cross at me because this morning when she suggested running up to Paris for the shooting, I told her that the ancient name for Paris was Lutitia.

I get to thinking about women sometimes. From eight in the evening on. They are funny. Female characteristics differ so from male characteristics.

§10.

Next Wednesday I am going back to thinking about God. I didn't anywhere near finish thinking about God the last time. The man came for the trunks and I had to go with him to the station.

It is quite a problem. I don't think there is any doubt about there being some Motive Power which governs the World. But I can't seem to get much beyond that. Maybe I'll begin again on that Monday. Monday is a good day to begin thinking. Your laundry is just back and everything is sort of pristine and new. I hope that, by beginning Monday, I can get everything cleaned up by Friday, for Friday I am going over to Monte Carlo.

§11.

It is six years now since I began writing this book. I am almost ninety-seven. According to the statistics of the Royal Statistical Society I can't expect much longer in which to think things over.

The big thing that is worrying me now is about putting sugar on my oatmeal. I find that if I put the sugar on first and then the cream, the sugar all disappears and I like to see it, nice and white, there on the cereal. But if I put the cream on first and *then* the sugar, it doesn't taste so good. I asked Irma about this the other day and she told me to shut up and go back to bed.

§12.

After thinking the whole thing over, I have come to the conclusion that I don't want to write a book at all. When a man is ninety-seven it is high time he was doing something else with his time besides writing books. I guess I'll go out and roll down hill

La Prisonnière

(Continued from page 69)

have been shed by sensitive theatre-goers ere now, and naturally, a great sympathy falls her way, manifested the more noticeably by members of the audience who probably do not know what it is all about.

From the point of view of the professional censors, *The Captive* must seem very baffling indeed. Never once does the author present his thesis in the open; it remains an intangible complication. It is developed entirely by suggestion, which might lend itself to other interpretations, were not rumours of the play's evil implication flying thick and fast about the town. Bourdet's drama is probably regarded by the suppressionists as the most dangerous that the American stage has passed judgment upon in many seasons, yet they are powerless to put it down, because it merely suggests an influence, which, for all the censors can prove, might be hypnotic. But I leave the problem in the hands of the reformers, who have not been so sorely perplexed since *The King of Hearts* was produced in Berlin two years ago.

The Captive is, as I have said, an excellent play, but any report of it would be incomplete without a tribute to the actors. To Miss Helen Menken has been assigned the extremely difficult and entirely subjective rôle of the heroine. She gives a vivid, and impressive interpretation—an excruciating portrayal of a woman lacerated by psychologic conflict. She is, at moments, perhaps a trifle too intense in suffering, but the effect is of a fine performance carefully considered. The other members of the company are likewise excellent, particularly Miss Ann Andrews, as the love-interest *per contrasta* to the heroine of the Freudian overtone; Mr. Basil Rathbone as the husband in the clinical case, and Mr. Arthur Wontner, as the husband of the violet sender, to whose lot falls the best acting part in the play. One of the best of English actors, he acquits himself with great distinction.

A Comedy in Russia

(Continued from page 90)

It was low comedy gone mad with drunkenness, the wildest, craziest, funniest scene I had ever beheld behind footlights. I couldn't have held back my explosion of laughter if Trotsky had made a personal request. It pealed and echoed in the fine old woodwork of the playhouse as when strings are bowed above the belly of an old violin. It was a good gusty American laugh. And so was my companion's. These two laughs, I felt, would have been worth $4,000 at the *première* of any American comedy. And for loosing them we were hissed. And the hiss was immediate, general, specific. Three thousand Russian eyes were focused on two ill-bred Americans.

Well, I could bear the lesson and the punishment. Perhaps a little hissing once in a while is a good thing for a theatrical critic.

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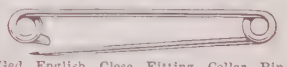


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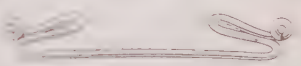


Ged Collar Pin. Sets evenly on collar.



Ged English Close Fitting Collar Pin Either Model. 1/10 Gold 14K. 1½ or 1⅝ in. $1.00. 2 in. $1.25. 1/20 Gold 10K. 1½ or 1⅝ in. $2.00. 2 in. $2.50. Ged-White Metal, all sizes, 75c.





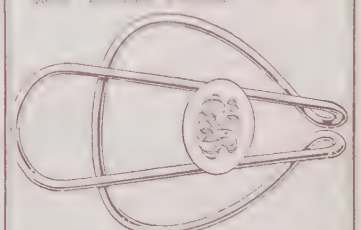
Ged Collar Supporter. Has the appearance of the English Collar Button without puncturing collar. Easy to adjust—soft or stiff collars. 1/20 Gold 14K $1.00. 1/10 Green Gold 14K



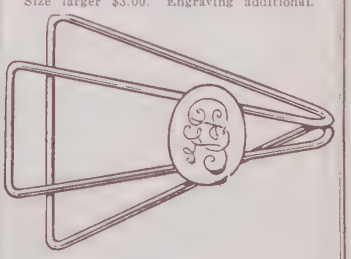
Ged "Sport" Tie Holder. 1/10 Red Gold 14K. $2.00. Ged-White Metal $1.00. Hand Crafted 1/10 Green Gold 14K. $2.50.



No. 5 H. C. Ged Tie Holder. Hand Crafted 1/10 Green Gold 14K. No. 20 H. C. 2¾ inches long. 1/10 Red Gold 14K



Ged Money Grip. 1/10 Red Gold 10K. $1.50. Hand Crafted 1/10 Green Gold 14K. $2.50. Hand Crafted Sterling Silver $2.50. Size larger $3.00. Engraving additional.



Ged Money Grip. Hand Crafted 1/10 Green Gold 14K. $3.00. Hand Crafted Sterling Silver, $3.00. Engraving additional.

Above and other Designs in Solid 14K. Red or Green Gold. Tie Holders with Genuine stone settings at reasonable prices. Made to order in 18K. White Gold and Platinum. If not at shops you patronize, write us.

Illustrated folders mailed on request.

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Two Maiden Lane, New York



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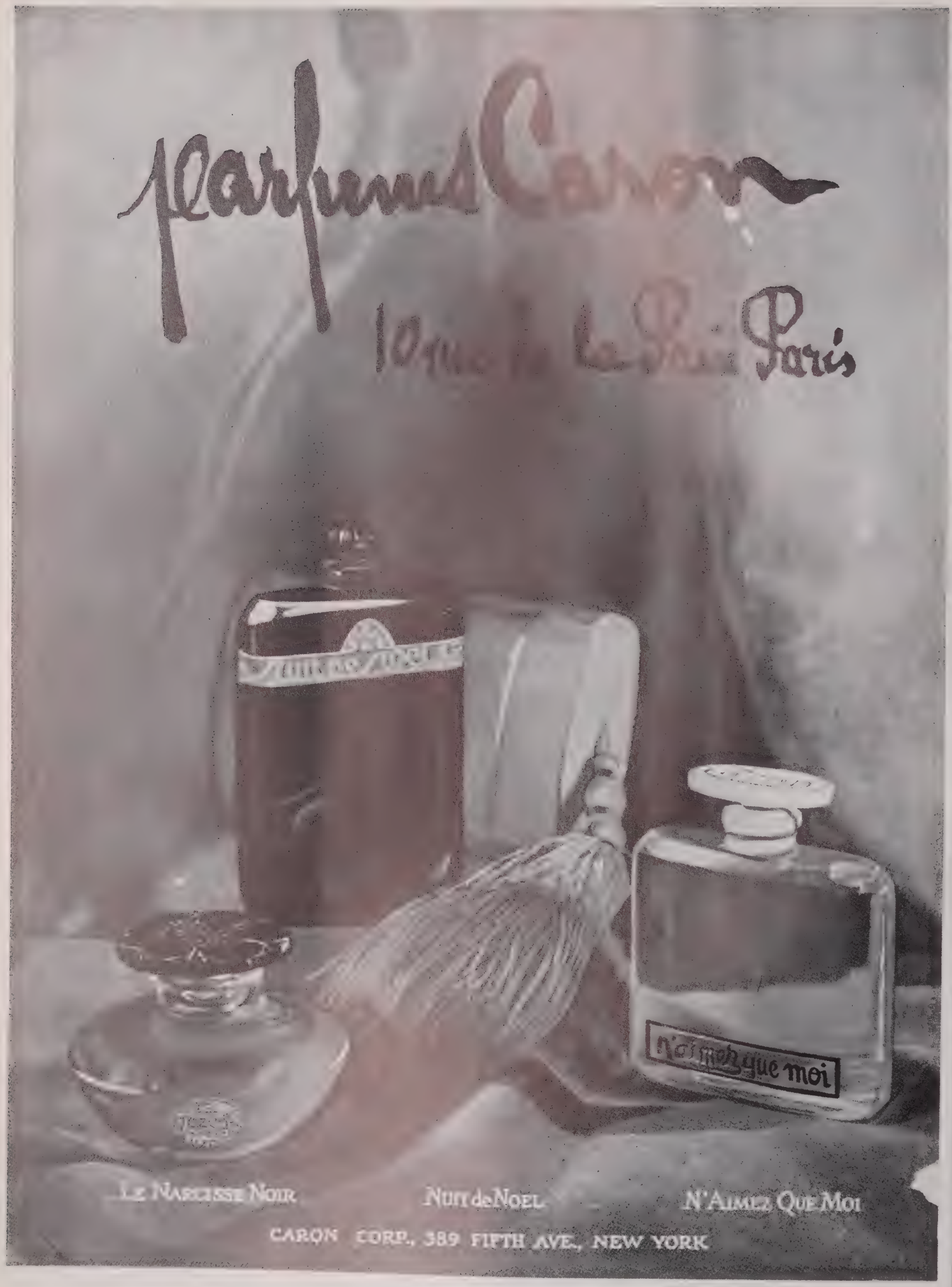
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